

Do You Enjoy a Good Serial?

If you do, read The Deserter



By Capt. Charles King. PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER.

THE DESERTER.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A. Author of "Dunraven Ranch," "The Colonel's Daughter," "Marion's Faith," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XII.



The little forage cap was raised with courteous grace.

There was an unusual scene at the matinee the following morning. When Capt. Ray relieved Capt. Gregg as officer of the day, and the two were visiting the guard house and turning over prisoners, they came upon the last name on the list—Clancy—and Gregg turned to his regimental comrade and said: "No charges are preferred against Clancy, at least none as yet, Capt. Ray; but his company commander requests that he be held here until he can talk over his case with the colonel."

"What's he in for?" demanded Capt. Ray. "Getting drunk and raising a row and beating his wife," answered Gregg, whereat there was a titter among the soldiers. "I never struck a woman in me life, sir," said poor Clancy. "Silence," Clancy ordered the sergeant of the guard.

"No, I'm blessed if I believe that part of it, Clancy, drunk or no drunk," said the new officer of the day. "Take charge of him for the present, sergeant." And away they went to the office. Capt. Rayner was in conversation with the commanding officer as they entered, and the colonel was saying: "It is not the proper way to handle the case, captain. If he has been guilty of drunkenness and disorderly conduct he should be brought to trial at once."

"I admit that, sir; but the case is peculiar. It was Mrs. Clancy that made all the noise. I feel sure that after he is perfectly sober I can give him such a talking to as will put a stop to this trouble."

"Very well, sir. I am willing to let company commanders experiment at least once or twice on their theories, so you can try the scheme; but we of the staff have had some years of experience with the Clancys, and were not a little amused when they turned up again in our midst as accredited members of your company."

"Then, as I understand you, colonel, Clancy is not to be brought to trial for this affair," suddenly spoke the post surgeon. "Everybody looked up in surprise. 'Pills' was the last man, ordinarily, to take a hand in the 'shop talk' of the morning meetings."

what specific offense he ordered Clancy to the guard house."

Rayner again was pale as death. He checked at the doctor in amaze and indignation, while all the officers noted his agitation and were silent in surprise. It was the colonel that came to the rescue. "Capt. Rayner had abundant reason, doctor. It was after taps, though only just after, and whether causing the trouble or not, the man is the responsible party, not the woman. The captain was right in causing his arrest."

Rayner looked up gratefully. "I submit to your decision, sir," said the surgeon, "and I apologize for anything I may have asked that was beyond my province. Now I wish to ask a question for my own guidance."

"Go on, doctor."

"In case an enlisted man of this command desires to see an officer of his company—or any other officer, for that matter—is it a violation of any military regulation for him to go to his quarters for that purpose?"

Again was Rayner fearfully white and aged looking. His lips moved as though he would interrupt; but discipline prevailed. "No, doctor, and yet we have certain customs of service to prevent the men going at all manner of hours and on frivolous errands. A soldier asks his first sergeant's permission first, and if denied by him, and he have what he considers good reason, he can report the whole case."

"But suppose a man is not on company duty, must he hunt up his first sergeant and ask permission to go and see some officer with whom he has business?"

"Well, hardly, in that case."

"That's all, sir." And the doctor subsided.

Among all the officers, as the meeting adjourned, the question was, "What do you suppose 'Pills' was driving at?" There were two or three who knew. Capt. Rayner went first to his quarters, where he had a few moments' hurried consultation with his wife; then they left the house together; he to have a low toned and very stern talk to rather than with the abashed Clancy. "No listen, cap in hand and with hanging head; she to visit the sick child of Mrs. Flanagan, of Company K, whose quarters adjoined those to which the Clancys had recently been assigned. When that Hibernian culprit returned to his roof tree, released from durance vile, he was surprised to receive a kindly and sympathetic welcome from his captain's wife, who with her own hand had mixed him some comforting drink and was planning with Mrs. Clancy for their greater comfort. "If Clancy will only promise to quit entirely," interjected the partner of his joys and sorrows.

Later that day, when the doctor had a little talk with Clancy, the ex-dragon declared he was going to reform for all he was worth. He was only a distress to everybody when he drank. "All right, Clancy. And when you are perfectly reformed, you can come and see Lieut. Hayne as soon as you like."

"Look'nant Hayne is it, sir? Shure I'd be beggin' his pardon for the vexation I gave him last night."

"But you have something you wanted to speak with him about. You said so last night, Clancy," said the doctor, looking him squarely in the eye. "Shure I was drunk, sir. I didn't mean it," he answered; but he shrank and covered.

The doctor turned and left him. "If it's only when he's drunk that conscience pricks him and the truth will out, then we must have him drunk again," quoth this unprincipled practitioner.

That same afternoon Miss Travers found that a headache was the result of confinement to an atmosphere somewhat heavily charged with electricity. Mrs. Rayner seemed to bristle every time she approached her sister. Possibly it was the heat, more than the head, that ached, but in either case she needed relief from the exposed position she had occupied ever since Kate's return from the Clancys in the morning. She had been too long under fire, and was weary. Even the cheery visits of the garrison gallants had proved of little avail, for Mrs. Rayner was in very ill temper, and made snappish remarks to them which two of them resented and speedily took themselves off. Later Miss Travers went to her room and wrote a letter, and then the sunset gun shook the window, and twilight settled down upon the still frozen earth. She bathed her heated forehead and flushed cheeks, threw a warm cloak over her shoulders, and came slowly down the stairs. Mrs. Rayner met her at the parlor door.

