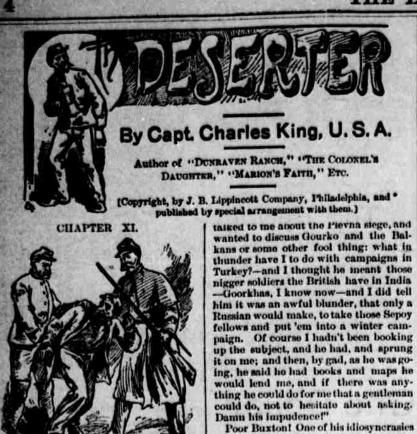
THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890.



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Private Clancy struggling in the grasp of two or three soldiers.

It was very generally known throughout Fort Warrener by 10 o'clock on the following morning that Mr. Hayne had returned to duty and was one of the first officers to appear at the matinee. Once more the colonel had risen from his chair, taken him by the hand and wel-comed him. This time he expressed the hope that nothing would now occur to prevent their seeing him daily. "Won't you come into the club room?"

asked Capt. Gregg, afterwards. "We will be pleased to have you."

"Excuse me, captain, I shall be er gaged all morning," answered Mr. Hayne, and walked on down the row. Nearly all the officers were strolling away in groups of three or four. Hayne walked past them all with quick, soldierly step and almost aggressive man-ner, and was soon far ahead, all by himself. Finding it an unprofitable sub-ject, there had been little talk between the two regiments as to what Mr. Havne's status should be on his reappearance. Everybody heard that he had mewhat rudely spurned the advances of Ross and his companions. Indeed, Ross had told the story with strong coloring to more than half the denizens of

officers' row. Evidently he desired no further friendship or intercourse with his brother blue straps, and only a few of the cavalry officers found his society attractive. He played delightfully; he was well read; t in general talk he was not entertaining. "Altogether too sepulchral-or at at least funereal," explained the cavalry. "He never laughs, and rarely smiles, and he's as glum as a Quaker meeting, was another complaint. So a social suc-

Hayne. While he could not be invited where just a few infantry people were the other guests, from a big general gathering or party he, of course, could not be omit-ted; but there he would have his cavalry and medical friends to talk to, and ne was at ner mercy, and she knew well that he loved her fervently and that to lose her would well nigh break his heart. Could she say the word and be free? Surely, as this man's wife there would be no serfdom; and, yet, could she wed a man for whom she felt no spark of love?

They went down to the creek one fine morning early in April. There had been a sudden thaw of the snows up the gorges of the Rockies, and the stream had overleaped its banks, spread over the low lands and flooded some broad depressions in the prairie. Then, capri-cious as a woman's moods, the wind whistled around from the north one night and bound the lakelets in a band of ice. The skating was gorgeous, and all the preity ankles on the post were re-joicing in the opportunity before the set-ting of another sun. Coming homeward at luncheon time Mrs. Rayner, Mrs. Buxton, Miss Travers and one or two others. escorted by a squad of bachelors, strolled somewhat slowly along Prairie avenue towards the gate. It so happened that the married ladies were foremost in the little party, when who should meet them but Mr. Hayne, coming from the east gate! Mrs. Rayner and Mrs. Buxton, though passing him almost elbow to elbow, looked straight ahead or other-

wise avoided his eye. He raised his for-age cap in general acknowledgment of the presence of ladies with the officers, but glanced coldly from one to the other until his blue eyes lighted on Miss Trav-No woman in that group could fail to note the leap of sunshine and gladness to his face, the instant flush that rose to his check. Miss Travers herself saw it

quickly, as did the maiden walking just behind her, and her heart bounded at the sight. She bowed as their eyes met, spoke his name in low tone, and strove o hide her face from Mr. Blake, who turned completely around and stole a sudden glance at her. She could no more account for than she could control it, but her face was burning. Mrs. Rayner, too, looked around and stared at her, but this she met firmly, her dark eyes never quailing before the angry glare in her sister's. Blake was beginning to like Hayne and to dislike Mrs. Rayner, and he always did like mischief. You owe me a grudge, Miss Travers,

Theirs was far mor. ludicrous, and, while it made Mr. Hayne famous, he if you did but know it," he said, so that gained another enemy. The --th could not fail to notice how soon after that all all could hear. "You, Mr. Blake! How can that be social recognition ceased between their

"I spoiled a serenade for you a few nights ago. I was officer of the day, and caught sight of a man gazing up at your window after midnight. I felt sure he was going to sing; so, like a good fellow, I ran over to play an accompaniment, and then-would you be-lieve it?-he wouldn't sing, after all."

She was white now. Her eyes were gazing almost imploringly at him. Something warned him to hold his peace, and he broke off short. "Who was it? Oh, do tell us, Mr. Blake!" were the exclamations, Mrs.

