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for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

R. D. Thexton.

DRAIN TILE,

(Beaverton Make.)

AT MY YARD IN LINDSAY,

2 inch to 8 inch.

WILL MEET LOWEST QUOTATIONS.

Best Wood: Tamarac, Ash, Elm and Maple.

LIME 15 cts. per Bushel.

Hardware, Spades, Shovels, Lawn Mowers, Cement, Shingles, Doors, Sash, and General Hardware.

R. D. THEXTON.

Lindsay, May 20th, 1890.—2

A. Higinbotham.

Mangold, Rape, Turnip, Millet, Clover, Timothy SEEDS, ALL KINDS. AT HIGINBOTHAM'S.

Lindsay, April 23rd, 1890.—3

Sylvester Bros. Man'g Co.

THE SYLVESTER

Light Steel Binder

LEADS THEM ALL

AND TAKES THE CAKE EVERYWHERE.



This Binder has taken First Prize and Diploma at Victoria Central Exhibition the past two seasons, competing against Toronto and Brantford.

This is the only Binder the Toronto agents dread. This is the only Binder the Brantford agents dread. This is the only genuine All-Steel Binder in the Market. This Binder has more good working points than any other.

It is a light running machine. It is an easy operated machine. There is no shoddy in its construction. There is no pot metal in its construction. The Machine throughout is made of the best material. The Machine is well-built by the best skilled workmen. This Machine is built in Lindsay, in your own County, where you should leave your money. You will find it to your advantage to purchase one of these Machines.

Sylvester Bros. M'g Co.

Lindsay, Feb. 12th, 1890.—3

LINDSAY, ONT.

James Keith.

CLOVER SEED.

Clover Seed wanted. For which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE

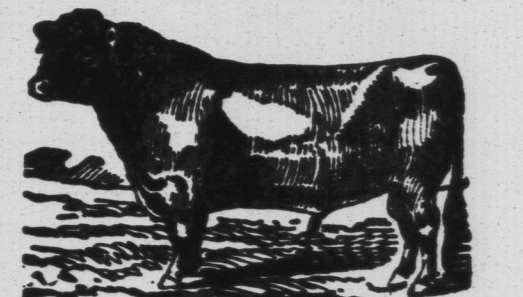
ONTARIO MUTUAL LIVE STOCK Insurance Company.

Thoroughbred and Farm Stock Insured at very Low Rates.

Fetch on your Seeds and get your Farm Stock Insured at

JAS. KEITH'S, WILLIAM STREET.

Lindsay Jan. 20th, 1890.—4



Wolff's Acme Blacking



To test this, keep a strip of leather in a bottle of Acme Blacking and leave it there for a day or two. Take it out and dry and examine it carefully. Make a similar test with French Dressing and you will find Wolff's Acme Blacking.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes any kind of leather Waterproof, Soft and Durable. The beautiful, rich, glossy polish is unequalled. A Polish Lasts a Month for French Dressing and a Week for Men, and no Harshness to the Skin. No Need of Recoloring.

SOLE IMPORTERS: GILBERT & CO. General Agents for Canada, 100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1890.

THE DESERTER

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING, C. S. A.

Author of "Deserter's Search," "The Color of the Desert," "The Desert's Path," etc., etc.

Hayne. Three heads are better than one, and if, as he expects, old Clancy really knows anything when he's drunk that he cannot tell when he's sober, I shall depart from Mrs. Waldron's principles, and join the doctor in his pet scheme of getting him drunk again. "In vino veritas," you know. And we ought to be about it, too, for it won't be long before his discharges come, and once away he should be in the lurch.

"There seems so little hope there, major. Even the colonel has called him up and questioned him."

"Ay, very true, but always when the old sergeant was sober. It is when drunk that Clancy's conscious prick him to tell what he either knows or suspects."

A light footstep was heard on the piazza, the hall door opened, and without knock or ring, bursting impetuously upon them, there suddenly appeared Miss Travers, her eyes dilated with excitement. At sight of the group she stopped short, and colored to the very roots of her shining hair.

