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Rheumatism.

To medicine could have served me is letter stead."—O. O. Rock, Corner, Avoyalles Parish, Lac

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The Canadian Dost.

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1800.

BY CAPS CHARLES KING, C. S. A.

Author of "Dungaven Ranch," "The Colonel's Danghter," "Marion's Fullh," Rie.; Etc.

Mrs. Ravner's name was furning the koob while her sister was hurrying to the front door and drawing on her heavy jacket as she did so. The former faced

"I don't think you are at all courteous to your visitors. You know hat as well as I do that Mr. Pister, or Mr. Royce, or some other of those roung officers are sure to be in just at this hour. You really are very then ditless, Sellie." Miss Travers stopped short in her pre-

"Kate Kayner," she began, impressive ly, "it was only the night before last that you relaked me for sitting here with Mr. Blake at this very hour, and asked one how I supposed that Mr. Van

Antwerp would like it. Now you"-Furley! I connect star and listen to ich tolk. If you must go, wait a few make & short call. Then I'll take



"So do I want to make a sort callover at the doctor's; and you are going fight to the hospital, are you not? "How do you know I am?" asked Mrs. Rayner, reddening.

You do go there every evening, it keenis to me.

"I don't. Who fold you I did?" "Several people mentioned your kindness and attention to the Clancys, Kate. I have heard it from many sources,"

"I wish people would mind their own affairs," wailed Mrs. Rayner, previshly, "So do I, Kate; but they never have, and never will, especially with an engaged girl. I have more to complain of than you, but it doesn't make me forlorn, whereas you look fearfully worried about nothing."

Who says I'm worried?" asked Mrs. Rayner, with sudden vehemence,

You look worried. Kate, and haven't been at all like yourself for several days, Now, why shouldn't I go to the hospital with you? Why do you try to hide your going from me? Don't you know that I must have heard the strange stories that are flitting about the garrison? Haven't I asked you to set me right if I have been told a wrong one? Kate, you are fretting yourself to death about something, and the captain looks worried and ill. I cannot but think it has some connection with the case of Mr. Harne, Why should the Clancys"-

"You have no right to think any such thing," answered her sister, angrily.
"We have suffered too much at his hands or on his account already, and I never want to hear such words from your lips, It would outrage Capt. Rayner to hear that my sister, to whom he has given a home and a welcome, was linking herself with those who side with that thief."

"Kate! Oh, how can you use such words? How dare you speak so of an officer? You would not tell me what he was accused of; but I tell you that if it be theft I don't believe it, and no one

There was a sudden football on the porch without, and a quick, sharp, imperative kneck at the door. Mrs. Rayner fled back along the hall towards the dining room. Miss Travers, hesitating but a second, opened the door.

Is was the soldier telegraph operator with a dispatch envelope in his hand.
"It is for Mrs. Rayner, miss, and an answer is expected. Shall I wait?"

from her place of refuge within the dining room, took the envelope without a word and passed into the parior, where, standing beneath the lamp, she tore it open, glanced anixously at its content, then threw it with an exclamation of seconds indignation mass the table.

peevish indignation upon the table.
"You'll have to answer for yoursel Nellie. I cannot straighten your affairs and mine too. And with that she was going, but Miss Travers called her back. The meesage simply read: "No letter in four days. Is anything wrong? Annwer paid," and was adressed to Mrs.

Ranyer and signed S. V. A.
"I think you have been extremely neg-lectful," said Mrs. Rayner, who had furned and now stood watching the rising color and impatiently tapping foot of her younger sister. Miss Travess hit her lips and compressed them hard. There was an evident struggle in her mind between science to make an impulsive and sweeping reply and an effort to control herself.

"Will you answer a quiet question or two?" she finally asked. "You know perfectly well I will," was the sisterly rejoinder.

"How long does it take a letter to go from here to New York?" "Five or six days, I suppose."

Miss Travers stepped to the door, briefly told the soldier there was no answer, thanked him for waiting and returned. "You are not going to reply?" asked Mrs. Rayner, in amage,

"I am not: and I inferred you did not intend to. Now another question. How many days have we been here? "Eight or nine-nine, it is."