Rayner being most impetuous in her demands. Again Blake caught the appeal in Miss Travers' eyes. "That's what I want to know," he regreatly interested in the story. How strange it was that he should have had a sponded, mendaciously. "When I woke up next morning, the whole thing was a

dream, and I couldn't fix the fellow at There was a chorus of disappointment

and indignation. The idea of spoiling such a gem of a sensation! But Blake took it all complacently until he got home. Then it began to worry him. Was it possible that she knew he was

there? That night there was a disturbance in the garrison. Just after 10 o'clock, and

heard over behind the quarters of Com-

pany B and close to the cottage occupied

by Lieut, Hayne. The officers of the

guard ran to the spot with several men,

and found Private Clancy struggling

and swearing in the grasp of two or

three soldiers, while Mrs. Clancy was

imploring them not to let him go-he

was wild like again; it was drink; he had

the horrors, and was batin' her while

she was tryin' to get him home. And

Clancy's appearance bore out her words.

He was wild and drunken, but he swore

he meant no harm; he struggled hard

for freedom; he vowed he only wanted

to see the lieutenant at his quarters; and

Mr. Hayne, lamp in hand, had come

upon the scene and was striving to quiet

the woman, who only screamed and pro-

tested the louder. At his quiet order

the soldiers released Clancy, and the

to gain her confidence. But there was Mrs. Rayner. while the sentries were calling off the hour, a woman's shricks and crics were

CHAPTER XIL 2 The little forage cap was raised with cour leous grace.

There was an unv ual scene at the matince the followin morning. When Capt, Ray relieved C. t. Gregg as officer of the day, and the two were visiting oners, they came upon the last name on the list-Clancy-and Gregg turned to his regimental comrade and said:

"No charges are preferred against Clancy, at least none as yet, Capt. Ray; but his company commander requests that he be held here until he can talk over his case with the colonel."

"What's he in for?" demanded Capt. Ray. "Getting drunk and raising a row and

beating his wife," answered Gregg, whereat there was a titter among the soldiers.

"I never sthruck a woman in me life, sir," said poor Clancy. "Silence, Clancy!" ordered the ser-

reant of the guard. 'No, I'm blessed if I believe that part of it, Clancy, drunk or no drunk,"

the new officer of the day. "Take charge of him for the present, sergeant." And away they went to the office. Capt. Rayner was in conversation

with the commanding officer as they entered, and the colonel was saying:

"It is not the proper way to handle the case, captain. If he has been guilty of drunkenness and disorderly conduct he should be brought to trial at once."

"I admit that, sir; but the case is peculiar. It was Mrs. Clancy that made all the noise. I feel sure that after he is perfectly sober I can give him such a talking to as will put a stop to this trou-

"Very well, sir. I am willing to let company commanders experiment at least once or twice on their theories, so you can try the scheme; but we of the -th have had some years of experience with the Clancys, and were not a little amused when they turned up again in our midst as accredited members of your company." 4. "Then, as I understand you, colonel,

Clancy is not to be brought to trial for this affair," suddenly spoke the post surgeon.

Everybody looked up in surprise, "Pills" was the last man, ordinarily, to take a hand in the "shop talk" at the morning meetings.

"No, doctor. His captain thinks it unnecessary to prefer charges." "So do I, sir; and, as I saw the man both before and after his confinement last night. I do not think it was necessary

> to confine him." "The officer of the day says there was great disorder," said the colonel, in sur-

"If it's only when he's drunk that conscience pricks him and the truth will out, then we must have him drunk again," quoth this unprincipled practi-

That same afternoon Miss Travers That same afternoon Miss Travers found that a headache was the result of confinement to an atmosphere somewhat heavily charged with electricity. Mrs. Rayner seemed to bristle every time she approached her sister. Possibly it was the heart, more than the head, that ached, but in either case she needed re-lief from the exposed position she had sceupied ever since Kate's return from the Clancys'in the morning. She had been too long under fire, and was wearied. Even the cheery visits of the garrison gallants had proved of little avail, for gallants had proved of little avail, for Mrs. Rayner was in very ill temper, and made snappish remarks to them which two of them resented and speedily took themselves off. Later Miss Travers went to her room and wrote a letter, and then the sunset gun shook the window, and twilight settled down upon the still frozen earth. She bathed her heated forebead and flushed checks, threw a warm cloak over her shoulders, and came slowly down the stairs. Mrs. Rayner met her at the parlor door.

"Kate, I am going for a walk and shall stop and see Mrs. Waldron."

"Quite an unnecessary piece of infor-ation. I saw him as well as you. He has just gone there." Miss Travers flushed hot with indigna-

tion. "I have seen no one; and if you mean that Mr. Hayne has gone to Maj. Wal-

dron's, I shall not." "No; I'd meet kim on the walk; it would only be a trifle more public."

