

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER XVII.

Under the cloudless heavens, under the starlit skies, blessing the grateful dew that cools the upland air and moistens the parched grass that has been bleaching all day in the fierce rays of the summer sun, a little column of infantry is winging steadily southward. Long and tollsome has been the march; hot, dusty and parching the day. Halts have been few and far between, and every man, from the colonel down, is coated with a gray mask of powdered alkali, the contribution of a two hours' tramp through Dead Man's canyon just before the sun went down. Now, however, they are climbing the range. The morning will bring them to the broad and beautiful valley of the Spirit Wolf, and there they must have news. Officers and men are footsore and weary, but no one begs for rest. Colonel Maynard, riding ahead on a sorry back he picked up at the station two days' long march behind them, is eager to reach the springs at Forest Glade before ordering bivouac for the night. A week ago no one who saw him at Sablon would have thought the colonel fit for a march like this, but he seems rejuvenated. His head is high, his eye as bright, his bearing as full of spirit as when he could possibly be at 60, and the whole regiment cheered him when he caught the column at Omaha. A talk with Chester and Armitage seemed to have made a new man of him, and tonight he is full of an energy that inspires the entire command. Though they were farther away than many other troops ordered to the scene, the fact that their station was on the railway, and that they could be sent by special trains to Omaha and thence to the west, enabled them to begin their rescue march ahead of all the other foot troops and behind only the powerful command of cavalry that was whirled to the scene the moment the authorities woke up to the fact that it should have been sent in the first place. Old Maynard would give his very ears to get to Thornton's camp ahead of them, but the cavalry has 30 hours' start and four legs to two. Every moment he looks ahead expectant of tidings from the front that shall tell him the — there were there and the remnant rescued. Even then, he knows, he and his long springfields will be needed. The cavalry can fight their way in to the succor of the besieged, but once there will be themselves surrounded and too few in numbers to begin aggressive movements. He and his will indeed be welcome reinforcements, and so they trudge ahead.

The moon is up, and it is nearly 10 o'clock when, high up on the rolling divide, the springs are reached, and, barely waiting to quench their thirst in the cooling waters, the wearied men roll themselves in their blankets under the giant trees, and guarded by a few outlying pickets are soon asleep. Most of the officers have sprawled around a little fire and are burning their boot leather thereat. The colonel, his adjutant and the doctor are curled up under a tent fly that serves by day as a wrap for the rations and cooking kit they carry on pack mule. Two company commanders—the Alpha and Omega of the 10, as Major Sloat dubbed them—the senior and junior in rank, Chester and Armitage by name, have rolled themselves in their blankets under another tent fly and are chatting in low tones before dropping off to sleep. They have been inseparable on the journey thus far, and the colonel has had two or three long talks with them, but who knows what the morrow may bring forth? There is still much to settle. One officer, he of the guard, is still aloof and trudging about among the trees, looking after his sentries. Another officer, also alone, is sitting in silence smoking a pipe. It is Mr. Jerrold. Cleared though he is of the charges originally brought against him in the minds of his colonel and Captain Chester, he has lost caste with his fellows and with them. Only two or three men have been made aware of the statement which acquitted him, but every one knows instinctively that he was saved by Nina Beaubien, and that in accepting his release at her hands he had put her to a cruel expense. Every man among his brother officers knows in some way that he has been acquitted of having compromised Alice Renwick's fair fame only by an alibi that correspondingly harmed another. The fact now generally known—that they were betrothed and that the engagement was openly announced—made no difference.

Without being able to analyze his conduct, the regiment was satisfied that it had been selfish and contemptible, and that was enough to warrant giving him the cold shoulder. He was quick to see and take the hint and in bitter distress of mind to withdraw himself from their companionship. He had hoped and expected that his eagerness to go with them on the wild and sudden campaign would redempt him in their good graces, but it failed utterly. "Any man would seek that," was the verdict of the informal council held by the officers. "He would have been a poltroon if he hadn't sought to go, but while he isn't a poltroon he has done a contemptible thing." And so it stood. Rollins had cut him dead, refused his hand and denied him a chance to explain. "Tell him he can't explain," was the savage reply he sent by the adjutant, who consented to carry Jerrold's message in order that he might have fair play. "He knows, without explanation, the wrong he has done to more than one. I won't have anything to do with him." Others avoided him and only coldly spoke to him when speech was necessary. Chester treated him with marked aversion; the colonel would not look at him; only Armitage—his captain—had a decent word for him at any time, and even he was stern and cold. The most envious and careless of the entire command, the Adams, the bean, the crack shot, the graceful leader in all garrison gayeties, the beautiful dancer, rider,

