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REASONS

Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.

Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only the purest and most effective remedial properties.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present.

Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by its use.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, Worth \$6 a bottle.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1890.

THE DESERTER

BY CATIE CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

Author of "The Deserters," "The Color of the Deserters," "The Deserters' Faith," etc., etc.

Later, when the sergeant sent the requested detail he reported to the captain in the company office in five minutes: "The lieutenant's compliments and thanks, but he does not need the men."

The dinner at the colonel's, quiet as it was and with only eight at table, was an affair of almost momentous importance to Mr. Hayne. It was the first thing of the kind he had attended in five years, and though he well knew that it was intended by the cavalry commander more especially as a recognition of the services rendered by the suffering men, he could not but expect in the courtesy and tact with which he was received and entertained.

The colonel's wife, the adjutant, and those of two captains away with the field detachment were the four ladies who were there. There, I think, were seated Mr. Blake, his wife, his appearance, how long, how very long, it seemed to him since he had sat in the presence of refined and attractive women and heard their gay and animated chat.

The young men, however, were not so generally interested. It was mainly of his brief visit to the east, however, that they made him talk of the operas and theatres he had attended, the pictures he had seen, the music that was most popular, and when dinner was over their hostess led him to the piano, and he played and sang for their amusement and again. His voice was soft and sweet, and though it was unaccompanied, he sang with expression and grace, playing with more skill but less feeling than I had been used to.

Music and books had been the solace of lonely years, and he could easily see that he had pleased them with his songs. He went home to the dreary roomy out on Prairie Avenue and laughed at the howling wind. The bare gray walls and the dim keyhole lamp, even when a candle flame shone in the background, and no bloom to his soul. It had been a happy evening. It had cost him a hard struggle to restrain the emotion which he had felt at times; and when he withdrew, seen after the tramp to his room, as women will do, he found one letter which his manners were perfect.

But the colonel said more than that. He had found him far better read than any other officer of his age he had ever met, and they one and all expressed the hope that they might see him frequently. No wonder, it was of momentous importance to him. It was the opening to a new life. It meant that he had at least had no takers and gentlemen and their fair and gracious wives who had welcomed him to their homes, and though they must have known that a pall of suspicion and gloom had overshadowed his past, they believed that he was innocent of the grievous charge of that his years of exile and suffering had amply atoned. It was a happy evening indeed to him, but there was gloom at Capt. Rayner's.

The captain himself had gone out soon after dinner. He found that the parlor was filled with young visitors of both sexes, and he was in no mood for merriment. Miss Travers was being welcomed to the post in genuine army style, and was evidently enjoying it. Mrs. Rayner was sitting nervously in and out of the parlor with a cloud upon her brow and for once in her life compelled to preserve temporary silence upon the subject uppermost in her thoughts. She had been forbidden to speak of it to her husband; yet she knew he had gone out again with every probability of seeing some one to talk to about the matter. She could not well broach the topic in the parlor because she was not at all sure how Capt. and Mrs. Travers of the cavalry would take it, and they were still there. She was a loyal wife; her husband's quarters were here and there, too; and she was a woman of instinct even keener than that which we so readily accord the men. She knew, and knew well, that a hidden doubt had been preying for a long time in her husband's heart of

hears, and she knew still better that it would crush him to believe it was even suspected by any one else. Right or wrong, the one thing for her to do, she doubted not, was to maintain the original guilt against all comers, and to lose no opportunity of feeding the flame that consumed Mr. Hayne's record and reputation. He was guilty—he must be guilty; and though she was a Christian according to her view of the case—a pillar of the church in matters of public charity and picturesque conformity to all the rubric called for in the services, and much that it did not—she was unwilling in her condemnation of Mr. Hayne.

To those who pointed out that he had made every atonement man could make she responded with the severity of conscientious virtue that there could be no atonement without repentance and no repentance without humility. Mr. Hayne's whole attitude was that of stubborn pride and resentment. His atonement was that enforced by the unanimous verdict of his comrades, and even if it were so that he had more than made amends for his crime the rules that held good for ordinary sinners were not applicable to an officer of the army. He must be a man above suspicion, incapable of wrong of fraud, and once stained he was forever ineligible as a gentleman. It was a subject on which she waxed declamatory rather too often, and the youngsters of her own regiment wearied of it. As Mr. Foster once expressed it in speaking of this very case, "Mrs. Rayner can talk more chirily and show less than any woman I know." So long as her talk was aimed against any lurking tendency of their own to look upon Hayne as a possible martyr, it fell at times on unappreciative ears, and she was quick to see it and to choose her hours; but here was a new phase—one that might rouse the latent esprit de corps of the Riders—and she was bent on striking while the iron was hot. If anything would provoke unanimity of action and sentiment in the regiment, this public recognition by the cavalry, in their very presence, of the man they cut out as a criminal was the thing of all others to do it, and she meant to lead the revolt.

