



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

Author of "DUNKAVEN RANCH," "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "MARION'S FATH," ETC.

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CHAPTER VIII. March had come—the month of gale and bluster, sleet and storm, in almost every section of our broad domain—

and the ladies of other families at the post made the matter difficult of accomplishment. There were bright little luncheons, dinner and tea parties, where the young officers and the younger ladies met every day; and, besides all this, despite the fact that Mrs. Rayner had at first shown a fixed determination to discuss the rights and wrongs of "the Hayne affair," as it was now beginning to be termed, with all comers who belonged to the Riflers, it had grown to be a very general thing for the youngsters to drop in at her house at all hours of the day; but that was because there were attractions there which outweighed her combativeness.

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ever, the contest was withdrawn from the fact that for a week or more after his evening at the Waldrons' Mr. Hayne did not reappear in garrison, and she had no cause to talk about him. Officers visiting the house avoided mention of his name. Ladies of the cavalry regiment calling upon Mrs. Rayner and Miss Travers occasionally spoke of him and his devotion to the men and his bravery at the fire, but rather as though they meant in a general way to compliment the Riflers, not Mr. Hayne; and so she heard little of the man whose existence was a sore to her. What she would have thought, had she known of the meeting between him and her guarded Nellie, is beyond us to describe; but she never dreamed of such a thing, and Miss Travers never dreamed of telling her—for the present, at least. Fortunately, or unfortunately, for the latter, it was not so much of her relations with Mr. Hayne as of her relations with half a dozen young bachelors that Mrs. Rayner speedily felt herself compelled to complain. It was a blessed relief to the elder sister. Her surcharged spirit was in sore need of an escape valve. She was ready to boil over in the mental ebullition consequent upon Mr. Hayne's reception at the post, and with all the pent up irritability which that episode had generated she could not have contained herself.

But here Miss Travers came to her relief. Her beauty, her winsome ways, her unqualified delight in everything, that was soldierly, speedily rendered her vastly attractive to all the young officers in garrison. Graham and Foster, of the Infantry, Merton, Webster and Royce, of the cavalry, haunted the house at all manner of hours, and the captain bade them welcome and urged them to come oftener and stay later, and told Mrs. Rayner he wanted some kind of a supper or collation every night. He set before his guests a good deal of wine, and drank a good deal more himself than he had ever been known to do before, and they were keeping very late hours at Rayner's, for, said the captain, "I don't care if Nellie is engaged; she shall have a good time while she's here; and if the boys know all about it—goodness knows you've told them often enough, Kate—and they don't mind it, why, it's nobody's business—here, at least."

What Mr. Van Antwerp might think or care was another matter. Rayner never saw him, and did not know him. He rather resented it that Van Antwerp had never written to him and asked his consent. As Mrs. Rayner's husband and Nellie's brother-in-law, it seemed to him he stood in loco parentis; but Mrs. Rayner managed the whole thing herself, and he was not even consulted. If anything, he rather enjoyed the contemplation of Van Antwerp's fidgety frame of mind as described to him by Mrs. Rayner about the time it became apparent to her that Nellie was enjoying the attentions of which she was a general object, and that the captain was sitting up later and drinking more wine than was good for him. She was aware that the very number of Nellie's admirers would probably prevent her becoming entangled with any one of them, but she needed something to scold about, and eagerly pitched upon this.

She knew well that she could not comfort her husband in the anxiety that was gnawing at his heartstrings, but she was jealous of comfort that might come to him from any other source, and the Lethe of wine and jolly companionship she dreaded most of all. Long, long before, she had induced him to promise that he would never offer to the young officers spirits in his house. She would not prohibit wine at table, she said; but she never thought of there coming a time when he himself would seek consolation in the glass and make up in quantity what he lacked in alcoholic strength. He was impatient of all proof now, and would listen to no talk; but Nellie was his junior—more years than she would admit except at such times as these, when she meant to admonish; and Nicholas to take it.

