And, sure enough, the gleam of the rifles could be seen as the men ran rapidly away in the direction of the east gate. Mrs. Rayner had grown glastly, and was looking at Miss Travers, who with white lips and clinched hands stood leaning on one of the wooden posts and gazing with all her eyes across the dim level. Other came hurrying out from the hall. Other young officers ran in pursuit of the first starters. "What's the matter? What's happened?" were the questions that flew from lip to lip.

"I—I must go home," faltered Mrs. Rayner. "Come, Nellie!"

"Oh, don't go, Mrs. Rayner. It can't be anything serious."

"Oh, don't go, Mrs. Rayner. It can't be anything serious."
But, even as they urged, a man game running towards them.
"Is the doctor here?" he panted.
"Yes. What's the trouble?" asked Dr.
Pease, as he squeezed his burly form through the crowded doorway.

"You're wanted, sir. Loot'nar Hayne's shot; an' Capt. Rayner he's hu

CHAPTER XV.

Page 1

"PU kill the first man who dares enter!"

Straight as an arrow Mr. Blake had

sped across the parade, darted through the east gate, and, turning, had arrived breathless at the wooden porch of Hayne's quarters. Two bewildered look

Hayno's quarters. Two bewildered look-ing members of the guard were at the door. Blake pushed his way through the little hallway and into the dimly lighted parlor, where a strange scene met his eyes; Lieut. Hayne lay senseless

and white upon the lounge across the

room; a young and pretty woman, sin-gularly like him in feature and in the color of her abundant tresses, was kneel-ing beside him, chafing his hands, im-

ploring him to speak—to look at her-unmindful of the fact that her feet were

unmindful of the fact that her feet were bare and that only a loose wrapper was thrown over her white night dress; Capt. Rayner was seated in a chair, deathly white, and striving to stanch the blood that flowed from a deep gash in his temple and forehead; he seemed still stunned as by the force of the blow that had felled him, and Buxton, speechless with amaze and heaven only knows what other emotions.

what other emotions, was glaring at

tall, athletic stranger who, in stocking

feet, undershirt and trousers, held by three frightened looking soldiers and covered by the carbine of a fourth, was hurling defiance and denunciation at the

commanding officer. A revolver lay upon the floor at the feet of a corporal of

the guard, who was groaning in pain. A thin veil of powder smoke floated through the room. As Blake leaped in—his cav-

alry shoulder knots and helmet cords

gleaming in the light-a flash of recog-

nition shot into the stranger's eyes, and

he curbed his fearful excitement and

"These people resisted my guards, and had to take the consequences," said Bux-ton, with suriy—yet shaken—dignity. "What were the guards doing here?

What, in God's name, are you doing here?" demanded Blake, forgetful of all

"I ordered them here-to enter and

"For-a woman I had reason to believ

he had brought out here from town."
"What? You infernal idiot? Why

she's his own sister, and this gentleman's

The silence, broken only by the hard

breathing of some of the excited men

and the moaning cry of the woman, was

for a moment intense.
"Isn't this Mr. Hurley?" asked Blake,

suddenly, as though to make sure, and

turning one instant from his furious glare at his superior officer. The stranger, still held, though no longer struggling,

"By heaven, Buxton, is there no limit

to your asininity? What fearful work

"I'll arrest you, sir, if you speak an-other disrespectful word!" thundered

Buxton, recovering consciousness that as

commanding officer he could defend him

"Do it and be-you know what

would say if a lady were not present

Do it if you think you can stand having this thing ventilated by the court. Pah!

I can't waste words on you. Who's gone

for the doctor? Here, you men, let go

of Mr. Hurley now. Help me, Mr. Hur-

ley, please. Get your wife back to her

room. Bring me some water, one of you." And with that he was bend-

ing over Hayne and unbuttoning the fa-

tigue uniform in which he was still

dressed. Another moment and the doc

tor had come in, and with him half the

young officers of the garrison. Rayner

was led away to his own quarters. Bux

ton, dazed and frightened now, ordered

the guards back to their post, and stood

pondering over the enormity of his blun

der. No one spoke to him or paid the

faintest attention other than to elbow

him out of the way occasionally. The

doctor never so much as noticed him

Blake had briefly recounted the catas

trophe to those who first arrived, and a

the story went from mouth to mouth it grew no better for Buxton. Once he

turned short on Mr. Foster, and in ag-

"I thought you fellows in the Riflers

"We weren't apt to be invited to meet

them if he had; but I don't know that

anybody was in position to know any-thing about it. What's that got to do

At last somebody took him ho

Mrs. Waldron, meantime, had arrived

and been admitted to Mrs. Hurley's

room. The doctor refused to go to Capt.

Rayner's, even when a messenger came

from Mrs. Rayner herself. He referred

her to his assistant, Dr. Grimes. Hayne

had regained consciousness, but was

sorely shaken. He had been floored by

a blow from the butt of a musket: but

the report that he was shot proved hap-

pily untrue. His right hand still lay

near the hilt of his light sword; there

was little question that he had raised his

weapon against a superior officer, and

would have used it with telling effect.

grieved and sullen tone remarked:

with this affair, I'd like to hear?

said he had no relations."

