

(Continued from 1st page)

It could not be said of him that he showed that deference to rank and station which was expected of a junior officer; and among the seniors were several whom he speedily designated "unconscionable old duffers" and treated with as little respect as respect as a second lieutenant could exhibit and be permitted to live.

It was a scene of general confusion, and that the captain's original commission in the regulars was secured through well paid congressional influence. The fact that Rayner had devoted himself into a good officer did not wipe out the recollection of these facts; and he could have throttled Hayne for reviving them.

It was a scene in Rayner's flesh, therefore, when Hayne joined from leave of absence, after experiences not every officer would care to encounter in getting back to his regiment, that Capt. Hull had induced the general to detail him in place of the invalided field quartermaster when the command was divided. Hayne would have been a junior subaltern in Rayner's little battalion but for that detail, and it annoyed the captain more seriously than he would confess.

"It is all an outrage and a blunder to pick out a boy like that," growled between his set teeth as Hayne canted his hat away. "Here he's been away from the regiment all summer long, having a big time and getting head over ears in debt, I hear, and the moment he rejoins they put him in charge of the wagon train as field quartermaster. It's setting a premium on being young and cheeky—besides absentminded, and disreputable, growing blacker every minute."

"Well, captain," answers his adjutant, indignantly, "I think you don't give Hayne credit for coming back on the jump the moment we were ordered out. It was no fault of his he could not reach us. He took chances I wouldn't take."

"Oh, yes! you kids all swear by Hayne because he's a good fellow and swings a good saw and plays the piano—and poker. One of those days he'll swing you all, sure as shooting. He's in debt now, and I'll fetch him before you know it. What he needs is to be under a captain who could discipline him a little. By Jove, I'd do it!" And Rayner's teeth emphasize the assertion.

The young adjutant thinks it advisable to say nothing that may provoke further vehemence. All the same, he remembers Rayner's bitter manner, and has abundant cause to do so.

When the next morning breaks, chill and pallid, a change has come in the aspect of affairs. During the earliest hours of the dawn the red light of a light drizzle; a river boat started the outlying pickets down stream, and the Far West, answering the muffled hail from above, responded, through the medium of a mate's stentorian tones, "News that that you see follows out." The sun is hardly rising over the horizon, and the eastern hills when, with Rayner's entire battalion aboard, she is steaming against down stream, with orders to land at the mouth of the Sweet Root. The four companies will disembark in readiness to join the rest of the regiment.

All day long again the wagon train twists and wriggles through the section of Les Marvaises Terres. It is a solemn, trying march for Hull's little command of troops—all that is now left to guard the train. The captain gives constant orders on the exposed flank, eagerly scanning the rough country to the south, and expecting any moment an attack from that direction. He and his men, as well as the horses, mules and teamsters, are fairly tired out when at midnight they pitch the wagons in a big semicircle, with the broad river forming a shining chord to the arc of white canvas. All the live stock are safely herded within the inclosure, a few reliable soldiers are posted well out to the south and east to guard against surprise, and the veteran Sergt. Clancy is put in command of the sentries. The captain gives strict injunctions as to the importance of these duties, for he is far from easy in his mind over the situation.

The Rifles, he knows, are over in the valley of the Sweet Root. The steamer with Rayner's men is tied up at the bank some five miles below, around the bend. The — is far off to the northward across the Elk, as ordered, and must be expecting on the morrow to make for the old Indian "ferry" opposite Battle Bluffs. The main body of the Rifles are reported farther down stream, but he feels it in his bones that there are numbers of them within signal, and he wishes with all his heart, the — were here. Still, the general was sure he would stir up war parties on the other shore. Individually, he had a very little luck in scouting during the summer, and he cannot help wishing he were with the rest of the crowd instead of here, train guarding.

who find it very easy to make their juniors lives a burden to them, and without overlooking a regulation. It is harder yet to say that friends in the army are a good deal like friends out of it—only has to get into serious trouble to find how few they are. God grant you may never have to learn it, my boy, as many another has had to, by sharp experience. Now we must get a good night's rest. You sleep like a log, I see, and I can only take cat naps. Confound this money! How I wish I could get rid of it!

