FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER VII.

Before guard mounting, almost half an hour before his usual time for appearing at the office, Colonel Maynard hurried into his desk, sent the orderly for Captain Chester, and then the clerks in the sergeant major's room heard him close and lock the door. As the subject of the shooting was already under discussion among the men there assembled, this action on the part of the chief was considered highly significant. It was hardly five minutes before Chester came, looked surprised at finding the door locked, knocked and was admitted.

The look on the haggard face at the desk, the dumb misery in the eyes, the wrath and horror in it all, carried him back 20 years to that gloomy morning in the casemates when the story was passed around that Captain Maynard had lost a wife and an intimate friend during the previous night. Chester saw at a glance that, despite his precautions, the blow had come, the truth been revealed at one fell swoop.

"Lock the door again, Chester, and come here. I have some questions to ask you."

The captain silently took the chair which was indicated by a wave of the colonel's hand and waited. For a moment no word more was spoken. The old soldier, white and trembling strangely, resented himself at the desk and covered his face with his hands. Twice he drew them with feebly stroking movement over his eyes, as though to rally the stunned faculties and face the trying ordeal. Then a shiver passed through his frame, and with sudden lift of the head he fixed his gaze on Chester's face and launched the question:

"Chester, is there any kindness to a man who has been through what I have in telling only half a tale, as you have done?"

The captain colored red. "I am at a loss to answer you, colonel," he said after brief reflection. "You know far more than you did half an hour ago, and what I knew I could not bear to tell you as yet."

"My God, my God! Tell me all and tell me at once. Here, man, if you need stimulant to your indignation and cannot speak without it, read this. I found it, open, among the rosebushes in the garden, where she must have dropped it when out there with you. Read it. Tell me what it means, for, God knows, I can't believe such a thing of her."

He handed Chester a sheet of note paper. It was moist and blurred on the first page, but the inner pages, though damp, were in good condition. The first, second and third pages were closely covered in a bold, nervous hand that Chester knew well. It was Jerrold's writing beyond a doubt, and Chester's face grew hot as he read, and his heart turned cold as stone when he finished the last hurried line:

MY DARLING—I must see you, if only for a moment, before you leave. Do not let this alarm you, for the more I think the more I am convinced it is only a bluff, but Captain Chester discovered my absence early this morning when spying around as usual, and now he claims to have knowledge of our secret. Even if he was on the terrace when I got back it was too dark for him to recognize me, and it seems impossible that he can have got any real clew. He suspects, perhaps, and thinks to force me to confession, but I would guard your name with my life. Be wary. Act as though there were nothing on earth between us, and if we cannot meet until then I will be at the depot with the others to see you off, and will then have a letter ready with full particulars and instructions. It will be in the first thing I hand to you. Hide it until you can safely read it. Your mother must not be allowed a glimmer of suspicion, and then you are safe. As for me, even Chester cannot make the colonel turn against me now. My jealous one, my fiery sweetheart, do you not realize now that I was wise in showing her so much attention? A thousand kisses. Come what may, they cannot rob us of the past.

HOWARD.

I fear you heard and were alarmed by the shots just after I left you. All was quiet when I got home.

It was some seconds before Chester could control himself sufficiently to speak. "I wish to God the bullet had gone through his heart!" he said.

"It has gone through mine—through mine! This will kill her mother. Chester," cried the colonel, springing suddenly to his feet, "she must not know it. She must not dream of it. I tell you it would stretch her in the dust, dead, for she loves that child with all her strength, with all her being, I believe, for it is two mother loves in one. She had a son, older than Alice by several years, her firstborn—her glory he was—but the boy inherited the father's passionate and impulsive nature. He loved a girl utterly beneath him and would have married her when he was only 20. There is no question that he loved her well, for he refused to give her up, no matter what his father threatened. They tried to buy her off, and she scorned them. Then they had a letter written, while he was sent abroad under pretense that he should have his will if he came back in a year unchanged. By Jove, it seems she was as much in love as he, and it broke her heart. She went off and died somewhere, and he came back ahead of time because her letters had ceased and found it all out. There was an awful scene. He cursed them both—father and mother—and left her senseless at his feet, and from that day to this they never heard of him, never could get the faintest report. It broke Renwick—killed him, I guess, for he died in two years, and, as for the mother, you would not think that a woman so apparently full of life and health was in desperate danger. She had some organic trouble with the heart years ago, they tell her, and this experience has developed it so that now any great emotion or sudden shock is perilous. Do you not see how doubly fearful this comes to us? Chester, I have weathered one awful storm, but I'm old and broken now. This—this beats me. Tell me what to do."