"You have no right to accuse me of the faintest expectation of meeting him anywhere. I repeat, I had not thought of such a thing." "You might just as well do it. You

cannot make your antagonism to my husband much more pointed than you have already. And as for meeting Mr. Havne, the only advice I presume to give now is that for your own sake you keep your blushes under better control than you did the last time you met-that I know of." And, with this triumphant insult as a parting shot, Mrs. Rayner wheeled and marched off through the parlor.

What was a girl to do? Nellie Travers was not of the crying kind, and was denied a vast amount of comfort in conse quence. She stood a few moments quivering under the lash of injustice and insult to which she had been subjected. She longed for a breath of pure fresh air; but there would be no enjoyment even in that now. She needed sympathy and help if ever a girl did, but where was she to find it? The women who most attracted her and who would have warmly welcomed her at any time-the women whom she would eagerly have gone to in her trouble-were practically denied to her. Mrs. Rayner in her quarrel had declared war against the cavalry, and Mrs. Stannard and Mrs. Ray, who had shown a disposition to welcome Nellie warmly, were no longer callers at the house. Mrs. Waldron, who was kind and motherly to the girl and loved to have her with her, was so embarrassed by Mrs. Rayner's determined snubs that she hardly knew how to treat the mat ter. She would no longer visit Mrs. Rayner informally, as had been her custom, yet she wanted the girl to come to

her. If she went, Miss Travers well knew that on her return to the house she would be received by a volley of sarcasms about her preference for the society of people who were the avowed enemies of her benefactors. If she renained in the house, it was to

was no outy to arrest any soldier und such circumstances," replied her sister, with ruajestic wrath, "and I will not tol-erate it that you should criticise his con-duct."

"I have made no criticism, Kate. I have simply made inquiry; but I have learned what no one else could have made me believe."

"Nellio Travers, be careful what you say, or what you insinuate. What do

you mean?" "I mean, Kate, that it is my belief that "I mean, Kate, that it is my belief that there is something at the bottom of those stories of Clancy's strange talk when in the hospital. I believe he thinks he knows something which would turn all suspicion from Mr. Hayne to a totally different man. I believe that, for reasons which I cannot fathom, you are deter-mined Mr. Hayne shall not see him or hear of it. It was you that sent Capt. Rayner over there last night. Mrs. Clancy came here at tattoo, and, from the time she left, you were at the front door Chancy came here at tatico, and, from the time she left, you were at the front door or window. You were the first to hear her cries and came running in to tell the captain to go at once. Kate, why did you stand there listening from the time she left the kitchen unless you expected to hear just what happened over there be-hind the company barracks?"

Mrs. Rayner would give no answer. Anger, rage, retaliation, all in turn were pictured on her furious face, but died away before the calm and unconquerable gaze in her sister's syes. For the first time in her life Kate Rayner real-ized that her "baby Nell" had the stronger will of the two. For one instant she contemplated vengeance. A torrent of invoctive leaped readily to her lips. "Outrage," "ingrate," "insult," were the first three distinguishable epi thets applied to her sister or her sister's words; then, "See if Mr. Van Antwerp will tolerate such conduct. I'll write this very day," was the impotent threat that followed; and finally, utterly defeated, thoroughly convinced that she was powerless against her sister's reck-less love of "fair play at any price," she felt that her wrath was giving way to dismay, and turned and fied, lest Nellie see the flag of surrender on her should

paling cheeks. CHAPTER XIII.



Well, sir, I should say it was a young

Two nights after this, as Capt. Buxton

was sulkily going the rounds of the sentries, he made a discovery which greatly enlivened an otherwise uneventful tour as officer of the day. It had been his general custom on such occasions to take

an his lights burning. Not that vehicle, whatever is was, had brought somebody out to see him—somebody who proposed to remain several hours; otherwise the carriage would not have driven away. In confirmation of this theory he haard voices, cheery voices, in laughing talk, and one of them made him prick up his ears. He heard the plano crisply trilling a response to light, skillful fingers. He longed for a peep within, and regretted that he bad dropped Mr. Hayne from the list of his acquaintance. He recognized Hayne's shadow presently thrown by the lamp upon the curtained window, and wished that his visitor would come similarly into view. He heard the clink of glasses and saw the shadow raise a wine glass to the lips, and Sam's Mon-golian shape flitted across the screen, golian shape flitted across the screen, bearing a tray with similar suggestive objects. What meant this unheard of conviviality on the part of the ascetic, the hermit, the midnight oil burner, the cholarly recluse of the garrison? Buzton stared with all his eyes and listened with all his ears, starting guiltily when with all his ears, starting guiltily when he heard a martial footstep coming quickly up the path, and faced the in-truder rather unsteadily. It was only the corporal of the guard, and he glanced at his superior, brought his fur gauntlet-ed hand in salute to the rifle on his shoul-

der and passed on. The next moment Buxton fairly gasped with amaze; he stared an instant at the window as though transfixed, then ran

after the corporal, called to him in low. stealthy tone to come back noiselessly, drew him by the sleeve to the front of Hayne's quarters, and pointed to the parlor window. Two shadows were there now-one easily recognizable as that of the young officer in his snugly fitting undress uniform, the other slender, graceful, feminine.