Two weeks after their arrival at Warren the burden of Mrs. Rayner's scorn—noon, noon and night—was: "What would Mr. Van Antwerp say if he could but see this or hear that?" Can any reader recall an instance where the cause of an absent lover was benefited by the ceaseless warning in a woman's ear. "Remember, you're engaged!" The hero of antiquity who caused himself to be attended by a shadowing slave whispering ever and only, "Remember, thou art mortal," is a fine figure to contemplate—at this remote date. He, we are told, admitted the need, submitted to the infliction. But lives there a woman who will admit that she needs any instruction as to what her conduct should be when the lord of her heart is away? Lives there a woman who, submitting, because she cannot escape, to the constant reminder, "Thou art engaged," will not resent it in her heart of hearts and possibly revenge herself on the one alone whom she holds at her mercy? Left to herself—to her generosity, her conscience, her innate tenderness—the cause of the absent one will plead for itself, and, if it have even faint foundation, hold its own. "With the best intentions in the world," many an excellent cause has been ruined by the injudicious urgings of a mother, but to talk an engaged girl into mutiny rely on the infidelity of two women—a married sister or a maiden aunt.

Just what Mr. Van Antwerp would have said, could he have seen the situation at Warren is perhaps impossible to predict. Just what he did say without seeing was, perhaps, the most unwise thing he could have thought of; he urged Mrs. Rayner to keep reminding Nellie of her promise. He had not been a life of unmitigated joy. He was now nearly 30, and desperately in love with a pretty girl who had simply bewitched him during the previous summer. It was not easy to suppress that fever, but, once established, his high connections, his wealth and his social standing, the door was opened, and he was something more than welcomed, said the gossip at the Surf house. What his past history had been, where and how his life had been spent, were matters of less consequence, apparently, than what he was now. He had been wild at college, as other boys had been; he learned; he had tried the cattle business in the west, she was told; but there had been a quarrel with his father, a reconciliation, a devoted mother, a long sojourn abroad—Heidelberg—a sudden summons to return, the death of the father, and then the management of a valuable estate fell to the son.

There were other children, brother and sisters, three or four, but Steven was the first born, and the mother's glory. She was with him at the seaside, and the first thing that moved Nellie Travers to like him was his devotion to that white haired woman who seemed so happy in his care. Between that mother and Mrs. Rayner there had speedily sprung up an acquaintance. She had vastly admired Nellie, and during the first fortnight of their visit to the Surf house had shown a decided preference for her. She expected you to play for her to-morrow afternoon, Miss Travers. Of course it will be my luck to be at stables."

"You hear better music every afternoon than I can give you, Mr. Royce." "Where, pray?" asked Mrs. Rayner, turning quickly upon them. Mr. Royce hesitated, and—with shame he it said—allowed Miss Travers to meet the question. "At Mr. Hayne's, Kate." "There was the same awkward silence that always followed the mention of Hayne's name. Mrs. Rayner looked annoyed. It was evident that she wanted more information—wanted to ask, but was restrained. Royce determined to be outspoken.

"Several of us have got quite in the way of stopping there on our way from town to stables," he said, very quietly. "Mr. Hayne has his piano now, and has nearly recovered the full use of his eyes. He plays well."

Mrs. Rayner turned about once more, and without saying so much as good night, went heavily upstairs, leaving her escort to share with Mr. Royce such welcome as the captain was ready to accord them. If forbidden to talk on the subject nearest her heart, she would not speak at all. She would have banged her door, but that would have waked baby. It stung her to the quick to know that the cavalry officers were daily visitors at Mr. Hayne's quarters. It was little comfort to know that the infantry officers did not go, for she and they both knew that, except Maj. Waldron, no one of their number was welcome under that roof, unless he would voluntarily countenance and say, "I believe you innocent." She felt that but for the stand made by Hayne himself most of their number would have received him into comradeship again by this time, and she could hardly sleep that night from thinking over what she had heard.

But could she have seen the figure that was slinking in the snow at the rear door of Hayne's quarters that very evening, peering into the lighted rooms, and at last, after many an irresolute turn, knocking timidly for admission and then hiding behind the corner of the shed until Sam came and poked his pig tailed head out into the wintry darkness in wondering effort to find the visitor, she would not have slept at all. It was poor Clancy, once more mooning about the garrison and up to his old tricks. "Clancy had been drinking; but he wanted to know," could he speak with the lieutenant?"