"Where do you keep it to-night?" "Right here in my saddlebags under my head. Nobody can touch them that I do not water, and my revolver is here under the blanket. Hold on! Let's take a look and see if everything is all right." He holds a little lamp over the bags, opens the first, and finds a tin of green sealing wax from the paymaster and sealed it all up in one package with the memorandum list inside. It's all safe so far, even to the hunk of sealing wax.

"What the captain permit me to take those horses and those of three or four more men outside the corral? Sergt. Clancy says he has no authority to allow it. We have found a patch of excellent grass, and it will be hardly any work to get it. You are not going to leave me here, captain?" "Yes, Hayne. You can't go with us. Hark! There they go at the right. Are the packages all right?"

Hayne, with stammered faculties, thinking only of the charge he longed to make, not of the one he has to keep—replies he knows not what. There is a ringing bugle call far off among the rocks to the westward. They have carried the ridge, captured the migrating village, squaws, ponies, travois, and papposes; their "long toms" have sent many a stalwart warrior to the graveyard grounds, and the peppy colonel's triumph is complete.

But Lawrence Hayne, with all the light gone from his brave young face, stands mutely looking down at the stiffening frame of his father old friend, and his, who lies shot through the heart.

[To be Continued.] PERSONAL GOSSIP. The young Duke of Orleans is said to be an accomplished performer on the violin. Squire Masts Beasley, of Aberdeen, O., has married a girl twelve years his junior. James K. Polk is the only man who ever held the speakership of the house who reached the presidency. Henry Gladstone, the youngest son of the great English leader, is a splendid athlete and the giant of his family.

When Charles May died his right hand assumed the customary position for holding a pen, and so remained. Congressman Springer, of Illinois, is a tall, wiry man, with a flat gray beard and a strong voice. He wears a fresh buttonhole bouquet every morning.

The Right Rev. John Shanley, the new Bishop of Chicago, is a Catholic priest of North Dakota, is having a railroad car built in which to make his episcopal visitations in hurried fashion of comfortable hotel accommodations in his diocese.

Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is the grandson of a king and the grandnephew of an emperor, but he is a plain American lawyer. Although a millionaire, he dresses plainly, lives plainly, looks plain, and is plain.

Congressman Cripp, of Georgia, who has been making himself prominent in the House of Representatives, is the son of an English actor of repute. The elder Cripp supported Mrs. Motzart when she first went on the stage. He afterward settled in Georgia and died there.

side. What I want you to do is to mount your men, let them draw pistol and be all ready. Rayner, here, will line up and charge full tilt across there, so as to drive out those fellows in that ravine. We can do the rest. Do you understand?" "I understand, colonel; but—what is your order that I attempt to charge mounted across that ground?"

"Why, certainly! It isn't the best in the world, but you can make it. They can't do very much damage to you men before you reach them. It's got to be done—it's the only way."

"Very good, sir; that ends it!" is the calm, soldierly reply; and the colonel goes bounding away. The moment later the troop is in saddle, eager, wiry, bronzed fellows every one, and the revolvers are in hand and being carefully examined. Then Capt. Hull, mounted on his horse, calls out to the four or five soldiers sit in silence, watching the man who is to lead the charge. He dismounts at a little distance, and away, tosse his reins to the trumpeter and steps to his saddle bags. Hayne, too, dismounts.

Taking his watch and chain from the pocket of his hunting shirt, he opens the saddle bag on the near side and takes therefrom two packages—one heavily sealed—which he carries to the front of the charge he longed to make.

"In case I—don't come back, you know what to do with these—as I told you last night." Hayne only looks imploringly at him: "You are not going to leave me here, captain?" "Yes, Hayne. You can't go with us. Hark! There they go at the right. Are the packages all right?"

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