

And yet there came a day very soo when Mr. Hayne wished that he could g to Buxton's quarters. He had in no wis changed his opinion of the man himself but the Rayners had not been gone a fort night before Mrs. Buxton began to tell the ladies of the charming letters she was receiving from Mrs. Rayner—all about their travels. There were many things he longed to know, yet could not ask.

There came to him a long and sorrowful letter from the captain himself, but.

rture of the Rayners and Miss Travers but. Hayne's brother-in-law and his re

arkably attractive sister were with a in garrison and helping him fit up

cupying, even though two unmarried

of for him. This they seemed rather

good for Hayne nowadays; and he ot all his adulation so quietly and beatly that there was difficulty in tell-gjust how it affected him. Towards

new quarters which the colonel had ser insisted on his moving into and

ns had to move out and make

ted to do. There was a prevailing ent at Warrener that nothing wa

who had known him well in the

ent entirely, and was frank, un

ed and warm hearted. He seemed

bask in the sunshine of the respect d consideration accorded him on every s. Yet no one could say he seemed

py. Courteous, grave far beyond his is, silent and thoughtful, he impressed in all as a man who had suffered too

th ever again to be light hearted

that explained the rarity and sad-

of his smile. To the women he was

center of intense and romantic in

secause of the priority of her claims

Mrs. Waldron was an object of jeal

his regard. Mrs. Hurley—the sweet

sor who so strongly resembled him-

m both sexes. Hayne and the Hur-

septed. And yet, with it all, Mr. Hayne smed at times greatly preoccupied. He d a great deal to think of. To begin with, the widow Clancy had

by the civil authorities, nearly \$3,000

recenbacks having been found in her recention. She had fought like a fury proved too much for the sheriff's

I places an evening could they have

d. And yet, with it all, Mr. Hayne

tured in one of the mining towns. captured in one or the mining

en first arrested, and not until

days after her incarceration was the

o question what ought to be done

t almost the entire amount was

from Capt. Hull nearly six years

e, the night previous to his tragic

Waldron's and Billings' precaution

having Clancy's entire story taken

fore him eventually broke her down.

made her miserable, whining ad-

the colonel would not have her on the

even as a prisoner—and there she still held awaiting further disclos-

while little Kate was lovingly

for at Mrs. Waldron's. Poor old

acy was buried and on the way to be

That proved the hardest problem for

red his hand to Rayner. This was

mething the Riflers could not account

The intensity of his feeling at the

of the court martial none could for

the vehemence of his denunciation

had continued to crowd him to the

episode of Buxton's midnight

had been in attendance. Was it not

that in the face of all these consider

esid have offered his hand was Capt.

wo were made acquainted with the

particulars of Clancy's confession,

none had heard Nellie Travers' re

the first man to whom Mr. Hayne

r? Odd indeed! But then only one

Touched as he was by the sight

lieved as he was by Clancy's re-

yner's haggard and trouble-worn

on of the web that had been woven

re the feet of the pursuers, Hayne

nd; but when he bent over the

ing eyes at the moment of their

was one man in garrison whom

e cut entirely, and for whom no

felt the faintest sympathy; and that,

course, was Buxton. With Rayner o, he hardly had an associate, though

esprit de corps of the —th prompted cavalry officers to be civil to him

on he appeared at the billiard room. If. Hurley was fond of the game, element of awkwardness was mani-

the first time the young officers ap-

not set foot in such a place for five

with their engineer friend. Hayne

and quietly declined all invitations

a cue again. It was remembered

that he played the prettiest game

on when he joined the Riflers as a

Hurley could only stay a very

ch carroms of all the officers at the

e, and the subalterns were do

eir best to make it lively for him. , indeed, showed strong inclination wote themselves to Mrs. Hurley;

was too busy with her brother

eley had turned very red and glared

club room, but the bulky captain

and never again showed himself in

as road builder was safely out of the

ad affairs to detect their projects

on the first time the two met at

found cover under which to re-

society until the engineer with tife attainments as a boxer as

cover the tracks of the thieves and

ald not have found it possible to offer

glove and looked into her soft and

rting he could not say no to the one

ing she asked of him: it was that if

oner came to say, "Forgive me," be-

and finally there was the almost

captain was still fresh in the

ere all those years in which Ray-

in which Rayner, willingly or

Mr. Hayne kept several of his old

es at a distance, he had openly

on to solve was the fact that

ns to the sheriff's officers in town

sath at Battle Butte. Mrs. Clancy at the furiously declared it all a lie;