"Certainly. I've told him so."

replied between his set teeth:

self against Blake's assault.

will you do next?"

consideration of rank and command

the face of such evident catastrophe.

'Search what? what for?"

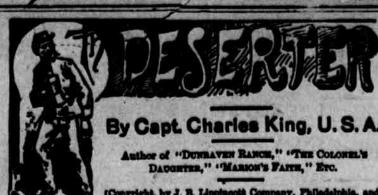
Blake, glaring intuitively at Buxton.

What devil's work is this?" demanded

stopped short in his wrath.

search."

A pause.



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

yright, by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and published by special arrangement with them.]

CHAPTER XIV. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Mrs. Rayner, ill in mind and body, had yielded to her lord's entreaties and determined to start lord's entreaties and determined to start eastward with her nister without delay. Packing was already begun. Miss Travers had promised herself that the would within thirty-six hours put Mr. Hayne in possession of certain facts or theories which in her opinion bore strongly upon the "clearing up" of the case against him; Mr. Hayne had determined that he would see Maj. Waldron on the coming day and begin active efforts towards the day and begin active efforts towards th day and begin active efforts towards the restoration of his social rights; the doctor had about decided on a new project for inducing Clancy to unbosom himself of what he knew; Capt. Rayner, tired of the long struggle, was almost ready to welcome anything which should establish his subaltern's innocence, and was on the point of asking for six months' leave just as soon as he had arranged for Clancy's final discharge from service; he had reasons for staying at the post until that Hibernian household was fairly and squarely removed; and Mrs. Clancy's plan was to take Mike to the distant east, "where she had frinds." There were other schemes and projects, no doubt, but these mainly concerned our leading characters, and



one and all they were put to the right about by the events of the following day.

The colonel, with his gruff second in

The driver caught sight of Lieut, Hayne

der orders for several days to proceed on this particular date to a large town a day's journey eastward by rail. A court martial composed mainly of field officers was ordered there to assemble for the trial of an old captain of cavalry whose propensity it was not so much to get drunk as never to get drunk without con-comitant publicity and discovery. It was a Pare thing for the old war dog to ake so much as a glass of wine; he went for months without it; but the instant he began to drink he was moved to do or say something disreputable, and that was the trouble now. He was an unlucky old trooper, who had risen from the lowest grades, fought with credit, and even at times, commanded his regiment dur-ing the war; but war records could not save him when he wouldn't save himself. and he had to go. The court was ordered, and the result was a foregone conclusion. The colonel, his adjutant and Maj. Stannard were to drive to town during the afternoon and take the east bound train, leaving Maj. Waldron in mounting a telegram was received, which was sent from department headquarter the evening before, announcing that one of the officers detailed for the court was seriously ill and directing Maj. Waldron to take his place. So it resulted in the post being left to the command of the senior captain present for duty, and that man was Capt. Buxton. He had never had so big a command before in all his

life.
Maj. Waldron of course had to go home and make his preparations. Mr. Havne therefore, had brief opportunity to speak with him. It was seen, however, that they had a short talk together on the major's piazza, and that when they parted the major shook him warmly and cordially by the hand. Rayner, Buxton, Ross and some juniors happened to be coming down along the walk at the mo ment, and, seeing them, as though with pointed meaning the major called out, so that all could hear:

"By the way, Hayne, I wish you would drop in occasionally while I'm gone and take Mrs. Waldron out for a walk or drive; my horses are always at your service. And-a-I'll write to you about that matter the moment I've had a chance to talk with the colonel-to-morrow, probably." And Hayne touche his cap in parting salute, and went blithe ly off with brightened eye and rising

Buxton glowered after him a moment and conversation suddenly ceased in their party. Finally he blurted out:

"Strikes me your major might do a good deal better by himself and his regiment by standing up for its morale and discipline than by openly flaunting his favoritism for convicts in our faces. If I were in your regiment I'd cut him." 'You wouldn't have to," muttered one

of the group to his neighbor; "the cut would have been on the other side long ago." And the speaker was Buxton's own subaltern.

Rayner said nothing. His eyes were troubled and anxious, and he looked after Hayne with an expression far more wearied than vindictive.

"The major is fond of music, captain," said Mr. Ross, with mischievous intent. "He hasn't been to the club since the night you sang 'Eileen Alanna.' That was about the time Hayne's piano came." "Yes," put in Foster, "Mrs. Waldron says he goes and owls Hayne now night

after night just to hear him play." "It would be well for him, then, if he kept a better guard on Mr. Hayne's other visitors," said Buxton, with a black "I don't know how you gentlemen in the Riflers look upon such matters, but in the -th the man who dared to introduce a woman of the town into his quarters would be kicked out in short

"You don't mean to say that anybody accuses Hayne of that, do you?" asked

"I do-just that. Only, I say this to you, it has but just come to light, and only one or two know it. To prove it positively he's got to be allowed more rope; for he got her out of the way last time before we could clinch the matter. If he suspects it is known he won't repeat it; if kept to ourselves he will probably try it again—and be caught. Now I charge you all to regard this as confidential."