Possibly Gregg and his modest help-met discovered that there was something she desired to "spring" upon the meeting. The others present were all of the infantry; and when Capt. Rayner simply glanced in, spoke hurried good evenings, and went as hurriedly out again, Gregg was sure of it and marched his wife away. Then came Mrs. Rayner's opportunity.

"If it were not Capt. Rayner's house, I could not have been even civil to Capt. Gregg. You heard what he said at the club this morning, I suppose?"

In one form or another, indeed, almost everywhere had heard. The officers present maintained an embarrassed silence, Miss Travers looked reproachfully at her flushed sister, but to no purpose. At last one of the ladies remarked:

"Well, of course I heard of it, but I've heard so many different versions. It seems to have grown somewhat since morning."

"It sounds just like him, however," said Mrs. Rayner, "and I made inquiry before speaking of it. He said he meant to invite Mr. Hayne to his house to-morrow evening, and if the infantry didn't like it they could stay away."

"Well, now, Mrs. Rayner," protested Mr. Foster, "of course none of us heard what he said exactly, but it is my experience that no conversation was ever repeated without being exaggerated, and I've known old Gregg for ever so long, and never heard him say a sharp thing yet. Why, he's the mildest mannered fellow in the whole—th cavalry."

"He would never get into such a snarl as that would bring out him in five minutes."

"Well, he said he would do just as the cavalry did anyway—we have that straight from cavalry authority, and we all know what the colonel has done. He has chosen to honor Mr. Hayne in the presence of the officers who denounce him, and practically defies the opinion of the Riders."

"But, Mrs. Rayner, I did not understand Gregg's remarks to be what you say, exactly. Blake told me that when asked by somebody whether he was going to call on Mr. Hayne, Gregg simply replied he didn't know he would ask the colonel."

"Very well. That means he proposes to be guided by the colonel, or nothing at all, and Capt. Gregg is simply doing what the others will do. They say to us in so many words: 'We prefer the society of your betwixt to your own.' That's the way I look at it," said Mrs. Rayner, in her conclusion.

It was evident that, though none were prepared to endorse an extreme view, there was a strong feeling that the colonel had put an affront upon the Riders by his open welcome to Mr. Hayne. He had been exacting before, and had caused a good deal of growling among the women. They were ready to find fault, and here was strong provocation. Mr. Foster was a youth of unfortunate and unpopular propensities. He should have held his tongue instead of striving to stem the tide.

"I don't uphold Hayne any more than you do, Mrs. Rayner, but it seems to me this is a case where the colonel has to make some acknowledgment of Mr. Hayne's conduct."

"Very good. Let him write him a letter, then, thanking him in the name of the regiment, but don't pick him up like this in the face of ours," interrupted one of the juniors, who was seated near Miss Travers, a wise stroke of policy. Mrs. Rayner invited him to breakfast, and there was a chorus of approbation.

"Well, hold on a moment," said Foster. "Hasn't the colonel had every one of us to dinner more or less frequently?"

"Admitted, but what's to do with it?"

"Hasn't he invariably invited each officer to dine with him in every case where an officer has arrived?"

"Granted, but what then?"

"If he broke the rule or precedent in Mr. Hayne's case, would he not practically be saying that he endorsed the views of the court martial as opposed to those of the department commander, Gen. Sherman, the secretary of war, the president of the United States?"

"Oh, make out your transfer papers, Foster. You ought to be in the cavalry or some other disputatious branch of the service," burst in Mr. Graham.

"I declare Mr. Foster, I never thought you would abandon your colors," said Mrs. Rayner.

"I haven't madam, and you've no right to say so," said Foster, indignantly. "I simply hold that any attempt to work up a regimental row out of this thing will make bad infinitely worse, and I deprecate the whole business."

"I suppose you mean to intimate that Capt. Rayner's position and that of the Riders is bad—all wrong—that Mr. Hayne has been persecuted," said Mrs. Rayner, with trembling lips and cheeks aflame.

