## THE LANCASTER DAILY

inere was an awawaru pause for a oment. The officers looked blankly from one to another, and then began craning their necks to search for the post quartermaster, who sat an absorbed listener. Then the colonel spoke again: "I appreciate your promptness, Mr. Hayne; but have you considered that in choosing quarters according to your rank you will necessarily move somebody out? We are crowded now, and many of your juniors are married, and the ladies will want time to usek."

want time to pack." An anxious silence again. Capt. Ray-ner was gazing at his boot toes and try-ing to appear utterly indifferent; others leaned forward, as though eager to hear the answer. A faint smile crossed Mr. and the groups of oncers in oreasing up and going away could discuss nothing else. The colonel had requested one of their number to remain, as he wished to

"No, sir;" and the answer was stern in

cant set of quarters in the garrison. You will have to move some one out if you decide to live alone."

sir, but, if you will permit me, I can live near my company and yet in officers' quarters."

the garrison, facing the prairie. It is within stone's throw of the barracks of Company B, and is exactly like those built for the officers in here along the parade.' Why, Mr. Hayne, no officers ever lived there. It is utterly out of the way and isolated. I believe it was built for the sutler years ago, but was bought in by the government afterwards. Who lives

back to their own barracks. The house is in good repair, and, as Mr. Hayne says, exactly like those built for officers' use. "And you mean you want to live there

While many of the cavalry officers strolled into the neighboring club and reading room it was noticed that their comrades of the infantry lost no time at intermediate points, but took the shortest road to the row of brown cottages known as the officers' quarters. The feeling of constraint that had settled upon all was still apparent in the group that entered the club room, and for a moment no one spoke. There was a general settling into easy chairs and picking up of newspapers without reference to age or date. No one seemed to want to say anything, and yet every one feit it necessary to have some apparent excuse for becoming absorbed in other matters. This was so evident to Lieut. Blake that he speedily burst into a laugh -the first that had been heard-and when two or three heads popped out from behind their printed screens to inquire into the cause of his mirth that light hearted gentleman was seen sprawl-

Montana, and Hayne, the "senior second," was promoted to the vacancy. Speculation as to what would be the result was funny?" grow

## MARCH SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1890. one felt called upon to do it. Guilty or innocent, he has lived the life of a

Mrs. Rayner paused one moment, ir-resolute: "Didn't she tell you anything more about 10" "Nothing, sister mine. Why should you feel such an interest in what Mrs. Waldron says, if she's such a gossip?" And Miss Travers was evidently having hard work to keep from laughing out-richt innocent, he has lived the life of a Pariah ever since." "I wanted to open out to him, today," suid Capt. Gregg. "but the moment I began to speak of his great kindness to our men he froze as stiff as Mulligan's car. What was the use? I simply couldn't thaw an icicle. What made him so effective in getting the frost out of them was his capacity for absorbing it into his own system." "Well, here, gentlemen," said Buxton, impatiently, "we've got to face this thing right.

"You had better write your letter," said her big sister, and flounced suddenly out of the room and up the stairs. A moment later she was at the parlor

door with a wrap thrown over her shoulders. "If Capt. Rayner comes in, tell him I want particularly to see him before he goes out again."

"Where are you going, Kate?" "Oh, just over to Mra. Waldron's a



Facing the broad, bleak prairie, sepa-rated from it only by a rough, unpainted picket tence, and flanked by uncouth structures of pine, one of which was used as a storehouse for quartermaster's property, the other as the post trader's deposi tory for skins and furs, there stood the frame cottage which Mr. Hayne had chosen as his home. As has been said, it was precisely like those built for the subaltern officers, so far as material, plan and dimensions were concerned. The locali ty made the vast difference which really existed. Theirs stood all in a row, front ing the grassy level of the parade, surrounded by verandas, bordering on a well kept gravel path and an equally well graded drive. Clear, sparkling water rippled in tiny acequias through the front yards of each, and so furnished the moisture needed for the life of the various little shrubs and flowering plants. The surroundings were at least "sociable," and there was companionship and jollity, with an occasional tiff to keep things lively. The married officers, as a rule, had chosen their quarters farthest from the entrance gate and nearest those of the colonel commanding. The bache lors, except the two or three who were old in the service and had "rank" in lieu of encumbrances, were all herded together along the eastern end, a situation that had disadvantages as connected with duties which required the frequent presence of the occupants at the court mar-tial rooms or at headquarters, and that was correspondingly far distant from the barracks of the soldiers. It had its recommendations in being convenient to the card room and billiard tables at "the store," and in embracing within its limits one house which posseased mysterious interest in the eyes of every woman and most of the men in the garrison; it was said to be haunted. A sorely perplexed man was the post quartermaster when the rumor came out from the railway station that Mr. Hayne