"What do you make that other shadow to be, corporal?" he whispered, hoarsely and hurriedly. "Look!" And with that exclamation a shadowed arm seemed to encircle the slender form, the mustached mage to bend low and mingle with the outlined luxuriance of tress that decked the other's head, and then, together, with clasping arms, the shadows moved from

"What was the other, corporal?" he repeated. "Well, sir, I should say it was a young

woman."

Buxton could hardly wait until morning to see Rayner. When he passed the latter's quarters half an hour later all was darkness, though, had he but known it, Rayner was not asleep. He was at the house before guard mounting and had a confidential and evidently exciting talk with the captain; and when he went, just as the trumpets were sounding, these words were heard at the front door: "She never left until after daylight,

when the same rig drove her back to town. There was a stranger with her then."

That morning both Rayner and Buxton looked hard at Mr. Hayne when he came in to the matinee; but he was just as calm and quiet as and he wing sa-luted the command diver to a seat by Capt. Gregg and was soon occupied in conversation with him. Not a word was said by the officer of the day about the mysterious visitor to the garrison the previous night. With Capt. Rayner, however, he was again in conversation much of the day, and to him, not to he successor as officer of the day, did he communicate all the details of the previous night's adventure and his theories thereanent.

Late that night, having occasion to step to his front door, convinced that he heard stealthy footsteps on his piazza, Mr. Havne could see nobody in the darkness, but found his front gate open. He walked around his little house, but not a man was visible. His heart was full of a new and strange excitement that night, and, as before, he threw on his overcoat and furs and took a rapid walk around the garrison, gazing up into the starry heavens and drinking in great draughts of the pure, bracing air. Returning, he came down along the front of officers' row, and as he approached Rayner's quarters his eyes rested longingly upon the window he knew to be hers now; but all was darkness. ' As he rapidly neared the house, however, he became aware of two bulky figures at the gate, and, as he walked briskly past, recognized the overcoats as those of officers. One man was doubtless Rayner, the other he could not tell; for both, the instant they recognized his step, seemed to avert their heads. Once home again, he soon sought his room and pillow; but, long before he could sleep, again and again a sweet vision seemed to come to him: he could not shut out the thought of Nellie Travers-of how she looked and what she said that very after



grievous pity that there should be such an element of embarrassment, but it couldn't be helped. As the regimental adjutant had said, Hayne himself was the main obstacle to his restoration to regimental friendship. No man who piques himself on the belief that he is ut to do a virtuous and praiseworthy act will be apt to persevere when the object of his benevolence treats him with cold contempt. If Mr. Hayne saw fit to repudiate the civilities a few officers essayed to extend to him, no others would subject themselves to similar rebuffs: and if he could stand the status quo, why, the regiment could; and that, said the Riflers, was the end of the

But it was not the end, by a good deal. Some few of the ladies of the infantry. actuated by Mrs. Rayner's vehement exposition of the case, had aligned themselves on her side as against the post commander, and by their general conduct sought to convey to the colonel and to the ladies who were present at the first dinner given Mr. Hayne thorough disapproval of their course. This put th cavalry people on their mettle and led to a division in the garrison; and as Maj. Waldron was, in Mrs. Ravner's eves. equally culpable with the colonel, it so resulted that two or three infantry households, together with some unmarried subalterns, were arrayed socially against their own battalion commander as well as against the grand panjandrum at post headquarters. If it had not been for the ermined attitude of Mr. Hayne himself, the garrison might speedily have been resolved into two parties-Hayne and anti-Havne sympathizers; but the whole bearing of that young man was fiercely repellent of sympathy; he would have none of it. "Hayne's position," said Maj. Waldron, "is practically this: he holds that no man who has borne himself as he has during these five yearsdenied himself everything that he might make up every cent that was lost, though he was in nowise responsible for the loss -could by any possibility have been guilty of the charges on which he was tried. From this he will not abate one jot or tittle; and he refuses now to restore to his friendship the men who repudiated him in his years of trouble, except on their profession of faith in his entire innocence."

