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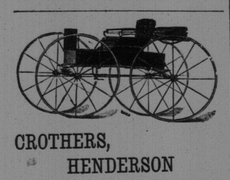

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DUNRAVEN RANCH.

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," "THE DESERTER," ETC.

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CHAPTER II.

NED PERRY hated reveille and morning stables about as vehemently as was possible to a young fellow who was in other respects thoroughly in love with his profession. A fairer type of the American cavalry officer, when once he got in saddle and settled down to business, one would hardly ask to find. Tall, athletic, slender of build, with frank, laughing blue eyes, curly, close cropped, light brown hair, and a twirling mustache that was a source of inexpressible delight to its owner and of some envy to his brother subalterns, Mr. Perry was probably the best looking of the young officers who marched with the battalion to this far away station on the borders of the Llano Estacado. He had been ten years in service, counting the four he spent as a cadet, had just won his silver bar as the junior first lieutenant of the regiment, was full to the brim of health, energy, animal spirits and fun, and, barring a few duns and debts in his earlier experiences, had never known a heavier care in the world than the transient and ephemeral anxiety as to whether he would be called up for recitation on a subject he had not so much as looked at, or "hived" absent from a roll call he had lazily slept through.

Any other man, his comrades said, would have been spoiled a dozen times over by the petting he had received from both men and women; but there was something essentially sweet and genial about his nature—something "lacking in guile about his perceptions," said a cynical old captain of the regiment—and a jovial, sunshiny way of looking upon the world as an Eden, all men and all women as friends, and the army as the profession above all others, and these various attributes combined to make him popular with his kind and unusually attractive to the opposite sex. As a cadet he had been perpetually on the verge of dismissal because of the appalling array of demerits he could roll up against his name, and yet the very officers who jotted down the memoranda of his sins—omission and commission—against the regulations were men who openly said he "had the making of one of the finest soldiers in the class." As junior second lieutenant—"plebe"—of the regiment, he had been welcomed by every man from the colonel down, and it was considered particularly rough that he should have to go to such a company as Capt. Canker's, because Canker was a man who never got along with any of his juniors; but there was something so irrepressibly frank and contrite in Perry's boyish face when he would appear at his captain's door in the early morning and burst out with: "By Jove, captain! I slept through reveille again this morning, and never got down till stables were nearly over," that even that cross grained but honest troop commander was disarmed, and, though he threatened and reprimanded, he would never punish—would never deny his subaltern the faintest privilege; and when promotion took the captain to another regiment he bade good-by to Perry with eyes that were suspiciously wet. "Why, blow it all, what do you fellows hate Canker so for?" the youngster often said. "He ought to put me in arrest time and again, but he won't. Blamed if I don't put myself in arrest, or confine myself to the limits of the post, and do something, to cut all this going to town and hops and such things. Then I can stick to the troop like wax and get up at reveille; but if I'm out dancing till 2 or 3 in the morning it's no use, I tell you; I just can't wake up."

It was always predicted of Ned Perry that he would be "married and done for" within a year of his graduation. Every new face in the five years that followed revived the garrison prophecy, "Now he's gone, sure!" but, however devoted he might seem to the damsel in question, however restless and impatient he might be when compelled by his duties to absent himself from her side, however promising to casual observers—perchance to the damsel herself—might be all the surface indications, the absolute frankness with which he proclaimed his admiration to every listener, and the fact that he "had been just so with half a dozen other girls," enabled the cooler heads of the regiment to decide that the time had not yet come—or at least the woman.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Turner, "that Mr. Perry would settle on somebody, because, just so long as he doesn't, it is rather hard to tell who he belongs to." And, as Mrs. Turner had long been a reigning belle among the married women of the —th, and one to whom the young officers were always expected to show much attention, her whimsical way of describing the situation was readily understood.

But here at the new station—at far away Rossiter—matters were taking on a new look. To begin with, the wives of the officers of the cavalry battalion had not joined, none of the ladies of the —th were here, and none would be apt to come until the summer's scouting work was over and done with. The ladies of the little battalion of infantry were here, and, though there were no maiden sisters or cousins yet at the post (rest assured that more than one was already summoned), they were sufficient in number to enliven the monotony of garrison life and sufficiently attractive to warrant all the attention they cared to receive. It was beginning to be garrison chat that if Ned Perry had not "settled on somebody" as the ultimate object of his entire devotion, somebody had settled on him, and that was pretty Mrs. Belknap.

And though Ned Perry hated reveille and morning stables, as has been said, and could rarely "take his week" without making one or more lapses, here he was this beautiful May morning out at daybreak when it was his junior's tour of duty, and wending his way with that youngster out to the line of cavalry stables, booted and spurred and equipped for a ride.

The colonel had listened with some surprise to his request, proffered just as the party was breaking up the night before, to be absent from garrison a few hours the following morning.

"But we have battalion drill at 9 o'clock, Mr. Perry, and I need you there," he said.

"Oh, I'll be back in time for that, sir. I wanted to be off three hours or so before breakfast."