unnes stores, then other and similar heds devoted to commissary supplies, the post butcher shop, the saddlar's brow of the bluff, down which its a steep grade plunged the road to the stables. It was as unpreposed in a stables, it was as unpreposed in a factor in an of education or position and Mr. Here was possessed of both. There was a grand expanse of country to be seen stretching away towards the and the sense of neighborlines to one's bind. Out on Prairie avenue all was wintry, desolation, except when twice each day the cavalry officers went plod-ing by on their way to and from the stables, muffled up in their fur caps and coas, and hardly distinguishable from so-many bears, much less from one another. And yet Mr. Hayne smilled not unhap-ply as he glanced from his eastern win-afteneon succeeding his dinner at the softeneon succeeding his dinner at the softeneon succeeding his dinner at the softeneon succeeding his dinner at the softeneon's. He had been busy all day long unpacking books, book shelves, some few pictures which he loved, and his simple, soldierly outfit of household goods, and getting them into shape. His sole assistant was a Chinese servant, who

simple, soldierly outfit of household goods, and getting them into shape. His sole assistant was a Chinese servant, who worked rapidly and well, and who seemed in no wise dismayed by the bleakness of their surroundings. If anything, he was disposed to grin and in-dulge in high pitched commentaries in "pidgin English" upon the unaccustomed amount of room. His master had been restricted to two rooms and a kitchen during the two years he had served him. Now they had a house to themselves, and more rooms than they knew what to do with. The quartermaster had sent a detail of men to put up the stoves and move out the rubbish left by the tailors; "Sam" had worked vigorously with soft soap, hot water and a big mop in sprucing up the rooms; the adjutant had sent a little note during the morn-ing, saying that the colonel would be glad to order him any men he needed to put the quarters in proper shape, and that Capt. Rayner had expressed his readiness to send a detail from the company to unload and unpack his boxes, etc., to which Mr. Hayne replied in person that he thanked the commanding officer for his thoughtfulness, but that he had very little to unpack, and needed no assist-ance beyond that already afforded by the quartermaster's men. Mr. Billings could not help noting that he made no allusion to that part of the letter which spoke of Capt. Rayner's offer. It increased his respect for Mr. Hayne's perceptive

While every officer of the infantry bat-

talion was ready to admit that Mr. Hayne had rendered valuable service to the men

of the cavalry regiment, they were not

so unanimous in their opinion as to how

t should be acknowledged and requited

by its officers. No one was prepared for

the announcement that the colonel had

asked him to dinner and that Blake and

Billings were to meet him. Some few

of their number thought it going too far,

but no one quite coincided with the ve-

hement declaration of Mrs. Rayner that

it was an outrage and an affront aimed

at the regiment in general and at Capt.

Rayner in particular. She was an ener-

getic woman when aroused, and there

was no doubt of her being very much

aroused as she sped from house to house to see what the other ladies thought of

it. Rayner's wealth and Mrs. Rayner's

though not always popular leader in all social matters in the Riflers. She was

an authority, so to speak, and one who knew it. Already there had been some

points on which she had differed with

the colonel's wife, and it was plain to all

that it was a difficult thing for her to

come down from being the authority-

the leader of the social element of a gar-

-and from the pos

qualities had made her an undou

doubly vindictive at the man he had doom

of suffering. This showed out that very morning. Hrs. Rayner had begun to talk, and he turned flercely upon here "Not a word on that subject, Eats, if you love mel-not even the mention of his name! I must have peace in my own house. It is enough to have to talk of it elsewhere,"

classwhere." Talk of it he had to. The major carly that morning asked him, as they were going to the matince: "Have you seen Hayne yet?" "Not since he reported on the parada yesterday," was the curt reply.

"Well, I suppose you will send men to help him get those quarters into habita-ble shape?" "I will, of course, major, if he ask it. I don's propose sending men to do such work for an officer unless the request

"He is entitled to that consid Rayner, and I think the men should be sent to him. He is hardly likely to

"Then he is less likely to get them," said the captain, shortly, for, except the post commander, he well knew that no officer could order it to be done. He was officer could order it to be done. He was angry at the major for interfering. They were old associates and had entered ser-vice almost at the same time, but his friend had the better luck in promotion and was now his battalion com Rayner made an excuse of etc speak with the officer of the da the major went on without him. He was a quiet old soldier; he wanted no disturbance with his troubled friend, and, like a sensible man, he turned the matter over to their common superior, in a very few words, before the arrival of the general audience. It was this that had caused the colonel to turn quietly to Rayner and say, in the most matter of fact way:

"Oh, Capt. Rayner, I presume Mr. Hayne will need three or four men to help him get his quarters in shape. I suppose you have already thought to send them?"

