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WHAT IS GOING ON 6000 MILES AWAY? One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will SEND FREE TO ONE PERSON in each locality, as shown. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as it says to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $5 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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My increasing business requiring a larger office and better accommodation for my customers, I have just completed the necessary improvements. Kalon Oil was used in painting, and I invite Painters and Dealers to come and see the work; it can be seen in White, Cherry and Walnut on new wood and over old paint in one and two coats. The painter states he never used better oil. It is more economical, going further, and easier to work than linseed. Every dealer should keep Kalon Oil in stock and every painter should use it as it is undoubtedly one of the highest class paint oils in the market, ranking with the best linseed, and very much better than many of the oils sold for linseed oil. Cost is one third less than linseed; it is a better wood preserver and will wear longer than any other oil. For sale by
J. D. SHATFORD,
tel. sun. 27 and 29 Water St.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late HENRY J. WARD are required to present the same forthwith for payment, and all persons indebted to the same are required to make immediate payment of the same to RACHAEL H. WARD, Executor
St. John, 14th Feb., 1890. tel.

GOLD FREE OUR NEW $55 Solid Gold Watch FREE Worth $100.00. For $3 each in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and this we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

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 with the approbation of the undersigned Referee 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.

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For sale by
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FRESH EGGS, ROLL BUTTER,
FOR SALE BY
J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.,
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White Olive Oil Soap.
Same as used in the Hospitals and Public Institutions in Europe.
For Bath Toilet or Shaving Has no Equal.
It is finer than the finest Castile. Once used you will use no other. Ask your Grocer for it, or your Druggist. The Genuine bears the Impression of the VIRGIN on one side, and the name of FELIX EYDOUX, Marseilles on the other. The other Brand bears the name of "AS DE PIQUE," on one side, FELIX EYDOUX on the other. These two Brands are the only Genuine. FOR CHILDREN IT IS INVALUABLE: ALSO, FOR PERSONS SUFFERING FROM SKIN DISEASES. Hundreds of Testimonials from the public can be seen at our Stores.
TAYLOR & DOCKRILL
Sole Agents for St. John N. B.
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Globe Flour 1890 GLOBE FLOUR Fills a Long-Felt Want
WHOLESALE BY
Geo. S. DeForest & Sons

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Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock.
SLIPP & FLEWELLING
Pork Packers,
160 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

The City Market Clothing Hall is not behind time, but always to the Front.
Five Cases of New Spring Cloths, Scotch and English Tweeds and Suitings.
150 Pant Patterns in the latest styles to select from. A first class Cutter and good workmanship, and every garment warranted to fit or no take.
150 Dozen New Ties, all the latest spring styles, the best ever shown.
Try our All Wool Pants, worth $3.00, for $2.00, only 300 pairs left.
A full stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods on hand,
T. YOUNG CLAUS,
Wholesale and Retail,

NEW DRY GOODS STORE,
East End City,
Waterloo, near Union.
Great Reduction of Prices
during December in all the leading departments.
SPECIAL.—Dress Materials, Ulsterings, Tweeds, Coatings, Wool Goods, Cloth Jackets, Waterproofs &c., &c.,
T. PATTON & CO.,

PIANOS — THE MENDELSSOHN PIANO. — ORGANS
Thoroughly Constructed, Attractive in Appearance, Brilliant in Tone, Reasonable in Price, Fully Warranted.
A. T. BUSTIN,
38 Dock Street.

NOTICE.

A BILL will be submitted at the ensuing session of the Legislature of New Brunswick, to amend "An Act to authorize the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry of St. James' Church, in the Parish of Saint James, in the city of Saint John, to mortgage certain Lands and Premises," so as to enlarge the scope of the mortgage authority contained therein, with a view to embrace property recently purchased for, and to be occupied as a residence by the Rector of Saint James Church.
HENRY DUFFELL, JR.,
Vestry Clerk.

DESERTER

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

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

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SYNOPSIS.

