MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

SPECIAL MONTREAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Glasgow and London

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office for Canada, - MONTREAL.

J. T. VINCENT,
RICHARD FREYGANG, } Joint Managers.

D. H. HALL, Agent, City of St. John.

A. D. G. VAN WART & SON, Agents, St. John, North.

SPOONER'S COPPERINE BOX-METAL FOR MACHINERY BEARINGS WITH MOTION GUARANTEED MADE BY ALONZO W. SPOONER. PORT HOPE ONT. NEVER FAILED

WE USE COPPERINE FOR BEARINGS IN ALL OUR MACHINERY,

A. ROBB & SONS,

Engineers, Machinists, Iron and Brass Founders, etc.

Special Agents for Maritime Provinces

AMHERST, N. S.

HEADQUARTERS FOR MILL MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

MAKE HENS LAY

WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2¼ POUND CAN FOR $1.20, TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CTS POST PAID.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

Sheridan's Condition Powder

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents; tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 40 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can and Guide, $1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for $5.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 32 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Cure** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I **warrant** my remedy to **Cure** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Free Bottle** of my **Infallible Remedy.** Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

MANUFACTURERS.

1828 Established 1828

HARRIS & Co.,
(Formerly Harris & Allen).
...dise Row, Portland, St. John.

NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY
—AND—
Railway Car Works,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Railway Cars of Every Description,
"PEARLESS" STEEL TYRES,
CHILLED CAR WHEELS.
—ALSO—
Steam Engines and Mill Machinery
The Improved Lowell Turbine Water Wheel, Ship Castings, Pumps, Bridge and Fence Castings, etc., etc.

Portland Rolling Mill,
STRAIT SHORE, PORTLAND.
Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

ST. JOHN BOLT and NUT CO.
Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.
P. O. Box 454.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,
FINISHING NAILS.
Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:
GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. ALEX PORTER
Is now ready for the Holiday Season with a full stock of
Staple and Fancy Groceries, Green and Dried Fruits, Flavoring Extracts and Essences, Powdered Sugar, Choice Cake Lard, Valencia and London Layer Raisins, New Currants, Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels, Nuts and Confectionery.
W. ALEX PORTER
Corner Union and Waterloo, and Cor. Mill and Pond Streets.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
I have a good stock of fall goods for Ladies, Gents' and Children.
Call and Examine.
W. L. TILL,
Trinity Block, 108 King St.

BOOTS and SHOES.
A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable
BOOTS AND SHOES
—AT—
MRS. McCONNELL'S
King street.

PROFESSIONAL.

GERARD G. RUEL,
(LL. B. Harvard, 1889.)
Barrister, &c.,
3 Pugsley's Buil'g, St. John, N. B.
Telephonic Communication.

MR. R. P. STRAND
ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHURCH.
Receives Pupils for
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.
For terms and references address
127 DUKE STREET,
St. John N. B.

G. R. PUGSLEY, LL. B.
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, &c.
OFFICES—Corner Prince William and Church streets, St. John, N. B.

DR. A. F. EMERY,
—OFFICE—
50 WATERLOO STREET,
Formerly Dr. A. Alward's Office.)
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

C. A. McQUEEN, M. D.
M. R. C. S., Eng.
Office, - - 44 Coburg Street,
St. John, N. B.

Thomas R. Jones,
Ritchie's Building.
GENERAL Commission and Financial Agent. Real estate, bought, sold, leased and exchanged. Mortgages negotiated, money loaned or borrowed on safe security, either real or personal. Bonds and stocks bought and sold.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
ESTABLISHED 1845.
Is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimen copy. Price $3 a year. Four months' trial, $1. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, N.Y.

ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS Edition of Scientific American.
A great success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plates of country and city residences or public buildings. Numerous engravings and full plans and specifications for the use of such as contemplate building. Price $2.50 a year, 25 cts. a copy. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

PATENTS may be secured by applying to MUNN & Co., who have had over 40 years' experience and have made over 50,000 applications for American and Foreign patents. Send for Handbook. Correspondence strictly confidential.
TRADE MARKS.
In case your mark is not registered in the Patent Office, apply to MUNN & Co., and procure immediate protection. Send for Handbook.
COPYRIGHTS for books, charts, maps, etc., quickly procured. Address
MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors,
GENERAL OFFICE: 361 BROADWAY, N. Y.