CHAPTER IX. "Mrs. Clancy, you must watch him." "I have been reading over your letter of Thursday last, dear Steven," wrote Miss Travers, "and there is much that I feel I ought to answer. You and Kate are very much of a mind about the temptations with which I am surrounded; but you are far more imaginative than she is, and far more courteous. There is so much about your letter that touches me deeply that I want to be frank and fair in my reply. I have been dancing all this evening, was out at dinner before that, and have made many calls this afternoon; but, tired as I am, my letter must be written, for to-morrow will be the repetition of today. Is it that I am cold and utterly heartless that I can sit and write so calmly in reply to your fervent and appealing letter? "Ah, Steven, it is what may be said of me; but, if cold and heartless to you, I have certainly given no man at this garrison the faintest reason to think that he has inspired any greater interest in him. They are all kind, all very attentive. I have told you how well Mr. Royce dances and Mr. Merton rides and Mr. Foster reads and talks. They entertain me vastly, and I do like it. More than this, Steven, I am pleased with their evident admiration—not alone pleased and proud that they should admire me who am pledged to you—not that alone, I frankly confess, but because it in itself is pleasant. It pleases me. Very possibly it is because I am vain.

"And yet, though my hours are constantly occupied, though they are here from morning till night, no one of them is more attentive than another. There are five or six who come daily. There are some who do not come at all. Am I a wretch, Steven? There are two or three that do not call who I wish would call. I would like to know them."

"Yet they know—they could not help it, with Kate here, and I never forget—that I am your promised wife. Steven, do you not sometimes forget the conditions of that promise? Even now, again and again, do I not repeat to you that you ought to release me and free yourself? Of course your impulse will be to say my heart is changing—that I have seen others whom I like better. No; I have seen no one I like as well. But is 'like' what you deserve, what you ask? And is it not all I have ever been able to promise you? Steven, bear me witness, for Kate is bitterly unjust to me at times, I told you again and again last summer and fall that I did not love you and ought not to think of being your wife. Yet, poor, homeless, dependent as I am, how strong was the temptation to say yes to your plea!

"You know that I did not and would not until time and again your sweet mother, whom I do love, and Kate, who had been a mother to me, both declared that that should make no difference; the love would come; the happiest marriages the world ever were those in which the girl respected the man of her choice; love would come, and come speedily, when once she was his wife. You yourself declared you could wait in patience—you would woo and win by and by. Only promise to be your wife before returning to the frontier and you would be content. Steven, are you content? You know you are not; you know you are unhappy; and it is all, not because I am growing to love some one else, but because I am not growing to love you. Heaven knows I want to love you; for so long as you hold me to it my promise is sacred and shall be kept.

"More than that, if you say that it is your will that I seclude myself from these attentions, give up dancing, give up rides, drives, walks, and even receiving visits, here, so be it. I will obey; but write this to me, Steven—not to Kate. I am too proud to ask her to show the letters I know she has received from you—and there are some she has not shown me—but I cannot understand a man's complaining to other persons of the conduct of the woman who is, or is to be, his wife. Forgive me if I pain you; sometimes even to myself I seem old and strange. I have lived so much alone, have had to think and do for myself so many years while Kate has been away, that perhaps I'm not 'like other girls'; but the respect I feel for you would be injured if I thought you strove to guide or govern me through others; and of one thing be sure, Steven, I must honor and respect and look up to the man I marry, love or no love.

"Once you said it would kill you if you believed I could be false to you. If by that you meant that, having given my promise to you to be your wife at some future time, I must school myself to love you, and will be considered false if love do not come at my bidding or yours, I say to you solemnly, release me now. I may not love, but I cannot and will not deceive you, even by simulating love that does not exist. Suppose that love were to be kindled in my heart. Suppose I were to learn to care for some one here. You would be the first one to know it; for I would tell you as soon as I knew it myself. Then what could I hope for—or you? Surely you would not want to marry a girl who loved another man. But is it much better to marry one who feels that she does not love you? "Think of it, Steven; I am very lonely, very far from happy, very wretched over Kate's evident trouble, and all the sorrow I am bringing you and yours; but have I misled or deceived you in any one thing? Once only has a word been spoken or a scene occurred that you could perhaps have objected to. I told you the whole thing in my letter of Sunday last, and why I had not told Kate. We have not met since that night, Mr. Hayne and I, and may not; but he is a man whose story excites my profound pity and sorrow, and he is one of the two or three I feel that I would like to see more of. Is this being false to you or to my promise? If so, Steven, you cannot say that I have not given you the whole truth.