"How glad I am to see you, Nellie!" exclaimed Mrs. Waldron, as all rose to greet her. An embarrassed, half-dreaded reply was her only answer. She had extended both hands to the elder lady; but now, startled almost, she stood with downcast eyes, irresolute. He too, had not stepped forward—had not offered his hand. She raised her blue eyes for one quick glance, and saw his pale, pin-pointed face, and knew the story of his patience, his suffering, his heroism, and realized how she too had wronged him and that her very awkwardness and silence might tell him that shameful fact. It was more than she could stand.

"I came purposely. I had hoped to find you, Mr. Hayne. You remember that I had something to tell you. It was about Clancy. You ought to see him. I'm sure you ought, for he must know he or Mrs. Clancy something about your trouble and I've just this minute heard that they—that he's going away to-morrow, and you must find him to-night. Mr. Hayne, indeed you must."

Who can paint her as she stood there, blushing, pleading, eager, frightened, yet determined? Who can picture the wild emotion in his heart, reflected in his face? He stepped quickly to her side with the light quickness to his eyes, his hand extended as though to grasp hers; but it was Waldron that spoke first:

"Where is he going? How?"

"Oh, with us, major. We go to-morrow, and they go with us. My sister has some reason. I cannot fathom it. She wants them away from here, and Clancy's discharge came to-day. He must see him first," she said, indicating Mr. Hayne by a nod of her pretty head. "They say Clancy has run off and got away from his wife. He doesn't want to be discharged. They cannot find him now; but perhaps Mr. Hayne can. Mr. Hayne, try, you—must."

"Indeed we must, Hayne, and quick about it," said the major. "Now is your chance. I verily believe. Let us get the doctor first; then Kate will best know where to look for Clancy. Come, man, get your overcoat." And he hastened to the hall.

Hayne followed as though in a dream, reached the threshold, turned, looked back, made one quick step toward Miss Travers with outstretched hand, then checked himself as suddenly. His yearning eyes seemed fastened on her burning face, his lips quivered with the intensity of his emotion. She raised her eyes and gave him one quick look, half entreaty, half command; he seemed instinctively struggling to speak—to thank her. One moment of irresolution, then, without a word of any kind, he sprang to the door. She carried his parting glance in her heart of hearts all night long. There was no mistaking what it told.

CHAPTER XVII. Clancy followed and confessed that he had substituted rubbish for the money in Capt. Hull's package the night before the fight. When Hull caught it he was so furious, Clancy said, that he did not know if he would have been killed. He was so sure of it, Clancy said, that he did not know if he would have been killed. He was so sure of it, Clancy said, that he did not know if he would have been killed.

CHAPTER XVII. The morning report of the following day showed some items under the head of "Absence" that involved several of

the soldier characters of this story. Mr. Waldron had been dropped from the column of present "men doing duty" and taken up on that of absent without leave. Mr. Hayne was also reported absent. Dr. Poole and Lieut. Billings drove into the garrison from town just before the cavalry trumpets were sounding first call for guard mounting, and the adjutant was one of the musicians to give his compliments to Mr. Poole, as he had just returned and had important business with the colonel. The doctor and the adjutant together went into the colonel's quarters, and for the first time on record the commanding officer was not at the desk in his office when the shoulder straps began to gather for the matinee.



"NEVER MIND! DON'T FRET!"

Ten minutes after the usual time the adjutant dashed in and plunged with his characteristic impetuosity into the pile of papers and other papers stacked up on the sergeant major at his table. To all questions as to where he had been and what was the matter with the colonel he replied, with more than usual asperity of manner—the asperity engendered of some years of having to answer the host of questions propounded by vacant minds at his own busiest hour of the day—that the colonel would tell them all about it himself; he had no time for a word. The adjutant's manner of suppressed excitement, however, was something less failed to note, and every man in the room felt certain that when the colonel came there would be a revelation. It was with some bordering indignation, therefore, that the assemblage heard the words that intimated to them that all might retire. The colonel had come in very quietly, received the report of the officer of the day, relieved him, and dismissed the new officer of the day with the brief formula, "Carry orders, sir," then glanced quickly around the silent circle of grave, bearded or boyish faces. His eyes rested for an instant with something like shock and trouble upon one face, pale, haggard, with almost bloodless lips, and yet full of fierce determination—a face that haunted him long afterwards, it was so full of agony, of suspense, almost of pleading—the face of Capt. Rayner.