The colonel could not help laughing. "Of course you can go—go wherever you like at those hours, when you are not on guard; but I never imagined you would want to get up so early."

"Neither I would, colonel, but I've been interested in something I heard about this ranch down the Monee, and thought I'd like to ride down and look at it."

"Go ahead, by all means, and see whether those lights came from there. It made me think of a play I once saw—the 'Colleen Bawn'—where a fellow's sweetheart signaled across the lake by showing a light in her cottage window just that way three times, and he answered by turning out the lights in his room. Of course the distance wasn't anything like this; and there was no one here to turn down any light— Eh! what did you say?"

"I beg pardon, colonel. I didn't mean to interrupt," put in a gentle voice at his elbow, while a little hand on Perry's arm gave it a sudden and vigorous squeeze, "but Capt. Lawrence has called me twice—he will not re-enter after lighting his cigar—and I must say good night."

"Oh, good night, Mrs. Lawrence. I'm sorry you go so early. We are going to reform you all in that respect as soon as we get farly settled. Here's Perry, now, would sit up and play whist with me an hour yet."

"Not this night, colonel. He has promised to walk home with us" (another squeeze), "and go he must, or be a faithless escort. Good night. We've had such a lovely, lovely time."

And Ned Perry, dazed, went with her to the gate, where Capt. Lawrence was awaiting them. She had barely time to murmur:

"You were just on the point of telling him about the doctor's lights. I cannot forgive myself for being the means of seeing it; but keep my confidence, and keep—this until everybody is talking about it; it will come soon enough."

Naturally, Mr. Perry went home somewhat perturbed in spirit and all alive with conjecture as to what these things could mean. The first notes of "assembly of the trumpeters"—generally known as "first call"—roused him from his sleep, and by the time the men marched out to the stables he had had his plunge bath, a vigorous rub and a chance to think over his plans before following in their tracks, dressed for his ride. The astonishment of Lieut. Parke, the junior of the troop, was something almost too deep for words when Perry came bounding to his side.

"What on earth brings you out, Ned?" was his only effort.

"Going for a gallop—down the Monee, that's all. I haven't had a free hour for a week."

"Gad! we get exercise enough at morning drill, one would think, and our horses too. Oh!"— And Mr. Parke stopped suddenly. It flashed across him that perhaps Perry was going riding with a lady friend and the hour was her selection. If so, 'twas no business of his, and remarks were uncalled for.

When he mounted and rode away from the stable Mr. Parke was outside at the picket rope, and busily occupied in his duties, supervising the fastening of the fresh, spirited horses at the line, for the troop commander was a man intolerant of disorder of any kind, and nothing more offended his eye than the sight of two or three of his charges loose and plunging and kicking up and down the stable yard. On the other hand, there was no one exploit that seemed to give the younger animals keener delight—nothing that made the perpetrator a bigger hero in his own eyes or the object of greater envy among his fellows—and as a consequence every device of which equine ingenuity was master was called into play, regularly as the morning came around, to break loose either from the controlling hand of the trooper or from the taut and straining picket rope. The first care of the officer in charge of the troop sergeants was, therefore, to see that all the horses were securely lashed and knotted. Not until he had examined every "halter shank" was Mr. Parke at leisure to look around, but when he did his comrade had disappeared from view.

And over this broad level, horizon bounded, not a moving object could be seen. Far away, in little groups of three or four, black dots of grazing cattle marked the plain, and over in the "breaks" of the Monee, just beyond the fringing cottonwoods, two or three herds of Indian ponies were sleepily cropping their morning meal, watched by the little black imp of a boy whose dirty red blanket made the only patch of color against the southern landscape. Later in the day, when the sun mounted high in the heavens and the brisk westerly winds sent the clouds sailing swift across the skies, all the broad prairie seemed in motion, for then huge shadows swept its face with measured speed, and distant cattle and neighboring pony herd appeared as though calmly and contentedly riding on a broad platform. Nature's own "observation car" on a leisurely journey towards the Pacific.

But the sun was only just up when Parke came back from his inspection of the halter fastenings and paused across the low valley. Far down southeast the rays seemed glint some bright objects clustered within short range of the fringe, and the lieutenant shaded his eyes with his gauntlet and looked lazily thitherward as he stood at the door.

"Some new tinning down at the Irish ranch they talk of, I suppose," his explanation of the phenomenon then "wonder why Perry hasn't to cultivate the acquaintance of people before this. He was always first man in the —th to find out the neighbors were."

Pondering over this question he curred to Mr. Parke that Perry had he was going down the Monee this morning; but nowhere was there a sight that looked like loping horses. To be sure, the trail bore close to the bluffs that bounded the valley north by the time one had ridden a mile or so out from the post. He was probably hidden by this shoulder of the prairie, and would continue to be until reached the bend, five miles below. It was no use watching for him then. Besides he might not yet have started. Mr. Parke recalled the fact that he half an hour a while ago that Ned was going to take an early ante-breakfast ride—with a lady friend. Mrs. Belknap had been

horse, and was an accomplished equestrienne; Mrs. Lawrence rode fairly well, and was always glad to go, when somebody could give her a saddle and a reliable mount. There were others, too, among the ladies of the infantry garrison who were no novices a cheval. Mr. Parke had no intention whatever of prying into the matter. It was simply as something the officer in charge of stable duty was entitled to know that he turned suddenly and called:

"Sergt. Gwynne!"