PIANOS & ORGANS,
By the Best Manufacturers.
Prices from $50 to $400.
Piano Covers, Stools, Accordeons, Music Books, &c., at lowest prices. Sheet Music 3 to 10 cts.; Pianos to Hire. Also New Home and White Sewing Machines and the World's Star Knitting Machines, $30 upwards. A trial free at
WILLIAM CRAWFORD'S,
66 King street, St. John, N. B.

READY FOR BUSINESS.
9 Canterbury st.
GENTLEMEN:
You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
JOHN S. DUNN.
TAILOR.
Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialty.

AUCTION SALES.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and fronting on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say, Commencing at the Northwest corner of a Lot of Land owned by the said John McSorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-east corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with Germain Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street, aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of said John McSorley's Lot; thence Northerly along said West line of said John McSorley's Lot one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making a piece of Land one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of Lot number (823) having been conveyed by Christopher Smiler to said John McSorley by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Records of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
Referee in Equity.

J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
T. B. HANINGTON,
Auctioneer.

MEATS.

Beef,	Pickled Pork,
Lamb,	Ham,
Mutton,	Bacon,
Fresh Pork,	Lard,
Turkeys,	Chickens,
Geese,	Duck,
Quail,	Wild Turkeys,
Prairie Hens.	

THOMAS DEAN
13, 14, 15 City Market.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!
For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases,* there is nothing like
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.
It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

NOTICE.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their property stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MIALL,
Commissioner.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS.

PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:

54 D Allan's Foundry, Carleton.
84 A Robertson T. N., Residence Rothesay.
18 Sturdee E. T., Accountant, Princess street.
296 Taylor & Dockrill, Grocers, King street.

A. W. McMACKIN,
Local Manager.

Canadian Express Company.
General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.
Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.
Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway; Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 900 agencies.
Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, South ern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.
Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.
Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the Continent.
Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal Quebec and Portland, Maine.
Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.
Invoices required for Goods from Canada United States or Europe, and vice versa.
JAMES BYRNE, Ass't Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent
St. John, N. B.

DESERTER

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

Author of "DUNRAVEN RANCH," "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "MARION'S FAITH," ETC.

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

SYNOPSIS.

PRELUDE.—During an Indian fight in the west Capt. Hull of the United States Regular army is killed. Before his death a large sum of money—about $3,000, the pay of soldiers who, while on field duty, missed the paymaster—was placed in his charge. While dying he hands the package to Lawrence Hayne, a young officer whose father had been a dear friend of Capt. Hull's. Hayne has, by boyish irreverence for superior officers, made an enemy of Capt. Rayner, another officer engaged in the campaign. It also develops that Sergts. Clancy and Gower have lost considerable money by gambling, part of the missing cash belonging to others. They are in bad odor accordingly.

CHAPTER I.—The scene is a Pullman car on its way to Warrener, near which village is situated Fort Warrener. Among the passengers on the car are Mrs. Harrison, the widow of Capt. Rayner's Mise Travers, her sister (who is engaged to marry Stephen Van Antwerp, a rich New Yorker, who has shown a queer aversion to travel in the west), and a young man whose evident desire to avoid conversation or acquaintance has aroused the curiosity of the women. Before the train reaches Warrener it takes aboard a number of badly frozen cavalry men who are on their way to the fort. The mysterious young man does much to alleviate their sufferings on the way to Warrener.

CHAPTER 2.—The ladies are greeted at Warrener by Capt. Rayner and other officers. It develops that the mysterious man is Mr. Hayne, who has been promoted to a first lieutenancy in Capt. Rayner's company. Capt Rayner shows that he still feels a decided dislike for the young officer.

CHAPTER 3.—Lieut. Hayne proves a disturbing element among the officers at Fort Warrener. A scandal has been attached to his name in the past, and those who side with him are forced by the peculiarities of the case to side against Capt. Rayner. The two men have been sworn enemies for five years. The commandant of the post receives Lieut. Hayne kindly and decides to give a dinner in his honor.

[CONTINUED.]

It was evident to other commands that the Hayne affair was a sore point and one on which they preferred silence. And yet it was getting to be whispered around that the Riflers were by no means so unanimous as they had been in their opinion of this very officer. They were becoming divided among themselves; and what complicated matters was the fact that those who felt their views undergoing a reconstruction were compelled to admit that just in proportion as the case of Mr. Hayne rose in their estimation the reputation of another officer was bound to suffer, and that officer was Capt. Rayner.