"But, Capt. Buxton," said Ross, "this is so serious a matter that I don't like to believe it. Who can prove such a story?"
"Of course not, Mr. Ross. You are quite ready to treat a man as a thief, but can't believe he'll do any other that is disable. That is characteristic of your style of reasoning," said Buxton, with biting sercests.

capt. Fuxton. I have a right to my opinion, and I have known Mr. Hayne for years, and if I did believe him guilty of one crime five years ago I'm not so ready to believe him guilty of another now. This im't—im't like Hayne."

"No, of course not, as I mid before. Now, will you tell me, Mr. Rom, just why Mr. Hayne chose that ramshackle old shanty out there on the prairie, all by himself, unless it was to be where he could have his chosen companions with him at night, and no one be the wiser?"

"I don't pretend to fathom his motives, air; but I don't believe it was for any such purpose as you seem to think."

air; but I don't believe it think,"

"In other words, you think I'm circulating bassless scandal, do you?"

"I have said nothing of the kind; and

I protest against your putting words into my mouth I never used." "You intimated as much, anyhow, and

you plainly don't believe it."
"Well, I don't believe—that is, I don't see how it could happen."
"Couldn't the woman drive out from
town after dark, send the carriage back,
and have it call for her again in the morn-

ing?' asked Buxton.
"Possibly. Still, it isn't a proved fact
that a woman spent the night at Hayne's,
even if a carriage was seen coming out.
You've got hold of some Sudsville gossip,

probably," replied Ross.
"I have, have I? By God, sir, I'll teach you better manners before we get through with this question. Do you know who saw the carriage, and who saw the woman, both at Hayne's quar-

"Certainly I don't! What I don't un-

derstand is how you should have been made the recipient of the story." "Mr. Ross, just govern your tongue, sir, and remember you are speaking to your superior officer, and don't venture to treat my statement with disrespect hereafter. I saw it myself!"

"You!" gulped Ross, while amaze and incredulity shot across his startled face. "You!" exclaimed others of the group, in evident astonishment and dismay. Rayner alone looked unchanged. It was no news to him, while to every other man in the party it was a shock. Up to that instant the prevailing belief had been with Ross that Buxton had found some garrison gossip and was building an edifice thereon. His positive state ment, however, was too much for the most incredulous.

"Now what have you to say?" he asked, in rude triumph. There was no answer for a moment

then Ross spoke: "Of course, Capt. Buxton, I withdraw any expression of doubt. It never oc-

it. May I ask when and how?"
"The last time I was officer of the day sir; and Capt. Rayner is my witness as to the time. Others, whom I need not mention, saw it with me. There is no mistake, sir. The woman was there. And Buxton stood enjoying the effect.

Ross looked white and dazed. He turned slowly away, hesitated, looked back, then exclaimed: "You are sure it was -- it was not some

one that had a right to be there?" "How could it be?" said Buxton, gruffly. "You know he has not ar quaintance in town, or here, who could be with him there at night."

"Does the commanding officer know of it?" asked Mr. Royce, after a moment's

"I am the commanding officer, Mr. Royce," said Buxton, with majestic dig-nity—"at least I will be after 12 o'clock; and you may depend upon it, gentle men, this thing will not occur while I am in command without its receiving the exact treatment it deserves. Remember, now, not a word of this to anybody. You are as much interested as I am in bringing to justice a man who will disgrace his uniform and his regiment and insult every lady in the garrison by such an act. This sort of thing of course will run him out of the service for good and all. We simply have to be sure of our ground and make the evidence conclusive. Leave that to me the next time it happens. I repekt, say nothing of this to any one."

But Rayner had already told his wife Just as Maj. Waldron was driving off to the station that bright April afternoon, and his carriage was whirling through the east gate, the driver caught sight of Lieut, Hayne running up Prairie avenue, waving his hand and shouting to him. He reigned in his spirited bays with some difficulty, and Hayne finally caught up with them.

"What is it, Hayne?" asked Waldron. with kindly interest, leaning out of his carriage.
"They will be back to-night, sir. Here

is a telegram that has just reached me.' "I can't tell you how sorry I am no to be here to welcome them; but Mrs. Waldron will be delighted, and she will come to call the moment you let her know. Keep them till I get back, if you possibly can.

