# Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend is for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become Weak of thin, promotes a new growth.

hair, which had furned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with enter success. I cheerfully testify to the

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"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and is a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sines, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire
ices of my hair from the effects of tetter.

"A hoped that after a time nature would
repair the lose, but I waited in vain.
Many remedies were suggested, none,
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A year's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it.
The result was all I could have desired.

A growth of hair soon came out all over
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heavy as I ever had, and of a natural
color, and femily set."—J. H. Pratt,
Spofford, Texas.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Dr. J. O. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

# The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 16 1890.

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

Author of "Dunraven Ranch," "The Color nel's Danghter," "Marion's Faith," Etc.; Etc.

Two of the young gentlemen who had been hovering around Miss Travers took themselves off without a moment's delay. The others remained to help their senior officer. Out into the whirling eddies of snow, bundling them up in the big, warm capes of their regulation over roats, the officers half led, half carried their precious charges. The captain bore his son and heir: Lieut. Ross ergorted Mrs. Rayner: two others devoted thempelves exclusively to Miss Travers: & fourth picked up the Maltese kitten. Two or three smart, trim looking infantry soldiers cleared the section of bags and bundles of shawls, and the entire party was soon within the doorway of the waiting room, where a red hot coal stove glowed force welcome. Here all the officers again bustled out into the storm and fencht their way against the northwest gale until they reached the little crowd gathered about the doorway of the freight sheds. A stout, short, burly man in leaver overcoat and cap pushed through the knot of half numbed spectators and appreached their leader:

We have only two anabulances, captain that is all there was at the post when the dispatch came - and there are a dozen of these men, besides Dr. Grimes. all more or less crippled, and Grimes has both hands frozen. We must get them out at once. Can we take your

"Certainly, doctor. Take anything we have. If the storm holds, tell the driver not to try to come back for us. We can make the ladies conifortable here at the hotel for the night. Some of the officers have to get back for duties this evening. The rest will have to stay. How did they happen to get caught in such a freeze?"

They couldn't help it. Stannard had chased the Chevennes across the range. and was ordered to get back to the railway. It was twenty below when they started, and they made three days' chase in that weather; but no one seemed to care so long as they were on the trail. Then came the change of wind, and a driving snow storm, in which they lost the trail as a matter of course; and then this blizzard struck them on the back track. Grimes is so exhausted that he could barely hold out until he got here. He says he never could have brought them through from Buff Siding but for Mr. Havne; he did everything,"

"Mr. Havne! Was he with them?" "He was on the train; and came in at once to offer his services. Grimes says he was invaluable."

"But Mr. Havne was east on leave: I know he was. He was promoted to my company last month-confound the luck and was to have six months' leave before joining. I wish it was six years, Where is he now?" And the captain peered excitedly around from under his shaggy cap. Oddly, too, his face was

"He left as soon as I took charge, I dou't know where he's gone; but it's God's mercy he was with these poor fellows. His skill and care have done everything for them. Where did he get his knowledge?"

"I have no idea." said Capt. Rayner, gruffly, and 'n evident ill humor, "He is the last man I expected to see this day or for days to come. Is there anything else I can do, doctor."

"Nothing, the Bk you, captain." And the little surgeon hastened back to his charges, followed by some of the younger officers, eager to be of assistance in caring for their disabled comrades. Rayner himself hesitated a moment, then turned about and trudged heavily back along the wind swept platform. The train had pulled away and was out of sight in the whirl of snow over the western prairies. He went to his own substantial wagon and shouted to the driver, who sat muffied in buffalo fur on the box:

"Get around there to the freight house and report to the doctor. There is a lot of frozen cavalrymen to be taken out to the hospital. Don't try to come back for us to-night; we'll stay here in town. Send the quartermaster's team of for the trunks as soon as the storm is over and the

metadémetantly that all the discrimon had pure and that a cloud had gettled on his lace. She was a sizewd observer, and the knew him well. Something more serious than a mishap to a squad of sol-diere had brought about the sustien change. He was all gladness, all rejoic-ing and delight, when he clasped her and his baby boy in his arms but ten minutes before, and now—something had occur-red to bring him serious discomfort. She rested her hand on his arm and looked questioningly in his face. He avoided her glance and quickly began to talk. She saw that he desired to answer no