The captain was silent a few moments. He was thinking intently.

"Does she know you have that letter," he asked.

Maynard shook his head. "I looked as I came away. She was in the parlor singing softly to herself at the very moment I picked it up, lying open as it was right there among the roses, the first words staring me in the face. I meant not to read it—never dreamed it was for her—and had turned over the page to look for the superscription. There was none, but there I saw the signature and that postscript about the shots. That startled me, and I read it here just before you came and then could account for your conduct—something I could not do before. God of heaven, would any man believe it of her? It is incredible! Chester, tell me everything you know now—even everything you suspect. I must see my way clear."

And then the captain, with halting and reluctant tongue, told his story—how he had stumbled on the ladder back of the colonel's quarters and learned from No. 5 that some one had been prowling back of bachelors' row; how he returned there afterward, found the ladder at the side wall and saw the tall form issue from her window; how he had given chase and been knocked breathless, and of his suspicions and Leary's as to the identity of the stranger.

The colonel bowed his head still deeper and groaned aloud. But he had still other questions to ask.

"Did you see—any one else at the window?"

"Not while he was there."

"At any time, then—before or after?" And the colonel's eyes would take no denial.

"I saw," faltered Chester, "nobody. The shade was pulled up, while I was standing there, after I had tripped on the ladder. I supposed the noise of my stumble had awakened her."

"And was that all? Did you see nothing more?"

"Colonel, I did see afterward a woman's hand and arm closing the shade."

"My God! And she told me she slept the night through—never waked or heard a sound!"

"Did you hear nothing yourself, colonel?"

"Nothing. When she came home from the party, she stopped a moment, saying something to him at the door, then came into the library and kissed me good night. I shut up the house and went to bed about half past 12, and her door was closed when I went to our room."

"So there were two closed doors, yours and hers, and the broad hall between you?"

"Certainly. We have the doors open all night that lead into the rear rooms and their windows. This gives us abundant air. Alice always has the hall door closed at night."

"And Mrs. Maynard, was she asleep?"

"No. Mrs. Maynard was lying awake and seemed a little restless and disturbed. Some of the women had been giving her some hints about Jerrold and fretting her. You know she took a strange fancy to him at the start. It was simply because he reminded her so strongly of the boy she had lost. She told me so. But after a little she began to discover traits in him she did not like, and then his growing intimacy with Alice worried her. She would have put a stop to the doctor's party, to her going with him, I mean, but the engagement was made some days ago. Two or three days since she warned Alice not to trust him, she says, and it is really as much on this as any other account that we decided to get her away, off to see her Aunt Grace. Oh, God! How blind we are! How blind we are!" And poor old Maynard bowed his head and almost groaned aloud.

"I saw the signature and that postscript about the shots."

Chester rose, and in his characteristic way began tramping nervously up and down. There was a knock at the door. "The adjutant's compliments, and 'twas time for guard mount. Would the colonel wish to see him before he went out?" asked the orderly.

"I ought to go, sir," said Chester. "I am old officer of the day, and there will be just time for me to get into full uniform."

"Let them go on without you," said Maynard. "I cannot spare you now. Send word to that effect. Now—now about this man—this Jerrold. What is the best thing we can do? Of course I know what he most deserves, but what is the best thing under all the circumstances? Of course my wife and Alice will leave today. She was still sleeping when I left, and, pray God, is not dreaming of this. It was nearly 2 before she closed her eyes last night, and I, too, slept badly. You have seen him. What does he say?"