tennis player, the adored of so many sentimental women at Sibley, poor Jerrold had found his level, and his proud and sensitive though selfish heart was breaking. Sitting alone under the trees, he had taken a sheet of paper from his pocket case and was writing by the light of the rising moon. One letter was short and easily written, for, with a few words, he had brought it to a close, then folded it in a bold and vigorous hand and dressed it. The other was far longer, crisscrossing some words and pondering much over others, he spent a long hour. It was nearly midnight, and he was chilled to the heart when he stifly rose and took his way among the blanketed troops to the campfire, around which so many of his wearied comrades were sleeping the sleep of the tired soldier. Here he tore to fragments and scattered in the embers some notes and letters that were in his pockets. They blazed up brightly, and by the glare he stood one moment studying young Rollins' smooth and placid features. Then he looked around on the unconscious circle of bronzed and bearded faces. There were many types of soldier there—men who had led brigades through the great war and gone back to the humble bars of the line officer at its close; men who had led fierce charges against the swarming Indians in the rough old days of the first prairie railways; men who had won distinction and honorable mention in hard and trying frontier service; men who had their faults and foibles and weaknesses like other men and were aggressive or compliant, strong willed or yielding, overbearing or meek, as are their brethren in other walks of life; men who were simple in heart, single in purpose and ambition, diverse in characteristics, but unanimous in one trait—no meanness could live among them—and Jerrold's heart smelt within him, colder, lower, stouter than before, as he looked from face to face and cast up mentally the sum of each man's character.

His hospitality had been boundless, his bounty lavish; one and all of them had eaten of his loaf and drunk of his cup, but was there among them one who could say of him, "He is generous, and I stand his friend?" Was there one of them, one of those for whom he had ever denied himself a pleasure, great or small? He looked at poor old Gray, with his wrinkled, anxious face, and thought of his distress of mind. Only a few thousands—not three years' pay—had the veteran scraped and saved and stored away for his little girl, whose heart was aching with its first cruel sorrow—his work, his undoing, his cursed, selfish greed for adulation, his reckless love of love. The morrow's battle, if it came, might leave her orphaned and alone, and poor as it was, a father's pitying sympathy could not be her help with the coming year. Would Gray mourn him if the fortune of war made him the victim? Would any one of those averted faces look with pity and regret upon his stiffening form? Would there be any one on earth to whom his death would be a sorrow but Nina? Would it even be a blow to her? She loved him wildly, he knew that, but would she were she to dream the truth? He knew her nature well. He knew how quickly such burning love could turn to fierce hate when convinced that the object was utterly untrue. He had said nothing to her of the photograph, nothing at all of Alice, except to protest time and again that his attentions to her were solely to win the good will of the colonel's family and of the colonel himself, so that he might be proof against the machinations of his foes. And yet had he not that very night on which he crossed the stream and let her peril her name and honor for one stolen interview—had he not gone to her exultant welcome with a traitorous knowledge gnawing at his heart? That very night, before they parted at the colonel's door, had he not lied to Alice Renwick, had he not denied the story of his devotion to Miss Beaubien, and was not his practiced eye watching eagerly the beautiful dark face for one sign that the news was welcome and so precipitate the avowed trembling on his lips that it was her he madly loved—not Nina? Though she hurriedly bade him good night, though she was unprepared for any such announcement, he well knew that Alice Renwick's heart fluttered at the earnestness of his manner, and that he had indicated far more than he had said.

Fear, not love, had drawn him to Nina Beaubien that night, and hope had centered on her more beautiful rival when the discoveries of the night involved him in the first trembling symptoms of the downfall to come. And he was to have spent the morning with her, the woman to whom he had lied in word, while she to whom he had lied in word and deed was going from him, not to return, until the german, and even then he planned treachery. He meant to lead with Alice Renwick and claim that it must be with the colonel's daughter because the ladies of the garrison were the givers. Then he knew Nina would not come at all and possibly might quarrel with him on that ground. What could have been an easy solution of his troubles predicament? She would break their secret engagement; he would refuse all reconciliation and be free to devote himself to Alice. But all these grave complications had arisen. Alice would not come. Nina wrote demanding that he should lead with her and that he should meet her at St. Croix, and then came the crash. He owed his safety to her self sacrifice and now must give up all hope of Alice Renwick. He had accepted the announcement of their engagement. He could not do less after all that had happened and the painful scene at their parting. And yet would it not be a blessing to her if he were killed? Even now in his self abnegation and misery he did not fully realize how mean he

was—how mean he seemed to others. He resented in his heart what Sloat had said of him but the day before, little caring whether he heard it or not: "It would be a mercy to that poor girl if Jerrold were killed. He will break her heart with neglect or drive her mad with jealousy inside of a year." But the regiment seemed to agree with Sloat.

