THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

arry the night of his first visit, and we they deemed it best to keep within, verything indicated that Perry had got the scene just in time to prevent a body and desperate fraces, for the few noh people who appeared were still dvering with excitament and dread, wen was almost too much agitated to eak:

"Go to Mr. Maltland as soon as you n, doctor; this has given him a fearful aking up. Mrs. Cowan is having a oun made ready for Mr. Perry. Aht ready" he had

"All ready. Mother mays carry the entleman right in. She wants you to ome too," he added, in a lower tone, to ergt. Gwynne, but the latter made no

ply. And so, borne in the arms of severi And so, borne in the arms of several of his men, Licut. Perry was carried across the intervening space and into the main building. When he recovered con-ciousness, as the morning light came through the eastern windows, he found himself lying in a white curtained bed in a strange room, with a strange yet kind and motherly face bending over him, and his captain smiling down into his wondering eyes.

and his captain smiling down into his wondering eyes. "You are coming round all right, old fellow," he heard Stryker say. "I'll call the doctor now; he wanted to see you as soon as you waked." And then Quin came in and said a few oheery words, and bade him lie still and worry about nothing. The row was over, thanks to him, and he and poor Nolan were the only victims; but it had been a great shock to Mr. Maitland and ren-dered his condition critical. Perry listened in silence, asking no questions. For the time being he could think of nothing but Nolan's loss. It was such a cruel fate to be killed by those he came to save.

came to save. All that day he lay there, dozing and

All that day he lay there, dozing and thinking alternately. He wondered at the tenderness and devotion with which the kind old Englishwoman nursed him and seemed to anticipate his every want. Quin came in towards evening and dressed his wound, which now began to be feverish and painful. He heard his colonel's voice in the hallway, too, and heard him say to the doctor that somebody at Rossiter was eager to come down and take care of him. "Bosh!" said the blunt surgeon; "I've a far better nurse here-and a reserve to fall back upon that will be worth a new life to him." And, weak and feverish though he was, Perry's heart thrilled within him; he wondered if it could mean Gladys. Two

days more he lay there, the fever skillfully controlled by the doctor's ministra-tions, and the pain of his wound sub-dued by Mrs. Cowan's cooling bandages and applications. But there was a burning fever in his heart that utterly refused to go down. He strained his ears listening for the sound of her voice or the pit-a-pat of her foot fall in the corridor. At last he mustered courage and asked for her, and Mrs. Cowan smiled:

"Miss Maitland has been here three times to inquire how you were; but it was while you were sleeping, Mr. Perry, and she rarely leaves her father's bed-side. He is very ill, and seems to be growing weaker every day. I don't know what we would have done if we had not found Dr. Quin here; he has pulled him through two or three bad elzures during the past year."

"Where had you known the doctor before?" asked Perry, with an eager light in his eyes. "Nowhere; but it was as though one

of his own kith and kin had suddenly made his appearance here to welcome Mr. Maitland. The doctor is a first cousin of Mrs. Maitland's; she was from Ireland, and it was from her family that the ranch was named. Lord Dunraven is of the peerage of Ireland, you know,'

added Mrs. Cowan, with the cheerful confidence of the Englishwoman that every person of any education or standing must be familiar with the pages of Debrett. "How should I know enviting about it?" laughed Perry. He felt in merry mood; another page in his volume of suscion and dread was being torn away and Quin's relations with the household were turning out to be such as made him an object of lively interest, not of jealous doubt. Then came the callers from the garrison. It seemed as though all of a sudden the blockade had been raised and that no people were so warmly welcomed at Dunraven as the very ones who had been especially proscribed. Mr. Maitland, Sweak and ill as he was, had asked to be allowed to see Col. Brainard on the occa sion of that officer's second visit; Stryker, Dana, Graham and-Parke had all been allowed to come up and see Perry a few moments, but Mrs. Cowan was vigilant and remorseless, would allow them only a brief interview, and, with smiling determination, checked her patient when he attempted to talk. The third day of his imprisonment Dr. Quin came scowling in along in the afternoon, manifestly annoved about something, and said a few words in a low tone to Mrs. Cowan, and that usually equable matron fluttered

pen that the ladies were speedily unhered upstairs to Miss Maitland's own room, and that, after an animated though low toned chat of half an hour with her, they were marshaled down the long cor-ridor by Mrs. Cowan in person, and, to Perry's huge delight, were shown in to his bediaid? It looked as though Quin wereshowing unwarrantable discrimina-tion. Stryker and the colonel, too, came in to see him, and the latter told him that begged that the arrested soldiers might not be punished. Including Sergt. Leary and Kelly, there were now twenty men under charges more or less grave in their trial. The colonel deeply appreciated the feeling displayed by the stricken propri-tion Mr. Maitland should intercede for the new ho had made so hostile an in-vasion of his premises and brought upon the inmates of Dunraven a night of dread and anxiety; but discipline had to be amintained, he replied, and the ringlead-er in the move had been guilty of a fagrant breach which could not be over-looked.