"It is very late at night—I o'clock—and Kate is not yet asleep, and the captain is still down stairs, reading. He is not looking well at all, and Kate is sorely anxious about him. It was his evidence that brought years of ostracism and misery upon Lieut. Hayne, and there are vague indications that in his own regiment the officers are beginning to believe that possibly he was not the guilty man. The cavalry officers, of course, say nothing to us on the subject, and I have never heard the full story. If he has been, as is suggested, the victim of a scoundrel, and Capt. Rayner was at fault in his evidence, no punishment on earth could be too great for the villain who planned his ruin, and no remorse could atone for Capt. Rayner's share. I never saw so sad a face on mortal man as Mr. Hayne's. Steven Van Antwerp, I wish I were a man! I would trace that mystery to the bitter end.

"This is a strange letter to send to—to you; but I am a strange girl. Already I am more than expecting you to write and release me unconditionally; and you ought to do it. I do not say I want it."

"Faithfully, at least, yours," "NELLIE."

"P. S.—Should you write to Kate, you are not to tell her, remember, of my meeting with Mr. Hayne. Of course I am anxious to have your reply to that letter; but it will be five days yet."

An odd letter, indeed, for a girl not yet twenty, and not of a hope inspiring character; but when it reached Mr. Van Antwerp he did not pale in reading it; his face was ghastly before he began. If anything, he seemed relieved by some passages, though rejected by none. Then he took from an inner pocket the letter

that had reached him a few days previous, and all alone in his room, late at night, he read it over again, threw it upon the table at which he was sitting, then, with passionate abandonment, buried his face in his arms and groaned aloud in anguish.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ODDS AND ENDS. A Little Noticed, Now and Then, is Refreshed by the Wisest Men. Josephine Jennings. It is a privilege to recommend Hayward's Yellow Oil. It is a sure cure for chapped hands, swelling, sore throat, croup, etc. Mrs. Geo. Ward. To cure croup, give 10 to 30 drops of Yellow Oil on sugar internally, and rub the throat and chest with the Oil. It never fails.

A Use for It. Proud Father.—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's Son.—Yes, father. P. F.—You know I told you to study up on chemistry and things so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that fat madder there? F. S.—Cracky, what a place for a base ball game! Chronic Coughs and Colds. And all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. See what W. S. Muer, M.D., L.R.C.P., etc., Truro, N.S., says: "After three years' experience I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the very best in the market. Very excellent in Throat affections." Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.

He Thought He Had Him. Pat made a bet of a dollar with Mike that he could carry a hod full of bricks up three ladders to the top of a building with Mike sitting on the hod. The ladders were on the outside of the building. On the third ladder Pat made a mistake, but caught himself in time to save Mike falling forty feet to the stone sidewalk. Arriving at the top, Pat said: "Begorra, I've won the dollar." "Yes," replied Mike, "but whin ye shlipped, I thought I had ye." Quick Relief for Headache. Had suffered from headache, and tried everything I could think of without effect until I used Burdock Blood Bitters, which relieved me right away, and I am now remarkably well.

ANNIE TORANGEAN, Glen Almond, Que. According to Newspaper Editors. Bill Collector.—"See here, I have written you a dozen letters about that bill you owe my firm and you haven't even acknowledged them." Country Editor.—"Were they written on both sides of the sheet?" "Of course." "All such communications go into the waste basket without reading."

I will gladly curtail my own liberty in anything I thereby can restrain another's license. Archbishop Whalley. The most agreeable, restorative tonic and mild stimulant is Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine. It is stated that ninety-three per cent. of all children taking the temperance pledge remain faithful to their early vows. Unusually pimply, blotches, tan, and all itching humors of the skin are removed by using Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap. Senator Frye predicts that "within a few years a national election will be fought on the question of the abolition of the liquor traffic."