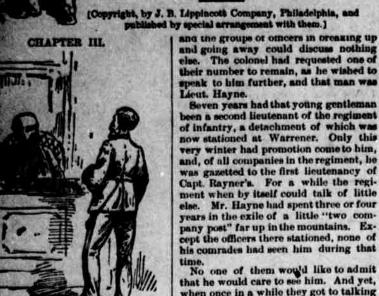
And Rayner flushed, and stammered, They have not gone yet, sir; but I had -thought of it.

Later, when the sergeant sent the required detail he reported to the captain in the company office in five minutes The lieutenant's compliments and thanks, but he does not need the men.'

The dinner at the colonel's, quiet as it was and with only eight at table, was an affair of almost momentous importance to Mr. Hayne. It was the first thing of the kind he had attended in five years, and though he well knew that it was inlended by the cavalry commander more especially as a recognition of the services rendered their suffering men, he bould not but rejoice in the courtesy and tact with which he was received and entertained. The colonel's wife, the adjutant's, and those of two captains away with the field battalion were the four ladies who were there to greet him when, escorted by Mr. Blake, he made his appearance. How long-how very long-it seemed to him since he had sat in the presence of refined and attractive women and listened to their gay and animated chat! They seemed all such good friends, they made him so thoroughly at home, and they showed so much tact and case that never once did it seem apparent that they knew of his trouble in his own regiment; and yet there was no actual avoidance of matters in which the Riflers

were generally interested. It was mainly of his brief visit to the east, however, that they made him talkof the operas and theatres he had attended the pictures he had seen, the music that was most popular; and when dinner was over their hostess led him to her piano, and he played and sang for them again

s, so called, were by no inpopular features of the daily The officers were permitted to to of the commander, just as they eakfast smoke in the big, roomy d to enjoy the post-prandial when at evening recitation in more office they sat around the while the colonel received the reand the new officer of the day. Then atters affecting the discipline or stion or general interests of the unand were brought up; both sides the question were presented, if and there, and the officers were dis-and for the day with the customary ant's all, gentlemen." They left the well knowing that only in the event alled thither again or disturbed in r daily vocations until the same hour the following morning. Meantime, ry must be about their work-drills, if sther permitted; stable duty, no matwhat the weather; garrison courts, at was perennially dispensing justice the post, and the long has on the me and attention of the subalterns and The colonel was a strict, even severe, berate, and just. He "worked" his floers, and thereby incurred the critiof a few, but held the respect of all. fe had been a splendid cavalry com-nander in the field of all others where is sterling qualities were sure to find netannial to preciation in his officers the steps to 'on active and stirring cam-The two ainst the Indians-and among inct mon regiment he knew that deep in ir. Syncarts the -th respected and befved in him, even when they growled at garrison exactions which seemed un-called for. The infantry officers knew as of him as a sterling campaigner, and were not so well pleased with his pline. It was all right for him to "rout out" every mother's son in the avalry at reveille, because all the cavairy officers had to go to stables soon afterward-that was all they were fit for-but what on earth was the use of ng them-the infantry-out of their arm beds before sunrise on a wintry sorning and having no end of roll calls ad such things through the day, "just a sheep them busy?" The real objection determine and a statement of the statement of for, was that it kept a large number y's takin, hammering all day long at diess routine of trivial duties, alng actually no time in which they d read, study, or improve their ds; but, as ill luck would have it, hree young gentlemen who decided a had been devoting what spare time y could find to a lively game of poker rn at "the store," and their petition "more time to themselves" brought a reply from the oracular lips of commander that became immortal the frontier and made the petitioners week the trio was the butt of all wits at Fort Warrener. And yet the ine commissioned force felt that they is being kept at the grindstone be-se of the frivolity of these youngsters, they did not like it. All the same onvalrymen stuck up for their colonel the infantrymen respected him, and mathems were business like and feature, but this particular morn-o days after the arrival of Mrs. and her sister—there had been a memory batter the arrival of free.



By Capt Charles King, U.S.A.