But on the following day-the fourth of Perry's stay-the doctor came down with a face full of gloom and distress. Both nurse and patient noted it, and inquired the cause. For a time Quin quired the cause. For a time Quin avoided any direct reply: "something had ruffled him up at the post," he an-swered: "can't tell you about it now." I'll do it by and by. I want to think." He examined Perry's leg, dressed and re-bandaged the wound, and then went back to Mr. Maitland's room. They could hear his voice in the hall after a while, and Perry's heart began to throb heavily; he was sure the low, awast tones, almost he was sure the low, sweet tones, almost inaudible, that came floating along the corridor, were those of Gladys. When Mrs. Cowan spoke to him on some or-dinary topic, he impatiently bade her hush—he could not bear to be disturbed -and, far from being hurt at his petu-lance, Mrs. Cowan smiled softly as she

turned away. Then Quin came back, and, after fidgeting around a moment, abruptly ad-

dressed his patient: "Perry, do you remember that morn-ing you rode down here right after reveille and met me on the trail-or at least would have met me if I hadn't

dodged and gone over to the other side

of the valley?" "Certainly I do, doctor." "I may as well explain that singular performance first. You may have beend that I didn't get along amicably with your predecessors of the Eleventh. Their colonel was ass enough to totally misconstrue the purpose of my visits here, and I was ass enough to make no explana-tion. The Maitlands went away; I was not called for again while the Eleventh remained; and therefore I said no more about it. Mr. Maitland returned unexpectedly soon after you came, and the irst I knew of it was the signal lights telling me he was there, ill, and that I was wanted. It was the night of the colonel's dinner party. I couldn't ex-plain then, and decided to go at once and explain afterward. When I met you all of a sudden the next morning. the first impulse was to get away out of your sight, and I obeyed it simply be-

cause of the unpleasant experiences I had been having with your fellow cavalrymen. I did not want to have to an-swer questions. See? I was ashamed of it, but too late to turn back."

Perry nodded. "I understand it-now," he said. "Well, what I want to ask is about

Sergt. Gwynne. Did you meet him be-fore you got back?" "Yes-a mile or so out from the post." "You stopped and talked with him, didn't you?

hard, but it's all useless; I can't, I can't. Oh, Gladys, sweetheart, your mother's smiling down on us this day. Who do you think has come back to us, safe and strong and well and brave? Who but your own brother, your own Archie, Gladys?"



ES. certainly very pretty-now. It's such a pity that Englishwomen grow coarse and stout and red faced so very soon after they are married." The speaker was Mrs. Belknap, and her soft

voice was tuned to a pitch of almost pathetic regret. They were talking of Miss Maitland, who had just been as-Miss Maitland, who had just been as-aisted to her saddle by the colonel, and now, followed by the faithful Griggs and escorted by Capt. Stryker, was rid-ing away homeward after a brief call at the post. Fort Rossiter, once so hum-drum and placid and "stupid," as the ladies termed it, had been the vortex of another and the source of t sensations for a whole fortnight, and one excitement had trodden on the heels of another with such rapidity that people

were growing weary. Perhaps the happiest man in garrison was Capt. Stryker; he had refused to believe in the guilt of Sergt. Gwynne when Capt. Wayne came to him to say that there were men in his troop who openly accused the sergeant of having that cher-ished aval ring secreted in his chest. So confident was he that he had gone with the captain and Mr. Farnham to the stables and there told Gwynne of the charge against him. Gwynne flushed hotly, denied the truth of the story, but hesitated when asked if he would allow his chest to be searched. This was quickly noted by Wayne and Farnham, and the search was insisted upon. Gwynne then said there were a few items in that chest which he allowed no eres to see; he pledged his soldier word that they were nothing but a paper or two, some little photographs and a book. These he asked

permission to remove first; then they might search. But Wayne sternly refused. The sergeant turned very white, set his lips, and hesitated still, until his own captain spoke; then he surrendered his key. Wayne and Farnham bent over the hest while the troop first sergeant rapid