amount brought to light. There

ben it was more than believed he had lee deeply in love with Nellie Travers

of his early service he still main-

had a dignity and reserve of manner

at kept them at some distance. To

there, especially to the youngsters in

the —th as well as to those in the Riflers,

beyond a few matters relating to the company and the transfer of its propcompany and the transfer of its prop-erty, it was all given up to a recapitula-tion of the troubles of the past few years and to renewed expressions of his deep regret. Of the ladies he made but cas-ual mention. They were journeying down the Mississippi on one of its big steamers when he wrote, and Mrs. Ray ner was able to enjoy the novelties of the trip, and was getting better, but still required careful nursing. Miss Travers was devoted to her. They would go to New Orleans, then possibly by sea around to New York, arriving there about the 5th of June; that, how ever, was undecided. He closed by ask-ing Hayne to remind Maj. Waldron that his copy of Clancy's confession had not yet reached him, and he was anxious to see it in full.

"The one thing lacking to complet the chain is Gower," said the major, as he looked up over his spectacles. "It would be difficult to tell what became of him. We get tidings of most of the de serters who were as prominent among the men as he appears to have been; but I have made inquiry, and so has the colonel, and not a word has ever been heard of him since the night he appeared before Mrs. Clancy and handed over the money to her. He was a strange char acter, from all accounts, and must have had some conscience after all. Do you remember him at all, Hayne?"

"I remember him well. We made the narch from the Big Horn over to Battle Butte together, and he was a soldier one could not help remarking. Of course never had anything to say to him, but we heard he was an expert gambler when the troop was over there at Miners

Delight,"
"Of course his testimony isn't neces sary. Clancy and his wife between them have cleared you, after burying you alive five years. But nothing but his story could explain his singular conduct-plan ning the whole robbery, executing it with all the skill of a professional jailbird, deserting and covering several hundred miles with his plunder, then daring to go to the old fort, find Mrs. Clancy, and surrender every cent the moment he heard of your trial. What a fiend that woman was! No wonder she drove Clancy to "Will you send copies of her admission

with Clancy's affidavits?" asked Hayne. "Here they are in full," answered the major. "The colonel talks of having them printed and strewn broadcast as warnings against 'snap judgment' and too confident testimony in future."

Divested of the legal encumbrance with which such documents are usually eighted, Clancy's story ran substantia ly as follows:

"I was sergeant in K troop, and Gower

was in F. We had been stationed toout on the Indian campaign that summer. I was dead broke. All my money was gone, and my wife kept bothering me for more. I owed a lot of money around headquarters, too, and Gower knew it, and sometimes asked me what I was going to do when we got back from the campaign. We were not good friends, him and I. There was money dealings between us, and then there was talk about Mrs. Clancy fancying him too much. The paymaster came up with a strong escort and paid off the boys late in October, just as the expedition was breaking up and going for home, and all the officers and men got four months pay. There was Lieut. Crane and twenty men of F troop out on a scout, but the lieutenant had left his pay rolls with Capt. Hull, and the men had all signed fore they started, and so the captain he drew it all for them and put each man's money in an envelope marked with his name and the lieutenant's too, and then crowded it all into some bigger envelopes. I was there where I could see it all, and Gower was watching him close. 'It's a big pile the captain's got, says he. 'I'd like to be a road agent and nab him?' When I told him it couldn't be over eleven hundred dollars, he says, 'That's only part. He has his own pay and six hundred dollars company fund and a wad of greenbacks he's been car-

ryin' around all summer. It's nigh on to

four thousand dollars he's got in his sad-"And that night, instead of Licut. Crane's coming back, he sent word he had found the trail of a big band of Indians, and the whole crowd went in pursuit. There was four companies of infantry, under Capt. Rayner, and F and K troopswhat was left of them-that were ordered to stay by the wagons and bring them safely down; and we started with them over towards Battle Butte, keeping south of the way the regiment had gone to follow Mr. Crane. And the very next day Capt. Rayner got orders to bring his battalion to the river and get on the boat, while the wagons kept on down the bank with no to guard them. And Mr. Hayne was acting quartermaster, and he stayed with us; and him and Capt. Hull was together a good deal. There was some trouble we heard, because Capt. Rayner thought another officer should have been made quartermaster and Mr. Havne should have stayed with his company, and they had some words; but Capt. Hull gave Mr. Hayne a horse and seemed to keep him with him; and that night, in sight of Battle Butte, the steamboat was out of sight ahead when we went into camp, and I was sergeant of the guard and had my fire near the captain's tent, and twice in the evening Gower came to me and said now was the time to lay hands on the money and skip. At last he says to me, 'You are flat broke, and they'll all be be down on you when you get back to the post. No man in America wants five hundred dollars more than you do. I'll give you five hundred in one hour from now if you'll get the captain out of his tent for half an hour.' Almost everybody was asleep then; the captain was, and so was Mr. Hayne, and he went on to tell me how he could do it. He'd been watching the captain. It made such a big bundle, did the money, in all the sepa-