The principal of the story is Lieutenant Hayne, U. S. A. Five years previously he had been court martialled, found guilty of theft, but allowed to remain in the army. He retired from all companionship with his fellow officers, eschewed the pleasures of life, and subsequently paid up the full amount of which he had been accused of stealing. Clancy and Gower are in the case. Capt. Rayner was the chief witness against him.

Hayne is appointed to Capt. Rayner's company. The captain's lady develops an unaccountable abhorrence for the young man. Her sister, Miss Travers, who has become engaged to a Mr. Van Antwerp, becomes first sympathetic, then interested. With the Colonel, his lady and a number of others of the garison Hayne becomes exceedingly popular. He performs numerous little acts of courtesy and bravery; is a pleasant companion (to those who have his friendship) and a musician of some talent. Shortly after his arrival at the garrison Hayne saves the life of Clancy who is there also, and that of his daughter. The name of his preserver causes Clancy and his wife, a laundress, strange emotion. Mrs. Rayner hears of it, and straightway acquires great friendship for the latter.

CHAPTER 10.—Miss Travers accidently meets Lieut Hayne at the house of a mutual friend, where the first symptoms of love are manifest. Later it is shown that the charge against Hayne was that he appropriated money handed him by Capt. Hull. Hayne's statement is that he rigidly guarded the package intrusted to him; but that, when he opened it, it contained only waste paper.

CHAPTER 11.—Hayne has recovered from the injuries received at the Clancy fire and returns to duty. Clancy tryt to see Lieut. Hayne, but Mrs. Clancy clamorously protests and Capt. Rayner has him arrested.

CHAPTER 12.—Miss Travers unconsciously gets deeper into the toils than ever.

CHAPTER 13.—An officer, Capt. Buxton by name, while prowling around Lieut. Hayne's quarters at night, sees the shadow of Lieut. Hayne and a young woman appear on the window curtain and concludes that Hayne is entertaining a woman of the town. Hayne learns that Miss Travers will soon return east, where she will accede to Van Antwerp's pleading for a speedy marriage. Hayne realizes that he is in love with Miss Travers.

CHAPTER 14.—Capt. Buxton, through the absence of his superior officers, is in charge of the post. Buxton tells Rayner of his nocturnal discovery that a woman was visiting Hayne at night. Lieut. Hayne finds himself in love with Miss Travers, and resolves to do everything to clear his name of the stain upon it.

[CONTINUED.]

"If your evidence were not imperatively necessary before this court I declare I believe I'd leave you behind," said the colonel to his adjutant. "There is no telling what mischief Capt. Buxton won't do if left to himself."

It must have been near midnight, and the hop was going along beautifully, and Capt. Rayner, who was officer of the day, was just escorting his wife into supper, and Nellie, although looking a trifle tired and pale, was chatting brightly with a knot of young officers, when a corporal of the guard came to the door: "The commanding officer's compliments, and he desires to see the officer of the day at once."

There was a general laugh. "Isn't that Buxton all over? The colonel would never think of sending for an officer in the dead of night, except for a fire or alarm; but old Bux. begins putting on frills the moment he gets a chance. Thank God, I'm not on guard to-night!" said Mr. Royce.

"What can he want with you?" asked Mrs. Rayner, pettishly. "The idea of one captain ordering another around like this!"

"I'll be back in five minutes," said Rayner, as he picked up his sword and disappeared.

But ten minutes—fifteen—passed, and he came not. Mrs. Rayner grew worried and Mr. Blake led her out on the rude piazza to see what they could see, and several others strolled out at the same time. The music had ceased, and the night air was not too cold. Not a soul was in sight out on the starlit parade. Not an unusual sound was heard. There was nothing to indicate the faintest trouble; and yet Capt. Buxton, the commanding officer, had been called out by his "striker" or soldier servant before 11 o'clock, had not returned at all, and in little over half an hour had sent for the officer of the day. What did it mean? Questioning and talking thus among themselves, somebody said, "Hark!" and held up a warning hand.