ly turned over the clothing, books, etc., with trembling hands. There was a little compartment at one side, in which were lying some small items—a pocket com-pass, a pencil case, some keys, a locket and a neck chain, and, among these, something wrapped in tissue paper. This was handed to Capt. Wayno, who un-rolled the paper, and—there was a massive seal ring. A crest was cut in the stone, and, taking it to the light, Wayne was able to make out the motto, "Quod sur-sum volo videre." It was the ring Maitland had lost. Stryker looked wonderingly at his ser-

geant, who stood there as though petri-fied with amaze and consternation, pale as death, and unable to say a word. Asked to explain the matter, he could only shake his head, and, after awhile, hoarsely muttered, "I know nothing

ous to see how he would appear now that his identity was established. Of course, his late assailants could not join in the crowd that thronged about him, but they istened with experness to everything that was told. "He was just the same as ever," and all accounts. He had never been intimate with any of them but always friendly and kind. One thing went the rounds like lightning. "You'll be getting your discharge now, sergeant," and Mrs. Reed, the voluble wife of the leader of the band, "and taking up your residence at the ranch, I suppose. Of course the British minister can get it for you in a minute." "Not a bit of it, Mrs. Reed," was the hughing answer. "I enlisted to serve Uncle Bam five years, and he's been too good a friend to me to turn from. I whall serve out my tims with the -th." And the sergeant was true to his word. If old Maitland could have prevailed, an application for his son's discharge would have gone to Washington; but this the

have gone to Washington; but this the soldier positively forbade. He had eight months still to serve, and he meant to carry out his contract to the letter. carry out his contract to the letter. Stryker offered him a furlough, and Gwynne thankfully took a week, that he might be by his father's side and help nurse him to better health. "By that time, too, the garrison will have grown a little more accustomed to it, sir, and I will have less embarrassment in going on with one work" on with my work."

on with my work." Two days before his return to duty there came a modified sensation in the shape of the report that a trooper of shape of the report that a trooper of Wayne's company had deserted. He was a man who had borne a bad reputa-tion as a turbulent, mischief making fellow, and when Sergt. Leary heard of his going he was in a state of wild ex-citement. He begged to be allowed to see his captain, and to him he confessed that one of his little party of three had seen the ring drop from Mr. Maitland's finger the night of the first visit to Dun-rayen had managed to pick it up and raven, had managed to pick it up and carry it away in the confusion, and had shown it to his friend in Wayne's troop when they got back. The latter per-suaded him to let him take it, as the lockers of the men who were at Dunraven were sure, he said, to be searched. It was known that he had a grudge against Gwynne; he was one of the men against Gwynne; he was one of the men who was to have gone to the ranch the night they purposed riding down and challenging the Englishmen to come out and fight, but had unaccountably failed at the last moment. They believed that he had chosen that night to hide the ring in the sergeant's chest: he could easily have entered through the window. And this explanation—the only one ever made—became at once accepted as the true one throughout the garrison.

During the week of his furlough the sergeant found time to spend many hours by the bedside of Lieut. Perry, who was rapidly recovering, and who by the end of the week had been lifted into an easy invalid chair and wheeled in to see Mr. Maitland. When not with Mr. Perry, the young trooper's tongue was ever wagging in his praise. He knew many a fine officer and gallant gentleman in the service of the old country, he said. and he admired many a captain and sub-altern in that of his adopted land, but the first one to whom he "warmed"--the first one to win his affection-was the young cavalryman who had met his painful wound in their defense. Old Mait-land listened to it all eagerly—he had alrendy given orders that the finest thoroughbred at Dunraven should be Perry's the moment he was able to mount again and he was constantly revolving in mind how he could show his appreciation of the officers who had befriended his son. Mrs. Cowan, too, never tired of hearing Perry's praises, and carerly questioned when the narrator flagged. There was another absorbed auditor, who never questioned and who listened with down-

"its gets ho better. After the new week of joy and thankagiving over his boy's reatoration to him, the malady seemed to reassert itself. Dunraven will have a new master by winter, I fancy." The colonel was silent a moment. Then he suddenly asked:

"By the way, how was it that Gwynne wasn't drowned? I never understood

"He never meant to be," said Stryker. "He told Perry all about it. He was ruined, he thought, in his profession and in insow. country, and he knew his father's inezorable price; so he simply decided to put an end to Archie Maliand and start a new life for himself. He wrote his letters and arranged his property with that view, and he called the steward to enable him to swear he was in his stateroom after the steamer weighed anchor. room after the steamer weighed anchor. Then in a jiffy he was over the side in the darkness; it was flood tide and he was an expert swimmer; he reached a coast-ing vessel lying near; he had money, bought his passage to France, after a few days at Cape Town, and then came to America and enlisted. He got a con-fession out of one of their irregulars who was with him, Perry says, and that was one of the maters he was guarding ap was with him, Perry says, and that was one of the papers he was guarding so jealously. He had given others to Perry that very night." "They seemed to take to each other like brothers from the start," said the

colonel, with a quiet smile. "Just about," answered Capt. Stryker.