"Mrs. Rayner, you are unjust," said poor Foster. "I ought not to have undertaken to explain or defend the colonel's act, perhaps, but I am not dialogal to my regiment or my colors. What I want is to prevent further trouble; and I know that anything like a concerted resentment of the colonel's invitation will lead to infinite harm."

"You may cringe and bow and bear it if you choose; you may humble yourself to such a piece of insolence, but rest assured there are plenty of men and women in the Riders who won't bear it. Mr. Foster, for one I won't." She had risen to her full height now, and her eyes were blazing.

"For his own sake I trust the colonel will omit our names from the next entertainment he gives. Nellie shouldn't."

"Oh, think, Mrs. Rayner," interrupted one of the ladies, "they must give her a dinner or a reception."

"Indeed they shall not! I refuse to enter the door of people who have insulted my husband as they have."

"Hush! Listen!" said Mr. Graham, springing toward the door.

There was wondering silence an instant. "It is nothing but the trumpet sounding taps," said Mrs. Rayner, hurriedly.

But even as she spoke they rose to their feet. Muffled cries were heard, borne in on the night wind—a shot, then another, down in the valley—the quick peal of the cavalry trumpet.

"It's a fire!" shouted several from the doorway. "Come on!"

CHAPTER V. The fire is in a house occupied by Private Clancy who was a sergeant during the Mexican field campaign in the preado and his wife, who is a landlady. Lieut. Hayne rescues Clancy and his little daughter from the flames and also saves a bundle of some value of large denomination, which Mrs. Clancy eagerly clutches and apparently considers of center importance than the lives of her husband and child. Hayne himself is badly burned, and Miss Travers evinces great interest in the young officer, for whom her sister and brother-in-law show no such dislike.

CHAPTER V.

Down in the valley south of the post a broad glare was already shooting upward and illuminating the sky. One among a dozen little shanties and log houses, the homes of the landladies of the garrison and collectively known as Salsville, was a mass of flames. There was a rush of officers across the parade, and the men answering the alarm of the trumpet and the shots and shouts of the sentries, came tearing from their quarters and plunging down the hill. Among the first on the spot came the young men who were of the party at Capt. Rayner's, and Mr. Graham was ahead of them all. It was plain to the most inexperienced that there was hardly anything left to save in or about the burning shanty. All efforts must be directed towards preventing the spread of the flames to the other adjoining. Half- clad women and children were rushing about, shrieking with fright and excitement, and a few men were engaged in dragging household goods and furniture from those tenements not yet reached by the flames. Fire apparatus there seemed to be none, though squads of men speedily appeared with ladders, axes and buckets, brought from different company quarters, and the arriving officers quickly formed the bucket lines, and water dipped from the icy creek began to fly from hand to hand. Before any scene of semi-tragic, semi-comic intensity had been enacted in the presence of a rapidly gathering audience, "It was worth more than the price of admission to hear Blake tell it afterwards," said the officers, later.

A tall, angular woman, frantic with excitement and terror, was dancing about in the broad glare of the burning hut, tearing her hair, making wild rushes at the flames from time to time as though intent on dragging out some prized object that was being consumed before her eyes, and all the time keeping up a volley of maledictions and abuse in Latin, gibberish, apparently directed at a cowering object who sat in limp helplessness upon a little heap of firewood, swaying from side to side, and moaning stupidly through the scorching and grimy hands in which his face was hidden. His clothing was still smoking in places; his hair and beard were singed to the roots; he was evidently seriously injured, and the sympathizing soldiers who had gathered around him after deluging him with snow and water were striving to get him to arise and go with them to the hospital.

A little girl, not ten years old, knelt sobbing and terrified by his side. She, too, was scorching and singed, and the soldiers had thrown rough blankets about her; but it was for her father, not herself, she seemed worried to distraction. Some of the women were striving to reassure and comfort her in their homely fashion, bidding her cheer up—the father was only stupid from drink, and would be all right as soon as "the liquor was off him." But the little one was beyond consolation so long as he could not or would not speak in answer to her entreaties.