"Ay, ay, sir. Good-by." "Good-by, Hayne. God bless you, and

-good luck!" A little later that afternoon Mrs. Ray ner had occasion to go into her sister's room. It was almost sunset, and Nellie had been summoned downstairs to see visitors. Both the ladies were busy with their packing, Mrs. Rayner, as became an invalid, superintending, and Miss Travers, as became the junior, doing all the work. It was rather trying to pack all the trunks and receive visitors of both sexes at odd hours. Some of her garrison acquaintances would have been glad to come and help, but those whom she would have welcomed were not agreeable to the lady of the house, and those the lady of the house would have chosen were not agreeable to her. The relations between the sisters were somewhat strained and unnatural, and had been growing more and more so for several days past. Mrs. Rayner's desk was already packed away. She wanted to send a note, and bethought her of her sis-

ter's portfolio. Opening it she drew out some paper and envelopes, and with the latter came an envelope sealed and directed. One glance at its superscription sent the blood to her cheek and fire to her eye. Was it possible? Was it credible? Her pet, her baby sister, her pride and delight—until she found her stronger in will—her proud spirited, truthful Nell was beyond ques-tion corresponding with Lieut. Hayne! Here was a note addressed to him. How many more might not have been ex-changed! Ruthlessly now she explored the desk, searching for something from him, but her scrutiny was vain. Oh, what could she say, what could she do, to convey to her erring sister an ade quate sense of the extent of her displeas-ure? How could she bring her to realize the shame, the guilt, the scandal of her

course? She, Nellie Travers, the be-trothed wife of Steven Van Antwerp, corresponding secretly with this—this scoundrel, whose past, crime laden as it had been, was as nothing compared to the present with its degradation of vice! Ah! she had it! What would ever move her as that could and must?

When the trumpets rang out their sun-set call and the boom of the evening gus shook the windows in Fort Warrener and shook the windows in Fort Warrener and Nellie Travers came running upstairs again to her room, she started at the sight that met her eyes. There stood Mrs. Rayner, like Juno in wrath inflexi-ble, glaring at her from the commanding height of which she was so proud, and pointing in speechless indignation at the little note that lay upon the open port-

a moment neither spoke. Then Miss Travers, who had turned very white, but whose blue eyes never flinched and whose lips were set and whose little oot was tapping the carpet ominously.

thus began:
"Kate, I do not recognize your right to overhaul my desk or supervise my cor-

"Understand this first, Cornelia," said Mrs. Rayner, who hated the baptismal name as much as did her sister, and used it only when she desired to be especially and desperately impressive: "I found it by accident. I never dreamed of such a possibility as this. I never, even after what I have seen and heard, could have believed you guilty of this; but, now that I have found it, I have the right to ask, what are its contents?" "I decline to tell you."

"Do you deny my right to inquire?"
"I will not discuss that question now.
The other is far graver. I will not tell you, Kate, except this: there is no word there that an engaged girl should not

write."
"Of that I mean to satisfy myself, or

"You will not open it, Kate. No! Put that letter down! You have never known me to prevaricate in the faintest degree, and you have no excuse for doubting. I will furnish a copy of that for Mr. Van Antwerp at any time; but you cannot see it."

"You still persist in your wicked and unnatural intimacy with that man, even after all that I have told you. Now for the last time hear me; I have striven not to tell you this; I have striven not to sully your thoughts by such a revelation; but, since nothing else will check you, tell it I must, and what I tell you my husband told me in sacred confidence though soon enough it will be a scanda

to the whole garrison."

And when durkness settled down o Fort Warrener that starlit April evening and the first warm breeze from the south came sighing about the casements, and one by one the lights appeared along officers' row, there was no light in Nellie Travers' window. The little note lay in ashes on the hearth, and she, with burning, shame stricken cheeks, with a black scorching, gnawing pain at her heart was hiding her face in her pillow.

And yet it was a jolly evening after all—that is, for some hours and for some people. As Mrs. Rayner and her sister were so soon to go, probably by the morcured, the garrison had decided to have an informal dance as a suitable farewell. Their announcement of impending de-parture had come so suddenly and unexpectedly that there was no time to prepare anything elaborate, such as a german with favors, etc.; but good inusic and an extemporized supper could be had without trouble. The colonel's wife and most of the cavalry ladies, on consultation, had decided that it was the very thing to do, and the young officers took hold with a will: they were always ready for a dance. Now that Mrs. Rayner was really go-

ing, the quarrel should be ignored, and as though nothing had happened, provided, of course, she dropped her absurd airs of injured womanhood and behaved with courtesy. The colonel had had a brief talk with his better half before starting for the train, and suggested that it was very probable that Mrs. Rayner had seen the folly of her ways by that time-the captain certainly had been behaving as though he regretted the estrangement-and if encouraged by a "let's-drop-the-whole-thing" sort of man ner she would be glad to reciprocate. He felt far less anxiety herein than he did in leaving the post to the command of Capt. Buxton. So scrupulously had he been courteous to that intractable veteran that Buxton had no doubt in his own mind that the colonel looked upon him as the model officer of the regiment It was singularly unfortunate that he should have to be left in command, but his one or two seniors among the cap tains were away on long leave, and there was no help for it. The colonel, seriously disquieted, had a few words of earnest talk with him before leaving the post cautioning him so particularly not to interfere with any of the established de tails and customs that Buxton got very

much annoyed, and showed it. "If your evidence were not imperative ly necessary before this court I declare I believe I'd leave you behind," said the colonel to his adjutant. "There is no telling what mischief Capt. Buxton

won't do if left to himself." It must have been near midnight, and the hop was going along beautifully, and Capt. Rayner, who was officer of the day. was just escorting his wife into supper and Nellie, although looking a trifle tired and pale, was chatting brightly with a knot of young officers, when a corporal of the guard came to the door: commanding officer's compliments, and he desires to see the officer of the day at