questions just then, and wisely refrained. Meantime, Miss Travers was chatting blithely with two young gallants, who had returned to her side, and who had thrown off their heavy furs and stood revealed in their becoming undress uniforms. Mr. Ross had gone to look over the rooms which the host of the railway hotel had offered for the use of the party; the baby was yielding to the inevitable and gradually condescending to notice the efforts of Mr. Foster to scrape acquaintance; the kitten, with dainty step, and ears and tail erect, was making a leisurely inspection of the premises, sniffing about the few benches and chairs with which the bare room was burdened, and reconnoitering the door leading to the hallway with evident desire to extend her researches in that direction. Presently that very door opened, and in came two or three bundles of fur in masculine hape, and with them two shaggy deer ounds, who darted straight at the kitten. There was a sudden flurry and scatter, a fury of spits and scratching, a yelp of pain from one brute with lacerated

nose, a sudden recoil of both hounds, and

then a flery rush through the open door-

way in pursuit of puss. After the first

gallant instinct of battle her nerve had

given out, and she had sought safety in

"Oh, don't let them hurt her!" cried Miss Travers, as she darted into the hall and gazed despairingly up the stairway to the second story, whither the dogs had vanished like a flash. The of the young fficers sped to the rescue and turned the wrong way. Mrs. Rayner and the Capt. followed her into the hall. A rush of anine feet and an excited chorous of barks and yelps were heard aloft; then a stern voice ordering, "Down, you brutes!" a sudden howl as though in response to a vigorous kick, and an instant later, bearing the kitten, ruffled, terrified and wildly excited, yet unharmed, there came springing lightly down the steps the roung man in civilian dress who was their fellow traveller on the Pullman. Without a word he gave his prize into the dainty hands outstretched to receive it, and never stopping an instant . never listening to the eager words of thanks from her pretty lips, he darted back as quickly as he came, leaving Miss Travers suddenly struck dumb.

Capt. Rayner turned sharply on his heel and stepped back into the waiting room. Mr. Ross nudged a brother lieutenant and whispered: "By gad! that's awkard for Midas!" The two subalterns who had taken the wrong turn at the heard of the stairs reappeared there just as the rescuershot past them on his way back and stood staring, first after his dissapearing form, and then at each other. Miss Travers, with wonder and relief curiously mingled in her sweet face, clung to her restored kitten and gazed vacanty up the stairs.

Mrs. Raynor, looked confused from one to the other, quickly noting the constraint in the manner of every officer present and the sudden disapearance of her husband. There was an old silence for a moment; then she spoke: "Mr. Ross, do you know that gentle-

"I know who he is. Yes."

"Who is he, then?" "He is your husband's first lieutenant, Mrs. Revner. That is Mr. Hayne." "That!- Mr. Hayne?" she exclaimed

growing suddenly pale. "Certainly madam. Had you never

seen him before?" "Never: and I expected-I didn't expect to see such a"- And she broke short off, confused and plainly distressed. turned abruptly, and left the hall as had

element among the officers at Fort Warrener. A scandal has been attached to his name in the past, and those who side with him are forced by the peculiarities of the case to side against Capt. Rayner. The two men have been sworn enemies for five years. The commandant of the post receives Lieut. Hayne kindly and decides to give a dinner in his honor. In fact, most of the cavairy treat him well, while the infantry (his own regiment) do not. It transpires that the trouble connected with Hayne's name was a court-martial, which had convicted him of a serious offence principally on Capt. Rayner's evidence. This ruling was reversed by higher authorities. Some of Hayne's old comrades make advances, which are repelled. Hayne takes up his quarters in a house at some distance from the other officers' quarters.

CHAPTER III.