Between these two men not a word had been exchanged for five years—not a single word since the day when, with ashen face and broken accents, but with stern purpose in every syllable, Lieut. Hayne, standing in the presence of nearly all the officers of his regiment, had hurled this prophecy in his adversary's teeth: "Though it take me years, I'will live it down despite you; and you will wish to God you had bitten out your perjured tongue before ever you told the lie that wrecked me."

No wonder there was talk, and lots of it, in the "Riflers" and all through the garrison when Rayner's first lieutenant suddenly threw up his commission and retired to his ranch, which had located in Montana, and Hayne, the "senior second," was promoted to the vacancy. Speculation as to what would be the result was given a temporary rest by the news that war department orders had granted the subaltern six months' leave—the first he had sought in as many years. It was known that he had gone east; but hardly had he been away a fortnight when there came the trouble with the Cheyennes at the reservation—a leap for liberty by some fifty of the band, and an immediate rush of the cavalry in pursuit. There were some bloody atrocities, as there always are. All the troops in the department were ordered to be in readiness for instant service, while the officials eagerly watched the reports to see which way the desperate band would turn; and the next heard of Mr. Hayne was the news that he had thrown up his leave and had hurried out to join his company the moment the eastern papers told of the trouble. It was all practically settled by the time he reached the department; but the spirit and intent of his action could not be doubted. And now here he was at Warrener. That very morning during the matinee he had entered the office unannounced, walked up to the desk of the commander, and, while every voice but his in the room was stilled, he quietly spoke:

"Permit me to introduce myself, colonel—Mr. Hayne. I desire to relinquish my leave of absence and report for duty."

The colonel quickly arose and extended his hand:

"Mr. Hayne, I am especially glad to see you and to thank you here for all your care and kindness to our men. The doctor tells me that many of them would have had to suffer the loss of noses and ears, even of hands and feet in some cases, but for your attention. Maj. Stannard will add his thanks to mine when he returns. Take a seat, sir, for the present. You are acquainted with the officers of your own regiment, doubtless. Mr. Billings, introduce Mr. Hayne to ours."

Whereat the adjutant courteously greeted the newcomer, presented a small party of yellow strapped shoulders, and then drew him into earnest talk about the adventure of the train. It was noticed that Mr. Hayne neither by word nor glance gave the slightest recognition of the presence of the officers of his own regiment, and that they as studiously avoided him. One or two of their number had indeed risen and stepped forward, as though to offer him the civil greeting due to one of their own cloth; but it was with evident doubt of the result. They reddened when he met their tentative—which was that of a gentleman—with a cold look of utter repudiation. He did not choose to see them, and, of course, that ended it.

Nor was his greeting hearty among the cavalrymen. There were only a few present, as most of the —th were still out in the field and marching slowly homeward. The introductions were courteous and formal, there was even constraint among two or three, but there was civility and an evident desire to refer of his company's services in behalf of their men. All such attempts, however, Mr. Hayne waved aside by an immediate change of the subject. It was plain that to them, too, he had the manner of a man who was at odds with the world and desired to make no friends.

The colonel quickly noted the general silence and constraint, and resolved to shorten it as much as possible. Dropping his pen, he wheeled around in his chair with determined cheerfulness:

"Mr. Hayne, you will need a day or two to look about and select quarters and get ready for work, I presume."

"Thank you, colonel. No, sir. I shall move in this afternoon and be on duty to-morrow morning," was the calm reply.

There was an awkward pause for a moment. The officers looked blankly from one to another, and then began craning their necks to search for the post quartermaster, who sat an absorbed listener. Then the colonel spoke again:

"I appreciate your promptness, Mr. Hayne; but have you considered that in choosing quarters according to your rank you will necessarily move somebody out? We are crowded now, and many of your juniors are married, and the ladies will want time to pack."

An anxious silence again. Capt. Rayner was gazing at his boot toes and trying to appear utterly indifferent; others leaned forward, as though eager to hear the answer. A faint smile crossed Mr. Hayne's features; he seemed rather to enjoy the situation:

"I have considered, colonel. I shall turn nobody out, and nobody need be incommoded in the least."