There was a general laugh. "Isn't that Buxton all over? The colonel would never think of sending for an officer in the dead of night, except for a fire or alarm; but old Bux, begins putting on frills the moment he gets a chance Thank God, I'm not on guard to-night!" said Mr. Rovce. "What can he want with you?" asked

Mrs. Rayner, pettishly. "The idea of one captain ordering another around like

"I'll be back in five minutes," said Rayner, as he picked up his sword and disappeared. But ten minutes-fifteen-passed, and

he came not. Mrs. Rayner grew worried and Mr. Blake led her out on the rude piazza to see what they could see, and several others strolled out at the same time. The music had ceased, and the night air was not too cold. Not a soul was in sight out on the starlit parade Not an unusual sound was heard. was nothing to indicate the faintest trouble; and yet Capt. Buxton, the commanding officer, had been called out by his "striker" or soldier servant before 11 o'clock, had not returned at all, and in little over half an bour had sent for the officer of the day. What did it means themselves, somebody said, "Hark!" and held up a warning hand.

Faint, far, muffled, there sounded or the night air a shot, then a woman's scream; then all was still.
"Mrs. Clancy again!" said one.

"That was not Mrs. Clancy, 'twas far different voice," answered Blake, and tore away across the parade as fast as his long legs would carry him.
"Look! The guard are running too!"
cried Mrs. Waldron. "What can it be?"

Few people slept that night along officers' row. Never had Warrener heard of such excitement. Buxton knew not what to do. He paced the floor in seon

of usind, for he well understood that there was no shirking the responsibility. From beginning to end he was the cause of the whole catestrophe. He had gone so far as to order his corporal to fire, and he knew it could be proved against him. Thank God, the perplexed corporal had shot high, and the other men, barring the one who had saved Rayner from a furious lunge of the lieutenant's aword, had used their weapons as gingerly and reluctantly as possible. tenant's aword, had used their weapons as gingerly and reluctantly as possible. At the very least, he knew, an investigation and fearful scandal must come of it. Night though it was, he sent for the acting adjutant and several of his brother captains, and, setting refreshments before them, besought their advice. He was still commanding officer de jure, but he had lost all stomach for its functions. He would have been glad to send for Blake and beg his pardon for submitting to his insubordinate and abusive language, if that course could have stopped inquiry; but he well knew that the whole thing would be noised abroad in less than no time.

At first he thought to give order against the telegraph operator's sending any messages concerning the matter; but that would have been only a temporary ainderance: he could not control the instruments and operators in town, only three miles away. He almost wished he had been knocked down, shot or stabbed in the melee; but he had kept in the rear when the skirmish began, and Rayner and the corporal were the sufferers. They had been knocked "endwise" by Mr. Hurley's practiced fists after Hayne was struck down by the corporal's musket. It was the universal sentiment among the officers of the —th as they scattered to their homes that Buxton had "wound himself up this time, anyhow;" and no one had any sympathy for him-not one. The very best light in which he could tell the story only showed the af-fair as a flagrant and inexcusable out-

rage.
Capt. Rayner, too, was in fearful plight. He had simply obeyed orders; but all the old story of his persecution of Hayne would now be revived; all men would see in his participation in the affair only additional reason to adjudge him cruelly persistent in his hatred of the young officer, and, in view of the utter ruthlessness and wrong of this assault, would be more than ever confident of the falsity of his position in the orig-inal case. As he was slowly led up stairs to his room and his tearful wife and silent sister-in-law bathed and cleansed his wound, he saw with frightful clearness how the crush of circumstances was now upon him and his good name. Great heaven! how those words of Hayne's five years before rang, throb-bed, burned, beat like trip hammers through his whirling brain! It seemed as though they followed him and his fortunes like a curse. He sat silent stunned, awe stricken at the force of the calamity that had befallen him. How could be ever induce an office and a gentleman to believe that he was

no instigator in this matter?-that it was all Buxton's doing, Buxton's low imagination that had conceived the possibility of such a crime on the part of Mr. Hayne, and Buxton's blundering, bull headed abuse of authority that had capped the fatal climax? It was some time before his wife could get him to speak at all. She was hysterically bemoaning the fato that had brought them into contact with such people, and from time to time giving vent to the comforting assertion that never had there been a cloud on their domestic or regimental sky until that wretch had been assigned to the Biflers. She knew from the hurried and guarded explanations of Dr. Grimes and one or two young officers who helped Rayner home that the fraces had oc-curred at Mr. Hayne's—that there had been a mistake for which her husband was not responsible, but that Capt. Buxton was entirely to blame. But her husband ashen face told her a story of something far deeper; she knew that now he was involved in fearful trouble, and, whatever may have been her innermos thoughts, it was the first and irresistibl impulse to throw all the blame upon her

scapegoat.