Meantime, Perry and Sergt, Gwynne have been riding slowly down the valley. have been riding slowly down the valley. Night has come upon Dunraven by the hour they reach the northern gate—no longer closed against them—and as they near the house Perry slowly dismounts. "Til take the horses to the stable myself: I want to," says his trooper friend, and for the second time the young officer stands upon the veranda at the doorway, then holds his hand as be hears again the soft melody of the piano floating out upon the still night air. Slowly and not without pain he walks around to the east without pain he walks around to the east front, striving to move with noiseless steps. At last he stands by the open casement, just where he had paused in surprise that night a month agone, and slowly drawing aside one heavy fold of curtain, gazes longingly in at Gladys Maitland, seated there at the piano, just where he first saw her lovely face and form.

Presently, under the soft touch of her fingers, a sweet, familiar melody comes rippling forth. He remembers it in-stantly; it is the same he heard the night of his first visit—that exquisite "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn's—and he listens, spell bound. All of a sudden the sweet strains are broken off, the music ceases; she has thrown herself forward, bowed her queenly head upon her arms, and, leaning over the keyboard, her form is shaken by a storm of passionate tears. Perry hurls aside the sheltering curtain and limps rapidly across the soft and noiseless rug. She nover dreams of his presence until, close at her side, a volce she has learned to know and know well -a voice tremulous with love, sympathy and yearning-murmurs only her name, "Gladys," and, starting up, she looks one instant into his longing eyes. Sergt. "Gwynne" Maitland, lifting the

heavy portiers a moment later, stops short at the entrance, gazes one second at the picturesque scene at the piano, drops the portiere, and vanishes, unno-

Things seemed changed at Dunraven of late years. The -th are still at Rossiter, so is Lieut. Perry. It may be the climate or association with an American sisteror association with an American sister-hood, or—who knows?—perhaps some-body has told her of Mrs. Belknap's pre-diction, but Mrs. Perry has not yet begun to grow coarse, red faced or stout. She is wonderfully popular with the ladies of the --th, and has found warm friends among them, but Mrs. Sprague of the infantry is the woman she particularly fancles, and her gruff old kinsman Dr. Quin is ever a welcome guest at their fireside. It was he, she told her husband long after, who undid the mischief Mrs. Belknap had been able to sow in one brief conversation. "I've known that young woman ever since she wore pinafores, Gladys. She has some good points, too, but her one idiosyncrasy is that every man she meets should bow down to and worship her. She is an Alexander in petticoats, sighing for new worlds to conquer, has been a coquette from the cradle. and-what she can't forgive in Ned Perry is that he simply did not fall in love with her as she thought he had." Down at Dunraven the gates are gone, the doors are very hospitably open. Ewen is still manager de jure, but young Mr. Maitland, the proprieter, is manager de facto, and, though there is constant going and coming between the fort and the ranch, and the officers of the -th ride in there at all hours, what makes the ranchman so popular among the rank and file is the fact that Sergt. "Gwynne," as they still call him, has a warm place in his heart for one and all, and every year when the date of his enlistment in the —th comes round he gives a barbecus dinner to the men, whereat there are feasting and drinking of healths and song and speech making, and Leary and Donovan and even the recreast Kelly are apt to be boisterously prominent on such occasions, but blissfully so-for there hasn't been a shindy of any kind since their old comrade stepped into his possessions at Dunraven Rauch.

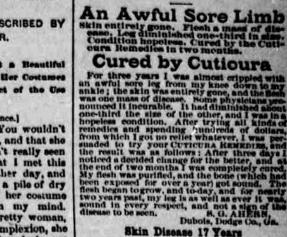
CUTICURA PICTURESQUE DRESSING.