ALONE IN THE COLONEL'S PRESENCE. The officers of Fort Warrener were assembled, as was the daily morning custom, in the presence of the colonel commanding. It had long been the practice of that veteran soldier to require all his commissioned subordinates to put in an appearance at his office immediately after the ceremony of guard mounting. He might have nothing to say to them, or he might have a good deal; and he was a man capable of saying a good deal in very few words and meaning exactly what he said. It was his custom to look up from his writing as each officer entered and his writing as each omoer entered and respond to the respectful salutation tendered him with an equally punctillous "Good morning, Capt. Gregg," or "Good morning, Mr. Blake," never omitting the mention of the name, unless, as was sometimes tried, a squad of them came in to-Then he rejoined the party at the waiting room of the station, and Mrs. Rayner In this event the colonel simply looked

meet ment in the face, anghought thing meetal note of the fadividual constraint of the group, and portented himself will a "Good morning mentlemen."

When in addition to six troops of his to the post, a major and four compar of infantry, some of the junior officers of the latter organization had suggested to their comrades of the yellow stripes that as the colonel had no roll call it might be a matter of no great risk to but the matinee" on some of the flendshly cold mornings that soon set in; but the experiment was never designedly tried, thanks, possibly, to the frank exposition of his personal views as expressed by Lieut. Blake, of the cavalry, who said, "Try it if you are stagnating for want of a sensation, my genial plod-der, but not if you value the service of one who has been there, so to speak. The chief will spot you quicker than he can a missing shoe—a missing horseshoe, Johnny, let me elaborate for your comprehension—and the next question will be, 'Mr. Bluestrap, did you intentionally absent yourself?' and then how will you get out of it?"

The matinees, so called, were by no means unpopular features of the daily routine. The officers were permitted to bring their pipes or cigars and take their after breakfast smoke in the big, roomy office of the commander, just as they were permitted to enjoy the post-prandial whist when at evening recitation in the same office they sat around the room, chatting in low tones, for half an hour, while the colonel received the reports of his adjutant, the surgeon and the old and the new officer of the day. Then any matters affecting the discipline or instruction or general interests of the command were brought up; both sides of the question were presented, if question arose; the decision was rendered then and there, and the officers were dismissed for the day with the customary "That's all, gentlemen." They left the office well knowing that only in the event of some sudden emergency would they be called thither again or disturbed in their daily vocations until the same hour on the following morning. Meantime, they must be about their work-drills, if weather permitted; stalle duty, no matter what the weather; garrison courts, boards of survey, the big general court that was perennially dispensing justice at the post, and the long list of minor but none the less exacting demands on the time and attention of the subalterns and company

The colonel was a strict, even severe, disciplinarian, but he was cool, deliberate, and just. He "worked" his officers. and thereby incurred the criticism of a few, but held the respect of all. He had been a splendid cavalry commander in the field of all others where his sterling qualities were sure to find responsive appreciation in his officers and men-or active and stirring campaigns against the Indians—and among his own regiment he knew that deep in their hearts the -th respected and believed in him, even when they growled at garrison exactions which seemed uncalled for. The infantry officers knew less of him as a sterling ed with his discipline. It was all right for him to "rout out" every mother's son in the cavalry at reveille, because all the cavalry officers had to go to stables soon afterward-that was all they were fit for but what on earth was the use of getting them-the infantry-out of their warm beds before sunrise on a wintry morning and having no end of roll calls and such things through the day, "just to keep them busy?" The real objection—the main objection-to the colonel's system was that it kept a large number of officers, most of whom were educated gentlemen, hammering all day long at an endless routine of trivial duties, allowing actually no time in which they could read, study, or improve their minds; but as ill luck would have it, the three young gentleman who decided to present to the colonel this view of the case had been devoting what spare time they could find to a lively game of poker down at "the store," and their petition for "more time to themselves" brought down a reply from the oracular lips of the commander

that became immortal on the frontier and made the petitioners nearly frantic. For a week the trio was the butt of all the wits at Fort Warrener. And yet the entire commissioned force felt that they were being kept at the grindstone because of the frivolity of these youngsters, and they did not like it. All the same the cavalrymen stuck up for their colonel and the infantrymen respected him, and the matinees were business-like and profitable. They were rarely unpleasant in any feature, but this particular morning-two days after the arrival of Mrs. Rayner and her sister-there had been a scene of somewhat dramatic interest, and the groups of officers in breaking up and going away, could discuss nothing else. The colonel had requested one of their number to remain, as he wished to speak to him further, and that man was