Then, dispensing with the customary talk, he quietly spoke the disappointing words: "I am somewhat late this morning, gentlemen, and several matters will occupy my attention; so I will not detain you further."

The crowd seemed to find their feet very slowly. There was visible disinclination to go. Every man in some inexpressible way appeared to know that there was a new mystery hanging over the garrison, and that the colonel held the key. Every man felt that Billings had given him the right to expect to be told all about it when the colonel came. Some looked reproachfully at Billings, as though to remind him of his expectations. Stannard, his old stand-by, passed him with a gruff "Thought you said the colonel had something to tell us," and went out with an air of injured and degraded dignity.

Rayner arose, and seemed to be making preparation to depart with the others, and some of the number, connecting him, appeared to hold back and wait for him to precede them and so secure to themselves the satisfaction of knowing that, if it was a matter connected with Rayner, they "had him along" and nothing could take place without the hearing it. These men were very few, however; but Buxton was one of them. Rayner's eyes were fixed upon the colonel and searching for a sign, and it came—a little motion of the hand and a nod of the head that signified "Stay." Then, as Buxton and one or two of his dallied irresolute, the colonel turned somewhat sharply to them: "Was there any matter on which you wished to see me, gentlemen?" and, as there was none, they had to go. Then Rayner was alone with the colonel; for Mr. Billings quickly arose, and with a significant look at his commander, left the room and closed the door.

Mrs. Rayner, gazing from her parlor windows, saw that all the officers had come out except one—her husband—and with a moon of misery she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the sofa. With cheeks as white as her sister's, with eyes full of trouble and perplexity, but tearless, Nellie Travers stepped quickly in the room and put a trembling white hand upon the other's shoulder:

"Kate, it is no time for so bitter an exclamation as this. I have done simply what our soldier father would have done had he been here. I am fully aware of what it must cost me. I knew when I did it that you would never again see me come to your home. Once again, you and I can go our ways; I won't burden you longer; but it is not better that you should tell me in what way your husband or you can have been injured by what I have done?"

Mrs. Rayner impatiently shook away the hand.

"I don't want to talk to you," was the blunt answer. "You have carried out your threat and ruined me—that's all. What can you mean? Do you want me to think that because Mr. Hayne's innocence may be established your husband was the guilty man? Certainly your manner leads to that inference, though his does not, by any means."

"I don't want to talk. I tell you. You've had your way—done your work. You'll see soon enough the hideous web of trouble you've entangled about my husband. Don't you dare say—don't you dare say—that and now she rose with sudden fury—"that he was the—that he lost the money? But that's what all others will think."

"If that were true, Kate, there would be this difference between his trouble

and Mr. Hayne's. Mr. Hayne would have wife, wealth, and friends to help him bear the cross; Mr. Hayne has none. Five long years unaided. I pray God the truth has been brought to light."

What fierce reply Mrs. Rayner might have given, who knows? But at that instant a quick step was heard on the piazza, the door opened suddenly, and Capt. Rayner entered with a rush. The pallor had gone; a light of eager, half incredulous joy beamed from his eyes. He threw his cap upon the floor, and his wife had risen and thrown her arms about his neck.

"Have they found him?" was her breathless question. What has happened? You look so different."

"Found him? Yes; and he has told everything."

"Told what?"

"Told that he and Gower were the men. They took it all."

"Clancy and Gower? The thieves, do you mean? Is that—that what he confessed?" she asked, in wild wonderment, in almost stupefied amazement, releasing him from her arms and stepping back, her eyes searching his face.

"Nothing else in the world, Kate. I don't understand it at all. I'm all a-tremble yet. It clears Hayne utterly. It at least explains how I was mistaken. But what—that could she have meant?"

Mrs. Rayner stood like one in a dream, her eyes staring, her lips quivering; and Nellie, with throbbing pulses and clasping hands looked eagerly from husband to wife, as though beseeching some explanation.

"What did she mean? What did she mean?" I say again, asked Rayner, pressing his hands to his forehead and gazing fixedly at his wife.