rate envelopes that he had done it all up

different-made a memorandum of the

amount due each man, and packed the

greenbacks all together in one solid pile

the men's-done it up in paper and tied it firmly and put big blotches of

his own money, the lieutenant's and

green againg wax on it and scaled with the scal on his watch chain. with the seal on his watch chain. Says Gower, 'You get the captain out, as I tell you, and I'il slip right in, get the money, stuff some other paper with a few ones and twos in the package; his seal, his watch and everything is there in the saddle bags under his head, and I can reseal and replace it in five minutes, and he'll never suspect the loss until the command all gets together again next week. By that time I'il be three hundred miles away. Everybody will say 'twas Gower by that time I'll be three hundred miles away. Everybody will say 'twas Gower that robbed him, and you with your five hundred will never be suspected.' I asked him how could he expect the captain to go and leave so much money in his bags with no one to guard it; and he said he'd bet on it if I did it right. The captain had had no luck tracking In captain had had no luck tracking in-dians that summer, and the regiment was laughing at him. He knew they were scattering every which way now, and was eager to strike them. All I had to do was to creep in excited like, wake him up sudden, and tell him I was sure I had heard an Indian drum and their scale dence some out beyond the pickets. scalp dance song out beyond the pickets —that they were over towards Battle Butte, and he could hear them if he would come out on the river bank. 'He'd go quick,' says Gower, 'and think of nothing.'
"And-I wouldn't believe it, but h

did. He sprang up and went right out with me, just flinging his overcoat round him; and he never seemed to want to him; and he never seemed to want to come in. The wind was blowing soft like from the southeast, and he stood there straining his ears trying to hear the sounds I told him of; but at last he gave it up, and we went back to camp, and he took his lantern and looked in his saddle bags, and I shook for fear; but he seemed to find every-thing all right, and in the next ten minutes he was asleep, and Gower came and whispered to me, and I wen with him, and he gave me five hundred dollars, in twesties. 'Now you're bound, says he; 'keep the sentries off while get my horse.' And that's the last ever saw of him. Then a strange thing happened. 'Twas hardly daylight when a courier came galloping up, and I called the captain, and he read the dispatch, and says he, 'By heaven, Clancy, you were right after all. There are Indians over there. Why didn't I trust your ears? Call up the whole command. The Riflers have treed them at Battle Butte, and Capt. Rayner has gone with his battalion. We are to escort the wagons to where the boat lies beyond the bend, and then push over with all the horsemen we can take.'

It was after daylight when we got

started, but we almost ran the wagons 'cross country to the boat, and there Capt. Hull took F troop and what there was of his own, leaving only ten men back with the wagons, and not till then was Gower missed; but all were in such a hurry to get to the Indians that no one paid attention. Mr. Hayne he begged the captain to let him go, too, so the train was left with the wagon master and the captain of the boat, and away we went. You know all about the fight and how 'twas Mr. Havne the captain called to and gave his watch and the two packages of money when he was ordered to charge. I was right by his side, and I swore-God forgive me! -that through the crack and tear in the paper I could see the layers of greenbacks, when I knew twas only some ones and twos Gower had slipped in to make it look right; and Capt. Rayner stood there and saw the packet, too, and Sergt. Walshe and Bugler White; but them two were killed with him, so that 'twas only Capt, Rayner and I was left as witnesses, and never till we got to Laramie after the campaign did the trouble come. I never dreamed of anything ever coming of it but that every one would say Gower stole the money and deserted; but when the captain turned the packages over to Mr. Hayne and then got killed, and Mr. Hayne carried the packages, with the watch, seal, saddle bags and all, to Cheyenne, and never opened them till he got there-two weeks after, when we were all scattered-then they turned on him, lis own officers did, and said he stole it and gambled or sent it away in Chey-