Lieut. Havne. Seven years had that young gentleman been a second lieutenant of the regiment of infantry, a detachment of which was now stationed at Warrener. Only this very winter had promotion come to him. and, of all companies in the regiment, he was gazetted to the first lieutenancy of Capt. Rayner's. For a while the regiment when by itself could talk of little else. Mr. Hayne had spent three or four years in the exile of a little "two company post" far up in the mountains. Except the officers there stationed, none of his comrades had seen him during that

No one of them would like to admit that he would care to see him. And yet, when once in a while they got to talking among themselves about him, and the question was sometimes confidentially asked of comrades who came down on leave from that isolated station, "How is Hayne doing?" or "What is Hayne doing?" the language in which he was referred to, grew by degrees far less truculent and confident than it had been when he first went thither. Officers of other regiments rarely spoke to the "Riflers" of Mr. Hayne. Unlike one or two others of their arm of the service, this particular regiment of foot held the affairs of its officers as regimental property in which outsiders had no concern. If they had disagreements they were kept to themselves; and even in a case which in its day had attracted wide-spread attention the Riffers had long since learned to shun all talk outside.

yet it was getting to be whispered around that the Riflers were by no means so manimous as they had been in their opinion of this very officer. They were becoming divided among themselves; and what complicated matters was the fact that those who felt their views undergoing a reconstruction were compelled to alimit that just in proportion as the case of Mr. Hayne rose in their esti-

mation, the reputation of another officer was bound to suffer, and that officer was Capt. Rayner. Between these two men not a word had been exchanged for five years-not a single word since the day when, with ashem face and broken accents, but with stern purpose in every syllable, Lieut. Hayne, standing in the presence of nearly all the officers of his regiment, had hurled this prophecy in his adversary's teeth: "Though it take me years, I will live it down despite you; and you will wish to God you had bitten out your perjured tongue before you ever told the lie that wrecked me."

No wonder there was talk, and lots of it, in the "Riflers" and all through the garrison when Rayner's first lieutenant suddenly threw up his commission and retired to the mines he had located in Montana, and Hayne, the "senior second," was promoted to the vacancy. Speculation as to what would be the result was given a temporary rest by the news that war department orders had granted the subaltern six months' leave—the first he had sought in as many years. It was known that he had gone east; but hardly had he been away a fortnight when there came the trouble with the Cheyennes at the reservation—a leap for liberty by some fifty of the band, and an immediate rush of the cavalry in pursuit. There were some bloody atrocities, as there always are. All the troops in the department were ordered to be in readiness for instant service, while the officials eagerly watched the reports to see which way the desperate band would turn; and the next heard of Mr. Hayne was the news that he had thrown up his leave and had hurried out to join his company the moment the eastern papers told of the trouble. It was all practically settled by the time he reached the department; but the spirit and intent of his action could not be doubted. And now here he was at Warrener. That very morning during the matinee he had entered the office un-

"Permit me to introduce myself, colonel-Mr. Hayne. I desire to relinquish my leave of absence and report for duty." The colonel quickly arose and extend-

announced, walked up to the desk of the

commander, and, while every voice but

his in the room was stilled, he quietly

"Mr. Hayne, I am especially glad to see you and to thank you here for all your care and kindness to our men. The doctor tells me that many of them would have had to suffer the loss of noses and ears, even of hands and feet in some cases, but for your attention. Maj. Stannard will add his thanks to mine when he returns. Take a seat sir, for present. You are acquainted with the officers of your own regiment, doubtless. Mr. Billings, introduce Mr. Hayne

Whereat the adjutant courteously greeted the newcomer, presented a small party of yellow strapped shoulders, and then drew him into earnest talk about the adventure of the train. It was noticed that Mr. Hayne neither by word nor glance gave the slightest recognition of the presence of the officers of his own regiment, and that they as studiously avoided him. One or two of their number had indeed risen and stepped forward. as though to offer him the civil greeting due to one of their own cloth; but it was with evident doubt of the result. They reddened when he met their tentativewhich was that of a gentleman-with a cold look of atter repudiation. He did not choose to see them, and, of course,

that ended it Nor was his greeting hearty among the cavalrymen. There were only a few present, as most of the-th were still out in the field and marching slowly homeward. The introductions were courteous and formal, there was even constraint among two or three, but there was civility and an evident desire to refer to his services in behalf of " ir men. All such attempts, however. Mr. Hayne waved aside by an immedia, change of the subject. It was plain that to them, too, he had the manner of a man who was at odds with the world and de ired to make no

The colonel quickly noted the general silence and constraint, and resolved to shorten it as much as possible. Dropping his pen, he wheeled around in his chair with determined cheerfulness:

"Mr. Hayne, you will need a day or two to look about and select quarters and get ready for work. I presume."