Faint, far, muffled, there sounded on the night air a shot, then a woman's scream; then all was still.

"Mrs. Clancy again!" said one.

"That was not Mrs. Clancy, 'twas a far different voice," answered Blake, and tore away across the parade as fast as his long legs would carry him.

"Look! The guard are running too!" cried Mrs. Waldron. "What can it be?" And, sure enough, the gleam of the rifles could be seen as the men ran rapidly away in the direction of the east gate. Mrs. Rayner had grown ghastly, and was looking at Miss Travers, who with white lips and clinched hands stood leaning on one of the wooden posts and gazing with all her eyes across the dim level. Others came hurrying out from the hall. Other young officers ran in pursuit of the first starters. "What's the matter? What's happened?" were the questions that flew from lip to lip.

"I—I must go home," faltered Mrs. Rayner. "Come, Nellie!"

"Oh, don't go, Mrs. Rayner. It can't be anything serious."

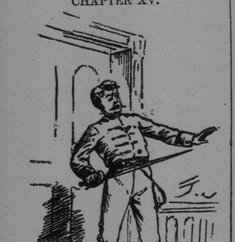
But, even as they urged, a man came running towards them.

"Is the doctor here?" he panted.

"Yes. What's the trouble?" asked Dr. Pease, as he squeezed his burly form through the crowded doorway.

"You're wanted, sir. Loot'nant Hayne's shot; an' Capt. Rayner he's hurt too, sir."

CHAPTER XV.



"I'll kill the first man who dares enter!"

Straight as an arrow Mr. Blake had sped across the parade, darted through the east gate, and, turning, had arrived breathless at the wooden porch of Hayne's quarters. Two bewildered looking members of the guard were at the door. Blake pushed his way through the little hallway and into the dimly lighted parlor, where a strange scene met his eyes; Lieut. Hayne lay senseless and white upon the lounge across the room; a young and pretty woman, singularly like him in feature and in the color of her abundant tresses, was kneeling beside him, chafing his hands, imploring him to speak—to look at her—unmindful of the fact that her feet were bare and that only a loose wrapper was thrown over her white night dress; Capt. Rayner was seated in a chair, deathly white, and striving to stanch the blood that flowed from a deep gash in his temple and forehead; he seemed still stunned as by the force of the blow that had felled him, and Buxton, speechless with amaze and heaven only knows what other emotions, was glaring at a tall, athletic stranger who, in stocking feet, undershirt and trousers, held by three frightened looking soldiers and covered by the carbine of a fourth, was hurling defiance and denunciation at the commanding officer. A revolver lay upon the floor at the feet of a corporal of the guard, who was groaning in pain. A thin veil of powder smoke floated through the room. As Blake leaped in—his cavalry shoulder knots and helmet cords gleaming in the light—a flash of recognition shot into the stranger's eyes, and he curbed his fearful excitement and stopped short in his wrath.

"What devil's work is this?" demanded Blake, glaring intuitively at Buxton.

"These people resisted my guards, and had to take the consequences," said Buxton, with surly—yet shaken—dignity.

"What were the guards doing here? What, in God's name, are you doing here?" demanded Blake, forgetful of all consideration of rank and command in the face of such evident catastrophe.

"I ordered them here—to enter and search."

A pause.

"Search what? what for?"

"For—a woman I had reason to believe he had brought out here from town."

"What? You infernal idiot? Why, she's his own sister, and this gentleman's wife!"

The silence, broken only by the hard breathing of some of the excited men and the moaning cry of the woman, was for a moment intense.

"Isn't this Mr. Hurley?" asked Blake, suddenly, as though to make sure, and turning one instant from his furious glare at his superior officer. The stranger, still held, though no longer struggling, replied between his set teeth:

"Certainly. I've told him so."

"By heaven, Buxton, is there no limit to your asininity? What fearful work will you do next?"