"You saw me post a letter to Mr. Van-Antwerp as we left the Mesouri, did you not ?" "Yes, At least I suppose so,"

"I wrote again as soon as we got setfled here, three days after that, did I

"You said you did," replied Mrs. Rayner, ungracionely.

"And you, Kate, when you are yourself have been prompt to declare that I say what I mean. Very probably it may be four days from the time that letter from the transfer reached Wall street to the time the next one could get to him from here, even had I written the night we arrived. Possibly you forget that you forbade my doing so, and sent me to bed early. Mr. Van Antwerp has simply failed to remember that I had gone several hundred miles farther west; and even had I written on the train twice a day, the letters would not have reached him uninterruptedly. By this time he is beginning to get them fast enough. And as for you, Kate, you are quite as unjust as he. It augurs badly for my future peace; and -I am learning two lessons

"What two, pray?" "That he can be foolishly unrollable in estimating a woman."

here, Kate,"

"And the other?" "That you may be persistently unreliable in cour judgment of a man." Verily, for a soung woman with a

sweet, girlish face, whom we saw but a week agone twitching a kitten's ears and saying little or nothing, Miss Travers was displaying unexpected fighting qualities. For a moment, Mrs. Rayner glared at her in tremulous indignation and

yourself!" was her eventual outbreak. But to this there was no reply. Miss Travers moved quietly to the doorway, furned and looked her angry sister in the

"I shall give up the walk and will go to my room. Excuse me to any visitors

"You are not going to write to him now, when you are angry, I hope?" "I shall not write to him until to-mor-

row, but when I do I shall tell him this, Kate, that if he desire my confidence he will address his complaints and inquiries to me. If I am old enough to be engaged to him in sour opinion, I am equally old enough to attend to such details as these in myown,"

Mrs. Rayner stood one moment as though astounded; then she flew to the door and relieved her surcharged bosom as follows: "Well, I pity the man you marry, whether you are lucky enough to keep this one or not!" and flounced indignantly out of the house.

When Capt. Rayner came in, half an hour afterwards, the parlor was deserted. He was looking worn and dispirited. Finding no one on the ground floor he went to the foot of the stairs, and called:

A door opened above: "Kate has gone out, captain."

"Do you know where, Nellie?" "Over to the hospital, I think; though I cannot say."

She heard him sigh deeply, move irresolutely about the hall for a moment.

then turn and go out. At his gate he found two figures dimly visible in the gathering darkness; they had stopped on hearing his footstep, One was an officer in uniform, wrapped in heavy overcoat, with a furcap, and a bandage over his eyes. The other was a Chinese servant, and it was the latter who

"This Maje Waldlon's?" "No," said he, hastily, "Maj, Waldron's is the third door beyond." At the sound of his voice the officer quickly started, but spoke in low, meas-

ured tone: "Straight ahead, Sam," And

the Chinaman led him on. Rayner stood a moment watching them, bitter thoughts coursing through his mind. Mr. Hayne was evidently sufficiently recovered to be up and out for air, and now he was being invited again. This time it was his old comrade, Waldren, who honored him, Probably it was another dinner. Little by little, at this rate, the time would soon come when Mr. Hayne would be asked everywhere and he and his correspondingly dropped. He turned miserably away and went back to the billiard rooms at the store. When Mrs. Rayner rang her

It was a brilliant moonlit evening. A strong prairie gale had begun to blow from the northwest, and was banging shutters and whirling pebbles at a furious rate. At the sound of the trumpets' wailing tattoo a brace of young officers calling on the ladies took their leave. The captain had retired to his den, or study, where he shut himself up a good deal of late, and thither Mrs. Rayner followed him and closed the door after her.

bell for tea that evening he had not re-

appeared, and she sent a messenger for

made out, a Chinese servant, who was ruiding his master. She knew the pair in an instant, and her first impulse was to retire. Then she reflected that he could not see, and she wanted to look, so she stayed. They had almost reached her gate when a wild blast whirled the officer's cape about his ears and sent some sheets of music flying across the road. Leaving his master at the fence, the Chinaman sped in pursuit, and the next thing she noted was that Mr. Hayne's fur cap was blown from his head, and that he was groping for it

helplessly.