He heard the name passed down the dark interior of the stable by the men sweeping out the stalls, and the prompt and cheery reply. The next instant a tall young trooper stepped forth into the blaze of early sunlight, his right hand raised in salute, and stood erect and motionless by the lieutenant's side.

"Did Mr. Perry take an extra horse, sergeant?"

"No, sir."

"I thought possibly he meant to take Roland. He's the best lady's horse in the troop, is he not?"

"Yes, sir; but Roland is at the line now."

"Very well, then. That's all. I presume he has just ridden down to Dunraven." And Mr. Parke turned to look once more at the glinting objects down the distant valley. It was a moment or two before he was aware of the fact that the sergeant still stood there, instead of returning to his duties.

"I said that was all, sergeant; you can go back to your feeding." And then Mr. Parke turned in some surprise, for Sergt. Gwynne, by long odds the "smartest" and most soldierly of the non-commissioned officers of the cavalry battalion, for the first time in his history seemed to have forgotten himself. Though his attitude had not changed, his face had, and a strange look was in his bright blue eyes—a look of incredulity and wonderment and trouble all combined. The lieutenant was fairly startled when, as though gathering himself together, the sergeant falteringly asked:

"I beg pardon, sir—he had ridden—where?"

"Down to the Ranch, sergeant—that one you can just see, away down the valley."

"I know, sir; but—the name?"

"Dunraven Ranch."

For an instant the sergeant stood as though dazed, then, with sudden effort, saluted, faced about, and plunged into the dark recesses of the stable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for H'f'x and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Fn Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	20.10
Day Express from Hfx, Pictou & Mulgrave	23.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS; in effect Oct. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Boston.

8.45 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the west; St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car for Montreal.

4.45 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.45 p. m.—(Except Saturday night)—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle &c. Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN.

FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 12.20, 7.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 8.30 p. m., daily, except Saturday. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.

VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 10.55 a.m. 12.10, 5.15 p.m; WOODSTOCK 6.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.30, 8.20 p.m.; HOULTON 6.00, 10.55 a. m., 12.15, 8.30 p. m.; ST. STEPHEN 9.20, 11.30 a. m, 3.15, 10.20 p. m; ST. ANDREWS 6.45 a. m.

FREDERICTON 6.20, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.; ARRIVE ST. JOHN ¶ 5.45, 9.05 a. m., 2.10, 7.10., 10.20, p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.00 a.m—For Fairville, and points west.
4.00 p.m—For Fairville, Fredericton. and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

9.15 a. m—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.
5.10 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

Supplement to Time Table No. 1.

Takes Effect Thursday, Oct. 3, 1889 Eastern Standard Time.

Trains East. Read Down. No. 1. Mixed.		STATIONS.		Trains West. Read Up. No. 2. Mixed.
A. M.		Lv.	Ar.	P. M.
7 45	0	St. Stephen	82	6 00
8 05	5	Oak Bay	77	5 45
8 35	14	St. Andrews Cross'ng	68	5 20
8 55	20	Dyer's	62	5 00
9 25	29	Bonney River	53	4 30
9 50	35	St. George	47	4 10
10 20	44	Pennfield	38	3 30
10 50	53	New River	29	3 00
11 10	59	Lepreaux	23	2 40
11 30	65	Musquash	17	2 20
11 35	67	Dunn's	15	2 15
11 40	69	Prince of Wales	13	2 10
12 00	74	Spruce Lake	8	1 50
12 25	82	Carleton	0	1 25
P. M.		Ar.	Lv.	P. M.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 daily, Sundays excepted.
Train No. 1 runs regardless of No. 2.
Rules in time book, No. 1, still in force.

W. A. LAMB, MANAGER.

St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 1, 1889.

Buctouche and Moncton Ry.

ON and after MONDAY, June 10th, trains will run as follows:

NO. 1.			NO. 2.		
Lv.	Buctouche	7 30	Lv.	Moncton	16 45
	Little River	7 48		Lewisville	16 49
	St. Anthony	8 04		Humphreys	16 53
	Coosigne	8 20		Irishtown	17 15
	Norte Dame	8 22		Cape Breton	17 25
	McDougall's	8 38		Scotch Sett	17 33
	Scotch Sett	8 50		McDougall's	17 45
	Cape Breton	8 56		Notre Dame	18 01
	Irishtown	9 06		Coosigne	18 03
	Humphreys	9 30		St. Anthony	18 19
	Lewisville	9 34		Little River	18 33
Ar.	Moncton	9 38	Ar.	Buctouche	18 53

Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Returning will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax.

C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.

Moncton, June 9, 1889.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Pacific Coast Excursions,

COLONIST CLASS TO

British Columbia, Washington Territory, Oregon and California.

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C. E. McPHERSON, 211 Washington street, Boston.

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