A SAMPLE THEREOF DESCRIBED BY OLIVE HARPER. How a Girl Who Has Not a Beautiful

Face Can Manage to Give Her Costamer Individuality-Happy Effect of the Use of Certain Vain Triffes.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORE, Nov. 21.-You wouldn't

NEW YORE, Nov. 21.—You wouldn't believe that was a real girl, and that she looked just so if you hadn't really seen her; but I assure you that I met this picturesque person the other day, and sured at her from behind a pile of dry goods until every detail of her costume was indelibly fixed upon my mind. This person was not a pretty woman, she had a rather sallow complexion, she was over 50, I know, and her dark eyes were sunken and had circles around them that told of ill bealth, or tearful vigils, and the costume was daring, yos it was so well adapted to the wearer, it was so well adapted to the wearer, somehow, that it all made up a picture to remember.



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TION, AND IS HAPID. RADICAL, AND PERMANENT. It is the mnoous membrane, that wonderful semi-full envelope surrounding the delicate distances of the air and food passages, that is the new of appendix of missing and the is a constrained to the series of the air and the is the passage of tasts. Insidiously, by creep ing on from a simple cold in the head, it as an of from a simple cold in the head, it are not from a simple cold in the head of the analysis inflammation, sloughing, and other daments the membrances inning and envelops the bous, eating through the delicate could and other and all allocatives are simply processitisted and the laware the delicate could in the delicate the delicate could in the delicate on the disease that the delicate could be and the disease thoroughly driven out. **Banded's Hadical Cure for Castarth** Consists of one both of the Hadical Curs, by a Action of Catarastrat. Solyters, and the survey have a survey and the one package prime to ake for Aastron by Rabical Cure for Castarth Consists of the survey is habical Cure for the starth and the disease theorem are and the survey and the disease theorem are solyters, and the survey how of Catarastrat Solyters, and the survey how of the survey is habical Cure for the starth and the disease theorem are and the survey and the survey how of the survey is and the survey of the survey and the survey how of the survey is a survey of the survey of the survey how of the survey of the survey of the survey how of the survey of the survey

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ELY'S CREAM BASM.

CATARRH. HAY FEVER.



A PICTURESQUE PERSON. The material was a seal brown plush, with the facing of moire of the same shade, and down the front of the

skirt were three bands of mahogany plush, and this same shade was also used for facings to the revers of the directoire for facings to the revers of the directoire collar. There were caps to the sleeves of the same. Around the neck was worn a full handkerchief of crepe lisse, and deep ruffles of the same material were at the wrists. The hat was large, of seal brown plush, with the crown completely covered with ostrich plumes, shaded from black through brown to cream. With this was carried a Tosca parasol. This is all right, but it is not every-body who could make that rather stiff

body who could make that rather stiff looking costume appear a part and par-cel of herself, and it is this which I wish to impress upon the minds of my wo-men friends, that each one owes it to her-

self to study herself and her dress in relation to herself. Many very pretty and individual effects can be achieved by the understanding use of the vain little trifles in the illustration. The hair can be arranged in a tration. The hair can be arranged in a becoming manner with some dainty little pin, and this style adopted and continued until the sight of it is fixed in the mind of every beholder. The new jewels are, after all, the same old jewels reset, but they are wonderfully pretty, and the beautiful algrette would be a desirable addition to any evening toilet. The hair pins, the face pins, the necklace and bracelet are all beautiful, and are, aside from their intrinsio value, just as hand-some in garnets as in diamonds, and they can be made to serve in adorning beauty just as well. But never wear false dia-

just as well. But nover wear false dismonds. They deceive no one, and no lady can respect herself while she knows she has on imitation jewelry. How pretty the embroidered crepe

ribbon bows," as a Scotch saleswoman

said. The other one is of Mechlin lace

and crepe lisse, with a tiny bow of rib-bon as a finish. These little additions to

a toilet are very dressy, and, when bought ready made are very costly, but

ladies can make them with very little

THESE BE VARIETIES.

ored silks in a very short time, and

where there is not an embroidered edge,

a ruffle of fine lace can be sewed on

This, then, is caught a little above the

middle into a careless bunch and shaken

and let fall in natural folds, which

are then 'acked into that form and, with

a "bit ribbon bow," it is made into a pretty jabot that is always a dressy ad-

dition to a plain gown. So then, let us all remember that we can be pictu-

if not handsome, according to the care we bestow upon our garments, and their

Couldn't Part with That.

day evening services in a church in an

Ohio town, when the minister was taken

coughing for several minutes he asked if any of us had a troche. A young fellow

and his girl occupied close quarters in one of the seats, and his thumb and

finger went down into his vest pocket at

obliged," said the good man as he ad

Thomas fished up a lozenge with some

red letters on it, started to hand it to the minister, but changed his mind and dropped it back into his pocket. "Well?"