A moment longer she stood there, as though a light—a long hidden truth—were slowly forcing itself upon her mind. Then, with impulsive movement she hurried through the dining room, threw open the kitchen door, and startled the domestics at their late breakfast.

"Ryan," she called to the soldier servant who rose hastily from the table "Go and tell Mrs. Clancy I want her instantly. Do you understand? Instantly!" And Ryan seized his forage cap and vanished.

It was perhaps ten minutes before he returned. When he did so it was apparent that Mrs. Rayner had been crying copiously, and that Miss Travers, too, was much affected. The captain was pacing the room with nervous strides; his mingled relief and agitation. All looked up expectant as the soldier re-entered. He had the air of a man who knew he bore tidings of vivid and mysterious interest, but he curbed the excitement of his manner until it shone only through his snapping eyes, saluted, and reported with professional gravity:

"Mrs. Clancy's clean gone, sir."

"Gone where?"

"Nobody knows, sir. She's just lit out with her trunk and best clothes some time last night."

"Gone to her husband in town, maybe?"

"No, sir. Clancy's all right; he was caught last evening, and hadn't time to get more than half drunk before they lodged him. Lieutenant Rayner got him, sir. They had him before a justice of the peace early this morning."

"Yes, I know all that. What I want is Mrs. Clancy. What has become of her?"

"Faith, I don't know, sir, but the women in Sulville they all say she's run away, sir—taken her money and gone. She's afraid of Clancy's peaching on her."

"By heavens! the thing is clearing itself!" exclaimed Rayner to his gasping and wild-eyed wife. "I must go to the colonel at once with his news." And away he went.

And then again, as the orderly retired, and the sisters were left alone, Nellie Travers with trembling lips asked the question:

"Have I done so much harm, after all, Kate?"

"Oh, Nellie! Nellie! forgive me, for I have been nearly mad with misery!" was Mrs. Rayner's answer, as she burst into a fresh paroxysm of tears. "That—that woman has—has told me fearful lies."

There was a strange scene that day a Warrenner when, towards noon, two carriages drove out from town and, entering the east gate, rolled over towards the guard house. The soldiers clustered about the barnyard porch and stared at the occupants. In the first—a lady in a black gown—were two "sheriff's" officers, while covering on the back seat, his hat pulled down over his eyes, was poor old Clancy, to whom clung faithful little Kate. In the rear carriage—Major Waldron—were Mr. Hayne, the major, and a civilian whom some of the men had no difficulty in recognizing as the official charged with the administration of justice towards offenders against the peace. Many of the soldiers strolled slowly up the road, in hopes of hearing all about the arrest, and what it meant for straggling members of the guard.

All knew it meant something more than a mere "break" on the part of Clancy; all felt that it had some connection with the long continued mystery that hung about the name of Lieut. Hayne.

Then, too, it was being noised abroad that Mrs. Clancy had "slipped," and between two suns had fled for parts unknown. She could be overhauled by telegraph if she had left on either of the night freights or gone down towards Denver by the early morning passenger train; it would be easy enough to capture her if she were "wanted," said the garrison; but what did it mean that Clancy was pursued by officers of the post and brought back under charge on officers of the law? He had had trouble enough, poor fellow!

The officer of the guard looked wonderingly at the carriage and their occupants. He saluted Maj. Waldron as the latter stepped briskly down.

"You will take charge of Clancy, Mr. Graham," said the major. "His discharge will be recalled at least it will take effect to-day. You will be interested in knowing that his voluntary confession fully establishes Mr. Hayne's innocence of the charges on which he was tried."

Clancy was wandering thoughts. He sprang to the ground, stepped quickly to the desk and put his arms about her.

"Clancy! her to come with us. Mrs. Waldron will take loving care of her, and she shall come to see you every day. The guard house is no place for her to follow you. Tell her so, man, and she will go with us. Come, Kate, child! And he bent tenderly over the sobbing little wife.

"Thank ye, sir. I know ye'll be good to her. Go with the lieutenant, Kate, darling, go. Shure I'll be happier then."