"Oh! then you will share quarters with some of the bachelors?" asked the colonel, with evident relief.

"No, sir;" and the answer was stern in tone, though perfectly respectful; "I shall live as I have lived for years—utterly alone."

One could have heard a pin drop in the office—even on the matted floor. The colonel half arose:

"Why, Mr. Hayne, there is not a vacant set of quarters in the garrison. You will have to move some one out if you decide to live alone."

"There may be no quarters in the post, sir, but, if you will permit me, I can live near my company and yet in officers' quarters."

"How so, sir?"

"In the house out there on the edge of the garrison, facing the prairie. It is within stone's throw of the barracks of Company B, and is exactly like those built for the officers in here along the parade."

"Why, Mr. Hayne, no officers ever lived there. It is utterly out of the way and isolated. I believe it was built for the sutler years ago, but was bought in by the government afterwards. Who lives there now, Mr. Quartermaster?"

"No one, sir. It is being used as a tailors' shop; half a dozen of the company tailors work there; but I can send them back to their own barracks. The house is in good repair, and, as Mr. Hayne says, exactly like those built for officers' use."

"And you mean you want to live there alone, Mr. Hayne?"

"I do, sir, exactly."

The colonel turned sharply to his desk once more. The strained silence continued a moment. Then he faced his officers.

"Mr. Hayne, will you remain a few moments? I wish to speak with you. Gentlemen, that is all this morning." And so the meeting adjourned.

While many of the cavalry officers strolled into the neighboring club and reading room it was noticed that their comrades of the infantry lost no time at intermediate points, but took the shortest road to the row of brown cottages known as the officers' quarters. The feeling of constraint that had settled upon all was still apparent in the group that entered the club room, and for a moment no one spoke. There was a general settling into easy chairs and picking up of newspapers without reference to age or date. No one seemed to want to say anything, and yet every one felt it necessary to have some apparent excuse for becoming absorbed in other matters. This was so evident to Lieut. Blake that he speedily burst into a laugh—the first that had been heard—and when two or three heads popped out from behind their printed screens to inquire into the cause of his mirth that light hearted gentleman was seen sprawling his long legs apart and gazing out of the window after the groups of infantrymen.

"What do you see that's so intensely funny?" growled one of the elders among the dragoons.

"Nothing, old mole—nothing," said Blake, turning suddenly about. "It looks too much like a funeral procession for fun. What I'm chuckling at is the absurdity of our coming in here like so many mutes in weepers. It's none of our funeral."

"Strikes me the situation is damned awkward," growled "the mole" again. "Here's a fellow comes in who's cut by his regiment and has placed ours under lasting obligation before he gets inside the post."

"Well, does any man here know the rights and wrongs of the case, anyhow?" said a tall, bearded captain as he threw aside the paper which he had not been reading, but was impatiently to his feet. "It seems to me from the little I've heard of Mr. Hayne and the little I've seen, that there is a broad variation between facts and appearances. He looks like a gentleman."

"No one does know anything more of the matter than was known at the time of the court martial five years ago," answered "the mole." "Of course you have heard all about that, and my experience is that when a body of officers and gentlemen find, after due deliberation on the evidence, that another has been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, the chances are a hundred to one he has been doing something disreputable, to say the least."

"Then why wasn't he dismissed?" queried a young lieutenant. "The law says he must be."

"That's right, Dolly; pull your Ives and Benet on 'em and show you know all about military law and courts martial," said the captain, crushingly. "It's one thing for a court to sentence and another for the president to approve. Hayne was dismissed, so far as a court could do it, but the president remitted the whole thing."

"There was more to it than that, though, and you know it, Buxton," said Blake. "Neither the department commander nor Gen. Sherman thought the evidence conclusive, and they said so, especially old Gray Fox. And you ask any of these fellows here now whether they believe Hayne was really guilty, and I'll bet you that eight out of ten will flunk at the question."

"And yet they all cut him dead. That's prima facie evidence of what they think."

"Cut be blowed! By gad, if any man asked me to testify on oath as to where the cut lay, I should say he had cut them. Did you see how he ignored Foster and Graham this morning?"

"I did, and I thought it damned ungentlemanly in him. Those fellows did the proper thing, and he ought to have acknowledged it," broke in a third officer.

