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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1890.

HY CAPT, CHAS, KING, U. S. A.

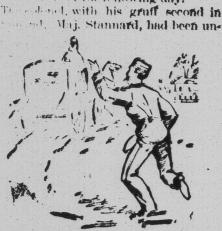
Continued from second page. dence to go upon, and that was all against you. The court was made up of others from other regiments, and was at least impartial. The evidence was almost all from your own, and was pre-annably well founded. You would call no witnesses for defence. You made your almost defiant statement: refused comsel; refused advice; and what could the court do but convict and sentence? Had I been a member of the court I would have voted just as was done by the court; and yet I believe you now an

titterly innocent man." So, opparently, did the colonel regard him. So, too, did several of the officers of the cavalry. So, too, would most of the youngsters of his own regiment if he would only give them half a chance. In my event, the score was wiped one now he could afford to take a wife if a woman learned to love him, and what wealth of tenderness and devotion was he not ready to lavish on one who would! But he would offer no one a tarnished name First and foremost he must now stand up and fight that calumny-"come out of his shell," as Waldron had said. and give people a chance to see what manner of man he was. God helping ban, he would, and that without de-

Coveren 14 Capt. Buxton, through the an-one it in superior officers, is in charge of the Environ ads of his recent discovery that a continuous visiting Hayne at night. A dance on a honor of Mrs. Rayner and Miss Travers, core to leave the next days is in progress a soldier mishes in and calls for a doctor, ays that Lieut Hayne has been shot and

CHAPTER XIV.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and on gang aft a-gley." Mrs. Rayner, ill is sained and body, had yielded to her Jort's entreaties and determined to start estward with her sister without delay. Picking was already begun. Miss Travers had promised herself that she would within thirty six hours put Mr. Hayne in possession of certain facts or theories which in her opinion bore strongly upon the tale aring up" of the case against has Mr Hayne had determined that he ends a Maj. Waldron on the coming and legin active efforts the restoraof its social rights; the doctor had sent heided on a new project for in-" . Caney to unbosom himself of I the knew, Capt. Rayner, tired from long struggle, was almost Is to welcome anything which should this his subaltern's innocence, and as on the point of asking for siz provided leave just as soon as he had arranged for Clancy's final discharge It an service; he had reasons for staying the pest until that Hibernian house do was fairly and squarely removed; of Mrs. Clancy's plan was to take Mike the distant east, "where she had "ds." There were other schemes and theets, no doubt, but these mainly cona lour leading characters, and one I all they were put to the right about



do exects of the following day.

HE DRIVER CAUGHT SIGHT OF LIRUT. HAYNE WAVING HIS HAND,

for or lers for several days to proceed on

this particular date to a large town &

hy's journey eastward by rail. A court

martial composed mainly of field officers

was ordered there to assemble for the trial of an old captain of cavalry whose propensity it was not so much to get drunk as never to get drunk without concomitant publicity and discovery. It was a rare thing for the old war dog to take so much as a glass of wine; he went for months without it: but the instant he began to drink he was moved to do of my something disreputable, and that was the trouble now. He was an unlucky till trooper, who had risen from the lowest grades, fought with credit, and even. ht times, commanded his regiment during the war; but war records could not Five him when he woukin't save himself. and he had to go. The court was cries ed, and the result was a foregone conthision. The colonel, his adjutant and Maj. Stannard were to drive to town during the afternoon and take the dies bound train, leaving Maj. Waktron is command of the post: but before grand mounting a telegram was reserved, which was sent from department headquarters the evening before, announcing that one of the comments and the comments are the comments a of the officers detailed for the court was seriously ill and directing Maj. Waldron to take his place. So it resulted in the post being left to the command of the

hier captain present for duty, and that

man was Capt. Buxton. He had never

Mag. Waldress of course had to go hos and make his preparations. Mr. Hayne, therefore, had brief opportunity to speak with him. It was seen, however, that they had a short walk together on the major's piama, and that when they parted the major shook him warmly and cordially by the hand. Rayner, Buxton, Rose and some juniors happened to be coming down along the walk at the moment, and, seeing them, as though with pointed meaning the major called out, se that all could hear:

