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## The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 26, 1890.

## TWO SOLDIERS.

By Capt. OHARLES KING.

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Efternoon could come. It was not 5 o'clock; but more sleep was out of the question, and lying there in bed intolerable. Much to the surprise of his darky valet, Lane had had his bath, dressed and disappeared by the time the former came to rouse him.

Noel was late in reaching the rendez-yous. It was after 10 whon he appeared, explaining that Mrs. Withers was far from well, and therefore Cousin Amos would not leave the house until the doctor had seen her and made his report. Lane received his explanation somewhat coldly and suggested that they go right to work with their papers, as he had important engagements. It was high noon when they finished the matters in hand. and then the captain hastened to the club and was handed a telegram with the information that it had only just come. It was evidently expected. Lane quickly read it and carefully stowed it away in an inside pocket. In another moment he was speeding down town, and by half past 13 was closeted with the junter partner of the tottering house of Vincent, Clark & Co. Mr. Clark was

pale and nervous. Every click of the

"ticker" seemed to make him start. A

clerk stood at the instrument watching

the rapidly dotted quotations.



"Have you he and from Mr. Vincent? was the first question, and without a word a telegram was handed to him. It was in cipher, as he saw at ence, and Clark supplied the transcription:

"Rossiter refuses. Watch market closely. See Warden instant touches half. Break predicted here." "Twenty minutes more!" groaned

Clark, as he buried his face in his hands, suspense." "What was the last report?" asked

Think of it! Three quarters of a cent betworn us and beggary! I could bear it, but not Vincent; twould kill him. Even his home is mortgaged."

There came a quick, sharp tap at the glazed door; the clerk's head was thrust

"Three-eighths, sir." "It's time to move, then," said Lane. "I cannot follow you to the floor-I have no ticket; but I will be awaiting your call at the Merchants' Exchange. Mr. Vincent has told yon— Better have it in treasury notes—one hundred each—

"I'll see Warden at once. D-n him! he would sell us out with no more companctions than he would shoot a hawk." "You infer that Mr. Vincent has had no success in raising money in New York?" asked Lane, as they hurried from

"Not an atom! He made old Rossiter what he is—hauled him out of the depths, set him on his feet, took him in here with him for ten years, sent him east with a fortune that he has trebled since in Wall street, and now, by heaven! the cold blooded brute will not lend him a

pitiful twenty thousand," At the bank Lane found an unusual number of men, and there was an air of suppressed excitement. Telegraph boys would rush in every now and then with would rush in every now and then with dispatches for various parties, and these were easierly opened and read. Scraps of low, carnest conversation reached him, as he stood a client watcher. "They cannot mand if another day." "They've been ruining wheat on them from every conser of the north and west. No gang our mand under it." "It's bound to break." ets. To an official of the bank who knew him well he showed the telegram he had received at the club, and the gentleman looked up in surprise.

Surely you are not"—

"No, I'm not, most emphatically," replied Lane, with a quiet laugh. "Yet I may have sudden use for that sum. I telegraphed to my agents at Cheyenne yesterday. You, perhaps, ought to wire at once and verify it."

"Those are our bank rules, and I pre-sume it will be done; though of course

"Never mind. I much prefer you should, and at orice." And, leaving the man of business to attend to the necessary formality, Lane strolled to a window and looked down the crowded street towards the massive building in which the desperate grapple 'twixt bull and bear was at its height. The day was hot; men rushed by, mopping their fevered brows; a throng of people had gathered near the broad entrance to the chamber, and all its windows were lowered to secure free and fresh currents of air. Lane fancied he could hear the shouts of the combatants in the pit even above the ceaseless roar and rattle of wheels upon the stone pavement. Little by little the minute hand was stealing to

the vertical, and still no sign from Clark. "Has she touched a half yet?" he heard one man eagerly ask another as they dived into the broker's office undernesting "Not yet; but I'm betting she does in side of five minutes and reaches ninetynine first thing to-morrow."