Now, this was something the cavalry could not do without some impeachment of the evidence which was heaped up against the poor fellow at the time of the trial, and it was something the infantry would not do, because thereby they would virtually pronounce one, at least, eir own officers to have repeatedly persistently given false testimony. s the case of Waldron and the cavalry, however, it was possible for Hayne to return their calls of courtesy, because they, having never "sent him to Coven-try," received him precisely as they try." would receive any other officer. With the Riflers it was different. Having once "cut" him as though by unanimous accord, and having taught the young of ficers joining year after year to regard him as a criminal, they could be restored to Mr. Hayne's friendship, as has been id before, only "on confession of error. Buston and two or three of his stamp called or left their cards on Mr. Hayne because their colonel had so done; but precisely as the ceremony was performed, just so was it returned.

Buxton was red with wrath over what he termed Havne's conceited and super cilious manner when returning his call: "I called upon him like a gentleman, by under, just to let him understand I anted to help him out of the mire, and old him if there was anything I could do for him that a gentleman could do, not to besitate about letting me know; and

is he came to my house today,

She, at least, with all her high and mighty ways, was no unapproachable creature when it came to finding out what she thought of other people's conduct. So half a dozen, at least, had more or less confidentially asked if she knew of Mr. Hayne and Miss Travers' meeting. Indeed she did; and she had given Nellie her opinion of her conduct very decidedly. It was Capt. Rayner himself who interposed, she said, and forbade her upbraiding Nellie any further. Nellie being either in an adjoining room or up in her own on several occasions when these queries were propounded to her sister, it goes without saying that that estimable woman, after the manner of her sex, had elevated her voice in responding, so that there was no possibility of the wicked girl's failing to get the full benefit of the scourging she de-served. Rayner had indeed positively forbidden her further rebuking Nellie; but the man does not live who can pre-

independence.

was to talk wisely to the juniors on the

subject of European campaigns and to criticise the moves of generals whose

very names and centuries were entang-

ling snares. His own subalterns were, unfortunately for him, at the house when

Hayne called, and when he, as was his

wont, began to expound on current mili-

tary topics. "A little learning" even he

had not, and the dangerous thing that

that would have been was supplanted by something quite as bad, if not worse. He

was trapped and thrown by the quiet

mapnered infantry subaltern, and it was

all Messrs. Freeman and Royce could do

to restrain their impulse to rush after

Hayne and embrace him. Buxton was

cordially detested by his "subs," and

well knew they would tell the story of

his defeat, so he made a virtue of neces-

sity and came out with his own version.

bulky captain and the pale, slender sub-altern; and Mrs. Buxton and Mrs. Ray-

ner became suddenly infatuated with

each other, while their lords were seldom

All this time, however, Miss Travers

was making friends throughout the gar-

rison. No one ever presumed to discuss

the Hayne affair in her presence, because

of her relationship to the Rayners, and yet Mrs. Waldron had told several peo-

ple how delightfully she and Mr. Hayne had spent an afternoon together. Did

not Mrs. Rayner declare that Mrs. Wal-

dron was a woman who told every-

thing she knew, or words to that effect?

It is safe to say that the garrison was

tete-a tete with the sister of his bitterest

foe! When did they meet? Had they met since? Would they meet again? All

these were questions cagerly discussed, yet never asked of the parties themselves,

Mr. Hayne's reputation for snubbing people standing him in excellent stead, and Miss Travers' quiet dignity and re-

serve of manner being too much for

those who would have given a good deal

seen except together.

man stood patient and subordinate. vent one woman's punishing another so "Did you want to see me, Clancyf" long as she can get within carshot, and asked Mr. Havne. "Askin' yer pardon sir, I did," began Miss Travers was paying dearly for her the man, unsteadily, and evidently strug-It cannot be estimated just how great gling with the fumes of the liquor he had a disappointment her visit to the fronbeen drinking; but before he could speak again, Mrs. Clancy's shricks rang out on tier was proving to that young lady, simply because she kept her own counsel. There were women in the garrison who the still air: "Oh, for the love of God, howld him,

longed to take her to their hearts and ome o' ye's! He'll kill him! He's mad, homes, she was so fresh and pure and Shure 'tis I that know him best I say! sweet and winning, they said; but how Oh, blessed Vargin, save us! Don't let could they when her sister would recoghim loose, Misther Foster!" she screamed nize them only by the coldest possible to the officer of the guard, who at that nod? Nellie was not happy, that was moment appeared on the full run. certain, though she made no complaint, "What's the trouble?" he asked, breathlessly. and though the young officers who were "Clancy seems to have been drinking, daily her devotees declared she was bright and attractive as she could be, and wants to talk with me about some There were still frequent dances and parthing, Mr. Foster," said Havne, quietly, ties in the garrison; but March was nearly "He belongs to my company, and I will