Author of "DUNBAVEN RANCE," "THE COLONEL'S

DAUGHTER," "MARION'S FAITE," ETC.

se in the colonel's presence. cers of Fort Warrener were ed, as was the daily morning a, in the presence of the colonel anding. It had long been the ce of that veteran soldier to re-

all his commissioned subordinates t in an appearance at his office im-stely after the ceremony of guard ting. He might have nothing to them, or he might have a good od he was a man capable of saygood deal in very few words and ing exactly what he said. It was not to look up from his writing the officer entered and respond to tful salutation tendered him n equally punctilious "Good morn-bapt. Gregg," or "Good morning, lake," never omitting the mention name, unless, as was sometime squad of them came in togethe the their obcisance as a body. In ant the colonel simply looked an in the face, as though taking note of the individual constitu the group, and contented him th a "Good morning, gentlemen." n in addition to six troops of his ant of cavalry there were sent regiment of cavalry there were sen-te post a major and four companies Eastry, some of the junior officers in latter organization had suggested her comrades of the yellow stripes is the colonel had no roll call it as the colonel had no roll call it a matter of no great risk to tince" on some of the fiendold mornings that soon set in; but ent was never designedly banks, possibly, to the frank ex-a of his personal views as ex-by Lieut. Blake, of the cavalry, d, "Try it if you are stagnating at of a sensation, my genial plod not if you value the advice of

the has been there, so to speak. Let will spot you quicker than he missing shoe a missing horseshoe, y, ist me elaborate for your comnon-and the next question will Bluestrap, did you intentionally yourself? and then how will you

## very winter had promotion come to him, and, of all companies in the regiment, he was gazetted to the first lieutenancy of Capt. Rayner's. For a while the regi-ment when by itself could talk of little colonel half arose: else. Mr. Hayne had spent three or four years in the exile of a little "two com-"Why, Mr. Hayne, there is not a vapany post" far up in the mountains. Exhis comrades had seen him during that "There may be no quarters in the post, time. No one of them would like to admit that he would care to see him. And yet, when once in a while they got to talking among themselves about him, and the "How so, sir?" question was sometimes confidentially asked of comrades who came down on leave from that isolated station, "How

"In the house out there on the edge of is Hayne doing?" or "What is Hayne doing?" the language in which he was referred to grew by degrees far less truculent and confident than it had been when he first went thither. Officers of other regiments rarely spoke to the "Riflers" of Mr. Hayne. Unlike one or there now, Mr. Quartermaster?" two others of their arm of the service, this particular regiment of foot held the

"No one, sir. It is being used as a tail-ors' shop; half a dozen of the company tailors work there; but I can send them

"I do, sir, exactly."

The colonel turned sharply to his desk once more. The strained silence continued a moment. Then he faced his officers.

moments? I wish to speak with you. Gentlemen, that is all this morning. And so the meeting adjourned.

ing his long legs apart and gazing out of the window after the groups of infantry-"What do you see that's so intensely

ton, I think you did."

alone, Mr. Hayne?"

"Mr. Hayne, will you remain a few

perjured tongue before ever you told the lie that wrecked me." No wonder there was talk, and lots of it, in the "Riflers" and all through the garrison when Rayner's first lieutenant suddenly threw up his commission and retired to the mines he had looated in

"Well, here, gentlemen," said Buxton, impatiently, "we've got to face this thing sooner or later, and may as well do it now. I know Rayner and like him, and don't believe he's the kind of man to wilfully wrong another. I don't know Mr. Hayne, and Mr. Hayne apparently don't want to know me. I think that where a man has been convicted of dis-honorablo-disgraceful conduct and is cut by his whole regiment it is our busi-ness to back the regiment, not the man. Now the question is, where shall we draw the line in this case? It's none of our funeral, as Blake says, but ordinarily noment our funeral, as Blake says, but ordinarily it would be our duty to call upon this officer. Shall we do it, now that he is in Coventry, or shall we leave him to his

own devices "I'll answer for myself, Buxton," said Blake, "and you can do as you please. Except that one thing, and the not unusual frivolties of a youngster that oc-curred previous to this trial, I understand that his character has been above re-proach. So far as I can learn, he is a far more reputable character than I am, and a better officer than most of us. Growl all you want to, comrades mine; 'it's a way we have in the army,' and I like it. So long as I include myself in these malodorous comparisons, you needn't swear. It is my conviction that the Riflers wouldn't say he was guilty today if they hadn't said so five years ago. It is my information that he has paid every cent of the damages, whether he caused them or not, and it is my intention to go and call upon Mr. Hayne as soon as he's settled. I don't propose to influence any man in his action; and excuse me, Bux-

The captain looked wrathful. Blake was an oddity of whom he rather stood in awe, for there was no mistaking the popularity and respect in which he was held in his own regiment. The --th was somewhat remarkable for being emphatically an "outspoken crowd," and for some years, thanks to a leaven of strong and truthful men in whom this trait was pronounced and sustained, it had grown to be the custom of all but a few of the officers to discuss openly and fully all matters of regimental policy and utterly to discountenance covert action of any kind. Blake was thoroughly popular and gen-erally respected, despite a tendency to rant and rattle on most occasions. Nevertheless, there were signs of dissent as to the line of action he proposed, though it were only for his own guidance.