"By the way, Hayne, I wish you would drop in occasionally while I'm gone and take Mrs. Waldron out for a walk or drive; my horses are always at your ser vice. And—a—I'll write to you about that matter the moment I've had a chance to talk with the colonel-to-mor row, probably." And Hayne touched his cap in parting salute, and went blithe ly off with brightened eye and rising

Buzion glowered after him a moment. and conversation suddenly ceased in their party. Finally he blurted out:

'Strikes me your major might do good deal better by himself and his regiment, by standing up for its morale and discipline, than by openly flaunting his favoritism for convicts in our faces. It I were in your regiment I'd cut him."

"You wouldn't have to," muttered one of the group to his neighbor; "the cut would have been on the other side long ago." And the speaker was Buxton's own subaltern.

Rayner said nothing. His eyes were froubled and anxions, and he looked after Hayne with an expression far more wearied than vindictive.

"The major is fond of music, captain," said Mr. Ross, with mischierous intent. "He hasn't been to the club since the night you sang 'Eileen Alanna.' That was about the time Hayne's piano came.'
"Yes," put in Foster, "Mrs. Waldron

says he goes and owls Hayne now night after night just to hear him play." "It would be well for him, then, if he kept a better guard on Mr. Hayne's other visitors," said Buxton, with a black scowl. "I don't know how you gentlemen in the Riflers look upon such matters, but in the -th the man who dared to introduce a woman of the town intr his quarters would be kicked out in short

order. "You don't mean to say that anyhody accuses Harne of that, do you?" asked Ross, in amaze.

"I do-just that. Only, I say this te you, it has but just come to light, and only one or two know it. To prove it postfively he's got to be allowed more rope. for he got her out of the way last time before we could clinch the matter. It he suspects it is known he won't repeat it; if kepf to ourselves he will probably try it again-and be caught. Now charge you all to regard this as confiden-

"But, Capt. Buxton," said Ross, "this is so serious a matter that I don't like to believe it. Who can prove such a story?" "Of course not, Mr. Ross, You a quite ready to treat a man as a thief, but can't believe he'll do any other that is disreputable. That is characteristic of your style of reasoning;" said Buxton, with biting sarcasm.

"You can't wither me with contempt. Capt. Buxton. I have a right to my opinion, and I have known Mr. Hayne for years, and if I did believe him guilty of one crime five years ago I'm not so ready to believe him guilty of another now. This isn't—isn't like Hayne."

"No, of course not, as I said before, Now, will you tell me, Mr. Ross, just why Mr. Hayne chose that ramshackle old shanty out there on the prairie, all by himself, unless it was to be where he could have his chosen companions with him at night, and no one be the wiser? "I don't pretend to fathom his motives,

sir; but I don't believe it was for any such purpose as you seem to think." "In other words, you think I'm circulating baseless scandal, do your

"I have said nothing of the kind; and I protest against your putting words into my mouth I never used," "You intimated as much, anyhow, and

you plainly don't believe it." "Well, I don't believe that is, I don't see how it could happen."

"Couldn't the woman drive out from town after dark, send the carriage back, and have it call for her again in the morning?" asked Buxton,

"Possibly. Still, it isn't a proved fact that a woman spent the night at Hayne's, even if a carriage was seen coming out. You've got hold of some Sudsville gossip, probably," replied Ross.

"I have, have I? By gad, sir, I'll teach you better manners before we get through with this question. Do you know who saw the carriage, and who saw the woman, both at Hayne's quarters?" "Certainly I don't! What I don't un-

derstand is how you should have been made the recipient of the story." "Mr. Ross, just govern your tongue, sir, and remember you are speaking to your superior officer, and don't venture to treat my statement with disrespect

hereafter. I saw it myself!