be responsible that he goes home. It is spent, and the weather had been so vile and blustering that they could not move really Mrs. Clancy that is making all the beyond the limits of the post. April trouble." might bring a change for the better in "Oh, for the love of God, hear him, the weather, but Miss Travers wondered now, whin the man was tearin' the hair how it could better her position. o' me this minute! Oh, howld him, men! It is hard for a woman of spirit to be Shure 'tis Capt. Rayner wud niver let

materially dependent on any one, and him go. "What's the matter, Mrs. Clancy?" Miss Travers was virtually dependent on her brother-in-law. The little share of spoke a quick, stern voice, and Rayner, her father's hard savings was spent on with face white as a sheet, suddenly stood in their midst. her education. Once free from school, she was bound to another apprenticeship. "Oh, God be praised, it's here ye are and sister Kate, though indulgent, fond captin! Shure it's Clancy, sir, dhrunk, and proud, lost no opportunity of telling sir, and runnin' round the garrison, and her how much she owed to Capt. Raybatin' me, sir." ner. It got to be a fearful weight before "Take him to the guard house, Mr. Foster," was the stern, sudden order. the first summer was well over. It was the main secret of her acceptance of Mr. 'Not a word, Clancy," as the man strove Van Antwerp. And now, until she to speak. "Off with him, and if he would consent to name the day that gives you any trouble, send for me." should bind her for life to him, she had And as the poor fellow was led away, no home but such as Kate Rayner could offer her; and Kate was bitterly offended

the saddest apprehension, never re-

proaching, never doubting, never com-

manding or restraining. The man had

silence fell upon the group. Mrs. Clancy began a wail of mingled relief and misat her. There was just one chance to ery, which the captain ordered her to end it now and forever, and to relieve her cease and go home. More men came sister and the captain of the burden of hurrying to the spot, and presently the her support. Could she make up her officer of the day. "It is all right now," mind to do it? And Mr. Van Antwerp said Rayner to the latter. "One of my offered the opportunity. men-Clancy-was out here drunk and So far from breaking with her, as she

raising a row. I have sent him to the half expected-so far from being even guard house. Go back to your quarters. angry and reproachful on receiving the men. Come, captain, will you walk letter she had written telling him all over home with me?" about her meetings with Mr. Havne-he "Was Mr. Hayne here when the row had written again and again, reproachoccurred?" asked the cavalryman, looking himself for his doubts and fears. ing as though he wanted to hear some begging her forgiveness for having writthing from the young officer who stood ten and telegraphed to Kate, humbling a silent witness.

"I don't know," replied Rayner. "It himself before her in the most abject makes no difference, captain. It is not way, and imploring her to reconsider her a case of witnesses. I shan't prefer determination and to let him write to Capt. and Mrs. Rayner to return to their charges against the man. Come!" And he drew him hastily away. eastern home at once, that the marriage

Hayne stood watching them as they might take place forthwith and he could disappeared beyond the glimmer of his bear her away to Europe in May. Letter after letter came, eager, imploring, full of tenderest love and devotion, full of lamp. Then a hand was placed on his arm:

"Did you notice Capt. Rayner's facehis lips? He was ashen as death."

"Come in here with me," was the re-

found the way to touch a woman of her generous nature: he had left all to her: ply; and, turning, Hayne led the post surgeor into the house.

"Ay, sir, so there was; and the thing reminds me of the stories they used to tell on the New York police. It looked to me as though all the row was raised by Mrs. Clancy, as Capt. Rayner says; but the man was arrested. That being the case I would ask the captain for what specific offense he ordered Clancy to the guard house."

Rayner again was pale as death. He glared at the doctor in amaze and incredulity, while all the officers noted his agitation and were silent in surprise. It was the colonel that came to the rescue. "Capt. Rayner had abundant reason,

doctor. It was after taps, though only just after, and, whether causing the trouble or not, the man is the responsible party, not the woman. The captain was right in causing his arrest." Rayner looked up gratefully.

"I submit to your decision, sir," said the surgeon, "and I apologize for any thing I may have asked that was beyond my province. Now I wish to ask a ques tion for my own guidance." "Go on, doctor.

"In case an enlisted man of this com mand desire to see an officer of his company-or any other officer, for that matter-is it a violation of any military regulation for him to go to his quarters for that purpose?"

Again was Rayner fearfully white and aged looking. His lips moved as though he would interrupt; but discipline prevailed.

"No, doctor, and yet we have certain customs of service to prevent the men going at all manner of hours and on frivolous errands. A soldier asks his first sergeant's permission first, and if denied by him, and he have what he considers good reason, he can report the whole case." "But suppose a man is not on com-

pany duty, must he hunt up his first sergeant and ask permission to go and see some officer with whom he has business?"

"Well, hardly, in that case." "That's all, sir." And the doctor subsided.