"Denies everything—everything—challenges me to prove that he was absent from his house more than five minutes—indeed, I could not, for he may have come in just after I left—and pretended utter ignorance of my meaning when I accused him of striking me before I ordered the sentry to fire. Of course it is all useless now. When I confront him with this letter, he must give in. Then let him resign and get away as quietly as possible before the end of the week. No one need know the causes. Of course shooting is what he deserves, but shooting demands explanation. It is better for your name, hers and all that he should be allowed to live than that the truth were suspected, as it would be if he were killed. Indeed, sir, if I were you, I would take them to Sablon, keep them away for a fortnight and leave him to me. It may be even judicious to let him go on with all his duties as though nothing had happened, as though he had simply been absent from reveille, and let the whole matter drop like that until all remark and curiosity are lulled; then you can send her back to Europe or the east—time enough to decide on that—but I will privately tell him he must quit the service in six months and show him why. It isn't the way it ought to be settled, it probably isn't the way Armitage would do it, but it is the best thing that occurs to me. One thing is certain. You and they ought to get away at once, and he should not be permitted to see her again. I can run the post a few days and explain matters after you go."

The colonel sat in wretched silence a few moments. Then he arose:

"If it were not for her danger—her heart—I would never drop the matter here—never! I would see it through to the bitter end. But you are probably right as to the prudent course to take. I'll get them away on the noon train. He thinks they do not start until later. Now I must go and face it. My God, Chester, could you look at that child and realize it? Even now, even now, sir, I believe—I believe some way—somehow—she is innocent."

"God grant it, sir!"

And then the colonel left the office, avoiding, as has been told, a word with any man. Chester buttoned the telltale letter in an inner pocket, after having first folded the sheet lengthwise, and then inclosed it in a long official envelope. The officers, wondering at the colonel's distraught appearance, had come thronging in, hoping for information, and then had gone, unsatisfied and disgusted, practically turned out by their crabbed senior captain. The ladies, after chatting aimlessly about the quadrangle for half an hour, had decided that Mrs. Maynard must be ill, and while most of them awaited the result two of their number went to the colonel's house and rang the bell. A servant appeared. "Mrs. Maynard wasn't very well this morning and was breakfasting in her room, and Miss Alice was with her, if the ladies would please excuse them." And so the emissaries returned unsuccessful. Then, too, as we have seen, despite his good intention of keeping matters hushed as much as possible, Chester's nervous irritability had got the better of him, and he had mad. damaging admissions to Wilton of the existence of a cause of worriment and perplexity, and this Wilton told without compunction. And then there was another excitement that set all tongues wagging. Every man had heard what Chester said; that Mr. Jerrold must not quit the garrison until he had first come and seen the temporary commanding officer, and Hall had speedily carried the news to his friend.

"Are you ready to go?" asked Mr. Jerrold, who was lacing his boots in the rear room.

"No. I've got to go and get into 'cits' first."

"All right. Go and be lively! I'll wait for you at Murphy's, beyond the bridge, provided you say nothing about it."

"You don't mean you are going against orders?"

"Going? Of course I am. I've got old Maynard's permission, and if Chester means to revoke it he's got to get his adjutant here inside of 10 seconds. What you tell me isn't official. I'm off now!"

And when the adjutant returned to Captain Chester it was with the information that he was too late. Mr. Jerrold's dogcart had crossed the bridge five minutes earlier.

Perhaps an hour later the colonel sent for Chester, and the captain went to his house. The old soldier was pacing slowly up and down the parlor floor.

"I wanted you a moment. A singular thing has happened. You know that 'directoire' cabinet photo of Alice? My wife always kept it on her dressing table, and this morning it's gone. That frame—the silver filigree thing—was found behind a sofa pillow in Alice's room, and she declares she has no idea how it got there. Chester, is there any new significance in this?"

The captain bowed assent.

"What is it?"

"That photograph was seen by Major Sloat in Jerrold's bureau drawer at reveille this morning."

And such was the situation at Sibley the August day the colonel took his wife and her lovely daughter to visit Aunt Grace at Lake Sablon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wills in Ancient Greece.

Wills were introduced into Athens by Solon, though in many other parts of Greece they were discountenanced. Diogenes Laertius gives copies of the wills of several celebrated men, such as Plato, Aristotle and others. Before Solon's law no man was allowed to make a will, the wealth of deceased belonging in certain proportion to the members of their families, and even after Solon only an Athenian citizen had the privilege of bequest, the estates of slaves and foreigners being confiscated for the public use.—All the Year Round.

A Screw Loose Somewhere.

Husband—Why don't you wear your new dress?