And so in all that little band of comrades he could call no man friend. One after another he looked upon the unconsoling faces, cold and averted in the oblivion of sleep, but not more cold, not more distrustful, than when he had vainly sought among them one relenting glance in the early moonlight that battle eve in bivouac. He threw his arms upward, shook his head, with hopeless gesture, then buried his face in the sleeves of his rough campaign overcoat and strode blindly from their midst.

Early in the morning, an hour before daybreak, the shivering outpost, crouching in a hollow to the southwest, catch sight of two dim figures shooting suddenly up over a distant ridge—horsemen, they knew at a glance—and these two came loping down the moonlit trail over which two nights before had marched the cavalry speeding to the rescue, over which in an hour the regiment itself must be on the move. Old campaigners are two of the picket, and they have been especially cautioned to be on the lookout for couriers coming back along the trail. They spring to their feet, in readiness to welcome or repel, as the sentry rings out his sharp and sudden challenge.

"Couriers from the camp," is the jubilant answer. "This Colonel Maynard's outfit?"

"Aye, aye, sonny," is the unhesitant but characteristic answer. "What's your news?"

"Got there in time and saved what's left of 'em, but it's a hell-hole, and our fellows are wanted quick as you can come—30 miles ahead. Where's the colonel?"

"The corporal of the guard goes back to the bivouac, leading the two arrivals. One is a scout, a plainsman born and bred, the other a sergeant of cavalry. They dismount in the timber and picket their horses, then follow on foot the lead of their companion of the guard. While the corporal and the scout proceed to the wagon fly and fumble at the opening, the tall sergeant stands silently a little distance in their rear, and the occupants of a neighboring shelter—the counterpart of the colonel's—begin to stir, as though their light slumber had been broken by the smothered sound of footsteps. One of them sits up and peers out at the front, gazing earnestly at the tall figure standing easily there in the flickering light. Then he calls in low tones:

"That you, Mr. Jerrold? What is the matter?"

And the tall figure faces promptly toward the halting voice. The rounded heels come together with a click, the gauntleted hand rises in soldierly salute to the broad brim of the scouting hat, and a deep voice answers respectfully: "It is not Mr. Jerrold, sir. It is Sergeant McLeod,—the cavalry, just in with dispatches."

Armitage springs to his feet, sheds his shell of blankets and steps forth into the glade, with his eyes fixed eagerly on the shadowy form in front. He peers under the broad brim, as though striving to see the eyes and features of the tall dragoon.

"Did you get there in time?" he asks, half wondering whether that was really the question uppermost in his mind.

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"In time to save the survivors, sir, but no attack will be made until the infantry get there."

"Were you not at Sibley last month?" asks the captain quickly.

"Yes, sir, with the competitors."

"You went back before your regimental team, did you not?"

"I—No, sir; I went back with them."

"You were relieved from duty at Sibley and ordered back before them, were you not?"

Even in the pallid light Armitage could see the hesitation, the flurry of surprise and distress in the sergeant's face.

"Don't fear to tell me, man. I would rather hear it than any news you could give me. I would rather know you were not Sergeant McLeod than any fact you could tell. Speak low, man, but tell me here and now. Whatever motive you may have had for this disguise, whatever anger or sorrows in the past, you must sink them now to save the honor of the women your madness has periled. Answer me, for your sister's sake. Are you not Fred Renwick?"

"Do you swear to me she is in danger?"

"By all that's sacred, and you ought to know it."

"I am Fred Renwick. Now what can I do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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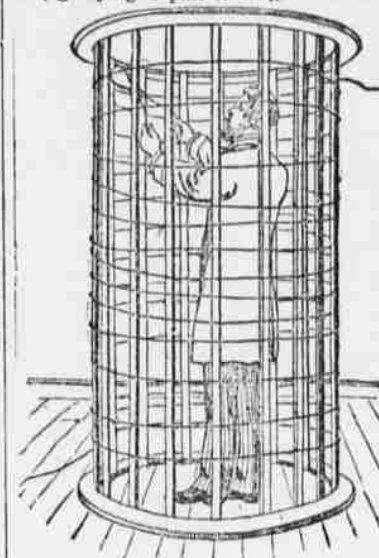
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Progress.

ELECTRO PHYSIOLOGY.

Curious Results From the Passage of Electricity Through the Body.