Miss Travers, almost as pale and quite as silent as the captain, was busying herself in helping her sister; but she could with difficulty restrain her longing to bid her be silent. She, too, had endeavored to learn from her escort on their hurried homeward rush across the parade what the nature of the disturbance had been. She, too, had suggested Clancy, but the officer by her side set his teet as he replied that he wished it had been Clancy. She had heard, too, the message brought by a cavalry trumpeter from Mr. Blake. He wanted Capt. Ray to come to Mr. Hayne's as soon as he ha seen Mrs. Ray safely home, and-would he please ask Mrs. Stannard to come with him at the same time? Why should Mr. Blake want Mrs. Stannard at Mr. Hayne's? She saw Mr. Foster run up and speak a few words to Mrs. Waldron and heard that lady reply, "Certainly; I will go with you now." What could it mean? At last, as she was returning to her sister's room after a moment's ab sence, she heard a question at which her heart stood still. It was Mrs. Rayner who asked:

"But the creature was there, was she The answer sounded more like a moat

of anguish: "The creature was his sister. It was her husband who"——
But, as Capt. Rayner buried his bat tered face in his hands at this juncture, the rest of the sentence was inaudible Miss Travers had heard quite enough however. She stood there one moment, appalled, dropped upon the floor the bandage she had been making, turned and sought her room, and was seen no

Over the day or two that followed this affair the veil of silence may best be drawn, in order to give time for the sediment of truth to settle through the whirlpool of stories in violent circulation. The colonel came back on the first train after the adjournment of the court, and could hardly wait for that formality. Contrary to his custom of "sleeping on" question, he was in his office within half an hour after his return to the post, and from that time until near tattoo was busily occupied taking the statements of the active participants in the affair. This was three days after its occurrence; and Capt. Rayner, though up and able to be about, had not left his quarters. Mrs. Rayner had abandoned her trip to the east, for the present at least.

Mr. Hayne still lay weak and prostrate in his darkened room, attended hourly by Dr. Pease, who feared brain fever, and nursed assiduously by Mrs. Hurley, for whom Mrs. Waldron, Mrs. Stannard and many other ladies in the garrison could not do enough to content them selves. Mr. Hurley's wrist was badly sprained and in a sling; but the colone went purposely to call upon him and to shake his other hand, and he begged to be permitted to see Mrs. Hurley, who came in pale and soft eyed, and with a gentle demeanor that touched the colonel more than he could tell. Her check flushed for a moment as he bent low over her hand, and told her how bitterly he regretted that his absence from the post had resulted in so grievous an experience: it was not the welcome he and his regiment would have given her had they known of her intended visit. To

Mr. Hurley he briefly said that he need not fear but that full justice would be meted out to the instigator or instigators of the assault; but, as a something to make partial amends for their suffering, he said that nothing now could check the turn of the tide in their brother's favor. All the cavalry officers except Buxton, all the infantry officers excep Rayner, had already been to call upon him since the night of the occurrence, and had striven to show how distressed they were over the outrageous blunders of

their temporary commander.

Buxton had written a note expressive of a desire to see him and "explain," but was informed that explanations from him simply aggravated the injury; and Rayner, crushed and humiliated, was fairly in hiding in his room, too sick at heart to want to see anybody, and waiting for the action of the authorities in the confident expectation that nothing less than court martial and disgrace would be his share of the outcome. He would gladly have resigned and gone at once, but that would have been resigning under virtual charges; he had to stay, and his wife had to stay with him, and Nellie with her. By this time Nellie Travers did not want to go. She had but one theoreth now—to make amenda to one thought now—to make amends to Mr. Hayne for the wrong her thoughts had done him. It was time for Mr. Van Antwerp to come to the wide west and look after his interests, but Mrs. Rayner had ceased to urge, while he continue to implore her to bring Nellie east a once. Almost any man as rich and in-dependent as Steven Van Antwerp would have gone to the scene and settled mat-ters for himself. Singularly enough, this one solution of the problem seemed never to occur to him as feasible. Meantime the colonel had patiently un-rayeled the threads and had brought to

light the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It made a singularly simple story, after all; but that was so much th worse for Buxton. The only near rela-tion Mr. Hayne had in the world was this one younger sister, who six years before had married a manly, energetic fellow, a civil engineer in the emp an eastern railway. During Hayne "mountain station" exile Hurley had brought his wife to Denver, where far better prospects awaited him. He won promotion in his profession, and was now one of the principal engineers employed by a road running new line through the Colorado Rockies. Journey ing to Salt Lake, he came around by way of Warrener, so that his wife and he might have a look at the brother she had not seen in years. Their train was due there early in the afternoon, but was blocked by drifts and did not reach the station until late at night. There they found a note from him begging them to take a carriage they would find waiting for them and come right out and spend the night at his quarters; he would send them back in abundant time to catch the westward train in the morning. He could not come in, because that involved the necessity of asking his captain's permis-sion, and they knew his relations with

that captain.
It was her shadow Buxton had seen on the window screen; and as none of Buxton's acquaintances had ever mentioned that Hayne had any relations, and as Hayne, in fact, had had no one for years to talk to about his personal affairs, nobody but himself and the telegraph operator at the post really knew of their sudden visit. Buxton, being an unmitigated cad, had put the worst interpretation on his discovery, and, in his eagerness to clinch the evidence of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman upon Mr. Hayne had taken no wise head into his confi dence. Never dreaming that the shadow could be that of a blood relation, never doubting that a fair, frail companion from the frontier town was the explanation of Mr. Hayne's preference for that out of the way house and late hours, he tive fact, going so far as to say that his sentries had recognized her as she drove away in the carriage. If he had not been an ass as well as a cad, he would have interviewed the driver of the carriage; but he had jumped at his theory, and his sudden elevation to the command of the post gave him opportunity to carry out his virtuous determination that no such goings on should disgrace his adminis