"And how do you suppose Rayner and the Riflers generally will regard your calling on their black sheep?" asked Bux-

ton, after a pause. "I don't know," said Blake, more seriously, and with a tone of concern. "I like Rayner, and have found most of those fellows thorough gentlemen and good friends. This will test the question thoroughly. I believe most of them, except, of course, Rayner, would do the same were they in my place. At all events, I mean to see."

"What are you going to do, Gregg?" asked "the mole," wheeling suddenly on his brother troop commander. "I don't know," said Gregg, doubt-

fully. "I think I'll ask the colonel. "What do you suppose he means to

'I don't know again; but I'll bet we all know as soon as he makes up his mind; and he is making up his mind now-or he's made it up, for there goes Havne, and here Something's up already. Every head was turned to the doorway as the orderly's step was heard in the outer hall, and every voice stilled to hear the message, it was so unusual for the commanding officer to send for one of his subordinates after the morning meeting. The soldier tapped at the panel, and at the prompt "Come in" pushed it partly open and stood with one white gloved hand resting on the knob, the other raised to his cap visor in salute. "Lieut. Blake?" he asked, as he glanced around. "What is it?" asked Blake, stepping quickly from the window.

the answer. A faint smile crossed Mr. Hayno's features; he seemed rather to enjoy the situation: "I have considered, colonel. I shall turn nobody out, and nobody need be in-commoded in the least." "Oh! then you will share quartery with some of the bachelors?" asked the colonel, with evident relief. tone, though perfectly respectful; "I shall live as I have lived for years-utterly alone." One could have heard a pin drop in the office-even on the matted floor. The

given a temporary rest by the news that the dragoons. war department orders had granted the subaltern six months' leave-the first he had sought in as many years. It was known that he had gone east; but hardly had he been away a fortnight when there came the trouble with the Cheyennes at the reservation-a leap for liberty by some fifty of the band, and an immedi ate rush of the cavalry in pursuit. There were some bloody atrocities, as there always are. All the troops in the depart ment were ordered to be in readiness for instant service, while the officials eagerly watched the reports to see which way the desperate band would turn; and the next heard of Mr. Hayne was the news that he had thrown up his leave and had hurried out to join his company the mo ment the eastern papers told of the trouble. It was all practically settled by the time he reached the department; but the spirit and intent of his action could not be doubted. And now here he was at Warrener. That very morning during the matinee he had entered the office unannounced, walked up to the desk of the commander, and, while every

affairs of its officers as regimental prop-erty in which outsiders had no concern. If they had disagreements they were

kept to themselves; and even in a case which in its day had attracted wide-spread attention the Riflers had long since learned to shun all talk outside.

It was evident to other commands that

the Hayne affair was a sore point and

one on which they preferred silence.

And yet it was getting to be whispered around that the Riflers were by no means

so unanimous as they had been in their

opinion of this very officer. They were

and what complicated matters was the fact that those who felt their views un-

dergoing a reconstruction were com-

pelled to admit that just in proportion

as the case of Mr. Hayne rose in their

estimation the reputation of another offi-

Between these two men not a word

had been exchanged for five years-not

a single word since the day when, with

ashen face and broken accents, but with

stern purpose in every syllable, Lieut, Hayne, standing in the presence of nearly all the officers of his regiment,

had hurled this prophecy in his adver-sary's teeth: "Though it take me years,

I will live it down despite you; and you

will wish to God you had bitten out your

cer was bound to suffer, and that officer

was Capt. Ravner.

becoming divided among themselves;

quietly spoke: "Permit me to introduce myself, colonel-Mr. Hayne. I desire to relinquish my leave of absence and report for duty. The colonel quickly arose and extended his hand:

voice but his in the room was stilled. h

"Mr. Hayne, I am especially glad to see you and to thank you here for all your care and kindness to our men. The doctor tells me that many of them would have had to suffer the loss of noses and ears, even of hands and feet in some cases, but for your attention. Maj. Stannard will add his thanks to mine when he returns. Take a seat, sir, for the present. You are acquainted with the officers of your own regiment, doubtless. Mr. Billings, introduce Mr. Hayne to ours."

Whereat the adjutant courteously greeted the newcomer, presented a small party of yellow strapped shoulders, and then drew him into carnest talk about the adventure of the train. It was noticed that Mr. Hayne neither by word nor glapce gave the slightest recognition of the presence of the officers of his own regiment, and that they as studiously avoided him. One or two of their number had indeed risen and stepped forward, as though to offer him the civil greeting due to one of their own cloth but it was with evident doubt of the result. They reddened when he met their tentative-which was that of a gentleman-with a cold look of utter repudiation. He did not choose to see them, and, of course, that ended it.