At last boom went the great bell-a single, solemn stroke. There was arush of men for the street, a general scurry towards the great board of trade building, a rapidly increasing crowd along the curbstones as the members ca ae pouring out, and brokers and their cus-tomers hurried away towards numberless little offices all over the neighborhood. Dozens of them passed along under lide post of observation, some flushed, some deathly pale, and fally Clark him of appeared and Lane hastened forth to

"Saved by a mere squeak so far," was the almost breathless whisper as Clark removed his hat and wiped his clammy forehead. "But we know not wha: a day may bring forth. It's a mere r.s-

"Can the syndicate carry any more weight, think you? Prices jumped up two and three weeks ago. Now they only climb a hair's breadth at a time. Il ar to her side — perhaps, too, because they are loaded down—that it nust be could not bear to release even for an break; but I'm no expert in these mat-

"If you were, you'd be wise to keep out of it. Who can say whether they will break or not? It is what everybody confidently predicted when eighty-nine was touched twelve days ago; and look

"Do you go back to the office from here? Good! I'll join you there in ten minutes," said Lane, "for I shall not come down town this afternoon, and year, ay, though sung since God's creamay not be able to in the morning."

brought with him a stout little packet, which, after the exchange of a few words and a scrap or two of paper, Mr. Clark carefully stowed in the innermost compartment of the big safe. Then he grasped Lane's hand in both of his as the cappeers in depth of character, in intensity

That afternoon, quite late, the captain rang at the Vincent's door, and it was almost instantly opened by the smiling Abigail, whom he so longed to reward for her evident sympathy the day before, yet lacked the courage to proffer a green-back. Lane was indeed little versed in he might be informed in his profession.

her brief communication; and the captain, trembling despite his best efforts to control himself, stepped past her into the broad hall, and there, harrying down the stairway, came Mrs. Vincent, evidently to meet him. Silently she held forth her hand and led him into the parlor, and then he saw that her face was very sad and pale and that her eyes were red with

"I will only detain you a moment, captain," she muraured, "but I felt that I must see you. Mr. Vincent wrote to me on the train as he left here, and he tells me you know-the worst." "Mr. Vincent has honored me with his

you?-about Mr. Rossiter, that is? I knew perfectly well what Mr. Vincent's "Twenty minutes more of this awful hopes and expectations were in going." he was disappointed in Mr. Rossiter; but

closing of the board at 1 o'clock." "I am not disappointed. I thank God that the Rossiters refused him money. It what you have given me," sheanswered ters-father and son. I would rather go and live in a hovel than be under obligations to either of them." And now the

tears were raining down her cheeks. "Do not grieve so, Mrs. Vincent," said Lane. "I cannot believe the danger is so great. I have listened to the opinions of the strongest men on 'change this afternoon. A 'break' in this corner was predicted in New York at 11 this morn- fate. I know that an old dragoon like ing, and that is the universal opinion among the best men now.

"Yes, but it may be days away yet, and Mr. Vincent has confessed to me that his whole fortune hangs by a single hair—that this wretched speculation has swallowed everything—that a rise of a single penny means beggary to us, for he can no longer answer his broker's

"That may have been so when he wrote: but Mr. Clark seems to have had a little better luck locally. I infer from what he told me that they were safe for St. Louis, and had said farewell to all today and could meet the raise of that but her. And now the moment had arcritical cent or two; so that, despite the great loss they have sustained, there is not the certainty of ruin that so overwhelmed Mr. Vincent on Wednesday."

She had risen, and was standing a

"You give me hope and courage," cried the poor, anxious hearted woman, as she seized and pressed his hand. "And—and you come to us in the midst of our troubles! Mr. Vincent was so touched but was there not something throbbing by your writing first to him; it brought back old days, old times, old fashions, that he loved to recall—days when he,

But he could not finish. He had looked But he could not finish. He had looked into her face with such eager hope and delight when he began, yet broke down helplessly when he tried to speak of his great love for her sweet daughter."

"I know what you would say," she answered with quick and ready sympathy. "I have seen how dear my child has been to you almost from the years first. In-

to you almost from the very first. Indeed I do wish you happiness, Mr. Lane; but Mr. Vincent told you that—we once had other views for Mabel. It is only fair and right that you should know."
"How could it have been otherwise, Mrs. Vincent? Is there any man quite

worthy of her? Is there any station in life too high for one like her? I never dared hope that your consent could have been so freely given. I do not dare hope that she can possibly care for me—yet."

"I will not keen you longer, then," said she, smiling through her tears. "I will see you after a while, perhaps. Mabel is in the library. Now I'll leave you."