"You!" gulped Ross, while amaze and incredulity shot across his startled face. "You!" exclaimed others of the group, in evident astonishment and dismay. Reyner alone looked unchanged. It was 20 news to him, while to every other man in the party it was a shock. Up to that instant the prevailing belief had been with Ross that Buxton had found some garrison gossip and was building an edifice thereon. His positive statement, however, was too much for the most in-

credulous, "Now what have you to say?" he asked, n rude triumph. There was no answer for a moments

then Ross spoke: "Of course, Capt. Buxton, I withdraw any expression of doubt. Innever occur-red to me that you could have seen it. May Task when and how?

'The last time I was officer of the day. sir; and Capt. Rayner is my witness as to the time. Others, whom I need not mention, saw it with me. There is no mistake, sir. The woman was there." And Buxton stood enjoying the effect.
Ross looked white and dazed. He turned slowly away, hesitated, looked

back, then exclaimed; 'You are sure it was—it was not some one that had a right to be there?"
"How could it be?" said Buxton, gruffly. "You know he has not an acquaintance in town, or here, who could be with him

Mr asked Mr. Royce, after a moment's

Royce," said Buxton, with majestic dignity-"at least I will be after 12 o'clock and you may depend upon it, gentlemen, this thing will not occur while I am in command without its receiving the exact treatment it deserves. Remember, now, not a word of this to anybody. You are as much interested as I am in bringing to justice, a man who will disgrace his uniform and his regiment, and insult every lady in the garrison by such an act. This sort of thing of course will run him out of the service for good and all. We simply have to be sure of our ground and make the evidence conclusive. Leave that to me the next time it happens. I repeat, say nothing of this to any one."

But Rayner had already told his wife. Just as Maj. Waldron was driving off to the station that bright April afternoon, and his carriage was whirling through the east gate, the driver caught sight of Lieut. Hayne running up Prairie avenue, waving his hand and shouting to him. He reigned in his spirited bays with some difficulty, and Hayne finally caught up with them.

"What is it, Hayne?" asked Waldron, with kindly interest, leaning out of his carriage.

"They will be back to-night, sir. Here is a telegram that has just reached

"I can't tell how sorry I am not to be here to welcome them; but Mrs. Waldron will be delighted, and she will come to call the moment you let her know. Keep them till I get back, if you pos sibly can." "Ay, ay, sir, Good-by."

"Good-by, Hayne. God bless you, and good luck !"

A little later that afternoon Mrs. Rav. ner had occasion to go into her sister's room. It was almost sunset, and Nellie had been summoned downstairs to see visitors. Both the ladies were busy with their packing, Mrs. Rayner, as became an invalid, superintending, and Miss Travers, as became the junior, doing all the work. It was rather trying to pack all the trunks and receive visitors of both sexes at odd hours. Some of her garrison acquaintances would have been glad to come and help, but those whom she would have welcomed were not agreeable to the lady of the house, and those the lady of the house would have chosen were not agreeable to her. The relations between the sisters were some what strained and unnatural, and had been growing more and more so for several days past. Mrs. Rayner's desk was already packed away. She wanted to send a note, and bethought her of her sister's portfolio.

Opening it she drew out some paper and envelopes, and with the latter came an envelope sealed and directed. One glance at its superscription sent the blood to her cheek and fire to her eyes. Was it possible? Was it creditable? Her pet, her haby sister, her pride and delight—until she found her stronger in will—her proud tion corresponding with Lieut. Hayne! Here was a note addressed to him. How many more might not have been exchanged! Ruthlessly now she explored the desk, searching for something from him, but her scrutiny was vain. Oh. what could she say, what could she do to convey to her erring sister an adequate sense of the extent of her displeasure: How could she bring her to realize the shame, the guilt, the scandal of her course! She, Nellie Travers, the betrothed wife of Steven Van Antwerp, corresponding secretly with this-this scoundrel. whose past, crime-laden as it had been. was as nothing compared to the present with its degradation of vice! Ah! she had it! What would ever move her as that

could and must? When the trumpets rang out their sunset call and the boom of the evening gun shook the windows in Fort Warrener and Nellie Travers came running upstairs again to her room, she started at the sight that met her eyes. There stood Mrs. Rayner, like Juno in wrath inflexible, glaring at her from the commanding height of which she was so proud, and pointing in speechless indignation at the little note that lay upon the open port-

"For a moment neither spoke. Then Miss Travers, who had turned very white, but whose blue eyes never flinched and whose lips were set and whose little foot was tapping the carpet ominously, thus began:

"Kate. I do not recognize your right to overhaul my desk or supervise my correspondence."