Nor was his greeting hearty among the cavalrymen. There were only a few present, as most of the --th were still out in the field and marching slowly home ward. The introductions were courteous and formal, there was even constraint among two or three, but there was civility and an evident desire to refer to his services in behalf of their men. All such attempts, however, Mr. Hayne waved aside by an immediate change of the sub-

ject. It was plain that to them, too, he had the manner of a man who was at odds with the world and desired to make no friends. The colonel quickly noted the genera silence and constraint, and resolved to shorten it as much as possible. Droppin his pen, he wheeled around in his chair

with determined cheerfulness: "Mr. Hayne, you will need a day or two to look about and select quarters and get ready for work, I presume." "Thank you, colonel. No, sir. I shall

move in this afternoon and be on duty morrow morning," was the calm reply.

"Nothing, old mole -- nothing," said Blake, turning suddenly about. "It looks too much like a funeral procession for fun. What I'm chuckling at is the absurdity of our coming in here like so many mutes in weepers. It's none of our funeral." "Strikes me the situation is damned awkward," growled "the mole" again.

"Here's a fellow comes in who's cut by his regiment and has placed ours under lasting obligation before he gets inside the post." Well, does any man here know the rights and wrongs of the case, anyhow?"

said a tall, bearded captain as he threw aside the paper which he had not been reading, and rose impatiently to his feet "It seems to me from the little I've heard of Mr. Hayne and the little I've seen, that there is a broad variation between facts and appearances. He looks like a gentleman "No one does know anything more of

the matter than was known at the time of the court martial five years ago," answered "the mole." "Of course you have heard all about that, and my experience is that when a body of officers and gentlemen find, after due deliberation on the evidence, that another has been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, the chances are a hundred to one he has been doing something disreputable, to say the least."

"Then why wasn't he dismissed?" queried a young lieutenant. "The law says he must be." "That's right, Dolly; pull your Ives and

Benet on 'em and show you know all about military law and courts martial," said the captain, crushingly. "It's one thing for a court to sentence and another for the president to approve. Hayne was dismissed, so far as a court could do it, but the president remitted the whole

"There was more to it than that, though, and you know it. Buxton," said Blake. "Neither the department commander nor Gen. Sherman thought the evidence conclusive, and they said so, especially old Gray Fox. And you ask any of these fellows here now whether they believe Hayne was really guilty, and I'll bet you that eight out of ten will flunk at the question."

"And yet they all cut him dead. That's prima facie evidence of what they think." "Cut be blowed! By gad, if any man asked me to testify on oath as to where the cut lay, I should say he had cut them. Did you see how he ignored Foster and

Graham this morning?" "I did, and I thought it damned ungentlemanly in him. Those fellows did the proper thing, and he ought to have acknowledged it," broke in a third officer. "I'm not defending that point; the Lord knows he has done nothing to entourage civility with his own people; but there are two sides to every story, and I asked their adjutant last fall, when there was some talk of his company's being sent here, what Hayne's status was, and he told me. There isn't a squarer man or sounder soldier in the army than the adjutant of the Riflers; and he said that it was Hayne's stubborn pride that more than anything else stood in the way of his restoration to social standing. He had made it a rule that every one who was not for him was

against him, and refused to admit any man to his society who would not first come to him of his own volition and say he believed him utterly innocent. As that involved the necessity of their looking upon Rayaer as either perjured or grossly and persistently mistaken, no

"The commanding officer's compliments, sir, and could he see the lieutenant one minute before the court meets? "Coming at once," said Blake, as he

pushed his way through the chairs, and the orderly faced about and disappeared. "I'll bet it's about Hayne," was the apparently unanimous sentiment as the

cavalry party broke up and scattered for the morning's duties. Some waited purposely to hear.

The adjutant alone stord in the colo-nel's presence as Blake knocked and entered. All others had gone. There was a moment's hesitation, and the colonel paused and looked his man over before he spoke:

"You will excuse my sending for you, Mr. Blake, when I tell you that it is a matter that has to be decided at once. In this case you will consider, too, that I want you to say yes or no exactly as you would to a comrade of your own grade. If you were asked to meet Mr. Havne at any other house in the garrison than mine, would you desire to accept? You are aware of all the circumstances, the adjutant tells me."

"I am, sir, and have just announced my intention of calling upon him." "Then will you dine with us this

evening to meet Mr. Hayne?" 'I will do so with pleasure, sir."

It could hardly have been an hour afterwards when Mrs. Rayner entered the library in her cosey home and found Miss Travers entertaining herself with a book.