"I'm not defending that point; the Lord knows he has done nothing to encourage civility with his own people; but there are two sides to every story, and I asked their adjutant last fall, when there was some talk of his company's services in behalf of their men. All such attempts, however, Mr. Hayne waved aside by an immediate change of the subject. It was plain that to them, too, he had the manner of a man who was at odds with the world and desired to make no friends.

"Well, does any man here know the rights and wrongs of the case, anyhow?" said a tall, bearded captain as he threw aside the paper which he had not been reading, and was impatiently to his feet. "It seems to me from the little I've heard of Mr. Hayne and the little I've seen, that there is a broad variation between facts and appearances. He looks like a gentleman."

"No one does know anything more of the matter than was known at the time of the court martial five years ago," answered "the mole." "Of course you have heard all about that, and my experience is that when a body of officers and gentlemen find, after due deliberation on the evidence, that another has been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, the chances are a hundred to one he has been doing something disreputable, to say the least."

"Then why wasn't he dismissed?" queried a young lieutenant. "The law says he must be."

"That's right, Dolly; pull your Ives and Benet on 'em and show you know all about military law and courts martial," said the captain, crushingly. "It's one thing for a court to sentence and another for the president to approve. Hayne was dismissed, so far as a court could do it, but the president remitted the whole thing."

"There was more to it than that, though, and you know it, Buxton," said Blake. "Neither the department commander nor Gen. Sherman thought the evidence conclusive, and they said so, especially old Gray Fox. And you ask any of these fellows here now whether they believe Hayne was really guilty, and I'll bet you that eight out of ten will flunk at the question."

"And yet they all cut him dead. That's prima facie evidence of what they think."

"Cut be blowed! By gad, if any man asked me to testify on oath as to where the cut lay, I should say he had cut them. Did you see how he ignored Foster and Graham this morning?"

"I did, and I thought it damned ungentlemanly in him. Those fellows did the proper thing, and he ought to have acknowledged it," broke in a third officer.

"I'm not defending that point; the Lord knows he has done nothing to encourage civility with his own people; but there are two sides to every story, and I asked their adjutant last fall, when there was some talk of his company's services in behalf of their men. All such attempts, however, Mr. Hayne waved aside by an immediate change of the subject. It was plain that to them, too, he had the manner of a man who was at odds with the world and desired to make no friends.

The colonel quickly noted the general silence and constraint, and resolved to shorten it as much as possible. Dropping his pen, he wheeled around in his chair with determined cheerfulness:

"Mr. Hayne, you will need a day or two to look about and select quarters and get ready for work, I presume."

"Thank you, colonel. No, sir. I shall move in this afternoon and be on duty to-morrow morning," was the calm reply.

There was an awkward pause for a moment. The officers looked blankly from one to another, and then began craning their necks to search for the post quartermaster, who sat an absorbed listener. Then the colonel spoke again:

"I appreciate your promptness, Mr. Hayne; but have you considered that in choosing quarters according to your rank you will necessarily move somebody out? We are crowded now, and many of your juniors are married, and the ladies will want time to pack."

An anxious silence again. Capt. Rayner was gazing at his boot toes and trying to appear utterly indifferent; others leaned forward, as though eager to hear the answer. A faint smile crossed Mr. Hayne's features; he seemed rather to enjoy the situation:

"I have considered, colonel. I shall turn nobody out, and nobody need be incommoded in the least."

"Oh! then you will share quarters with some of the bachelors?" asked the colonel, with evident relief.

"No, sir;" and the answer was stern in tone, though perfectly respectful; "I shall live as I have lived for years—utterly alone."

"Oh! then you will share quarters with some of the bachelors?" asked the colonel, with evident relief.

"No, sir;" and the answer was stern in tone, though perfectly respectful; "I shall live as I have lived for years—utterly alone."

"Why, Mr. Hayne, there is not a vacant set of quarters in the garrison. You will have to move some one out if you decide to live alone."

"There may be no quarters in the post, sir, but, if you will permit me, I can live near my company and yet in officers' quarters."

"How so, sir?"

"In the house out there on the edge of the garrison, facing the prairie. It is within stone's throw of the barracks of Company B, and is exactly like those built for the officers in here along the parade."

"Why, Mr. Hayne, no officers ever lived there. It is utterly out of the way and isolated. I believe it was built for the sutler years ago, but was bought in by the government afterwards. Who lives there now, Mr. Quartermaster?"