"I'll arrest you, sir, if you speak another disrespectful word!" thundered Buxton, recovering consciousness that as commanding officer he could defend himself against Blake's assault.

"Do it and be—you know what I would say if a lady were not present. Do it if you think you can stand having this thing ventilated by the court. Pah! I can't waste words on you. Who's gone for the doctor? Here, you men, let go of Mr. Hurley now. Help me, Mr. Hurley, please. Get your wife back to her room. Bring me some water, one of you." And with that he was bending over Hayne and unbuttoning the fatigue uniform in which he was still dressed. Another moment and the doctor had come in, and with him half the young officers of the garrison. Rayner was led away to his own quarters. Buxton, dazed and frightened now, ordered the guards back to their post, and stood pondering over the enormity of his blunder. No one spoke to him or paid the faintest attention other than to elbow him out of the way occasionally. The doctor never so much as noticed him. Blake had briefly recounted the catastrophe to those who first arrived, and as the story went from mouth to mouth it grew no better for Buxton. Once he turned short on Mr. Foster, and in aggrieved and sullen tone remarked:

"I thought you fellows in the Riffers said he had no relations."

"We weren't apt to be invited to meet them if he had; but I don't know that anybody was in position to know anything about it. What's that got to do with this affair, I'd like to hear?"

At last somebody took him home. Mrs. Waldron, meantime, had arrived and been admitted to Mrs. Hurley's room. The doctor refused to goto Capt. Rayner's, even when a messenger came from Mrs. Rayner herself. He referred her to his assistant, Dr. Grimes. Hayne had regained consciousness, but was sorely shaken. He had been floored by a blow from the butt of a musket; but the report that he was shot proved happily untrue. His right hand still lay near the hilt of his light sword; there was little question that he had raised his weapon against a superior officer, and would have used it with telling effect.

Few people slept that night along officers' row. Never had Warrener heard of such excitement. Buxton knew not what to do. He paced the floor in agony of mind, for he well understood that there was no shirking the responsibility. From beginning to end he was the cause of the whole catastrophe. He had gone so far as to order his corporal to fire, and he knew it could be proved against him. Thank God, the perplexed corporal had shot high, and the other men, barring the one who had saved Rayner from a furious lunge of the lieutenant's sword, had used their weapons as gingerly and reluctantly as possible. At the very least, he knew, an investigation and fearful scandal must come of it. Night though it was, he sent for the acting adjutant and several of his brother captains, and, setting refreshments before them, besought their advice. He was still commanding officer de jure, but he had lost all stomach for its functions. He would have been glad to send for Blake and beg his pardon for submitting to his insubordinate and abusive language, if that course could have stopped inquiry; but he well knew that the whole thing would be noised abroad in less than no time.

At first he thought to give orders against the telegraph operator's sending any messages concerning the matter; but that would have been only a temporary hinderance: he could not control the instruments and operators in town, only three miles away. He almost wished he had been knocked down, shot or stabbed in the melee; but he had kept in the rear when the skirmish began, and Rayner and the corporal were the sufferers. They had been knocked "endwise" by Mr. Hurley's practiced fists after Hayne was struck down by the corporal's musket. It was the universal sentiment among the officers of the —th as they scattered to their homes that Buxton had "wound himself up this time, anyhow;" and no one had any sympathy for him—not one. The very best light in which he could tell the story only showed the affair as a flagrant and inexcusable outrage.

Capt. Rayner, too, was in fearful plight. He had simply obeyed orders; but all the old story of his persecution of Hayne would now be revived; all men would see in his participation in the affair only additional reason to adjudge him cruelly persistent in his hatred of the young officer, and, in view of the utter ruthlessness and wrong of this assault, would be more than ever confident of the falsity of his position in the original case. As he was slowly led up stairs to his room and his tearful wife and silent sister-in-law bathed and cleansed his wound, he saw with frightful clearness how the crush of circumstances was now upon him and his good name. Great heaven! how those words of Hayne's five years before rang, throbbed, burned, beat like trip hammers through his whirling brain! It seemed as though they followed him and his fortunes like a curse. He sat silent, stunned, awe stricken at the force of the calamity that had befallen him.