There was no one to call, no one to assist. She hesitated one minute, looked anxiously around, then sprang to the gate, picked up the cap, pulled it well down over the handaged eyes, seized the young officer firmly by the arm, drew him within the gate and led him to the shelter of the piazza. Once out of the fury of the gale, she could hear his question, "Did you get it all, Sam?" "Not yet," she answered. Oh, how she

longed for a deep contractol "He is coming. He will be here in a moment." "I am so sorry to have been a trouble to you," he began again, vaguely.

You are no trouble to me. I'm glad I was where I happened to see you and

He spoke no more for a minute. stood gazing at all that was visible of the pale face below the darkened eyes. It was so clear cut, so refined in feature. and the lips under the sweeping blonde mustache, though set and compressed, were delicate and pink. He turned his head eagerly towards the parade; but Sam was still far away. The music had scattered and was leading him a lively

"Isn't my servant coming?" he asked. constrainedly. "I fear I'm keeping you. Please do not wait. He will find me here. You were going somewhere."

"No-unless it was here." She was trembling now. "Please be patient, Mr. Hayne. Sam may be a minute or two yet, and here you are out of the wind." Again she looked in his face. He was listening eagerly to her words, as though striving to "place" her voice. Could she be mistaken? Washe, too, not trembling? Beyond all doubt his lips were quivering

"May I not know who it is that led me here?" he asked, gently. She hesitated, hardly knowing how to tell hins.

know my name. It is my good fortune, Mr. Hayne. You-you saved my kitten: I-your cap."

There was no mistaking his start. Beyoud doubt he had winced as though stung, and was now striving to grope his way to the railing. She divined his purose in an instant, and her slender hand was laid pleading yet firmly on his arm. "Mr. Hayne, don't go. Don't think of going. Stay here until Sam comes. He's

coming now," she faltered. "Is this Capt. Rayner's house," he ask-

ed, hoarse and low. "No matter whose it is! I welcome rou here. You shall not go," she cried impulsively, and both little hands were tugging at his arm. He had found the railing, and was pulling himself toward the gate, but her words, her clinging hands, were too persuasive.

"I cannot realize this," he said. "I do "Do not try to understand it, Mr.

flayne. It I am only a girl, I have a right to think for myself. My father was a soldier-I am Nellie Travers-and if he were alive I know well he would have had me do just what I have done this night. Now won't you stay?"

And light was beaming in through his darkened eyes and gladdening his soul with a rapture he had not known for gears. One instant he seized and clasped her hand. "May God bless you!" was all he whispered, but so softly that even she did not hear him. He bowed low over the slender white hand and stayed.

Unapter 8.—This chapter deals largely with the social disturbances caused by the stayne affair. Clancy, while drunk, appears at Hayne aquarters and piteously legs to see the lightenant. CHATER VIII.

March had come—the month of gale and bluster, sleet and storm, in almost every section of our broad domain-and March at Warrener was to the full as blustering and conscienceless as in New England. There were a few days of sunsnine during the first week; then came a fortnight of raging snow storms. The cavalry troops, officers and men, went about their stable duties as usual, but, except for roll call on the porch of the barracks and for guard mounting over at the guard house, all military exercise seemed suspended. This meant livelier times for the ladies, however, as the officers were enabled to devote just so many more hours a day to their entertainment. There were two or three hops a week over in the big assembly room, and there was some talk of getting up a german in honor of Miss Travers, but the strained relations existing between Mrs. Rayner and the ladies of other families at the post made the matter difficult of accomplishment.