"No one, sir. It is being used as a tailors' shop; half a dozen of the company tailors work there; but I can send them back to their own barracks. The house is in good repair, and, as Mr. Hayne says, exactly like those built for officers' use."

"And you mean you want to live there alone, Mr. Hayne?"

"I do, sir, exactly."

The colonel turned sharply to his desk once more. The strained silence continued a moment. Then he faced his officers.

"Mr. Hayne, will you remain a few moments? I wish to speak with you. Gentlemen, that is all this morning." And so the meeting adjourned.

While many of the cavalry officers strolled into the neighboring club and reading room it was noticed that their comrades of the infantry lost no time at intermediate points, but took the shortest road to the row of brown cottages known as the officers' quarters. The feeling of constraint that had settled upon all was still apparent in the group that entered the club room, and for a moment no one spoke. There was a general settling into easy chairs and picking up of newspapers without reference to age or date. No one seemed to want to say anything, and yet every one felt it necessary to have some apparent excuse for becoming absorbed in other matters. This was so evident to Lieut. Blake that he speedily burst into a laugh—the first that had been heard—and when two or three heads popped out from behind their printed screens to inquire into the cause of his mirth that light hearted gentleman was seen sprawling his long legs apart and gazing out of the window after the groups of infantrymen.

"What do you see that's so intensely funny?" growled one of the elders among the dragoons.

"Nothing, old mole—nothing," said Blake, turning suddenly about. "It looks too much like a funeral procession for fun. What I'm chuckling at is the absurdity of our coming in here like so many mutes in weepers. It's none of our funeral."

"Strikes me the situation is damned awkward," growled "the mole" again. "Here's a fellow comes in who's cut by his regiment and has placed ours under lasting obligation before he gets inside the post."

"Well, does any man here know the rights and wrongs of the case, anyhow?" said a tall, bearded captain as he threw aside the paper which he had not been reading, and was impatiently to his feet. "It seems to me from the little I've heard of Mr. Hayne and the little I've seen, that there is a broad variation between facts and appearances. He looks like a gentleman."

"No one does know anything more of the matter than was known at the time of the court martial five years ago," answered "the mole." "Of course you have heard all about that, and my experience is that when a body of officers and gentlemen find, after due deliberation on the evidence, that another has been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, the chances are a hundred to one he has been doing something disreputable, to say the least."

"Then why wasn't he dismissed?" queried a young lieutenant. "The law says he must be."

"That's right, Dolly; pull your Ives and Benet on 'em and show you know all about military law and courts martial," said the captain, crushingly. "It's one thing for a court to sentence and another for the president to approve. Hayne was dismissed, so far as a court could do it, but the president remitted the whole thing."

"There was more to it than that, though, and you know it, Buxton," said Blake. "Neither the department commander nor Gen. Sherman thought the evidence conclusive, and they said so, especially old Gray Fox. And you ask any of these fellows here now whether they believe Hayne was really guilty, and I'll bet you that eight out of ten will flunk at the question."

"And yet they all cut him dead. That's prima facie evidence of what they think."

"Cut be blowed! By gad, if any man asked me to testify on oath as to where the cut lay, I should say he had cut them. Did you see how he ignored Foster and Graham this morning?"

"I did, and I thought it damned ungentlemanly in him. Those fellows did the proper thing, and he ought to have acknowledged it," broke in a third officer.

"I'm not defending that point; the Lord knows he has done nothing to encourage civility with his own people; but there are two sides to every story, and I asked their adjutant last fall, when there was some talk of his company's services in behalf of their men. All such attempts, however, Mr. Hayne waved aside by an immediate change of the subject. It was plain that to them, too, he had the manner of a man who was at odds with the world and desired to make no friends.

The colonel quickly noted the general silence and constraint, and resolved to shorten it as much as possible. Dropping his pen, he wheeled around in his chair with determined cheerfulness:

"Mr. Hayne, you will need a day or two to look about and select quarters and get ready for work, I presume."

"Thank you, colonel. No, sir. I shall move in this afternoon and be on duty to-morrow morning," was the calm reply.

There was an awkward pause for a moment. The officers looked blankly from one to another, and then began craning their necks to search for the post quartermaster, who sat an absorbed listener. Then the colonel spoke again:

"I appreciate your promptness, Mr. Hayne; but have you considered that in choosing quarters according to your rank you will necessarily move somebody out? We are crowded now, and many of your juniors are married, and the ladies will want time to pack."