How could he ever induce an officer and a gentleman to believe that he was no instigator in this matter?—that it was all Buxton's doing, Buxton's low imagination that had conceived the possibility of such a crime on the part of Mr. Hayne, and Buxton's blundering, bull headed abuse of authority that had capped the fatal climax? It was some time before his wife could get him to speak at all. She was hysterically bemoaning the fate that had brought them into contact with such people, and from time to time giving vent to the comforting assertion that never had there been a cloud on their domestic or regimental sky until that wretch had been assigned to the Riflers. She knew from the hurried and guarded explanations of Dr. Grimes and one or two young officers who helped Rayner home that the fracas had occurred at Mr. Hayne's—that there had been a mistake for which her husband was not responsible, but that Capt. Buxton was entirely to blame. But her husband's ashen face told her a story of something far deeper; she knew that now he was involved in fearful trouble, and, whatever may have been her innermost thoughts, it was the first and irresistible impulse to throw all the blame upon her scapegoat.

Miss Travers, almost as pale and quite as silent as the captain, was busying herself in helping her sister; but she could with difficulty restrain her longing to bid her be silent. She, too, had endeavored to learn from her escort on their hurried homeward rush across the parade what the nature of the disturbance had been. She, too, had suggested Clancy, but the officer by her side set his teeth as he replied that he wished it had been Clancy. She had heard, too, the message brought by a cavalry trumpeter from Mr. Blake. He wanted Capt. Ray to come to Mr. Hayne's as soon as he had seen Mrs. Ray safely home, and would he please ask Mrs. Stannard to come with him at the same time? Why should Mr. Blake want Mrs. Stannard at Mr. Hayne's? She saw Mr. Foster run up and speak a few words to Mrs. Waldron and heard that lady reply, "Certainly; I will go with you now." What could it mean? At last, as she was returning to her sister's room after a moment's absence, she heard a question at which her heart stood still. It was Mrs. Rayner who asked:

"But the creature was there, was she not?"

The answer sounded more like a moan of anguish:

"The creature was his sister. It was her husband who"——

But, as Capt. Rayner buried his battered face in his hands at this juncture, the rest of the sentence was inaudible, Miss Travers had heard quite enough, however. She stood there one moment, appalled, dropped upon the floor the bandage she had been making, turned and sought her room, and was seen no more that night.

Over the day or two that followed this affair the veil of silence may best be drawn, in order to give time for the settlement of truth to settle through the whirlpool of stories in violent circulation. The colonel came back on the first train after the adjournment of the court, and could hardly wait for that formality. Contrary to his custom of "sleeping on" a question, he was in his office within half an hour after his return to the post, and from that time until near tattoo was busily occupied taking the statements of the active participants in the affair. This was three days after its occurrence; and Capt. Rayner, though up and able to be about, had not left his quarters. Mrs. Rayner had abandoned her trip to the east, for the present at least.

Mr. Hayne still lay weak and prostrate in his darkened room, attended hourly by Dr. Pease, who feared brain fever, and nursed assiduously by Mrs. Hurley, for whom Mrs. Waldron, Mrs. Stannard, and many other ladies in the garrison could not do enough to content themselves. Mr. Hurley's wrist was badly sprained and in a sling; but the colonel went purposely to call upon him and to shake his other hand, and he begged to be permitted to see Mrs. Hurley, who came in pale and soft eyed, and with a gentle demeanor that touched the colonel more than he could tell. Her cheek flushed for a moment as he bent low over her hand, and told her how bitterly he regretted that his absence from the post had resulted in so grievous an experience; it was not the welcome he and his regiment would have given her had they known of her intended visit. To Mr. Hurley he briefly said that he need not fear that full justice would be meted out to the instigator or instigators of the assault; but, as a something to make partial amends for their suffering, he said that nothing now could check the turn of the tide in their brother's favor. All the cavalry officers except Buxton, all the infantry officers except Rayner, had already been to call upon him since the night of the occurrence, and had striven to show how distressed they were over the outrageous blunders of their temporary commander.