Among all the officers, as the meeting adjourned, the question was, "What do you suppose 'Pills' was driving at."

There were two or three who knew. Capt. Rayner went first to his quarters, where he had a few moments' hurried consultation with his wife; then they left the house together; he to have a low toned and very stern talk to rather than with the abashed Clancy, who listened, cap in hand and with hanging head; she to visit the sick child of Mrs Flanigan, of Company K, whose quarters adjoined those to which the Clanevs had recently been assigned. When that Hibernian culprit returned to his roof tree, released from durance vile, he was surprised to receive a kindly and sympathetic welcome from his captain's wife. who with her own hand had mixed him some comforting drink and was planning with Mrs. Clancy for their greater comfort. "If Clancy will only promise to quit entirely!" interjected the partner of his joys and sorrows.

Later that day, when the doctor had a little talk with Clancy, the ex-dragoon declared he was going to reform for all he was worth. He was only a distress to everybody when he drank.

"All right, Clancy. And when you are perfectly yourself, you can come and see Lieut. Hayne as soon as you like.' "Loot'nant Havne is it, sir? Shure I'd be beggin' his pardon for the vexation I gave him last night."

"But you have something you wanted to speak with him about. You said so last night, Clancy," said the doctor, looking him squarely in the eye. "Shure I was dhrunk, sir. I didn't

mane it," he answered; but he shrank and cowered. The dootor surned and left him

person the target for her sister's undeserved sneers and censure. The situation was becoming simply unbearable Twice she began and twice she tore to fragments the letter for which Mr. Van Antwerp was daily imploring, and this evening she once more turned and slowly sought her room, threw off her wraps, and took up her writing desk. It was not yet dark. There was still light enough for her purpose, if she went close to the window. Every nerve was tingling with the sense of wrong and ignominy; every throb of her heart but intensified the longing for relief from the thralldom of her position. She saw only one path to lead her from such crushing dependence. There was his last letter, received only that day, urging, imploring her to leave Warrene forthwith. Mrs. Rayner had declared to him her readiness to bring her east pro vided she would fix an early date for the wedding. Was it not a future many girl might envy? Was he not tender faithful, patient, devoted as man could be? Had he not social position and compe tence? Was he not high bred, courteous, refined, a gentleman in all his acts an words? Why could she not love him and be content?

There on the desk lay a little scrap of note paper; there lay her pen; a dozen words only were necessary. One moment she gazed longingly, wistfully, at the far away, darkening heights of the Rockies, watching the last rose tinted gleams on the snowy peaks; then with sudden impulse she seized her pen and drew the portfolio to the window scat. As she did so, a soldierly figure came briskly down the walk; a pale, clear cut face glanced up at her casement; a quick light of recognition and pleasure flashed in his eyes; the little forage cap was raised with courteous grace, though the step never slackened, and Miss Trav ers felt that her cheek, too, was flushing again, as Mr. Hayne strode rapidly by She stood there another moment, and then-it had grown too dark to write.

When Mrs. Rayner, after calling twice from the bottom of the stairs, finally went up into her room and impatiently pushed open the door, all was darkness except the glimmer from the hearth: 'Nellie, where are you?"

"Here," answered Miss Travers, starting up from the sofa. "I think I must

have been asleep." "Your head is hot as fire," said her sister, laving her firm white hand upon the burning forebead. "I suppose you are going to be downright ill, by way of diversion. Just understand one thing, Nellie, that doctor does not come into my house."

"What doctor?-not that I want one, asked Miss Travers, wearily.

"Dr. Pease, the post surgeon, I mean Of course you have heard how he is mixing himself in my busband's affairs and

making trouble with various people." "I have heard nothing, Kate. "I don't wonder your friends are

ashamed to tell you. Things have come to a pretty pass, when officers are going around holding private meetings with enlisted men!"

"I hardly know the doctor at all, Kate, and can't imagine what affairs of your husband's he can interfere with." "It was he that put up Clancy to make

ing the disturbance at Hayne's last night and getting into the guard house, and tried to prove that he had a right to go there and that the captain had no right to arrest him."

"Was Clancy trying to see Mr. Hayne?" asked Miss Travers, quickly, "How should I know?" said her sis

ter, pettishly. "He was drunk, and prob-ably didn't know what he was doing." "And Capt. Rayner arrested him for-

for trying to see Mr. Hayne?" "Capt. Rayner arrested him for bein

the shortest way across the parade to the guard house, make brief and perfunctory inspection there, then go on down the hill to the creek valley and successively visit the sentries around the stables. the night were wet or cold, he went back the same way, ignoring the sentrics at the coal and store sheds along Prairie avenue. This was a sharply cold night and very dark, but equally still. It was between 13 and 1 o'clock-nearer 1 than 12-as he climbed the hill on his homeward way, and, instead of taking the short cut, turned northward and struck for the gloomy mass of sheds dimly discernible some forty yards from the crest He had heard other officers speak of the act that Mr. Hayne's lights were burning until long after midnight, and that dropping in there, they had found him seated at his desk with a green shade over his eyes, studying by the aid of two student lumps; "boning to be a general, probably," was the comment of captains of Buxton's caliber, who, having grown old in the service and in their own ignorance, were fiercely intolerant of lieutenants who strove to improve in professional reading instead of spending their time making out the company mus ter rolls and clothing accounts, as they should do.