He gave instructions to certain soldier clerks and "daily duty" men employed in the quartermaster, commissary and ordnance offices along Prairie avenue to keep their eyes open and let him know of any visitors coming out to Hayne's by night, and if a lady came in a car-riage he was to be called at once. Mr. Hurley promised that on their return from Salt Lake they would come back by way of Warrener and spend two days with Hayne, since only an hour or two had they enjoyed of his company on their way west; and the very day that the officers went off to the court came the telegram saying the Hurleys would arrive that evening. Hayne had already talked over their prospective visit with Maj. Waldron, and the latter had told his wife; but all intercourse of a friendly character was at an end between them and the Rayners and Buxtons; there were no more gossipy chats among the ladies. Indeed, it so happened that only to one or two people had Mrs. Waldron had time to mention that Mr. Hayne's sister was coming, and neither the Rayners nor Buxtons had heard of it; neither had Nellie Travers, for it was after the evening of her last visit that Mrs. Waldron was told.

Hayne ran with his telegram to the major, and the latter had introduced himself and Maj. Stannard to Mra Hurley, when, after a weary wait of some hours, the train arrived. Blake, too, was there, on the lookout for some friends, and he was presented to Mrs. Hurley while her husband was attending to some matters about the baggage The train went on eastward, carrying the field officers with it. Blake had to go with his friends back to the post, and Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, after the for mer had attended to some business and seen some railway associates of his at the hotel, took the carriage they had had before and drove out to the garrison, where Private Schweinkopf saw the lady rapturously welcomed Hayne and escorted into the house, while Mr. Hurley remained settling with the driver out in the darkness. It was not long before the commanding officer protem. was called from the hop room, where the dance was going on delightfully, and notified that the mysterious visitor had again appeared, with evident intention of spending the night, as the carriage had returned to town.

"Why, certainly," reasoned Buxton.
"It's the very night he would choose, since everybody will be at the hop; no one will be apt to interfere, and everybody will be unusually drowsy and less inclined to take notice in the morning. Here was ample opportunity for a brilliant stroke of work. He would first satisfy himself she was there, then surround the house with sentries so that she could not escape, while he, with the offi-cer of the day and the corporal of the guard, entered the house and confronted him and her. That would wind up Mr. Hayne's career beyond question; nothing short of dismissal would result. Over he went, full of his project, listened at Hayne's like the cavesdropping sneak he was, saw again the shadow of the graceful form and heard the silvery.

nappy taugh, and then it was no confor Rayner. It was near midnight when he led his forces to the attack. A light was now burning in the second story, which he thought must be Sam's; but the lights had been turned low in the parlor and the occupants had disappeared from sight and hearing. By inquiry he had ascertained that Hayne's bedroom was just back of the parlor.

A man was stationed at the back door,

others at the sides, with orders to arres

any one who attempted to escape; then softly he stepped to the front door, tell-ing Rayner to follow him, and the cor-poral of the guard to follow both. To his surprise, the door was unlocked, and a light was burning in the hall. Never a light was burning in the hall. Never knocking, he stepped in, marched through the hall into the parior, which was empty, and, signaling "Come on" to his followers, crossed the parior and seized the knob of the bedroom door. It was locked. Rayner, looking white and worried, stood just behind him, and the corporal but a step farther back. Before Buxton could knock and demand admission, which was his intention, ouick forther. sion, which was his intention, quick for steps came flying down the stairs for the second story, and the trio wheel about in surprise to find Mr. Hayne, dressed in his fatigue uniform, standing at the threshold and staving at them with mingled astonishment, incredulity and indignation. A sudden light seemed to dawn upon him as he glar one to the other. With a leap like a car he threw himself upon Buxton, hurischim back, and stood at the closed door confronting them with blazing eyes and

"Open that door, sir!" cried Buxton.
"You have a woman hidden there. Open,
or stand aside."

"You hounds! I'll kill the first man "You hounds! I'll kill the first man who dares enter!" was the furious answer; and Hayne had snatched from the wall his long infantry sword and flashed the blade in the lamplight. Rayner made a step forward, half irresolute. Hayne leaped at him like a tiger, "Fire! Quick!" shouted Buxton, in wild excitational the state of the carbinate of the state of th ment. Bang! went the carbine, and the bullet crashed through the plaster over-head, and, seeing the gleaming steel at his superior's throat, the corporal had sent the heavy butt crashing upon the lieutenant's skull only just in time; there would have been murder in another second. The next instant he was standing on his own head in the corner, seeing a multitude of twinkling, whirling stars, from the midst of which Capt. Rayner was reeling backward over a chair and a number of soldlers were rushing upon a powerful picture of furious manhood—a stranger in shirt sleeves, who had lead from the bedroom.