There were bright little luncheon, 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. Then Rayner himself overheard some comments on the mistake she was making, and forbade her discuss-

to the south and west, the rolling expanse of upland prairie between, the rough outlines of the foothills softened him more harm than good, and, if anyin the silvery light, the dark shadows of the barracks across the parade, the twinkling lights of the sergeants as they took their stations, the soldierly forms of the officers hastening to their companies far across the frozen level.

him more harm than goed, and, if anything, contributing to the turn of the tide in Hayne's favor. Then she felt outraged and utterly misjudged. It was a critical time for her, and if deprived of the use of her main weapon of offense and defense the large was sure to go and defense the battle was sure to go amus. Sorely against her inclination; she obeyed her lord, for, as has been Suddenly she became aware of two forms coming down the walk. They is sued from Maj. Waldron's quarters, and the door closed after them. One was a young officer; the other, she speedily



COULD SHE HAVE SEEN THE FIGURE THAT

WAS SLINKING IN THE SNOW. True to her declaration, she behaved

so coldly and with such marked distance of manner to the colonel and his wife when they met in society immediately after the dinner that the colonel quietly told his wife she need not give either dinner or reception in honor of Mrs. Ray-ner's return. He would like to have her do something to welcome Miss Travers, for he thought the girl had much of her father in her. He knew him well in the old days before and during the war, and liked him. He liked her looks and her unaffected, cheery manner. He liked the contrast between her and her sister; Miss Travers had listened in silence to her sister's exposition of what her manner should be to the colonel and his wife, and when they met she was bright and winsome. The colonel stood and talked with her about her father, whom she could remember only vaguely, but of whom she never tired of hearing; and that night Mrs. Rayner rebuked her severely for her disloyalty to the captain, who had given her a home.

But when Mrs. Rayner heard that Maj. and Mrs. Waldron had invited Mr. Hayne to dine with them, and had invited to meet him two of the cavalry officers and their wives, she was incensed beyond measure. She and Mrs. Waldron had a brief talk, as a result of which Mrs. Rayner refused to speak to Mrs. Waldron at the evening party given by Mrs. Stannard in honor of her and her talk an engaged girl into mutiny, rely sister. It was this that brought on the on the infallibility of two women-a ously. "But you couldn't. You do not men was not told. Maj. Waldron and Capt. Rayner had a long consultation, and they took no one into their confidence; but Mrs. Rayner obeyed her hushand, went to Mrs. Waldron and apologized for her rudeness, and then went with her sister and returned the call of the colonel's wife; but she chose a bright | Nellie of her promise. His had not been

> was not at home. She retired from the contest, apparently, as had been said, and took much Christian consolation to herself from the fact that at so great a sacrifice she was obeying her husband and doing the duty she owed him. In every truth, how ever, the contest was withdrawn from her by 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. Havne: and so she heard little of the man whose existtained herself and slept.

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 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."

or care was another matter. Rayner He rather resented it that Van Antwerp had never written to him and asked his consent. As Mrs. Rayner's husband and Consent. As Mrs. Rayner's husband and Nellie's brother-in-law, it seemed to him he stood in loso 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 and described him herself. mind as described to him by Mrs. Rayner about the time it became apparent to her that Nellie was enjoying the attentions of which the was so general an 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 Nell's admirers would probably prevent her becoming entangled with any one of them, but she needed something to soold 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 championship she dreaded most of all. Long, long before, she had induced him to promise that he would never offer 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 it lacked in alcoholic strength. He was impatient of all reproof now, and would listen to no talk; but Nellie was years her junior-more years than she would admit except at such times as these, when she meant to admonish; and Nellie had to take it.

Two weeks after their arrival at Warrener the burden of Mrs. Rayner's songmorn, 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 any 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 remainder, "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 nercy? 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 urgines of a mother; but to

married sister or a maiden aunt Just what Mr. Van Antwern would have said could he have seen the situation at Warrener is perhaps impossible to predict. Just what he did say whatout seeing was, perhaps, the most unwise thing he could have thought of: he urged Mrs. Rayner to keep reminding afternoon when she knew well the lady a life of unmixed joy. He was now nearly 35, and desperately in love with a pretty girl who has simply bewitched him during the previous summer. It was not easy to approach her, then, he found, for her sister kept vigilant guard; but, once satisfied of his high connec-(Continued on seventh page)

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she heard little of the man whose existence was so sore a trial to her. What she would have said, what she would have said, what she would have sthought, 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 dozed 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 and slept.

But here Miss Travers came to her re-

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