"Have you written to Miss Van Ant-werp this morning?" she asked. "I thought that was what you came here for

"I did mean to, but Mrs. Waldron has been here, and I was interrupted."

"It is fully fifteen minutes since sho left, Nellie. You might have written two or three pages already; and you know that all manner of visitors will be coming in by noon."

"I was just thinking over something she told me. I'll write presently."

"Mrs. Waldron is a woman who talks about everything and everybody. I advise you to listen to her no more than you can help. What was it she told you?" Miss Travers smiled roguishly: "Why

should you want to know, Kate, if you disapprove of her revelations?" "Oh," with visible annovance, "it is to

-I wanted to know so as to let you see that it was something unfounded, as usual."

"She said she had just been told that the colonel was going to give a dinner party this evening to Mr. Hayne." "What?"

"She-said-she-had - just - beentold-that-the-colonel-was-goingto give-a dinner party-this eveningto.Mr. ---- Havne.

"Who told her?" "Kate, I didn't ask." "Who are invited? None of ours?" "Kate, I don't know."

had arrived and was coming to report for duty. As a first lieutenant he would have choice of quarters over every second lieutenant in the garrison. There were ten of these young gentlemen, and four of the ten were married. Every set of quarters had its occupants, and Hayne could move in nowhere, unless as occupant of a room or two in the house of some comrade, without first compel ling others to move out. This proceed ing would lead to vast discomfort, occurring as it would in the dead of winter. and the youngsters were naturally perturbed in spirit-their wives especially so. What made the prospects infinitely worse was the fact that the cavalry bachelors were already living three in a house; the only spare rooms were in the quarters of the second lieutenants of the infantry, and they were not on speaking terms with Mr. Hayne. Everything therefore, pointed to the probability of his "displacing" a junior, who would in turn displace somebody else, and so they would go tumbling like a row of bricks until the lowest and last was reached All this would involve no end of worry for the quartermaster, who even under most favorable circumstances is sure to be the least appreciated and mo abused officer under the commandant himself, and that worthy was simply agasp with relief and joy when he heard Mr. Havoe's astonishing announcement that he would take the quarters out on 'Prairie avenue.'

It was the talk of the garrison all that day. The ladies, especially, had a good deal to say, because many of the men seemed averse to expressing their views. Quite the proper thing for Mr. Havne to do," was the apparent opinion of the majority of the young wives and moth-As a particularly kind and considerate thing it was not remarked by one of them, though that view of the case went not entirely unrepresented. In choosing to live there Mr. Hayne separated himself from companionship. That, said some of the commentatorsmen as well as women-he simply accepted as the virtue of necessity, and so there was nothing to commend in his action. But Mr. Hayne was said to pos sess an eye for the picturesque and beautiful. If so, he deliberately condemned himself to the daily contemplation of a treeless barren, streaked in occasional shallows with dingy patches of snow, ornamented only in spots by abandoned old hats, boots, or tin cans blown beyond the jurisdiction of the garrison police parties. A line of telegraph poles was all that intervened between his fence and the low lying hills of the eastern horizon.

Southeastward lay the distant roofs and the low, squat buildings of the fron tier town; southward the shallow valley of the winding creek in which lay the long line of stables for the cavalry and the great stacks of hay; while the row on which he chose to live-"Prairie ave nue," as it was termed-was far worze at his end of it than at the other. It covered the whole eastern front. The big, brown hospital building stood at the northern end. Then came the quarters of the surgeon and his assistants, then the snug home of the post trader, then the "store" and its scattering appendages, then the entrance gateway, then a broad vacant space, through which the wind swept like a hurricane, then the little shanty of the trader's fur house and one or two hovel like structure used by the tailors and cobbler of the adjacent infantry companies. Then came the cottage itself; south of it stood the quartermaster's storeroom, back of which lay an extension filled with ord-

or third importance which she had been accorded when first assigned to the station.

There were many, indeed, who asserted that it was because she found her new position unbearable that she decided on her long visit to the east, and departed thither before the Riflers had been at Warrener a month. The colonel's wife had greeted her and her lovely sister with charming grace on their arrival two days previous to the stirring event of the din ner, and every one was looking forward to a probable series of pleasant entertainments by the two households, even while wondering how long the entente cordiale would last-when the colonel's invitation to Mr. Hayne brought on an immediate crisis. It is safe to say that Mrs. Rayner was madder than the captain her husband, who hardly knew how to take it. He was by no means the best liked office in his regiment, nor the "deepest" and best informed, but he had a native shrewdness which helped him. He noted even before his wife would speak of it to him the gradual dying out of the bitter feeling that had once existed at Hayne's expense. He felt, though it hurt him seriously to make inquiries, that the man whom he had practically crushed and ruined in the long ago was slowly but surely gaining strength, even where he

