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the day, came hurrying from the opposite direction, stanch and truculent. Together they kicked in the front door. Mrs. Thornton was whimpering through the lower story, a candle in hand. Ramsay borrowed it and bolted up the stairway to the second floor. In the doorway lay the beautiful form of Jessica Thornton, still in her party dress and now in a deadly swoon. Her window, a dormer, too, like that of No. 1, stood wide open, and even as Ramsay bent and clasped her in his arms and bore her to the white bed half-way across the room, there went up a yell from back of the fence, the loud bang of a carbine, and then agonized cries for the corporal of the guard. Hull was first to reach the sentry—Preuss, livid, trembling and ghastly—leaning against the fence in semi-prostration. It was no time for the enforcement of the rules of guard and sentry duty. The post quartermaster had no right to question, but he took it.

"What on earth's the matter, Preuss?" he shouted, and Preuss, too scared to explain, could only point eastward down the row—the line of the back fence—and gasp "Spook!" Whatever it was, he, too, had seen it.

Not for an hour did the quick-gathering throng finally disperse. The major ordered a new sentry on No. 5, for Preuss was demoralized. The doctor had two or three more patients that night; but Jessica, rallying from her swoon and blushing deep at sight of Ramsay bending over her, vowed she needed no treatment. Setting her teeth, she told her story to Downer and the doctor. All was darkness in her room when she trotted upstairs and struck a match at the doorway. There in the feeble glow, close to the window, one hand uplifted and pointing on high, the other at the bandaged head, with luminous flames playing about a ghastly face and open, gaping mouth, in a robe of white, somewhat soiled she noted even then, there stood glaring at her the spectre she had seen that night from beyond the back fence. The sight was too horrible for her nerves and down she went. Major Downer and her mother searched the upper-rooms. Trinkets lay on the bureau-top and in the open trunk-trays, and not an item had been disturbed. If material, solid flesh, the ghost had probably slipped out of the open window the way he came and made his way along the kitchen roof. If ethereal and volatile, then his ghostship had flitted forth upon the empty air, retaining shape and semblance enough to scare the sentry out of his wits. Then the wraith had vanished.

So the Thorntons did not leave for Laramie, as had been planned. Mrs. Thornton it was whose nerves now gave way and sent her to bed.

Jessica's ghost became the topic of all tongues for an entire week, the terror of most of the women and children and not a few of the men until the dark of the moon, and then came the cock crow that laid him forever.

Hull was more than half a believer, for he had interviewed nearly a dozen old residents of Russell who swore they had seen and heard things about No. 1 that could only be accounted for as supernatural. But Ramsay from the start was fiercely sceptical. "Ghost be jiggered!" was his irreverent expletive. "I'll make a ghost of him if ever I catch him!" And to the misery of Jessica Thornton and the amazement of most of the garrison, he refused to move into his room at No. 8. "Nobody wants No. 1," said he, "so I'll keep it for the present."

Careful investigation had taught him two things: the ghost never had appeared of a moonlit night; it had never been seen by any sentry except No. 5. Ramsay's fox terrier, Whiffet, left at Fort Hayes during the Campaign, arrived with the rejoining families about this time, and Bob and Whiffet spent the nights at No. 1 alone. Remonstrance on the part of Ramsay's chums and entreaty on the part of Jessica proved powerless to move him. "He thinks more of that ghost than he does of me," said she, with a sigh, for reconciliation seemed still far off.

"Never show a woman ye care the snap of a finger for her, and begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot-heels," is the

dictum of Private Munvany. The girl who had sent Bob Ramsay to the campaign with a sore and wounded heart would now be giving words to soothe it all—and he would not see.

Friday night had come in, dark and gusty. The moon was not due to rise—a mere waning segment—until nearly one. Mr. Ramsay had had a brief confab with the post surgeon and a whispered word with No. 5 sentry. The broken pane in the dormer had been repaired, and, rather against his will, Mr. Hull, regimental quartermaster, had come to sit an hour or two with Ramsay on promise of something worth seeing. At 11:30 Bob had removed his boots, seated himself near the hall door in front, enjoined silence, and waited. "Whatever you see or hear," said he, "don't speak, don't interfere. Meantime—just watch that door."

Watch they did, both of them, and just after the call for 11:30 went the rounds of the shouting sentries, Hull started as though stung, and the perspiration began rolling at the instant. Impelled by some unseen, unknown force, the hall door began slowly, stealthily to swing open. With kindling eyes and clinching fists, but noiseless as a cat, Ramsay started to his feet, then crept up the narrow stairway—and then came the deluge.

To the accompaniment of Whiffet's furious barking and scamperings, there rose the sound of intense action, of scurrying feet, of tremendous blows, of rending cotton, of panting breath, of mad, miserable pleading and entreaty. "Ach Gott!" "Ach Himmel!" "Biff, bang!" "Ach bitte, Herr Lieutenant!" Thump, thud, crash, bang, and Hull, lantern-bearing, jumping into the room, came upon Ramsay, a bounding bunch of muscle and sinew, chasing about the little box of a human punching-bag in shreds of dirty white, landing on back and shoulder, wind and heart, nose and eyes and jaw, to the end that blood was flying like rain, and a wildly imploring bundle of rags went suddenly down on the wooden floor with a thump that shook the whole house, and then, stretching out, lay still and stunned and senseless, and Ramsay stood panting over it a moment until he could speak. "There's your ghost!" he finally gasped. "Better send for the doctor."

"It's that infernal fool Steiner," said the medicine man, who speedily appeared and heaved the culprit to his feet. "He's been hospital attendant a whole year and scaring our patients with his idiotic ghost stories till he's daft on the subject himself, I believe."

And so indeed it proved. Steiner had always been flighty and queer—had long known the story about the spook in No. 1, and finally had taken to playing ghost himself. Sheets, bandages, phosphorus, and his various "properties" he could take at any time from the hospital. He grew daring with success, and, from scaring sentries and servant maids, sought higher game. Not until long long after was it known to the many that he had another object than that of making No. 1 untenable and sacred to his own use. In this he had practically succeeded until he tried his spook shines on Downer and his military family, actually venturing among them as they slept. Then he ran foul of an unsympathetic medium in Ramsay.

Detection had not been such a feat. Ramsay told it in a very matter-of-fact way. Together he and Whiffet had explored the premises from top to bottom, and in the woodshed the terrier had struck a trail. His obvious excitement, his sniffing and leaping at the back of the one-storied annex, and his wild barking and persistent gaping at the back, triangular void above the kitchen sent Ramsay clambering up by means of door, frame, lintel, and a transverse slat or two. He was surprised to find a board stretching along the joists beneath and parallel with a ridge piece. Following this board on hands and knees he came to another, and that led him to an open space close to the back wall of the house proper and to a discovery; a bundle of dirty white sheeting, some bandages, red painted in blotches, a little phial labelled and tightly corked, a tin box or two, with hardtack and half an Edam cheese, three empty and two full bottles labelled beer, at all of which