"You see, sir," whispered Thomas, as

he rose up, "I've only got one, and I can't part with that. It says: 'I love

you' on it, and I'm going to alip it to Sarah as soon as you folks stop looking!"

the request. "Ahl Thomas, I shall be gree

with a tickling in the throat. After

A few of us had arrived early at Sun

reaque, stately, graceful or harm

fitness to our needs.

vanced.

-New York Sun.

No.

away down stairs in evident excitement. "It's Mrs. Belknap," explained the doctor, in answer to Perry's inquiring look. "She has ridden down here with Dana and sent her card up to Gladyswho can't bear the sight of her; I don't know why; intuition, I suppose."

Presently Mrs. Cowan reappeared: "Miss Gladys has asked to be excused, as she does not wish to leave her father at this moment; and the lady would like to come up and see Mr. Perry."

"Tell her no!" said Quin, savagely. No-here: I'll go myself." And down went the doughty medical officer, and straightway the rumbling tones of his harsh voice were heard below: the words were indistinguishable, but Mrs. Cowan's face indicated that there was something in the sound that gave her comfort. She stood at the window watching the pair

as they rode away. "Miss Gladys shuddered when she had to shake hands with her that day when we came away from Mrs. Sprague's," said she. "I hope that lady is not a particular friend of yours, Mr. Perry?"

"We have been very good friends in-deed," said he, loyally. "To be sure, I have hardly known Mrs. Belknap a month, but both she and the captain have been very kind to me." All the same, down in the bottom of his heart, he did not wonder at Miss Maitland's sensations. He was beginning to despair of ever seeing her, and yet could get no explanation that satisfied him.

You know she can walk only with great pain and difficulty even now," said Mrs. Cowan. "Her ankle was very badly wrenched, and she hardly goes farther than from her own to her father's room. You ought to feel complimented that she has been here to your door three times."

"I feel more like butting my brains out for being asleep," muttered Perry in reply. "I wish you would wake me next time, Mrs. Cowan. 1 shan't believe it until I see it, or hear her voice at the

She had excused herself to Mrs. Belknap, and the doctor had denied that lovely woman her request to be allowed to come up and see Mr. Perry; and yet the very next day, when the big four mule ambulance from Rossiter came driving up to the front door, and Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Lawrence, escorted by the colonel and Capt. Stryker, appeared on the veranda. how did it hap-

"Yes-for several minutes. Mrs. Cowan's needlework had fallen in her lap. She was seated near the window. and had been busily sewing. Now she

was looking up, eager and intent. "You've known him a long time, haven't you?"

Yes-ever since he joined. He's one of the best sergeants I ever knew." "You would hardly think him guilty

of any dishonesty, would you?" Mrs. Cowan was rising from her chair; the needlework had fallen to the floor. "Dishonesty! Not by a-good deal!"

was the reply that bade fair to be even more impulsive, and was checked only in deference to the presence of a woman. Well, neither would I, from what I've seen of him; and yet Mr. Maitland's seal ring was found on him last night." "My God! Of course he could explain

it in some way?" "He couldn't-or wouldn't. He simply stood there, white as a sheep except where those bruises made him green and blue. He had denied the charge flatly when accused; and yet there it was in his chest. I never saw any man so taken aback as Capt. Stryker; he said he would have sworn to his innocence."

"So would I!-so I do, by Jupiter! It's some foul plot!-it's"-But he got no further. To his own amaze, to the utter bewilderment of Dr.

Quin, Mrs. Cowan precipitated herself upon her patient, seized the hand that lay nearest her on the coverlet, and burst forth into half articulate, sobbing, indignant words, mingled with kisses showered passionately on that astonished hand.

"Oh, bless him for the words! Oh, God bless you, Mr. Perry! * * * Oh, the fools! the lunatics! • • A thief, indeed. • • The idea of his being accused! • • Oh, God! what would his mother in heaven say to this? · As though he had not borne far too much already! • • • It's his own-his own ring, I tell you! Who else should wear it? • • • Who dare take it from him now? • • • Oh, the infamy of it all!"