"I had lost much of my money then, and Mrs. Clancy got the rest, and it made me crazy to think of that poor young gentleman accused of it all; but I was in for it, and knew it meant prison for years for me, and perhaps they couldn't prove it on him. I got to drinking then, and told Capt, Rayner that the -th was down on me for swearing away the young officer's character; and then he took me to Company B when the colonel wouldn't have me any more in the -th; and one night when Mrs. Clancy had been raising my hair and I wanted money to drink and she'd give me none, little Kate told me her mother had lots of money in a box, and that Sergt. Gower had come and given it to her while they were getting settled in the new post after the Battle Butte campaign, and he had made her promise to give it to me the moment I got back—that somebody was in trouble, and that I must save him; and I believed Kate, and charged Mrs. Clancy with it, and she beat me and Kate, and swore it was all a lie; and I never could get the money.
"And at last came the fire, and it was

the lieutenant that saved my life and Kate's, and brought back to her all that pile of money through the flames. It broke my heart then, and I vowed I'd go and tell him the truth, but they wouldn't let me. She told me the captain said he would kill me if I blabbed, and she would kill Kate. I didn't dare, until they told me my discharge had come, and then I was glad when the lieutenant and the major caught me in town. When they promised to take care of little Kate I didn't care what happened to me. The money Mrs. Clancy has-except perhaps two hundred dollars—all belongs to Lieut Havne, since he paid off every cent that was stolen from Capt. Hull.'

Supplemented by Mrs. Clancy's rueful incoherent admissions, Clancy's story did its work. Mrs. Clancy could not long persist in her various denials after her husband's confession was brought to her ears, and she was totally unable to account satisfactorily for the possession of so much money. Little Kate had been too young to grasp the full meaning of what Gower said to her mother in that hurried interview; but her reiterated statements that he came late at night, before the regiment got home, and knocked at the door until he waked them up, and her mother cried when he came in, he looked so different and had spectacles and a patch on his cheek, and ranch clothes, and he only stayed a little while, and told her mother he must go back to the mountains, the police were on his track—she knew now he spoke of having deserted-and he gave her mother lots of money, for she opened and counted it afterwards and told her it must all go to papa to get some one out of trouble-all were clear and circumstantial that at last the hardened woman began to break down

and make reluctant admissions. When an astute sheriff's officer finally told her that he knew where he could lay hands on Sergt. Gower, she surrendered utterly. So long as he was out of the way-could not be found-she held out; but the prospect of dragging into prison with her the man who had spurned her in years gone by and was proof against her fascinations was too alluring. She told all she could at his expense. He had ridden castward after his desertion, and, making his way down the Missouri, had stopped at Yankton and gone thence to Kansas City, spending much of his money. He had reached Donver with the rest, and there—she Denrer with the rest, and there—she knew not how—had made or received more, when he heard of the fact that Capt. Hull had turned over his property to Lieut. Hayne just before he was killed, and that the lieutenant was now to be tried for failing to account for to be tried for failing to account for it. He brought her enough to cover all he had taken, but—here she lied—strove to persuade her to go to San Francisco with him. She promised to think of it if he would leave the money—which he did, swearing he would come for her and it. That was why she dared not tell Mike when he got home. He was so jealous of her.

of her.
To this part of her statement Mrs.
Clancy stoutly adhered; but the officers
believed Kate.
One other thing she told. Kate had

declared he were a heavy patch on his right cheek and temple. Yes, Mrs. Clancy remembered it. Some scoundrels had sought to rob him in Denver. He had to fight for life and money both, and his share of the honors of the fray was a deep and clean cut extending across the cheek bone and up above the right ear.

As these family revelations were told throughout the garrison and comment of every kind was made thereon, there is reason for the belief that Mrs. Buxton found no difficulty in filling her letters with particulars of deep interest to her readers, who by this time had carried out the programme indicated by Capt. Ray-ner. Mid-June had come; the ladies, apparently benefited by the sea voyage, had landed in New York and were speedily driven to their old quarters at the Westminster; and while the captain went to headquarters of the department to report his arrival on leave and get his letters, a card was sent up to Miss Travers which she read with checks that slightly paled:

"He is here, Kate." "Nellie, you—you won't throw him over, after all he has done and borne for "I shall keep my promise," was the answer.

CHAPTER XX. "And so she's really going to marry Mr. Van Antwerp," said Mrs. Buxton to

Mrs. Waldron a few days later in the month of sunshine and roses. "I did not think it possible when she

left," was the reply. "Why do you say "Oh, Mrs. Rayner writes that the cap-

tain had to go to Washington on some important family matters, and that she Nellie were at the sea shore again, and Mr. Van Antwerp was with them from morning till night. He looked so worn and haggard, she said, that Nellie could not but take pity on him. Heav ens! think of having five hundred thousand dollars sighing its life away for you!
—especially when he's handsome. Mrs. Rayner made me promise to send it right back, because he would never give he one before, but she sent his picture. It's splendid. Wait, and I'll show you." And Mrs. Buxton darted into the house.



With one shriek of warning and terror she springs towards them—just in time.