Buxton had written a note expressive of a desire to see him and "explain," but was informed that explanations from him simply aggravated the injury; and Rayner, crushed and humiliated, was fairly in hiding in his room, too sick at heart to want to see anybody, and waiting for the action of the authorities in the confident expectation that nothing less than court martial and disgrace would be his share of the outcome. He would gladly have resigned and gone at once, but that would have been resigning under virtual charges; he had to stay, and his wife had to stay with him, and Nellie with her. By this time Nellie Travers did not want to go. She had but one thought now—to make amends to Mr. Hayne for the wrong her thoughts had done him. It was time for Mr. Van Antwerp to come to the wide west and look after his interests, but Mrs. Rayner had ceased to urge, while he continued to implore her to bring Nellie east at once. Almost any man as rich and independent as Steven Van Antwerp would have gone to the scene and settled matters for himself. Singularly enough, this one solution of the problem seemed never to occur to him as feasible.

Meantime the colonel had patiently unraveled the threads and had brought to light the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It made a singularly simple story, after all; but that was so much the worse for Buxton. The only near relation Mr. Hayne had in the world was this one younger sister, who six years before had married a manly, energetic fellow, a civil engineer in the employ of an eastern railway. During Hayne's "mountain station" exile Hurley had brought his wife to Denver, where far better prospects awaited him. He won promotion in his profession, and was now one of the principal engineers employed by a road running new lines through the Colorado Rockies. Journeying to Salt Lake, he came around by way of Warrener, so that his wife and he might have a look at the brother she had not seen in years. Their train was due there early in the afternoon, but was blocked by drifts and did not reach the station until late at night. There they found a note from him begging them to take a carriage they would find waiting for them and come right out and spend the night at his quarters; he would send them back in abundant time to catch the westward train in the morning. He could not come in, because that involved the necessity of asking his captain's permission, and they knew his relations with that captain.

It was her shadow Buxton had seen on the window screen; and as none of Buxton's acquaintances had ever mentioned that Hayne had any relations, and as Hayne, in fact, had had no one for years to talk to about his personal affairs, nobody but himself and the telegraph operator at the post really knew of their sudden visit. Buxton, being an unmitigated cad, had put the worst interpretation on his discovery, and, in his eagerness to clinch the evidence of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman upon Mr. Hayne, had taken no wise head into his confidence. Never dreaming that the shadow could be that of a blood relation, never doubting that a fair, frail companion from the frontier town was the explanation of Mr. Hayne's preference for that out of the way house and late hours, he stated his discovery to Rayner as a positive fact, going so far as to say that his sentries had recognized her as she drove away in the carriage. If he had not been an ass as well as a cad, he would have interviewed the driver of the carriage; but he had jumped at his theory, and his sudden elevation to the command of the post gave him opportunity to carry out his virtuous determination that no such goings on should disgrace his administration.

He gave instructions to certain soldier clerks and "daily duty" men employed in the quartermaster, commissary and ordnance offices along Prairie avenue to keep their eyes open and let him know of any visitors coming out to Hayne's by night, and if a lady came in a carriage he was to be called at once. Mr. Hurley promised that on their return from Salt Lake they would come back by way of Warrener and spend two days with Hayne, since only an hour or two had they enjoyed of his company on their way west; and the very day that the officers went off to the court came the telegram saying the Hurleys would arrive that evening. Hayne had already talked over their prospective visit with Maj. Waldron, and the latter had told his wife; but all intercourse of a friendly character was at an end between them and the Rayners and Buxtons; there were no more gossipy chats among the ladies. Indeed, it so happened that only to one or two people had Mrs. Waldron had time to mention that Mr. Hayne's sister was coming, and neither the Rayners nor Buxtons had heard of it; neither had Nellie Travers, for it was after the evening of her last visit that Mrs. Waldron was told.