In her wild excitement, in her incoherent praise and lamentation and wrath and indignation, her voice, her sobs, rang through the room and out along the broad corridor. Even in their amaze the two men heard a hurried step approaching, a limping, halting, painful step, yet rapid and impulsive. Quin, absorbed in his contemplation of the excited woman, paid no attention; Perry's eager eves were strained upon the door way, where, the very next instant, with pallid features and startled mien, Gladys Maitland appeared and stood staring in upon the spectacle of Mrs. Cowan kiseing and sobbing over Perry's hand. Already he had divined the truth, and strove to warn the tear blinded woman of her presence; but Mrs. Cowan's excitement had increased to the verge of hysteria: she was laughing and crying now by turns, blessing her soldier patient for his faith in the accused sergeant, and then breaking forth anew in indignant expletive, "Who are his accusers? Who dare say thief to him? • • Not one is fit to look him in the face! 'Twas the

very ring his mother gave him. * his own! his own!" And then the doctor seized her and turned her so that she must see Gladys-Gladys, wild eyed, panting, staring, tottering forward from the doorway. One sharp cry from the woman's lips, one spring towards the reeling form, and she had caught the girl in her arms.

"Gladys, Gladys, my little pet! my own baby girl! Look up and thank God! I've tried to keep my promise and his secret until he released me. I've tried

about it. I never placed it there." "Do you mean to tell me you never saw it before?" asked Wayne, sternly. And Gwynne was silent.

"Is this the first time you ever saw it. I say?" repeated the captain angrily. "No, sir; I have seen it before," was

the answer. "Then you must have known 'twas stolen, and you have connived at its concealment," was Wayne's triumphant conclusion; and on the report of his offi-

cers Col. Brainard had no alternative but to order Gwynne's close arrest. Only Stryker's appeal and guarantee saved the sergeant from confinement in the guard The next sensation was the sight of

Dr. Quin galloping back to the post like mad and bolting unceremoniously into the colonel's gate. Then Stryker was sent for, and the three officers held an excited conversation. Then the orderly went at a run over to the quarters, and in five minutes Sergt. Gwynne, erect as ever and dressed with scrupulous care, looking anything but like a guilty man, was seen crossing the parade towards his colonel's house. The men swarmed out on the porches as the tidings went from lip to lip, and some of the Irish troopers in Wayne's company were remarked as being oddly excited. Just what took place during that interview none could tell, but in ten minutes the news was flying around the garrison that Sergt. Gwynne was released from arrest, and

in less than half an hour, to the wonderment of everybody, he was seen riding away towards Dunraven with Dr. Quin, and for two days more did not reappear But when the story flashed from house to house about the garrison that Sergt. Gwynne was not Sergt. Gwynne at all,

but Mr. Archibald Wyndham Quin Maitland, late of her majesty's -th Lancers. the only surviving son of the invalid owner of Dunravan Ranch and other valuable properties, the amaze amount-ed to stupefaction. It was known that old Mr. Maitland lay desperately weak and ill the day that Quin the doctor came riding back. All manner of stories were told regarding the affecting nature of the interview in which the long lost son was restored to his overjoyed father, but, like most stories, they were purely the offspring of imagination, for at that interview only three were present: Gladys led her brother to the room and closed the door, while good Mrs. Cowan stood weeping for joy down the long corridor, and Dr. Quin blinked his eyes and fussed and fidgeted and strode around Perry's room with his hands in his pockets, exploding every now and then into sudden comment on the romantic nature of the situation and the idiocy of some people there at Rossiter. "Joy does not kill," he said; "Maitland would have been a dead man by the end of the week but for this; it will give him a new lease of life."

And it did. Though the flame was feeble and flickering, it was fanned by a joy unutterable. The boy whom the stricken father believed bis stubborn pride and condemnation had driven to despair and suicide was restored to him in the prime of manly strength, all tenderness, all forgiveness, and Maitland's whole heart went up in thanksgiving. He begged that Brainard and Stryke would come to him, that he might thank hem for their faith in his son; he bade the doctor say to Perry that the moment he could be lifted from his bed he would come to clasp his hands and bless him for being a far better friend to his son than he had been a father.

The sergeant's return to the post was the signal for a general turnout on the of the man. all of whom were curi

cast eyes. It was she who seldom came near Perry during his convalescence, she who startled and astonished the young fellow beyond measure, the day the ambulance came down to drive him back to the fort, by withdrawing the hand he had impulsively seized when at last she appeared to bid him adieu, and cutting ort his eager words with "Mrs. Belknap will console you, I dare say," and abruptly leaving the room.