When she reappeared, three or four young cavalrymen were at the gate chatting with Mrs. Waldron, and the picture was passed from hand to hand, exciting varied comment. It was a simple carte de visite, of the style once spoken of as vignette-only the head and shoulders being visible-but it was the picture of a strong, clear cut face, with thick, wavy black hair just tingeing with gray, a drooping mustache and long English kers. The eyes were heavy browed and, though partially shaded by the gold rimmed pince-nez, were piercing and fine. Mr. Van Antwerp was unques tionably a fine looking man.

"Here comes Hayne," said Royce. "Show it to him. He likes pictures; though I wouldn't like this one if I were in his place."

Mr. Hayne stopped in some surprise when hailed, greeted Mrs. Waldron warmly and bowed courteously to Mrs. Buxton, who was watching him narrowly.

Want to see a picture of the man you ought to go and perforate?" asked Webster, with that lofty indifference which youngsters have to the ravages of the tender passion on subjects other than themselves. "To whom do you refer?" asked Hayne,

smiling gravely, and little imagining what was in store for him.

"This." said Webster, holding out the card. Hayne took it, gave one glance, started, seized it with both hands, stud ied it engerly, while his own face rapidly paled, then looked up with quick, search

"Who is this?" he asked. "The man who's engaged to Miss Travers-Mr. Van Antwerp.

"This-this-Mr. Van Antwerp!" exclaimed Hayne, his face white as a sheet. "Here, take it, Royce!" And in an instant he had turned and

"Well, I'll be hanged if I knew that he was that hard hit," drawled Webster. "Did you, Royce?" But Royce did not answer.

A gorgeous moonlight is bathing the

Jersey coast in sparkling silver. The tumbling billows come thundering in to the shining strand, and sending their hissing, seething, whirling waters, all shimmer and radiance, to the very feet of the groups of spectators. There are hundreds of people scattered here and there along the shingle, and among the groups a pale faced young man in tweed traveling suit has made his way to a point where he can command a view of all the passers by. It is nearly 11 o'clock before they begin to break up and seek the broad corridors of the brilliantly lighted hotel. A great military band of nearly forty pieces is playing superbly at intervals, and every now and then, as some stirring martial strains comthrilling through the air, a young girl in a group near at hand beats time with er pretty foot and seems to quiver with the influence of the soldier melodies. A tall, dark eyed, dark haired man bends

devotedly over her, but he, too, seems to rise to his full height at times, and there is something in the carriage and mien that tells that soldier songs have thrilled his veins ere now. And this man the left of my days. I hope they may young traveler in gray watches as though his eyes were fascinated. Standing in the shade of a little summer house, he never ceases his scrutiny of the group. At last the musicians go and the people

follow. The sands are soon deserted; the great plasmas are emptied of their promenaders; the halls and corridors are still patronized by the few belated chaperons and their giddy charges. The music loving girl has gone aloft to her room, and her aunt, the third member of the group that so chained the attention of the young man in gray, lingers for a mome from home, sending me to Wyoming to embark in the cattle business. I preferred gambling, and lost what he gave me. There was nothing then left but to enlist; and I joined the —th. Mother still believed me in or near Denver, and wrote regularly there. The life was horrible to me after the luxury and lack of restraint I had enjoyed, and I meant to desert. Chance threw in my way that temptation. I robbed poor Hull the night before he was killed, repacked the paper so that even the torn edges would show the greenbacks, rescaled it—all just as I have had to hear through her pure and sacred lips it was finally told and her lover saved.

"God knows I was shocked when I heard in Denver he was to be tried for the crime. I hastened to Cheyenne, not daring to show myself to him or any one, and restored every cent of the money, placing it in Mrs. Clancy's hands, as I dared not stay; but I had hoped to give it to Clancy, who had not arrived. The police knew me, and I had to go. I gave every cent I had, and walked back to Denver, then got word to mother of my fearful danger; and, though she payer knew I was a deserter she sort young man in gray, lingers for a mo-ment to exchange a few words with their cavalier. He seems in need of consola-

"Don't be so downhearted, Mr. Van Antwerp. It is very early in the sum-mer, and you have the whole season be-

"No, Mrs. Rayner, it is very different from last year. I cannot explain it, but I know there has been a change. I feel as—as I used to in my old, wild days when a change of luck was coming. It's like the gambler's superstition, but I can-not shake it off. Something told me she was lost to me when you boarded that Pacific express last February. I was a fool ever to have let her go."

"Is she still so determined?" "I cannot shake her resolution. Sh says that at the end of the year's time originally agreed upon she will keep her promise; but she will listen to no earlier marriage. I have about given up all hope. Something again—that fearful something I cannot shake off—tells me that my only chance lay in getting he to go with me this month. Once abroad with her, I could make her happy

my fearful danger; and, though never knew I was a deserter, she

me money, and I came east and went abroad. Then my whole life changed. I was appalled to think how low I had fallen. I shunned companionship, stud-ied, did well at Heidelberg; father for-gave me, and died; but God has not for-

Some few weeks later that summer

Miss Travers stood by the same balcony

rail, with an open letter in her hand. There was a soft flush on her pretty,

"What news from Warrener, Nellie?