With tumpling through through the said she are

With tumultuously throbbine heart, he softly entered and quickly glanced around. The tiers of almost priceless volumes, the antique furniture, the costly Persian rugs and portieres, the pic-tures, bronzes, bric-a-brac—all were valueless in his eager eyes. They sought one object alone, and found it in a deep bay window across the room. There, leaning back in a great easy reading chair, with a magazine in her lap, her fair head pillowed on a silken cushion, reclined the lady of his heart, smiling a sweet welcome to him, while the rosy color mounted to her brows as he came quickly forward and took her soft, white hand. How he was trembling! How his kind gray eyes were glowing! She could not meet them; she had to look away. She had begun some pleasant little welcoming speech, some half laughing allusion to the flowers, but she stopped short in the midst of it. A knot of half faded roses—his roses—nestled in her bosom, contrasting with the pure white of her dainty gown; and now those treasured, envied flowers began to rise and fall, as though rocked on the billows of some clear lake stirred by a sudden breeze. What he said, he did not know; she hardly heard, though her ears drank in every word. Slie only realized that both his hands were tightly clasping hers, and that, scorning to seek a chair and draw it instant that slender little hand-perhaps still more because of the old time chivalry in his nature that had prompted him to ask parental sanction before telling her of his deep and tender love-Capt. Lane had dropped on one knee close beside, and, bending over her, was pouring forth in broken, incoherent words the old, old story, of a lover's hopes and fears and longings-the sweet old song that, day after day, year after tion of the beautiful world we live in, And when Capt. Lane appeared at the never, never can be heard or sung except

tened to the tale of a man's true love without a thrill at heart. Once, only once, in the lifetime of men of feeling-there comes a moment like this, and, whether, it be in the glow and fervor and enthusiasm of youth or the infensity and strength of maturer years, it is the climax of a lifetime; it is the late from which all others, all scenes, trials, triumphs, take their due apportionment; it is the memory of all others the ways of the world, howsoever well that lingers to the very last, when all, all but this are banished from the dying "Miss Vincent is in the library, sir, if brain. Rome, in her pride of place, you will please to walk that way," was made the building of her capitol the climax of mundane history; everything in her calendar was "ante urbem conditam" or the reverse. The old world measured from the flood; the new world -our world-measures from the birth of him who died upon the cross; and the lifetime of the man who has once deeply and devotedly loved has found its climax

in rapture. Even though she be cold to

him as stone, no true women ever lis-

in the thrilling moment of the avowal. "Have you no word to say to me, Mabel?-not one word of hope?-not one?" he pleaded.

Then she turned her lovely face, looking into his deep eyes through a mist of

"I do like you," she murmured; "I do confidence, dear lady; and I—saw Mr. Clark today."

She leoked up eagerly: "What news had he from New York? Did he tell but—I do not know—I am not certain of

"Let me try to win your love, Mabel. Give me just that right. Indeed, indeed "There was a telegram. I fear that I have not dared to hope that so soon I could win even your trust and esteem. the money was not needed up to the You make me so happy when you admit even that."

"It is so little to give in return for will open his eyes to their real charac- softly, while her hand still lay firmly held in the clasp of his.

"Yet it is so much to me. Think, Mabel, in four days at most I must go back to my regiment. I ask no pledge or promise. Only let me write to you. Only write to me and let me strive to arouse at least a little love in your true heart. Then by and by-six months, perhaps-I'll come again and try my me, with gray hairs sprouting in his

But here she laid her flugers on his lips, and then, seizing both her hands, he bowed his head over them and kissed

The day of parting came, all too soon. Duty-the mistress to whom he had never hitherto given undivided alleand the last night of his stay found him dow. He was to take a late train for

She had risen, and was standing, a hands were now clasped in his; she could not deny him that at such a time; butshe giances up into his face.

"Fred"—and then, as though abashed at her own boldness, the lovely head was bowed again almost on his breast.

"What is it, darling? Tell me," he whispered, eagerly, a wild, wild hope thrilling through his heart.
"Would it make you happier if—if I—told you that I knew myself a little bet-

"Mabel! Do you mean-do you care

And then she was suddenly clasped in his strong, yearning arms and strained to his breast. Long, long afterward he used to lift that traveling coat of gray tweed from the trunk in which it was carefully stowed away, and wonder if—
if it were indeed true that her throbbing heart had thrilled through that senseles fabric, stirring wild joy and rapture to

the very depths of his own.
"Would I be sobbing my heart out,"
at last she murmured, "if I did not love you and could not bear to have you go?"

CHAPTER VIII. "What an awfully pretty girl that Miss Vincent is, Amos!" said Mr. Noel one morning, as the cousins were quietly breakfasting together before going down

"Pretty? yes," said Amos, doubtfully. "But look here, my boy; recollect that you want to think of something more than 'pretty' in selecting a wife while you are in here on this detail. Now, Mrs. Withers and I have been keeping our eyes open, and our ears, too, for that matter; the fact is, I always have both eyes and ears open-travel with them that way, sleep with them that way. I would not be the man I am in the business world, Noel, if that weren't the case. And, pretty though Miss Vincent may be, she's not the girl for you so waste your time on."