Poor Neal In dire distress and perplexity he was driven back to Rossiter, and that very evening he did a most sen-sible and fortunate thing; he told Mrs. Sprague all gbout it; and, instead of condoling with him and bidding him strive to be patient and saying that all would come right in time, the little woman's kind eyes shone with delight, her cheeks flushed with genuine pleasure; she fairly sprang from her chair, and danced up and down and clapped her hands and laughed with glee, and then, when Perry ruefully asked her if that was the sympathy he had a right to expect from her, he only laughed the more, and at last broke forth with:

"Oh, you great, stupid, silly boy! You ought to be wild with happiness. Can't you see she's jealous?"

And the very next day she had a long talk with Dr. Quin, whose visits to Dunraven still continued; and one bright afternoon when Gladys Maitland rode up to the fort to return calls, she managed to have quite a chat with her, despite the fact that Mrs. Belknap showed a strong desire to accompany that fair English girl in all three of her visits. In this effort, too, the diplomatic services of Capt. Stryker proved rather too much for the beauty of the garrison. Was it possible that Mrs. Sprague had enlisted him also in the good cause? Certain it is that the dark featured captain was Miss Maitland's escort as she left the garrison, and that it was with the consciousness of impending defeat that Mrs. Belknap gave utterance to the opening sentence of this chapter; Mr. Perry had distinctly avoided her over since his re-

One lovely evening late in May Mr. Perry was taking his first ride on the new horse, a splendid bay and a perfect match for Gladys Maitland's favorite mount. Already had this circumstance excited smilling comment in the garrison but if the young man himself had noted the close resemblance it conveyed no blissful augury. Everybody remarked that he had lost much of his old buoyancy and life, and it must be confesse he was not looking either blithe or well. Parke had suggested riding with himan invitation which Ferry treated so coldly that the junior stopped to think a moment, and began to see through the situation: and so Mr. Perry was suffered to set forth alone that evening, and no one was surprised when, after going out of the west gate as though bent on riding up the Monee, he was presently seen to have made the circuit of the post and was slowly cantering down towards the lower valley. Out on the eastern prairie another horseman could be seen, and presently the two came together. Col Brainard took down his binocular and gazed out a ter them.

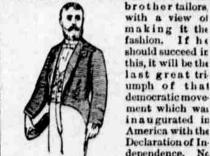
"I declare," said he, "those two figures are so much alike I cannot tell which of them is Perry.

"Then the other is Sergt. Gwynne, colonel," said Stryker, quietly. "Put him in our uniform, and it would indeed be hard to tell the two figures apart. Mr. Maitland told me last week that that was what so startled and struck him the first time he saw Perry."

"How is Mr. Maitland now, do you know?

A Novel Dress Suit.

At a recent convention of merchan tailors Mr. Henry Turner, president of the Tailors' National exchange, appeared in a new and original dress suit, which he offered for the consideration of his brother tailors



dependence. No NEW DRESS SUIT. potentate of prince could survive this blow to royal prerogative as a setter of fashions.

This is what Mr. Turner proposed: The coat is of dark material, with light shawl collar, silk faced, with no lapel seams, and with the skirt and fore part cut together, being only partly sep-arated by the waist seam. The skirts are boldly rounded over the hips, and

the fore part and sleeves ornamented with elaborate embroidery. The vest is of white figured silk, closing with four buttons, having a moderately curved crease and plain rolling collar. The trousers are of lavender shade, and contrast "very effectively with both the coat and vest."

Interesting Engineering Vent.

The method of constructing the founda tions of the great drawbridge over the Thames at New London is of exceptional interest. Timber curbs were constructed, which were sunk eighty feet into the bed of the river, the bottom of which was soft mud for this depth. The mud inside the curb was excavated, and the piles driven into the solid ground then obtained. The heads of these piles were then bound together with concrete, on which the masonry of the pier was finally erected.-Exchange.

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PHILADELPHIA, February 21, 1889.

HUNGABIAN SEAL.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN CONSULATE.

According to the instructions of the Royal Hungarian Ministry for Agricul-ture, Industry and Commerce in Buda-Pest to this Imperial and Royal consulate it is hereby attested to that the Royal Hungarian Government wine cellars at Buda-Pest were established by the Hungarian Government, February 1, 1882, and that the establishment is since under

The aim of these wine cellars is to sur ply the world's markets with the best wines produced in Hungary, free fromany adulteration.

Mr. H. E. Slaymaker, agent of Lan-caster, Pa., has by the Government's general agents of North America been appointed agent for Lancaster for the sale of these wines, which are bott'ed in Buda-Pest, under the supervision of th Hungarian Government, and bear the original protective label of the Royal Hungarian Ministry for Agriculture on the bottles.

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to it.-Epoch. 12 al