Buxton wanted to see for himself what the night lights meant, and was plunging heavily ahead through the darkness. when suddenly brought to a stand by the sharp challenge of the sentry at the coal shed. He whispered the mystic countersign over the leveled bayonet of the infantryman, swearing to himself at the regulation which puts an officer in such a "stand-and-deliver" attitude for the time being, and then, by way of getting square with the soldier for the sharply military way in which his duty as sentry had been performed, the captain proceeded to catechise him as to his orders. The soldier had been well taught, and knew all his "responses" by rote-far better than Buxton, for that matter, as the latter was anything but an exemplar of perfection in tactics or sentry duty; but this did not prevent Buxton's snappishly telling him he was wrong in several points and contemptu ously inquiring where he had learned such trash. The soldier promptly but respectfully responded that those were the exact instructions he had received at the adjutant's school, and Buxton knew from experience that he was getting on dangerous ground. He would have stuck to his point, however, in default of some thing else to find fault with, but that the

quickly diverted his attention. "What's that, sentry?" he sharply inquired.

crack of a whip, the crunching of hoofs

and a rattle of wheels out in the darkness

"A carriage, sir. Leastwise, I think it must be.'

"Why don't you know, sir? It must have been on your post." "No, sir; it was 'way off my post. It

drove up to Lieut: Hayne's about half an hour ago.'

"Where'd it come from from?" asked captain, eagerly.

"From town, sir, I suppose." And, leaving the sentry to his own reflections, which, on the whole, were not complimentary to his superior officer, Capt Buxton strode rapidly through the dark ness to Lieut. Hayne's quarters. Bright lights were still burning within, both on the ground floor and in a room above. The sentries were just beginning the call of 1 o'clock when he reached the gate and halted, gazing inquisitively at the house front. Then he turned and listened to the rattle of wheels growing faint in the distance as the team drove away towards the prairie town. If Havne had gone to town at that hour of the night it was a most unusual proceeding, and he had not the colonel's permission to ab sent himself from the post; of that the officer of the day was certain. Then, again, he would not have other and left

He had gone to call at Mrs. Waldron's soon after dark. He was at the piano, playing for her, when he became conscious that another lady had entered the room, and, turning, saw Nellie Travers. He rose and bowed to her, extending his hand as he did so, and knowing that his heart was thumping and his color rising as he felt the soft, warm touch of her slender fingers in his grasp. She, too, had flushed -- any one could see it, though the lamps were not turned high, nor was the firelight strong.

"Miss Travers has come to take tea very quietly with me, Mr. Hayne-she is so soon to return to the east-and now I want you to stay and join us. No one will be here but the major; and we will have a lovely time with our music. You will, won't you?"

"So soon to return to the east!" How harsh, how strange and unwelcome the words sounded! How they seemed to oppress him and prevent his reply! He stood a moment dazed and vaguely worried; he could not explain it. He looked from Mrs. Waldron's kind face to the sweet, flushed, lovely features there so near him, and something told him that he could never let them go and find even hope or content in life again. How, why had she so strangely come into his lonely life, radiant, beautiful, bewildering as some suddenly blazing star in the darkest corner of the heavens? Whence had come this strange power that enthralled him? He gazed into her sweet face, with its downcast, troubled eyes, and then, in bewilderment, turned to Mrs. Waldron:

"I-I had no idea Miss Travers was going east again just now. It seems only a few days since she came."

"It is over a month; but all the same this is a sudden decision. I knew nothing of it until yesterday. You said Mrs. Rayner was better today, Nellie?"

"Yes, a little; but she is far from well. I think the captain will go, too, just as soon as he can arrange for leave of absence," was the low toned answer. He had released, or rather she had withdrawn, her hand, and he still stood there, fascinated. His eyes could not guit their gaze. She going away?-She? Oh, it could not be! What-what would life become without the sight of that radiant face, that slender, graceful, girlish form?

"Is not this very unexpected?" he struggled to say. "I thought-I heard you were to spend several months here." "It was so intended, Mr. Hayne; but

my sister's health requires speedy change. She has been growing worse ever since we came, and she will not get well here. "And when do you go?" he asked,

blankly. "Just as soon as we can pack; though we may wait two or three days for a-