"Understand this first, Cornelia," said Mrs. Rayner, who hated the baptismal name as much as did her sister, and used it only when she desired to be especially and desperately impressive: "I found it by accident. I never dreamed of such a possibility as this. I never dre med of such a possibility as this. I never, even after what I have seen and heard, sould have believed you guilty of this: but, now that I have found it, I have the right to ask, what are its contents?"

"I decline to tell you." "Do you deny my right to inquire?"
"I will not discuss that question now." The other is far graver. I will not tell you, Kate, except this: there is no word there that an engaged girl should not

write." "Of that I mean to satisfy myself, of

rather"— "You will not open it, Kate. No! Put that letter down! You have never known me to prevaricate in the faintest degree, and you have no excuse for doubting. I will furnish a copy of that for Mr. Van Antwerp at any time; but you cannot

"You still persist in your wicked and unnatural intimacy with that man, ever after all that I have told you. Now for the last time hear me; I have striven not to tell you this; I have striven not & sally your thoughts by such a revelation but, since nothing else will check you, tell it I must, and what I tell you my husband told me in sacred confidence, though soon enough it will be a scanda to the whole garrison."

And when darkness settled down or Fort Warrener that starlit April evening and the first warm breeze from the south came sighing about the casements, and one by one the lights appeared along of floors' row, there was no light in Neille Travers' window. The little agte lay is asked on the hearth, and she, with burn ing. shame stricken checks! with a block

biding her face in her pillow.

And yet it was a jolly evening after all—that is, for some hours and for some people. As Mrs. Rayner and her sister were so soon to go, probably by the morrow's train if their section could be secured, the garrison had decided to have an informal dance as a suitable farewell. Their announcement of impending de parture had come so suddenly and un expectedly that there was no time to prepare anything elaborate, such as a german with favors, etc.; but good music and an extemporized supper could be had without trouble. The colonel's wife and most of the cavalry ladies, on con-sultation, had decided that it was the very thing to do, and the young officers took hold with a will; they were always ready for a dance. Now that Mrs. Rayner was really go-

ing, the quarrel should be ignored, and the ladies would all be as pleasant to her as though nothing had happened, provided, of course, she dropped her absurd airs of injured womanhood and behaved with courtesy. The colonel had had a brief talk with his better half before starting for the train, and suggested that it was very probable that Mrs. Rayner had seen the folly of her ways by that time—the captain certainly had been behaving as though he regretted the estrangement—and if encouraged by a "let's-drop-the-whole-thing" sort of manner she would be glad to reciprocate. He felt far less anxiety herein than he did in leaving the post to the command of Capt. Buxton. So scrupulously had he been courteous to that intractable veteran, that Buxton had no doubt in his own mind that the colonel looked upon him as the model officer of the regiment. It was singularly unfortunate that he should have to be left in command, but his one or two seniors among the captains were away on long leave, and there was no help for it. The colonel, serious ly disquieted, had a few words of earness talk with him before leaving the post, cautioning him so particularly not to interfere with any of the established details and customs, that Buxton got very much annoyed, and showed it.

"If your evidence were not imperative ly necessary before this court I declare I believe I'd leave you behind," said the colonel to his adjutant. "Capt. Buxton won't do if left to himself."

It must have been near midnight, and the hop wasgoing along beautifully, and Capt. Rayner, who was officer of the day, was just escorting his wife into supper, and Nellie, although looking a trifle tired and pale, was chatting brightly with a knot of young officers, when a corporal of the guard came to the door: "The commanding officer's compliments, and he desires to see the officer of the day at once.