Wife—It is unbecoming, or else it is out of style, or possibly it is a horrible misfit. I'm not sure which, but I must look like a fright or simpleton in it.

Husband—Why so?

"All my friends praise it."—New York Weekly.

What a Minister Says.

Trinity Station, Morgan Co., Ala.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—In the fall of last year I suffered from rheumatism in my left shoulder and elbow. I tried a great many remedies, recommended to me by friends, but they all failed to afford relief. From the time I began Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, until I felt that I was cured, was a period covering four or five months. While the attack lasted, I suffered a great deal, and could not dress or undress myself. Although I am 73 years old, I now regard my health as splendid. I had spent a great deal of money previously, in various kinds of medicine, but the "Discovery," from the day I commenced until I was well, cost only FOUR DOLLARS.

Accept my gratitude, and I beg to subscribe myself.

Your friend,

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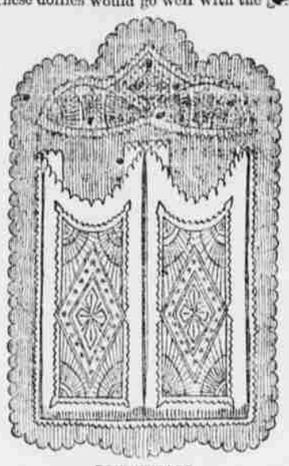
SIMPLE, NEAT, REFINED.

These Are Words to Remember In Dressing the Home's Infant Ruler.

The scarfs, tray cloths and other small articles of decorative table linen that have so long been embroidered with red are now to have the design worked in one, two or three shades of yellow. Pretty round doilies are shown made of fine white linen and edged with point de venise. Just inside the edge of the linen a small pattern is embroidered with gold colored wash silk. These doilies would go well with the gold



BRUSHHOLDER.

and cream damask luncheon cloths and napkins now sold, which are as brilliant and soft as silk. There is really nothing quite as dainty for the table as pure white linen, however, hemmed rather than fringed, and by all means hemmed by hand. Machine hemming on table and bed linen is an incongruity which should never be tolerated.

Reverting to the subject of tinted house linen, it is a good plan to buy towels that have not a colored border, for in the washing and boiling that towels so frequently pass through the color is sure to fade more or less, even if it be red, which is most lasting, and an appearance of age and shabbiness is thus produced long before the linen is really worn out.

The latest thing in fancy work is the embroidering of small squares of coarse ecru bolting cloth with japanese silks in persian patterns, the squares to be turned to account in making cushion covers, lambrequins and other decorative articles. Joined by wide bands of dull blue ribbon, they would make a very pretty baby carriage robe, although nothing can equal for that purpose a white cashmere goatskin, which is light, warm and appropriately infantile looking. Excessive elaboration is out of place in a child's appurtenances. The more exquisitely simple and neat they are the more refined will they appear. That is why a baby's toilet articles should be of china and ivory rather than of silver and its lawn gowns hemstitched and tucked instead of richly embroidered.

A sketch is given of a brushholder of heavy olive cloth. The pockets are laid in plaits on each side at the bottom to allow sufficient room for the brushes. The top of the back piece and the face of the pockets are embroidered in geometrical patterns in colored silks and gold cord, and the edges are pinked.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Four and Its Multiple of Ten.

The number four was anciently esteemed the most perfect of all, being the arithmetical mean between one and seven. Omah, the second caliph, said, "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity." In nature there are four seasons, and the four points of the compass.

Forty, a multiple of four by ten, is one of the sacred numbers. The probation of our first parents in the Garden of Eden is supposed to have been forty years. The rain fell at the deluge forty days and nights, and the water remained on the earth forty days. The days of embalming the dead were forty. Solomon's temple was forty cubits long. In it were ten lavers, each four cubits long and containing forty baths.

Moses was forty years old when he fled into the land of Midian, where he dwelt forty years. He was on Mount Sinai forty days and forty nights. The Israelites wandered in the wilderness forty years. The Saviour fasted forty days and nights before entering upon public life. The same time elapsed between the resurrection and the ascension.—Chicago Herald.

In a Hospital.