Told as it was as it had to be over the department, there seemed to but one thing to say, and that referre to Buxton: "Well! isn't he a phenom

nal ass?" Continued next Saturday OBSERVATIONS ON WHIST.

A Hand Showing Where a Tramp Le Does Not Make Any Differe The hands are as follows:

A—Kn, 5 diamonds, 7, 5, 4 hearts, 10, 9, 7, 6 spades, kn, 9, 4, 2 clubs. B-K, 10, 0 diamonds, k, q, 10, 6, 9 ha, 8, 4 spades, k, 10 clubs.

C-A, q, 4 diamonds, a kn, 9, 8 hearts 2 spades, a, 8, 7, 5 clubs. D-9, 8, 7, 6, 2 diamonds, 8 hearts, a km,

spades, q. 6, 3 clubs. Clubs trumps. Round 1—C 8 h, B q h, D 3 h, A 4 s. Round 2—B 4 s.D kn s, A 6 s, C 2 s.

Round 2—B 4 s, D in s, A 6 s, C 2 a.

Although B's longest suit is hearts, he do not lead them, as he would be leading up.
C's atrength, but he does not play the high spade (the k), as the chances are two to against his partner holding the s, is wh case his k, if led out, would not make.

Round 3—D 6 d, A 5 d, C q d, B k d
B, still being doubtful whether spades
A's best suit, leads his highest diamond, as prafers playing through a strong suit

prafers playing through a strong suit be playing up to one.

Round 4—B 10 d, D 2 d, A kn d, C a d.

Round 5—C 5 c, B k c, D 3 c, A 2 c.

C's object now is to get out the trumps. He is sure that none of the others has more than 4, and A's play of the kn of diamonds on his partner's 10 indicates that A has more diamonds, and consequently will have an opportunity to make one or more of his small trumps. B, with his k of clubs, thwaris C's design, as will be seen in the next round Round 6—B 3 d, D 7 d, A 4 c, C 4 d.

B perceives that A can have no more diamonds, and consequently leads the 5 so that A can make one of his small trump. B known what A's plan was, and he also knows that A had not more than 4 trumps originally.

Round 7—A 7 s, C q a, B k a, D a a.

A returns what he supposes to be B's long.

A returns what he supposes to be B's los suit, B having had no opportunity to infor A that he, together with C, is strong

A that us, togotherata.

Round 8—D q c, A 9 c, C 7 c, B 10 c.

Round 9—D 6 c, A kn c, C a c, B 8 a.

Round 10—C a b, B 2 b, D 3 s, A 5 b.

Round 11—C 9 h, B 10 h, D 5 s, A 7 h.

Round 12—B k h, D 8 d, A 9 s, C kn b.

2 h, D 9 d, A 10 s, C 8 c.

by cards.

Colline a Home that his plain a were got out trump.

Round 1—
Round 2—B Ago S h, A 4 h, Ca h
Round 3—D q c, A 4 c, C 7 c, B 10 c,
Round 5—A 7 h, C 8 h, B 10 h, D 3 a,
Round 5—B k h, D 5 a, A 5 h, C kn h.

Round 7—B 6 h, D 2 d, A kn c, C 9 h. Round 6—B & h, D 2 d, A kn c, C 9 k. Round 8—A 6 s, C 2 s, B k s, A & s. Round 9—D 6 d, A 5 d, C kn d, B k d. Round 10—B 2 h, D kn s, A kn d, C a s.

Round 10—B 2 h, D km s, A km d, C a u.
Rounds 11, 12 and 13 go to C.
C and D make one by cards, the mane and they made by C's lead of hearts.

Note.—In playing these hands for practice, after corting the hands out, place them in the form of a square on the table, face up.
A's hand opposite B's and C's opposite D a.
Place the cards as they are played directly in front of each hand, making four piles, one in front of each hand, and every card that takes a trick turn face down. At the end of the game the points can be readily counted and the hands are not mixed, but ready to be played over again.

Tom Lamento.

Philadelphia's New Theatre. In August there will be opened in northeastern Philadelphia (Kensington) a new theatre, which will rank among the finest of the city's many fine places of amusement. One especially notable feature of the building will be



Its many facilities for escape in case of fira. It will be lighted by electricity, the doors will be opened by electricity, the exits will be numerous and several extra iron fire escapes and iron stairways will be provided. Its seating capacity will be 2,550, badde to private boxes.

Considerable gossip has been caused in N York by the announcement that a new p sion play is to be produced entitled "Y Young Messiah." Ardonnes Foster, words "Broken Barriers," is its author, a he asserts that the production will be from any suggestion which will offend. It January Winston, it is said, will take the le