There was a general laugh. "Isn't that Buxton all over? The colonel would never think of sending for an officer in the dead of the night, except for a fire or alarm; but old Bux. begins putting on frills the moment he gets a chance. Thank God, I'm not on guard to-night!" said Mr. Royce.

"What can he want with you?" asked Mrs. Rayner, pettishly. "The idea of one captain ordering another around like this!

"I'll be back in five minutes," said Rayner, as he picked up his sword and disappeared. But ten minutes-fifteen-passed, and

he came not. Mrs. Rayner grew worried and Mr. Blake led her out on the rude piazza to see what they could see, and several others strolled out at the same time. The music had ceased, and the night air was not too cold. Not a soul was in sight out on the starlit parade. Not an unusual sound was heard. There was nothing to indicate the faintest trouble; and yet Capt. Buxton, the commanding officer, had been balled out by his "striker" or soldier servant before 11 o'clock, had not returned at all, and in little over half an hour had sent for the officer of the day. What did it mean? Questioning and talking thus among themselves, somebody said, "Hark!" and held up a warning hand.

Faint, far, muffled, there sounded on the night air a shot, then a woman's scream; then all was still. "Mrs. Clancy again!" said one.

"That was not Mrs. Clancy, 'twas a far different voice," answered Blake, and tore away across the parade as fast as his long legs would carry him. "Look! The guard are running too!"

cried Mrs. Waldron. "What can it be." And, sure enough, the gleam of the rifles and could be seen as the men ran rapidly away in the direction of the east gate. Mrs. Rayner had grown ghastly, and was looking at Miss Travers, who with white lips and clinched hands stood leaning on one of the wooden posts and gazing with

all her eyes across the dim level. Others rame hurrying out from the hall. Other young officers ran in pursuit of the first starters. "What's the matter! What's happened?" were the questions that flew from lip to lip.

"I-I must go home," faltered Mrs. Rayner, "Come, Nellie. "Oh, don't go, Mrs. Rayner. It can't be anything serious." But, even as they urged, a man came

mining toward them. "Is the doctor here?" he panted. "Yes. What's the trouble?" asked Dr.

CHAPTER II.—The disturbance and come about in this way: Capt. Buxton decided to solve the mystery of Hayne's female nocturnal visitor. A carriage drove up to Hayne's quarters as on the previous night. Buxton places guards about the house, and when all is quiet enters with Capt Rayner (who is under Buxton's command and goes rejuctantly). A scrimmage ensues in which Hayne is injured badly and Capt. Rayner alightly. The lady visitor turns out to be Hayne's sister, who is accompanied by her husband. The previous visit had been made as they went west and this riop is made as they return. The intrusion on the privacy of Hayne's house is a most disgraceful affair, for which Buxton is respensible. It serves to turn public sympathy more strongly in Hayne's favor. The eastern trip of the Rayners and Miss Trayers is postponed.



TLL HILL THE FIRST MAN WHO DARES ENTER!

Straight as an arrow Mr. Blake had sped across the parade, darted through the east gate, and, turning, had arrived breahless at the wooden porch of Hayne's quarters. Two bewildered looking members of the guard were at the door. Blake pushed his way through the little hallway and into a dimly lighted parlor; where a strange scene met his eyes; Lieut. Hayne lay senseless and white upon the lounge across the room: a young and pretty woman, singularly like him in feature and in the color of her abundant tresses, was kneeling beside him, chafing his hands, imploring him to speak-to look at her—unmindful of the fact that her feet were bare and that only a loose wrapper was thrown over her white night dress; Capt. Rayner was seated in a chair. deathly white and striving to stanch the (Continued next week.)

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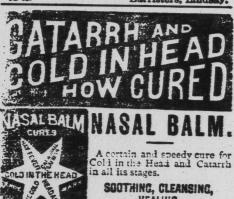
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