Hayne ran with his telegram to the major, and the latter had introduced himself and Maj. Stannard to Mrs. Hurley, when, after a weary wait of some hours, the train arrived. Blake, too, was there, on the lookout for some friends, and he was presented to Mrs. Hurley while her husband was attending to some matters about the baggage. The train went on eastward, carrying the field officers with it. Blake had to go with his friends back to the post, and Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, after the former had attended to some business and seen some railway associates of his at the hotel, took the carriage they had had before and drove out to the garrison, where Private Schweinkopf saw the lady rapturously welcomed by Lieut. Hayne and escorted into the house, while Mr. Hurley remained settling with the driver on the door step. It was not long before the commanding officer pro tem. was called from the hop room, where the dance was going on delightfully, and notified that the mysterious visitor had again appeared, with evident intention of spending the night, as the carriage had returned to town.

"Why, certainly," reasoned Buxton. "It's the very night he would choose, since everybody will be at the hop; no one will be apt to interfere, and everybody will be unusually drowsy and less inclined to take notice in the morning." Here was ample opportunity for a brilliant stroke of work. He would first satisfy himself she was there, then surround the house with sentries so that she could not escape, while he, with the officer of the day and the corporal of the guard, entered the house and confronted him and her. That would wind up Mr. Hayne's career beyond question; nothing short of dismissal would result. Over he went, full of his project, listened at Hayne's like the eavesdropping sneak he was, saw again the shadow of the graceful form and heard the silvery, happy laugh, and then it was his turn for Rayner. It was near midnight when he led his forces to the attack. A light was now burning in the second story, which he thought must be Sam's; but the lights had been turned low in the parlor and the occupants had disappeared from sight and hearing. By inquiry he had ascertained that Hayne's bedroom was just back of the parlor.

A man was stationed at the back door, others at the sides, with orders to arrest any one who attempted to escape; then softly he stepped to the front door, telling Rayner to follow him, and the corporal of the guard to follow both. To his surprise, the door was unlocked, and a light was burning in the hall. Never knocking, he stepped in, marched through the hall into the parlor, which was empty, and, signaling "Come on" to his sentries, crossed the parlor and seized the knob of the bedroom door. It was locked. Rayner, looking white and worried, stood just behind him, and the corporal but a step farther back. Before Buxton could knock and demand admission, which was his intention, quick footsteps came flying down the stairs from the second story, and the trio wheeled about in surprise to find Mr. Hayne, dressed in his fatigue uniform, standing at the threshold and staring at them with mingled astonishment, incredulity and indignation. A sudden light seemed to dawn upon him as he glanced from one to the other. With a bound like a cat he threw himself upon Buxton, hurled him back, and stood at the closed door confronting them with blazing eyes and clinching fists.

"Open that door, sir!" cried Buxton. "You have a woman hidden there. Open, or stand aside."

"You hounds! I'll kill the first man who dares enter!" was the furious answer; and Hayne had snatched from the wall his long infantry sword and flashed the blade in the lamplight. Rayner made a step forward, half irresolute. Hayne leaped at him like a tiger. "Fire! Quick!" shouted Buxton, in wild excitement. Bang! went the carbine, and the bullet crashed through the plaster overhead, and, seeing the gleaming steel at his superior's throat, the corporal had taken the heavy butt crashing upon the lieutenant's skull only just in time; there would have been murder in another second. The next instant he was standing on his own head in the corner, seeing a multitude of twinkling, whirling stars, from the midst of which Capt. Rayner was reeling backward over a chair and a number of soldiers were rushing upon a powerful picture of furious manhood—a stranger in shirt sleeves, who had leaped from the bedroom.

Told as it was—as it had to be—all over the department, there seemed to be but one thing to say, and that referred to Buxton: "Well! isn't he a phenomenal ass?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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