Thank you, colonel. No, sir. I shall move in this afternoon and be on duty to-morrow morning," was the calm reply. There was an awkward pause for a moment. The officers looked blankly from one to another, and then began craning their necks to search for the post quartermaster, who sat an absorbed listener. Then the colonel spoke again:

"I appreciate your promptness, Mr. Havne, but have you considered that in choosing quarters according to your rank you will necessarily move somebody out? We are crowded now, and many of your juniors are married, and the ladies will want time to pack." An anxious silence again. Capt. Ray-

ner was gazing at his boot toes and trying to appear utterly indifferent; others leaned forward, as though eager to hear the answer. A faint smile crossed Mr. Hayne's features; he seemed rather to enjoy the situation:

"I have considered, colonel. I shall turn nobody out, and nobody need be incommoded in the least." "Oh! then you will share quarters with some of the bachelors?" asked the

cclonel, with evident relief. "No, sir:" and the answer was stern in

One could have heard a pin drop in the office-even on the matted floor. The

olonel half arose: "Why, Mr. Hayne, there is not a vaeast set of quarters in the garrison. You will have to move some one out if you decide to live alone."

"There may be no quarters in the post, sir, but, if you will permit me, I can live near my company and yet in officers

"How so, sir?" "In the house out there on the edge of the garrison, facing the prairie. It is within stone's throw of the barracks of Company B, and is exactly like those built for the officers in here along the

parade." "Why, Mr. Hayne, no officers ever lived there. It is utterly out of the way and isolated. I believe it was built for the sutler years ago, but was bought in by the government afterwards. Who lives there now, Mr. Quartermaster

"No one, sir. It is being used as a tailors' shop; half a dozen of the company tailors work there; but I can send them back to their own barracks. The house is in good repair, and, as Mr. Hayne says, exactly like those built for officers' use." "And you mean you want to live there alone, Mr. Havne?"

"I do, sir, exactly." The colonel turned sharply to the desk once more. The strained silence continned a moment. Then he faced his offi-

"Mr. Hayne, will you remain a few moments? I wish to speak with you, Jentlemen, that is all this morning,"

And so the meeting adjourned.

While many of the cavalry officers strolled into the neighboring club and reading room, it was noticed that their comrades of the infantry lost no time at intermediate points, but took the shortest road to the row of brown cottages known as the officers' quarters. The feeling of constraint that had settled upon all was still apparent in the group that entered the club room, and for a moment no one spoke. There was a general settling into easy chairs, and picking up of newspapers without reference to age or date. No one seemed to want to say anything, and yet every one felt it necessary to have some apparent excuse for becoming absorbed in other matters. This was so evident to Lieut. Blake that he speedily burst into a laugh—the first that had been heard-and when two or three heads popped out from behind their printed screens to inquire into the cause of his mirth, that light hearted gentleman was seen sprawling his long legs apart and gazing out of the window after the groups of infantrymen.

"What do you see that's so intensely funny?" growled one of the elders among

"Nothing, old mole-nothing," said Blake, turning suddenly about. "It looks too much like a funeral procession for fun. What I'm chuckling at is the absurdity of our coming in here like so many mutes in weepers. It's none of our funeral."

"Strikes me the situation is damned awkward," growled "the mole," again. "Here's a fellow comes in who's cut by his regiment, and has placed ours under lasting obligations before he gets inside

the post." "Well, does any man here know the rights and wrongs of the case, anyhow?" said a tall, bearded captain as he threw aside the paper which he had not been reading, and rose impatiently to his feet. "It seems to me from the little I've heard of Mr. Hayne and the little I've seen, that there is a broad variation between facts and appearances. He looks like a gentle-

"No one does know anything more of he matter than was known at the time of

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