"Kate, I am going for a walk and shall stop and see Mrs. Waldron."

"Quite an unnecessary piece of information. I saw him as well as you. He has just gone there."

Miss Travers flushed hot with indignation. "I have seen no one; and if you mean that Mr. Hayne has gone to Maj. Waldron's, I shall not."

"No; I'd meet him on the walk; it would only be a trifle more public."

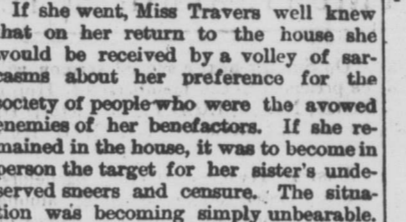
"You have no right to accuse me of the faintest expectation of meeting him anywhere. I repeat, I had not thought of such a thing."

"You might just as well do it. You cannot make your antagonism to my husband much more pointed than you have already. And as for meeting Mr. Hayne, the only advice I presume to give now is that for your own sake you keep your blushes under better control than you did the last time you met—that I know of." And with this triumphant insult as a parting shot, Mrs. Rayner wheeled and marched off through the parlor.

What was a girl to do? Nellie Travers was not of the crying kind, and was denied a vast amount of comfort in consequence. She stood a few moments quivering under the lash of injustice and insult to which she had been subjected. She longed for a breath of pure fresh air; but there would be no enjoyment even in that now. She needed sympathy and help if ever a girl did, but where was she to find it? The women who most attracted her and who would have warmly welcomed her at any time—the women whom she would eagerly have gone to in her trouble—were practically denied to her. Mrs. Rayner in her quarters had declared war against the cavalry, and Mrs. Waldron, in her quarters, had declared war against the infantry. "See if Mr. Van Antwerp will vouch for me," she said. "I'll write this very day." Was the impatient threat that followed; and finally, utterly defeated, thoroughly convinced that she was powerless against her sister's reckless love of "fair play at any price," she felt that her wrath was giving way to dismay, and turned and fled, lest Nellie should see the flag of surrender on her paling cheeks.

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Buxton wanted to see for himself what the night lights meant, and was plunging heavily ahead through the darkness, when suddenly brought to a stand by the sharp challenge of the sentry at the coal shed. He whispered the mystic countersign over the leveled bayonet of the infantryman, swearing to himself at the regulation which puts an officer in a petty pass, when officers are going around holding private meetings with enlisted men!

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"It was he that put up Clancy to making the disturbance at Hayne's last night and getting into the guard house, and tried to prove that he had a right to go there and that the captain had no right to arrest him."

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"I have made no criticism, Kate. I have simply made inquiry; but I have learned what no one else could have made me believe."

"Nellie Travers, be careful what you say, or what you insinuate. What do you mean?"

"I mean, Kate, that it is my belief that there is something at the bottom of those stories of Clancy's strange talk when in the hospital. I believe he thinks he knows something which would turn all suspicion from Mr. Hayne to a totally different man. I believe that, for reasons which I cannot fathom, you are determined Mr. Hayne shall not see him or hear of it. It was you that sent Capt. Rayner over there last night. Mrs. Clancy came here at tattoo, and from the time she left, you were at the front door or window. You were the first to hear her cries and came running in to tell the captain to go at once. Kate, why did you stand there listening from the time she left the kitchen unless you expected to hear just what happened over there behind the company barracks?"

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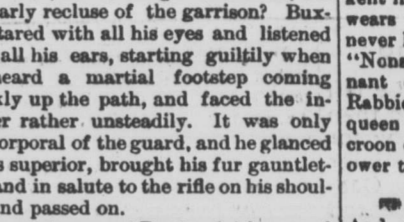
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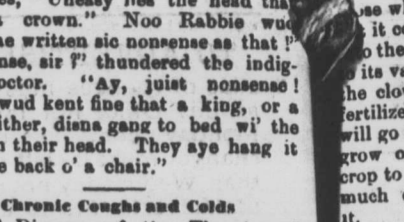
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FARM AND GARDEN.

Ward's Liniment Cures. The Flower Garden. It is well known that the women would be much stry were they not more in than of no class of women and of the housewife, it do not go out of her that it is impossible for any on confined to the house so c is not to be wondered at complaints of feeling ill, fo generally be traced to har During the war should endeavor to spend the day in the open air, a nature this is to have the outdoors. There women who would never actually necessary; but a necessity for them to If you have a yard at al part of it for a flower gar how poor the soil t plant will grow in i wood soil is required it s soil into a medium very best. There are a of bloom the greater part reason. By following given on each package shooting only those plants good deal of pleasure, t here are few things as h among flowers.