would not make friends. Worse than all, he was beginning to doubt the evidence of his own senses as the years receded, and unknown to any soul on earth, even his wife, there was growing up deep down in his heart a gnawing, insidious, ever festering fear that after all, after all, he might have been mistaken. And yet on the sacred oath of a soldier and a gentleman, against the most searching cross-examination again and again had he most confidently and positively declared that he had both seen and heard the fatal interview on which the whole case hinged. And as to the exact language employed, he alone of those within earshot had lived to tes tify for or against the accused; of the five soldiers who stood in that now celebrated group, three were shot to death within the hour. He was growing nervous, irritable, haggard; he was getting to hate the mere mention of the case The promotion of Hayne to his own com pany thrilled him with an almost superstitious dismay. Were his words coming true? Was it the judgment of an offended God that his hideous pride, obstinacy and old time hatred of this officer were now to be revenged by daily, hourly contact with the victim of his criminal persecution? He had grown morbidly sensitive to any remarks as to Hayne having "lived down" the toils in which he had been encircled. Might he not "live down" the ensnarer? He dreaded to see him-though Rayner was no coward-and he feared day by day to hear of his restoration to fellowship in the regiment, and yet would have given half his wealth to bring it about, could it but have been accomplished without the dreadful admission, "I was wrong.

I was utterly wrong." He had grown lavish in hospitality; he had become almost aggressively open handed to his comrades, and had sought to press money upon men who in no wise needed it. He was as eager to lend as some are to borrow, and his brother officers dubbed him "Midas," not because everything he touched would turn to gold, but because he would intrude his gold upon them at every turn. There were some who borrowed; and these he struggled not to let repay. He seemed to have an insane idea that if he could but get his regimental friends bound to him pecuniarily he could control their

and again. His voice was soft a and, though it was uncultivated, he san with expression and grace, playing with more skill but less feeling and effect than he sang. Music and books had been the solace of lonely years, and he could easily see that he had pleased them with his songs. He went home to the dreary rookery out on Prairie avenue and laughed at the howling wind. The bare grimy walls and the dim kerosene lamp, even Sam's unmelodious snore in the back room, sent no gloom to his soul. It had been a happy evening. It had cost him a hard struggle to restrain the emotion which he had felt at times; and when he withdrew, soon after the trumpets sounded tattoo, and the ladies fell to discussing him, as women will, there was but one verdict-his manner were perfect.

But the colonel said more than that. He had found him far better read than any other officer of his age he had ever met: and one and all they expressed the hope that they might see him frequently. No wonder it was of momentous import-ance to him. It was the opening to a new life. It meant that here at least he had met soldiers and gentlemen and their fair and gracious wives who had welcomed him to their homes, and, though they must have known that a pall of suspicion and crime had overshadowed his past, they believed either that he was in nocent of the grievous charge or that his years of exile and suffering had amply atoned. It was a happy evening indeed to him; but there was gloom at Capt.

Rayner's. The captain himself had gone out soon after tattoo. He found that the parlor was filled with young visitors of sexes, and he was in no mood for merriment. Miss Travers was being welcomed to the post in genuine army style, and was evidently enjoying it. Mrs. Rayner was flitting nervously in and out of the parlor with a cloud upon her brow, and for once in her life compelled to preserve temporary silence upon the subject up permost in her thoughts. She had been forbidden to speak of it to her husband; yet she knew he had gone out again with every probability of needing some one to talk to about the matter. She could not well broach the topic in the parlor because she was not at all sure how Capt. and Mrs. Gregg of the cavalry would take it; and they were still there She was a loval wife; her husbard's quarrel was hers and more, too; and she was a woman of intuition even keene than that which we so readily accord the sex. She knew, and knew well, that a hideous doubt had been preying for a long time in her husband's heart of hearts, and she knew still better that it would crush him to believe it was even suspected by any one else. Right or wrong, the one thing for her to do, she doubted not, was to maintain the original guilt against all comers, and to lose no opportunity of feeding the flame that umed Mr. Hayne's record and reputation. He was guilty-he must be guilty; and though she was a Christian according to her view of the case-a pillar of the church in matters of public charity and picturesque conformity to all the rubric called for in the services, and much that it did not-she was unrelenting in her condemnation of Mr. Hayne.

To those who pointed out that he had made every atonement man could make she responded with the severity of conscious virtue that there could be no atonement without repentance and no re-pentance without humility. Mr. Hayne's whole attitude was that of stubborn pride and resentment. His atonement was that enforced by the unanim

"Where did she say she had heard it?" "She didn't sav."