An anxious silence again. Capt. Rayner was gazing at his boot toes and trying to appear utterly indifferent; others leaned forward, as though eager to hear the answer. A faint smile crossed Mr. Hayne's features; he seemed rather to enjoy the situation:

"I have considered, colonel. I shall turn nobody out, and nobody need be incommoded in the least."

"Oh! then you will share quarters with some of the bachelors?" asked the colonel, with evident relief.

"No, sir;" and the answer was stern in tone, though perfectly respectful; "I shall live as I have lived for years—utterly alone."

"Why, Mr. Hayne, there is not a vacant set of quarters in the garrison. You will have to move some one out if you decide to live alone."

"There may be no quarters in the post, sir, but, if you will permit me, I can live near my company and yet in officers' quarters."

"How so, sir?"

"In the house out there on the edge of the garrison, facing the prairie. It is within stone's throw of the barracks of Company B, and is exactly like those built for the officers in here along the parade."

"Why, Mr. Hayne, no officers ever lived there. It is utterly out of the way and isolated. I believe it was built for the sutler years ago, but was bought in by the government afterwards. Who lives there now, Mr. Quartermaster?"

"No one, sir. It is being used as a tailors' shop; half a dozen of the company tailors work there; but I can send them back to their own barracks. The house is in good repair, and, as Mr. Hayne says, exactly like those built for officers' use."

"And you mean you want to live there alone, Mr. Hayne?"

"I do, sir, exactly."

The colonel turned sharply to his desk once more. The strained silence continued a moment. Then he faced his officers.

"Mr. Hayne, will you remain a few moments? I wish to speak with you. Gentlemen, that is all this morning." And so the meeting adjourned.

While many of the cavalry officers strolled into the neighboring club and reading room it was noticed that their comrades of the infantry lost no time at intermediate points, but took the shortest road to the row of brown cottages known as the officers' quarters. The feeling of constraint that had settled upon all was still apparent in the group that entered the club room, and for a moment no one spoke. There was a general settling into easy chairs and picking up of newspapers without reference to age or date. No one seemed to want to say anything, and yet every one felt it necessary to have some apparent excuse for becoming absorbed in other matters. This was so evident to Lieut. Blake that he speedily burst into a laugh—the first that had been heard—and when two or three heads popped out from behind their printed screens to inquire into the cause of his mirth that light hearted gentleman was seen sprawling his long legs apart and gazing out of the window after the groups of infantrymen.

"What do you see that's so intensely funny?" growled one of the elders among the dragoons.

"Nothing, old mole—nothing," said Blake, turning suddenly about. "It looks too much like a funeral procession for fun. What I'm chuckling at is the absurdity of our coming in here like so many mutes in weepers. It's none of our funeral."

"Strikes me the situation is damned awkward," growled "the mole" again. "Here's a fellow comes in who's cut by his regiment and has placed ours under lasting obligation before he gets inside the post."

"Well, does any man here know the rights and wrongs of the case, anyhow?" said a tall, bearded captain as he threw aside the paper which he had not been reading, and was impatiently to his feet. "It seems to me from the little I've heard of Mr. Hayne and the little I've seen, that there is a broad variation between facts and appearances. He looks like a gentleman."

"No one does know anything more of the matter than was known at the time of the court martial five years ago," answered "the mole." "Of course you have heard all about that, and my experience is that when a body of officers and gentlemen find, after due deliberation on the evidence, that another has been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, the chances are a hundred to one he has been doing something disreputable, to say the least."

"Then why wasn't he dismissed?" queried a young lieutenant. "The law says he must be."

"That's right, Dolly; pull your Ives and Benet on 'em and show you know all about military law and courts martial," said the captain, crushingly. "It's one thing for a court to sentence and another for the president to approve. Hayne was dismissed, so far as a court could do it, but the president remitted the whole thing."

"There was more to it than that, though, and you know it, Buxton," said Blake. "Neither the department commander nor Gen. Sherman thought the evidence conclusive, and they said so, especially old Gray Fox. And you ask any of these fellows here now whether they believe Hayne was really guilty, and I'll bet you that eight out of ten will flunk at the question."

"And yet they all cut him d