

[Continued from 1st page.] had thought in as many years. It was known that he had gone east; but hardly had he been away a fortnight when the cause of the trouble with the Chathamers 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, with the officials eagerly watching the reports to see which way the desperate band would turn; and the next day Mr. Hayne was the news that he had thrown up his hands and had hurried out to join his company the moment the eastern papers told of the trouble. 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 Warener. 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 still, he quietly spoke:

"Permit me to introduce myself, colonel," Mr. Hayne said. "I am the man whose name you have seen in the papers 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 nose and ears, even of hands and feet in some cases, but for your attention. Maj. Sheppard 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, are you not?" Mr. Hayne, introduced Mr. Hayne to ours.

Whereas the adjutant courteously greeted the newcomer, presented a small party of yellow striped shawls, and then drew him into earnest talk about the adventures of the train. It was noted that Mr. Hayne, rather by word than by deed, gave the slightest recognition of the presence of the officers of his own regiment, and that he 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 class; but it was with evident doubt of the result. They reddened when he met their tentative—which was that of a general man—a cold look of stern repudiation. He did not choose to see them, and, of course, that ended it.

Mr. Hayne was now talking among the cavalrymen. There were only a few present, as most of the—th were still out in the field and marching slowly toward Warener. The headquarters of the cavalry, and formal, there was even constraint among two or three, but there was civility and an evident desire to refer to his services in behalf of their own class. All such attempts, however, Mr. Hayne waved aside by an immediate change of the subject. It was plain to all that he was not on 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 next quartermaster, who got a shrewd listener. Then the colonel spoke again: "I appreciate your promptness, Mr. Hayne, but you are considered in the clothing department according to your rank, you will necessarily move somebody out. We are crowded now, and many of your seniors 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 satisfied in the position he 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 uncomfortable 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 in the barracks for years—nobody else."

One cougher heard a pin drop in the office—was on the matted floor. The colonel had a gasp. "Why, Mr. Hayne, there is not a vacant bed in the barracks. You will have to move some one out if you decide to live here." "There are no quarters in the post, sir, but, if you will permit me, I can live near my company and yet in officers' quarters."

"How can you do that?" "In the barracks, out there on the edge of the garrison, along the prairie. It is within stone's throw of the barracks of Company A and is exactly like those built for the officers here along the prairie."

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