"At Mr. Hayne's. He writes that as

he returned, the moment he entered the

hall she came running up to him, arching

her back and purring her delight and welcoming him just as though she be

"He says he means to keep her until l

THE END

HOMES OF PUBLIC MEN.

[Copyright, 1800.1

Mills, who was the chairman of the ways

and means committee in the last con-

gress, occupies a conspicuous position a few hundred yards from the town o

Corsicana, Tex., and is a typical example

of the plain, substantial southern home.

It was built almost twenty years ago of

well seasoned timber, selected by Mr.

CONGRESSMAN MILLS' HOME.

Mills himself, and, consequently, is in

pretty nearly as good a condition now

as when first put up. Substantial square

pillars support the roof, which is only

two stories above the ground. A wide

gallery runs around the house, and all

the upper windows open upon it. The

spacious hall affords the greatest possible

amount of air during the hot season

and the large, comfortable rooms are al-

tends from the back of the residence

and contains the kitchen and servants'

quarters, and at some distance in the

The French windows in the rooms on

the lower floor open directly into the

garden. If Mr. Mills has any other hobby

than the tariff question it is the cultiva

tion of flowers. Of this he is passionately

fond, and the grounds in front and on

each side of his house are filled with

floral beds of every description. Fifteen

acres of land lie in the rear of the house

part of which is cultivated as a vegetable

garden, in the care of which Mrs. Mills

is almost as assiduous as is her husband

among the flowers. A small lake, well

stocked with fish, affords an opportunity

for boating, and in one corner of the es

tate, well shaded by thick trees, is a lawn

tennis court, where the younger mem-

The house is only occupied during the

summer time, the family spending the

winter in Washington with Mr. Mills,

THE LATE COL. E. B. KNOX.

He Was One of Ellsworth's Celebrated

Regiment of Zouaves.

E. B. Knox, of Chicago, is a great loss

to the already small remnant of the fa-

mous Elisworth Zouaves, as Col. Knox

not only served in that command, but

was also an original member of the Chi-

fast in military studies, and became a

sergeant in the original Ellsworth Zou-

When the so called Fire Zouaves were

organized in New York he at once went

there and joined them, becoming first

lieutenant. Later he enlisted as a pri-

vate in the Forty-fourth New York in-

fantry, and rose to the rank of lieutenant

colonel by the close of the war. Again

he enlisted as a private, this time in the

regular army, and rose to a first lieuten-

antcy. After much active service he

was retired in 1870, but served as colonel

in the Illinois militia. He was a natural

soldier, brave and efficient. He leaves a

son and daughter, both grown. His sec-

A recently published letter of Robert

Browning, the poet, who died some

months ago, contains a valuable hint as

to his own opinion of what he had writ-

ten. He regarded as the four poems that

giveness," "Caliban on Setebos" and "Clive." These, in the order given, he

classified as lyrical, narrative, dramatic

M. de Freycinet, the present head of

the French cabinet, has held office fre-

quently, but never long. His previous

premierships, three in number, averaged

nine months in duration. As his present

cabinet is composed of strong men who

are said to pull in different directions, it

is not thought that his fourth term will

be longer than its predecessors.

"represent him fairly" "Saul,"

ond wife also survives.

and idyllic.

到海南

COL. E. B. KNOX.

cago Cadets who

were trained by

Ellsworth to such

efficiency that

they traveled

through the coun-

try exhibiting, in

1860. Col. Knox

was born in

Maine in 1838,

and located in

Chicago on reach-

ing maturity.

He wasan enthu-

The recent and sudden death of Col.

bers of the family enjoy themselves.

rear is the stable and carriage house.

ways pleasantly cool. A long wing ex-

1. 16.10

The residence of Hon. Roger Quarles

peachy cheek, and a far away look in b

sweet blue eyes.

asked Mrs. Rayner.

"Indeed! Where?

"Fluffy has reappeared."

longed there now: and"---

And what, Nellie?"

come to claim her."

given, and at the moment when I thought my life redeemed this retribution over-He breaks off irresolutely, looking about him in the strange, hunted manne "If I may ask anything, it is that she has noted once or twice already. "You are all unstrung, Mr. Van Ant-werp: Why not go to bed and try and sleep? You will be so much brighter tomother may never know the truth. I will tell her that Nellie could not love me, and I could not bare to stay."