If you have an insight in the yard, you can get a fine flowering nasturtium, mo scarlet runner beans will any soil, providing they part of the day, and a make a brilliant show. very little care, outside in dry weather, and in wet weather, and strings fo will repay any labo potulca will grow on, the sandier it is the quires scarcely any occasional weeding. A scess looks beautiful, and which is generally a long bloom very early and ke nil frost. See also ordinary soil, but rec more care than the port the dwarf nasturtium, which is a beautiful massed in a bed, and where there get-me-nots flourish should be kept quite late results.

Work intensively neglected at the time it ill-managed feeding; p stock; dead-heads; no food as profitable an food; ill-arranged bul too much in labor; u use of tools; expo to the weather; no to the animals; depre of drainage; low various ways; neglect fertilizers for the ness-like marketing persistence and instabl management of stock fences; loss of t costs; credit purchas and encourage ex tention to personal co which causes a great of bills and unnee all these, says the Time that might be mentio to lose, and make Rural New York

Hot water makes m hard and rough. R strainers, pails, cans, with cold water as so fore drying wash m as the hand will bear, common soda or al grease. After this wa ing hot water, and set pure air. Use tin p Never use wooden Rural.

"Do you know of a situation?" asked a H another. "Why, I thou boy." "What he got but when I told him t the best cow and he d into the pump and th to let him go.—Field

A practical test dairymen that his co consuming as much as than the usual allow will soon denote whi but by noting whi is converted int of milk or into flesh.

A most disgusting that of a dirty dai hands, milking a di barayed, and catch dirty pail, where it is dirty odors of a dirty Mirror.

Unwisely pimples, all itching humors o moved by using I Sosp.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Little Nonsense, Now and Then, Is Relished by the Wiser of Men.

A Cure for Rheumatism. I can recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism. I had it for some time, and was cured by using part of one bottle. I can also recommend it for chilblains, burns, frost bites, sprains, bruises, etc.

Mrs. H. PHOENIX, Glen Almond, Que.

Didn't Know Much. "Doctah told me that I must not walk rapidly or drink ice water," said Gus De Joy condignly to Miss Peppertop.

"Did he?" "Ya-as; he said I might get congested of the brain, you know."

"Dear me! How little these doctors seem to know!"

Can You Do Better. When attacked by croup, sore throat, colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises, burns or any kind of pain or soreness, can you do better than use Yellow Oil? It is a medicine which never fails to give satisfaction. It is magical in its power over pain, and is the safest and best remedy where soreness and inflammation exist.

Just to Please Him. Mother—"Tommy, I hear you got a thrashing in school today." Tommy—"Yes, ma, the teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt much." "Did you cry?" "Oh, yes, I bawled so you could have heard it on the next block." "Why did you do that?" "I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more."

Poor, Poor Woman. A Massachusetts wife is heart-broken because the courts won't give her a divorce. Her grounds were that her husband refused to pass her the bread at the supper table, yet ran over to a neighbor's and helped put out a fire, "thus showing that he loved others better than his own wife." A lawyer who would take such a case ought to be stood up for miles to kick at.—Detroit Free Press.

Living in a Fool's Paradise. Many neglect slight symptoms of disease, hoping that nature will restore health. True, nature will aid, but she must also be aided by using Burdock Blood Bitters, from 1 to 2 bottles of which is sufficient to cure any ordinary case of impure blood, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, debility, etc.

Too High for the Opening Bid. A young woman began a song, "Ten Thousand Leaves Are Falling." She pitched it too high, screamed and stopped.

"Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer.—British-American.

How Dyspepsia Is Cured. I suffered from dyspepsia, and was weak and miserable with what the doctor said was nervous debility. Seeing Burdock Blood Bitters advertised I tried it, and after taking three bottles feel perfectly restored to health.

Mrs. J. H. SNIDER, Kleinburg, Ont.

A Cheerful Disposition. Wins—Has your wife a cheerful disposition?

Finks—Oh, very. Last night when I was dancing round the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed till her sides ached.

Have you a Cough? Take Wilson's Wild Cherry.

Have you a Cold? Take Wilson's Wild Cherry.

Have you Bronchitis? Take Wilson's Wild Cherry.

Have you lost your Voice? Take Wilson's Wild Cherry.

Have you Asthma? Take Wilson's Wild Cherry.

Have you a Cold in the Head? Take Wilson's Wild Cherry.

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At a late meeting of a Scotch mutual improvement society the works of Shakespeare formed the subject of the evening, and a doctor, an admirer of the bard, read a highly eulogistic paper on his plays. After the meeting had dispersed, a tailor approached the doctor and remarked, "Ye think a fine lot o' you plays o' Shaspeare, doctor."

"I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he wis mair clivir than oor Rabbe Burns?" "Why, they're no comparison between them!" said the medical indignantly. "Maybe no," was the cool response; "but ye tell us the night that it wis Shakespeare who wrote those weak lines, 'Yeasay lies the head that wears a crown.' Noo Rabbe wis oor Burns?" "Why, they're no comparison between them!" said the medical indignantly. "Maybe no," was the cool response; "but ye tell us the night that it wis Shakespeare who wrote those weak lines, 'Yeasay lies the head that wears a crown.' Noo Rabbe wis oor Burns?"