"But why not?" asked Noel. "They have a magnificent home, and everything about it indicates wealth and refinement and culture; and there is no denying that she is one of the most attractive girls in society in this city; certainly I have seen none whom I have admired more."



sented to Reginald Vincent. "That is all very true, perhaps," was the reply; "but her father was very badly bitten during that wheat corner last month, and in fact he has been losing heavily for the last two years. Warden. who is his broker on 'Change, let it leak out in more ways than one; and that wife of Warden is a regular scandal monger-she can't help talking, and everything she manages to extract from him in the way of information goes broad-cast over the entire city. Of course, when the corner broke, as it did, old Vincent managed to pull out of it without absolute loss of his homestead and his entire business. But the rally came only in the nick of time. I am told that Warden has said that if wheat had gone upone cent higher it would have knocked Vincent out of time; he never could have come to again. Gordon Noel, we have another plan for you. Wait until Ned Terry's sister gets back from the east; between her and her brother they have just about as much money invested in the best paying business in this town as any people that I can possibly name. She's a belle; she's just as pretty as Miss Vincent. She isn't as smart, perhaps, but she is a woman worth cultivating. Now, hold your horses. Where did you

meet her, by the way?" "I first met her at the Thorntons' dinner party. She was there with Capt. Lane, and some other young people whom I had not previously met.'

"Oh, yes: that reminds me. It seems to me I have heard once or twice that your friend Lane was very much smitten in that quarter. Now, you'd much better let him carry off Miss Vincent, if he can. She would suit his modest views of life very well. But I don't believe the girl has a penny to her fortune; at least she certainly won't if Vincent has no more luck in the future than he has had in the

"I took her down to dinner," said Noel, thoughtfully, "and I remember that she talked a good deal about the army, and asked a great many questions about the cavalry. Now that you speak of it, I noticed that Lane, who sat on the opposite side of the table, didn't seem to be particularly interested in the lady whom he was escorting, although, of course, he had to be civil and tried to keep up a conversation, but every now and then I would catch him looking at us, and particularly at her. But she looked so pretty that I didn't wonder

"Only last night. You know, I was called away almost immediately after the Thornton affair, and had to go on to New York on the court martial, where I was summoned as a witness, then only got back in time for the party last night.
That was my second meeting with her,
and by this time Lane had gone out to
join the regiment. I didn't even have a chance to say good-by to him. Do you think, really, that he was smitten in

that quarter? "That's what I certainly heard," said Withers; "and as soon as you get to know young people in society I venture to say that you can readily find out all about it. These girls all know one another's secrets, and are generally pretty ready to tell them. That's the result of my experience."

It was evident that Amos Withers' cousin was not to be neglected in the Queen City. Two parties at private houses, a reception at the club and three dinners were the invitations which he found awaiting him at his office. Half an hour was occupied in acknowledging and accepting or declining, as happened to be the case, these evidences of hospitality; then, having no especial interest in the morning paper, his thoughts again reverted to what Mr. Withers had been telling him about Miss Vincent. and the possible relation between her and his regimental comrade. He had been very much impressed with her the night before. Her beauty was of such a rare and radiant character, she was so genial and unaffected in her manner, so bright and winning, with such an evident liking for his society, that Mr. Noel had come away flattering himself that he had made in this quarter a most favorable impression. He had thought of her very much as he went home from the party-of her interested face, as he talked or danced with her; and she danced delightfully, and was so good as to say that his step perfectly suited hers. He remembered now, too, her remark that it was so delightful to dance with army officers and graduates of the Point; they all seemed to feel so thoroughly at home on the floor.

Noel was not a graduate of the Point by any means; but he saw no reason for disenchanting her on that score. He was quite as good as any of the West Pointers, in his own opinion, and in society was very much more at home than many of their number. As a dancer, he was looked upon in his regiment and throughout the cavalry as one of the most accomplished in the whole service. And all this interest and all this cordiality he had accepted without hesitation as a tribute to his own superior qualifications and attractiveness. It was therefore with a feeling akin to pique that he heard of this possible engagement existing letween her and Capt. Lane.

In all the Eleventh cavalry there was no man whom Gordon Noel feared and possibly hated more than he did Capt. Lane. This arose from the fact that Lane as adjutant of the regiment had seen all the communications that passed from time to time relative to Noel's absence from his command when his services were most needed and when any man of spirit would have taken every (Continued next week)

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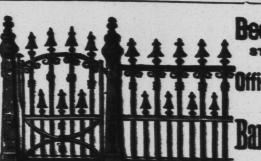
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