And, trembling, he bent and kissed her wet cheeks. She threw her arms around his neck and clung to him in an agony of grief. Gently they strove to disengage her clasping arms, but she clung and struggled, and poor old Clancy broke down. There were sturdy soldiers standing by who turned their heads away to hide the unbidden tears, and with a quiver in his kind voice the major interposed:

"Let her stay awhile; it will be better for both. Don't put him in the prison room, Graham. Keep them by themselves for a while. We will come for her by and by." And then, before them all, he held forth his hand and gave Clancy's a cordial grasp.

"Cheer up, man. You're taken the right step at last. You are a free man to-day, even if you are a prisoner for the time being. Better this a thousand times than what you were."

Hayne, too, spoke a few kind words in a low tone, and gave the old soldier a hand at parting. Then the guard closed the door, and father and daughter were left alone. As the groups around the guard house began to break up and move away, and the officers, re-entering the carriages, drove over to headquarters, a rollicking Irishman called to the sergeant of the guard:

"Does he know the old woman's skipped, sargeant? Shure, ye'd better tell him. 'Twill cheer him, like."

But when, a few moments after, the news was imparted to Clancy, the effect was electric and startling. With one bound and a savage cry he sprang to the door. The sergeant threw himself upon him and strove to hold him back, but was no match for the frenzied man. Deaf to Kate's entreaties and the sergeant's commands, he hurled him aside, leaped through the doorway, shot like a deer past the lolling guardsmen on the porch, and, turning sharply, went at the top of his speed down the hill towards Sulville before man could lay hand on him. The sentry on Number One caught his rifle and looked inquiringly at the officer of the guard, who came running out. With a wild shriek little Kate threw herself upon the sentry, clasping her knees and imploring him not to shoot.

The lieutenant and sergeant both shouted, "Never mind! Don't fire!" and with others of the guard rushed in pursuit. But, old and feeble as he was, poor Clancy kept the lead, never swerving, never flagging, until he reached the doorway of his abandoned cot; this he burst in, threw himself upon his knees by the bedside, and dragged to light a little wooden chest that stood by an open trap in the floor. One look sufficed; the mere fact that the trap was open and the box exposed was enough. With a wild cry of rage, despair and baffled hatred, he clinched his hands above his head, rose to his full height, and with a curse upon his white lips, with glaring eyes and gasping breath, turned upon his pursuers as they came running in, and hurled his fists at the foremost.

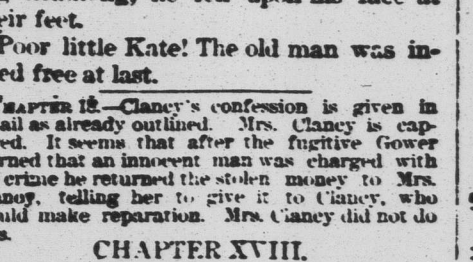
"Let me follow her, I say! She's gone with it all—his money! Let me go!" he shrieked; and then his eyes turned story, a gasp, a clutch at his throat, and, plunging headlong, he fell upon his face at their feet.

Poor little Kate! The old man was indeed free at last.

CHAPTER XVIII. Clancy's confession is given in detail as already outlined. Mrs. Clancy is captured. It seems that after the fugitive Gower learned that an innocent man was charged with his crime he returned the stolen money to Mrs. Clancy, telling her to give it to Clancy, who would make repairs. Mrs. Clancy did not do this.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW RAYNER GRASPING HIS HANDS. There had been a scene of somewhat dramatic nature at the colonel's office but a short time before, and one that had fewer witnesses. Agitated, nervous and eventually astonished as Capt. Rayner had been when the colonel had revealed to him the nature of Clancy's confession, he was far more excited and tremulous when he returned a second time. The commanding officer had been sitting deep in thought. It was but natural that a man should show great emotion on learning that the evidence he had given, which had condemned a brother officer to years of solitary punishment, was now disproved. It was to be expected that Rayner should be tremulous and excited. He had been looking worse and worse for a long time; and now that it was established that he must have been mistaken in what he thought he saw and heard at Battle Butte, it was to be expected that he would show the utmost consternation and immediate desire to make amends. He had shown great emotion; he was white and rigid as the colonel told him Clancy had made a full confession; but the expression on his face when informed that the man had admitted that he and Sergt. Gower were the only ones guilty of the crime—that Clancy



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