"I cannot sleep. But don't let me keer you. I'll go out and smoke a cigar, Good night, Mrs. Rayner. Whatever comes of it all, I shall not forget your kindness."

morrow."

So he turns away, and she still stands at the foot of the staircase, watching him uneasily. He has aged greatly in the past few months. She is shocked to see how gray, how fitful, nervous, irritable he has become. As he moves towards the doorway she notes how thin his cheek has grown, and wonders at the irresolution in his movements when he reaches the broad piazza. He stands there an instant, the massive doorway forming a frame for a picture en silhouette, his tall, spare figure thrown black upon the silver sea beyond. He looks up and down the now deserted galleries, fumbles in his pockets for his cigar case, bites off with nervous clip the end of a huge "Regalia," strikes a light, and before the flame is half applied to his weed throws it away, then turns sharply and strides out of sight towards

the office.

Another instant, and, as though in pursuit, a second figure, erect, soldierly, with quick and bounding step strides across the glittering moon streak, and Mrs. Rayner's heart stands still.

Only for an instant, though. She has seen and recognized Lawrence Hayne. Concealed from them he is following Mr. Van Antwerp, and there can be but one purpose in his coming here-Nellie. But what can he want with her-her rightful lover? She springs from the lower step on which she has been standing, runs across the tessellated floor, and stops short in the doorway, gazing after the two figures. She is startled to find them close at hand-one, Van Antwerp, close to the railing, facing towards her, his features ghastly in the moonlight, his left hand resting, and supporting him, on one of the tall wooden pillars; the other, Hayne, with white clinching fists, advancing upon him. Above the lov boom and roar of the surf she distinctly hears the clear tenor ring of his voice in the tone of command she last heard under the shadows of the Rockies, two thousand miles away:

No wonder a gentleman in civil life looks amazed at so peremptory a summons from a total stranger. In his high indignation will be not strike the impertinent subaltern to earth? As a well bred woman it occurs to her that she ought to rush out and avert hostilities by introducing them or something; but she has no time to act. The next words simply take her breath away:

"Sergt, Gower, I arrest you as a de serter and thief! You deserted from F troop, -th cavalry, at Battle Buttle!" She sees the fearful gleam on the dark man's face; there is a sudden spring, a clinch, a straining to and fro of two forms-one tall, black, snaky, the other light, lithe, agile and trained; muttered curse, panting breath, and then, sure as fate, the taller man is being borne back ward against the rail. She sees the dark arm suddenly relax its grasp of the gray form and disappear an instant. Then there it comes again, and with it a gleam of steel. With one shriek of warning and terror she springs towards them-just in time. Hayne glances up, catches the lifted wrist, burls his whole weight upon the tottering figure, and over goes the Knickerbocker prone upon

for you. Leave him to me," And in that instant, before either can prevent, Steven Van Antwerp, alias Gower, springs to his feet, leaps over the balcony rail and disappears in the depths below. It is a descent of not more than ten feet to the sands beyond the dark passage that underlies the piazza, but he has gone down into the passage itself. When Mr. Hayne, running down the steps, gains his way to the space beneath the piazza; no trace of the fugitive can he find.

the floor. Hayne turns one instant: "Go

indoors, Mrs. Rayner. This is no place

. Nor does Mr. Van Antwerp appear at breakfast on the following morning, nor again to any person known to this story, An officer of the -th cavalry, spending a portion of the following winter in Paris, writes that he met him face to face one day in the galleries of the Louvre. Being in civilian costume, of course, and much changed in appearance since he was a youth in the straps of a second lieutenant, it was possible for him to take a good look at the man he had not seen since he wore the chevrons of a dashing sergeast in the Battle Butte campaign. "He has grown almost white," wrote the lieutenant, "and I'm told he has abandoned his business in New York and never will return to the

United States." Rayner, too, has grown gray. A tele gram from his wife summoned him to the seaside from Washington the day after this strange adventure of hers. He found her somewhat prostrate, his sisterin-law very pale and quiet, and the clerks of the hotel unable to account for the disappearance of Mr. Van Antwerp. Lieut. Hayne, they said, had told them he received news which compelled him to go back to New York at once: but the gentleman's traps were all in his room. Mr. Hayne, too, had gone to New York; and thither the captain followed. A letter came to him at the Westminster which he read and handed in silence to

Hayne. It was as follows:
"By the time this reaches you I shall be beyond reach of the law and on my way to Europe to spend what may be few: for the punishment that has fallen upon me is more than I can bear, though no more than I deserve. You have heard that my college days were wild, and that

A STAMP EXHIBITION

MARKS THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE MODERN POSTAL SYSTEM.

hier About the Commed Label, Co the Plaything of a King, but New a We Wide Necessity—The Vienna Congo Some Old Time Stamps.