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup has removed tape worms from 15 to 30 feet long. It also destroys all other kinds of worms. Of all our industrial classes one man in twenty is afflicted by the liquor traffic for steady and continuous work; untried, indeed, for any work at all. Hayward's Pectoral Balsam loosens the phlegm, cures colds, hoarseness, croup, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is a sad comment on the morals of Boston that there are so many drunken women there that a "Home" for intemperate women has to be provided to take care of them. Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, barks and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimples to the worst scrofulous sore. A negro insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born again."

Nature has lavishly provided cures for all the diseases flesh is heir to, but the proper preparation of many of them has not yet been discovered. In Wilson's Wild Cherry we have a cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup and kindred ailments, prepared from vegetable drugs, in a pleasant and concentrated form, and which invariably gives prompt relief and effects a speedy cure. Sold by all druggists.

"Mamma, what's hereditary?" asked Bobbie, laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—it is anything you get from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled for a definition suited to his years. Silence of two minutes. "Then, ma," he asked, "is spanking hereditary?"

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gents.—I was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT, after trying all other remedies for 2 years. Albert Co., N. B. GEORGE TRINGLEY. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gents.—I had a valuable colt so bad with rheumatism that I feared I would lose it. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured him like magic. Dulsehouse. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS. Minard's Liniment.

James Campbell, a stoic dead at Kingston. Hon. C. H. Tupper has from Washington. A Furness steamer ran completely out of coal. Fifty feet of the wall on the Montreal and died. The School Bill has been rejected to disband Cardinal Newman's Br. Geo. Renwick, a British seriously ill at London, O. A fourteen-month-old child in Montreal died. The School Bill has been rejected in the Manitoba Legislature. The Exemptions Bill is reading in the Manitoba. There is a good deal of tax just now over the lot. On Friday, near the jail fall Friday morning. Thieves stole \$230 from found insensible in a lan day. The bricklayers employ Montreal are out on strike wages.

Peter Moon, charged with wife's paramour near Be by a jury. Mr. John Andrew, Pr in McGill University, d the age of 62. William H. Benjamin parts unknown. His l about \$10,000. The mail steamer l rived at Halifax on Su rough passage. The Quebec Court grant the release of Lal town murderer. David George Swint has been found guilty cheque at Beville. Cardinal Taschereau tenth anniversary of archbishop, on Thurs Mr. C. M. Conrad on Pa., was trying to pur of ice at Kingston last. A proposal to raise a resolution thanking \$10,000 grant to Toront The Dennis County C tion in Manitoba are p ion Government at Beville. Beattie, of Lond of his buggy by high ing he was not the m let him go.

Portage la Prairie, J will ask the Dominion the Lawrence canal Bay Railway. Fifteen engravers in printing establishment on strike because a wo for spooling were in licenses in Montreal Council, a straight will be brought in. A petition was pre Commons from the and City Council in fa tion of time system. Miss Spring, an al medical specialist, ha Mr. Wesley Webb, Society, and fine. Rav. George Jamie herzburg, has just d two nephews who ha woods of Northern M. I. M. Palmer's sta was burned on Fr \$100,000 insured. A ca of a lamp in the engi New Hamburg gran dealer, a bonus of \$ establishing a furnitu A handsome brass t St. George's Cathed Battery in communi tention killed four bellion. In a family row W living near Armer, E ed by his seventeen-y and is so badly cut al are no hopes of his re Mr. George Bury, the secretary of a resi just four years, has tudent of the North adian Pacific Railw branch. One shareholder Mon Company is a Chancery for the re the share list, ovsp ments in the prosp pending. The evidence tak Trent Valley Canal favor of constru grounds that it wo of the country and high railway traffi. The American tug Victoria, B. C., the Canadian cargo value of \$800 have appeal to Ottawa. The lowering of a sch the city was subpomea a wounding was arre tance two days in recovered \$100 an severely injured condemned received. Some strangers at Guelph recently, gl arms which have partnership. A de The Law Firm registered within a fine of \$100. Five hundred d memorial to the la University, for whi scribes, will be u just of the late Pr will be devoted to maintenance of th the library of the Officers are ende named. Jam from England a fe sig claims to havi Old Country, and out quite a saving his hand getting his goods knowing it. a "Lord James." William Blair, 5 all at Kingston, s upon by Price ith a heavy mop floor Burns, as ounded his on ews. Two men c in an unannou ed against the unf ound six scalp w Blair's Linime