A visitor to a hospital in Paris, in which diseased children of the most wretched class are received, wrote home:

Charity, so often with us cold and grim in its dealings with the poor, puts on a merry, tender face here. The walls of the hospital were gay with colored prints. Flowers brightened the windows. In the baths into which the grimy, scared babies are coaxed on their entrance floated tiny swans and ships with red sails to entice and amuse them.

The doctors placed dolls and bonbons on the operating table as prizes before the patients were brought in, and addressed these ragged, blear eyed children of the slums with the courtesy due to princes in disguise, as "Monsieur," "Cherie," or "Magentille demoiselle." They put hope and courage into the souls, as well as health into the bodies of their patients.

A Cheeky Boy Gets a Pass.

A few weeks ago a boy about twelve years of age found his way into President Depew's office in the temporary absence of the doorkeepers. In a businesslike way he asked for a pass to Albany and return. "Why should the New York Central carry you for nothing?" asked Mr. Depew.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," said the boy, looking the famous railroad magnate straight in the eye. "My father has given me just money enough to pay my fare to Albany and back. I am going up to visit my cousin. If I buy my tickets I won't have any money to spend, and that will make my visit rather stupid, don't you see? I thought that you would be good natured enough to help me out by giving me a pass."

The boy got his pass.—New York Times.

The Queen's English.

An English bicyclist was coming at great speed down one of the steepest streets in Edinburgh when his machine capsized and landed him in the middle of the road. Two carters were passing, and they promptly came to his assistance.

"Maun, hoo did ye fa?" kindly inquired one of the carters, to which he received this answer:

"I was coming down that declivity with such velocity that I lost my gravity and fell on the macadamized road."

The carter turned from the unfortunate rider with true insular contempt.

"C'wa', Jock," he said to his mate. "If I'd kent the cratur' wis a forriner he would hae lain in the gutter lang eneuch for me."—Weekly Citizen.

Among the ancient oriental nations, with the exception of the Hebrews, men and women wore earrings, the latter considering that they should be reserved for the sole use of the gentler sex. Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his descriptions of statues representing several of the mythological deities.

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For sale by Matthews Bros., Druggists, Scranton, Pa.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1893.

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co., in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."

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Dunmore—F. P. Price, Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. D. Manley, Superlative Brand.
Hyde Park—Carson & Davis, Washburn St. Gold Medal Brand; Joseph A. Mears, Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
Green Ridge—A. L. Spencer, Gold Medal Brand.
J. T. McHale, Superlative.
Providence—Fenner & Chappell, N. Main avenue, Superlative Brand; C. J. Gillespie, W. Market street, Gold Medal Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
Peckville—Shaffer & Kaiser, Superlative.
Jermyn—C. D. Winters & Co., Superlative.
Archbald—Jones, Simpson & Co., Gold Medal.
Carbondale—B. S. Clark, Gold Medal Brand.
Honesdale—I. N. Foster & Co., Gold Medal.
Taylor—Judge & Co., Gold Medal; Atherton & Co., Superlative.
Duryea—Lawrence Store Co., Gold Medal.
Moosic—John McCrindle, Gold Medal.
Pittston—M. W. O'Boyle, Gold Medal.
Clark's Green—Frace & Parker, Superlative.
Clark's Summit—F. M. Young, Gold Medal.
Dalton—S. E. Finn & Son, Gold Medal Brand.
Nicholson—J. E. Harding.
Waverly—M. W. Bliss & Son, Gold Medal.
Factoryville—Charles Gardner, Gold Medal.
Hopbottom—N. M. Finn & Son, Gold Medal.
Tobyhanna—Tobyhanna & Lehigh Lumber Co., Gold Medal Brand.
Gouldsboro—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal Brand.
Moscow—Gaige & Clements, Gold Medal.
Lake Ariel—James A. Bortree, Gold Medal.
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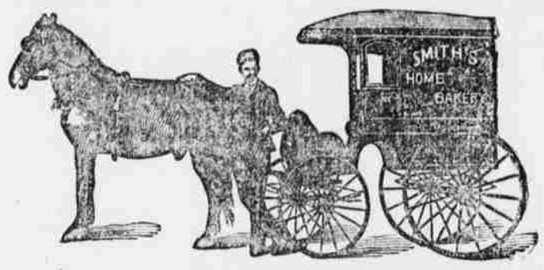

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