The present is the fiftieth or jubiles year of the postage stamp, and the semi-centennial is being appropriately com-memorated by an International Stamp exhibition now in progress at Vienna. It was in 1840 that Sir Rowland Hill "set was in 1840 that Sir Rowland Hill "set the pace" for the civilized world as regards the transmission of letters, and gave to the British public that invaluable little commodity for the prepayment of poetage known as the adhesive stamp. But while Sir Rowland deserves all the honor and credit he has received as the formulator of a magnificent system, he was not what might be called an original inventor. The idea which he put in practical working shape is first heard of in history as far back as the days of Louis XIV, and engraved labels, with gummed backs, were known and used in Sardinia seventy-five years ago.





BWISS, 1843-ENGLAND, 1840. Yet the fact remains that an undevel oped thought is like iron in the mountain side. It is of no good to the human race till mined and manufactured. Then, as the spade or crowbar, its value is incal-culable. So with the postage stamp. As a toy or idle fancy of a moment it was the least and most worthless of ephemeral things, but the moment Sir Rowland Hill showed that a wealth of practical worth lay in the idea it gained life and permanency and has grown to be a giant of necessity.

The order in which the various nations

adopted the new system inaugurated by Great Britain was a curious one. The Swiss cantons and Brazil contest for second place, each issuing a series of The United States did nothing until two years later. France, Belgium and Spain fell into line between 1848 and 1850. Thereafter the use of stamps spread to all parts of the globe, and Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Japan, Hong Kong, Siam, the Fiji Islands and Hawaii are today numbered among the remote countries that have recognized and accepted the system of which Sir Rowland Hill is properly called the father.





RUSSIA, 1845-BRAZIL, 1848. In the United States the postal reforms consequent on the introduction of the prepaid stamp have been great and of the utmost importance. Forty years ago the rates on domestic letters were three, five, six and ten cents, according to distance. Ocean postage was enormous, ranging from twenty-four cents upward, and an agitator of that day declared that it cost a foreign born servant girl half a week's wages to send a letter and receive an answer, while "a poor man in the country will have to work a day to earn the value of the postage of a letter to and from his friends in Europe." How the newspapers fared is summed up by th same writer in a sentence: "The New York Courier and Enquirer or Journal of Commerce, weighing two and one quarter onnces, is charged to San Francisco fifteen cents prepaid, and, if not prepaid, thirty cents." He supplements his statements of the condition of things by asserting that "letter postage should be reduced to a uniform rate of two cents

prepaid." It is hardly probable that the agitator from whose writings the above quotations are taken was more fortunate than other reformers. Few of the clear sighted men who tower head and shoulders above their generation live to see the triumphal fruition of their suggestions. and, assuming that the man who urged two cent postage in 1850 was then in his prime, he was old, gray headed and in the vale of years, if alive, which is hardly probable, at the date when his idea became an actuality on the national statute books.





CONFEDERATE STATES, 1861. Philately, by the way, seems already to have reached a diguity coequal with that which attaches to numismatics. A generation ago the collection of stamps was generally thought to be an amusement for children only. Now it is the occupation in which many men of leisure and wealth delight, and it is to them that the International Stamp exhibition at Vienna owes its being. There are displayed at this novel congress several albums that contain specimens of all or nearly all the stamps ever issued, and one collection—claimed to be complete is held by its owner at the large price of \$50,000. The exhibition has attracted interest the world over, and among the attendants are several postmasters general of European countries.

Two of the illustrations are of the first stamps published by the four first countries to adopt the Rowland Hill system. The third shows different specimens of the first issue sent out by the government of the Confederate states.

Dishonesty Among Jockeys. There are two direct inducements to dishonesty among jockeys. The first comes

from owners of horses who offer their jocks big bribes to win important races, thus showing their distrust for them. The other comes from racing associations which suffer jock-eys to bet on other than their own mounts. As soon as one of them becomes an indiscrim-inative better the public had better cease to trust or follow him. Bookmakers are always ready to urge a jockey to bet, and, once hav-ing gotten him in their clutches, numerous devices are resorted to for squeezing the pub-

Making Soldiers of Indians. It has long been a frontier maxim that

the only good Indian was a dead Indian. but Secretary of War Proctor evidently thinks otherwise. At any rate he recently submitted to the interior department officials a proposition to enlist 1,000. Indians into the regular army. It is proposed to officer the regiment with graduates from West Point, the subordinate grades to be filled by pupils who have been educated at the eastern schools for Indians. The secretary declares the Indians can be received into the regular army in a separate regiment, both to their own advantage and that of the service.