All this time, never passing for breath, shrieking anathemas on her drunken spouse, reproaches on her frightened child, and imprecations to all the blessed saints in heaven to reward the gentleman who had saved her hoarded money—a smoking packet that she hugged to her breast—Mrs. Clancy, "the saynor landlady of Company B," as she had long styled herself, was prancing up and down through the gathering crowd, her shrill voice overmastering all other clamor. The vigorous efforts of the men, directed by cool headed officers, soon beat back the flames that were threatening the neighboring shanties, and leveled to the ground what remained of Private Clancy's home. The fire was extinguished almost as rapidly as it began, but the current of Mrs. Clancy's eloquence was still unstemmed. The adjurations of sympathetic sisters to "Howld yer whist," the authoritative admonition of some old sergeant to "Stop your infernal noise," and the half maudlin, yet appealing glances of her suffering lord, were all insufficient to check her.

It was not until the quiet tones of the colonel were heard that she began to cool down: "We've had enough of this, Mrs. Clancy; be still, now, or we'll have to send you to the hospital in the coal cart." Mrs. Clancy knew that the colonel was a man of few words, and believed him to be one of less sentiment. She was afraid of him, and concluded it time to cease threats and abuse and come down to the more effective role of wronged and suffering womanhood—a feat which she accomplished with the consummate ease of long practice, for the rows in the Clancy household were matters of garrison notoriety. The surgeon, too, had come, and after quick examination of Clancy's condition, had directed him to be taken at once to the hospital; and thither his little daughter insisted on following him, despite the efforts of some of the women to detain her and dress her properly.

Before returning to his quarters the colonel desired to know something of the origin of the fire. There was testimony enough and to spare. Every woman in Salsville had a theory to express and was eager to be heard at once and to the exclusion of all others. It was not to be had summarily ordered them to go to their homes and not come near him, that the colonel managed to get a clear statement from some of the men.

Clancy had been away all the evening, drinking as usual, and Mrs. Clancy was searching about Salsville as much for sympathy and listeners as for him. Little Kate, who knew her father's haunts, had guided him home and was striving to get him to his little sleeping corner before her mother's return, when in his drunken helplessness he fell against the table, overturning the kerosene lamp, and the curtains were all aflame in an instant. It was just after taps—or 10 o'clock—when Kate's shrieks aroused the inmates of Salsville and started the cry of "Fire." The flimsy structure of pine boards burned like so much timber and the child and her stupefied father

had been damaged forthwith in time to save their lives. The little one, after giving the alarm, had rushed again into the house and was tugging at his senseless form when rescue came for both—none too soon.

As for Mrs. Clancy, at the first note of danger she had rushed screaming to the spot, but only in time to see the whole interior ablaze and to howl frantically for some man to save her money—it was all in the green box under the bed. For husband and child she had for the moment no thought. They were safely out of the fire by the time she got there, and she screamed and fought like a fury against the men who held her back when she would have plunged into the midst of it. It took but a minute for one or two men to burst through the flimsy wall with axes, to rescue the burning box and knock off the lid. It was a sight to see when the contents were handed to her. She knelt, wept, prayed, counted over bill after bill of smoking, steaming greenbacks, until suddenly recalled to her senses by the eager curiosity and the remarks of some of her fellow women. That she kept money, and a good deal of it, in her quarters had long been suspected and as fiercely denied; but no one had dreamed of such a sum as was revealed.

In her frenzy she had shrieked that the savings of her lifetime were burning—that there was over three thousand dollars in the box, but she hid her treasure and gasped and stammered and swore she was talking "wild like."

"That was nothing but twos and wans," she vowed; yet there were women there who declared that they had seen tens and twenties as she hurried them through (Continued next week.)

Cuticura Remedies.
Not a Pimple on Baby
Baby one year old. Bad with Eczema. Hair all gone. Scalp covered with eruptions. Cured by Cuticura. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

Cured by Cuticura
I cannot say enough in praise of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctors said was scald-head, and that his hair would never grow again. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the CUTICURA REMEDIES to mothers as the most speedy, economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother who has a afflicted child will thank me for so doing.
Mrs. M. E. WOODS, Sunbury, Me.

Fever Sore eight Years
I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES of an old sore caused by a long spell of sickness of fever eight years ago. He was so bad that he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. CASIN, Merchant, JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Gainesboro, Tenn.

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Cuticura Resolvent
The Best Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humour Remedies, internally and CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently, and economically cure every disease of the skin, scurf, itching, burning, scaly, pimply, scrofulous, or hereditary, when all other remedies fail.

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It has Waited
And so Every-body
Wide-Awake Railway
Those who wear Them
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Lindsay, March 7th, 1890-91.

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