The physiological action of electric currents of high frequency has been the subject of investigation by Dr. d'Arsonval. In an account reproduced by a contemporary from La Nature it appears that the passage of the current through the tissues of the human body is attended by very curious effects. For instance, with a Ruhmkorff coil two Leyden jars are charged by their inside coatings. If a person, grasping a pair of large metal con-



ELECTRO MOTIVE FORCE IN THE BODY.

ductors, allows the current for a certain time to pass through his hands, the skin becomes insensible, and the insensibility persists from a few minutes to half an hour. In these conditions, and also if one insulate oneself by means of glass on a table and touch only one pole, one experiences a sensation of heat, accompanied by a copious flow of sweat, together with a considerable vasodilatation of the cutaneous surface. Hence the current traverses the body, but the nerves are insensible to currents of high frequency.

With larger apparatus, in which the coil is replaced by a transformer connected with an alternating current and dynamo, and the sparks from the Leyden jars are produced in a powerful magnetic field, they form a luminous circle and produce a deafening noise. In this case a whole row of incandescent lamps held in the hand may be lighted without any metallic communication with the instrument.

In an experiment of D'Arsonval the operator carries an incandescent lamp on his forehead. This lamp, mounted on a single turn of wire, is removed some centimeters from a crown with which it has no direct communicatory. This last, traversed by an oscillation discharge, de-



ELECTRO MOTIVE FORCE IN THE BODY.

velops in the ring a current sufficient to keep the lamp lighted. It is hence evident that the head itself must be traversed by analogous currents.

If the operator infolds in his arm a solenoid, as in the first cut, and completes the circuit by a lamp which he holds in his hands by handles, the lamp will be illuminated. A similar phenomenon is seen if the operator inclose himself in a coil or solenoid wound round a suitable framework.

The Strain on the Motorman.

Did you ever notice that some people—mostly men and boys—take a sort of interest in crossing in front of a street car, so as to miss being struck by the guard as narrowly as possible? If you haven't, the Buffalo Express thinks that you'll be surprised at the extent of the prevalence of this pastime. That is really what it amounts to. If one of those people can get across in front of a car which is almost upon him, without accelerating his speed, his mission on earth seems to him apparently to have been accomplished. If these people only knew the anxiety this practice causes some motormen—for some of them are conscientious despite the popular tradition to the contrary—and if they knew any of the risks of human kindness in them, they would deny themselves the pleasure they seem to find in it. While they themselves have perfect confidence in their ability to gauge the relative speed of themselves and the car and to cross "just in time," yet the motorman is kept in pins and needles with fears of such possibilities as the adventurous stranger's stumbling, falling in a faint or dropping dead on the track, with the probability of the motorman being blamed for it.

The Busy Bee.

Careful weighing is said to show that an ordinary bee, not loaded, weighs the five thousandth part of a pound, so that it takes 5,000 bees, not loaded, to make a pound. But the loaded bee, when he comes in fresh from the fields and flowers loaded with honey, or bee bread, weighs nearly three times more—that is to say, he carries nearly twice his own weight. Of loaded bees there are only about 1,800 in the pound. An ordinary hive of bees contains from four to five pounds of bees or between 20,000 and 25,000 individuals, but some swarms have double this weight and number of bees.

The Vitality of Long Kept Seeds.

According to an English paper, at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural society the secretary asserted that 15 years was as long as he had undoubted evidence of a seed being kept and then germinating. He recounted the idea that seed from the hands of mummies had ever developed and considered that no scientific and trustworthy evidence of such a claim existed. Sir W. Richardson took the same view.

The "Editor" of a Paper.

On a large daily paper the editor-in-chief has control of everybody on the editorial and reporting staff, and directs the policy of the paper, though he may do little writing. The managing editor is his lieutenant, and carries out the ideas of the editor-in-chief, seeing more or less independently, as the case may be, an editor may mean either one of the men who write editorials, or one of the men who edit the copy of reporters and other writers. The business manager has charge of the business department, devoting his time mainly to matters of advertising and circulation. On small papers one man can do the work of all, but he will have to sit up nights—Writer.

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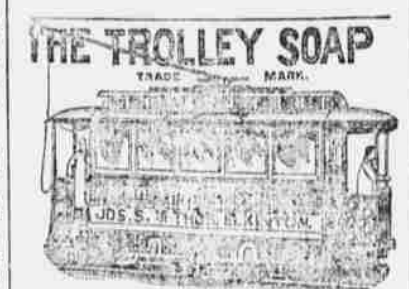
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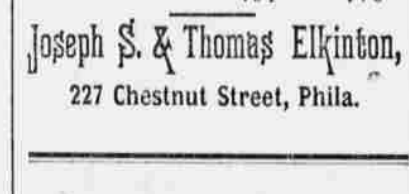
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