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DUNRAVEN RANCH

A Story of American Frontier

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U.S.A., Suthor of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Ranks," "The Deserter," Etc.

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CHAPTER XL



IDING eastward just before noon, somewhat comforted in conscience because of his

self denial of the mornng, Ned Perry scanned the distant prairie in search of the hunt. It was nearly luncheon time, and he expected to find the party making its way to the little stream hither the baskets, boxes and hampers had been dispatched by wagon some hours before; but when he sighted the quartermaster driving homeward in his buggy he learned from that bulky veteran that rabbit after rabbit had been run, and that the whole party had finally decided to give dogs and horses a cool drink down in the Monee valley before starting northward across the prairie.

"They must be getting down into the valley two or three miles east of the ranch just about now, and will go due north from there, unless they stir up more game along the Monee. If I were you," said the quartermaster, "I'd ride over to the lunch stand. You won't get there much before the crowd."

Perry thanked him for the information, but, so far from accepting his advice, the young officer turned his horse's head in the direction of Dunraven, and was speedily riding thither with an alacrity that he himself could hardly explain. In his brief talk with the colonel after

parade on the previous evening Perry had told him what he could of the characteristics of Messrs. Maitland and Ewen. The odd letter which had been sent by them had given the commanding officer cause for much thought, and he was de-

here only when her father does. It is her own doing. She goes with him everywhere, and will not leave him. She's all he has, don't you know?" "I don't know anything about it. You Dunraven people seem averse to any expression of interest or courtesy from your fellowmen, but I'm free to

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say I should like to know what on earth there is in American cavalrymen to make them such objects of aversion to your master; and I would be glad to know how it is such a girl as that is dragged into such a hole as yonder." Ewen sat in silence a moment, studying the young fellow's face. "You deserve a better welcome there."

he presently answered, "and I don't know that I can do better than to tell you the truth—what I know of it. And let me tell you that if the old man knew »f my speaking of it to any one, I'd lose the most lucrative but least attractive place I ever had. Do you see?" Then perhaps you had better not tell

me. I do not care to pry into secrets." "Oh, this is no secret. It was that that drove him here: everybody knew it in England. You were mighty shabbily treated at the ranch, and you requited it by preventing what would have been a bloody row, and by lending us a helping Even the old man recognizes hand. that; and I think he'd be glad to say so to you, and see you, if you were not just

what you are-a cavalry officer." "Why, what on earth can we have done? If any of our cloth have wronged Mr. Maitland in any way, it is our right

to know it and take it up." "It wasn't your cloth, old fellow." said Ewen, thawing visibly, "but it was the cavalry all the same that broke his heart and his pride, and made his life the wreck it is, and drove him from his home, shunning the sight of his fellow men, all these years-exiling her, too, in the prime of her young life. Mr. Perry, there are only three or four of us at Dunraven who know the story, but we have only sympathy and pity-no blame -for him, though he is the hardest master I ever served.'

"How did it happen?" asked Perry. "All through his son. There had been more of them, but there was only the one-Archie-when the Lancers were ordered to South Africa. He was a youngster, only 17, they tell me, and he had just been gazetted to his cornetcy. The old man was all wrapped up in him, for of the three boys the eldest had died only the month before the regiment was ordered on foreign service and the second had been killed in India. Both these two who were gone had made themselves famous among their comrades by their fearlessness and high character, and the old man, of course, could not ask Archie to quit the service just when orders for dangerous duty came. The boy went to the Cape with his corps, and got into the thick of the Zulu war just at the time of the massa-

ing at 9 o'clock. In the morning everything about his belongings was found in perfect order-his letter to the captain of the ship, the portmanteaus, watch, ring, clothing, etc., just as he described in that letter-and he was no more seen. It was the conviction of all that he must have leaped overboard in the darkness

when far out at sea. "Then Mrs. Maitland bowed her head and never lifted it again. Then, all alone, and fiercely rejecting anything like sympathy, old Maitland took to travel-came here to America, wandered around the world, shunning men as he would these prairie wolves; and when he had to go to England he would see no one but the attorneys and solicitors with whom he had business. Here at Dunraven he is more content than anywhere, because he is farther from the world. Here Gladys is queen: 'twas she who named it, two years ago, for her mother was a connection of the earl's. But Maitland even here hates to have his name mentioned; and that is why I say he refers all business to me and keeps himself out of everything. Do you see

what a weight he carries?" Mr. Ewen had grown red with the intensity and rapidity of his talk. He removed his hat and mopped his face and brow with a big silk handkerchief, and then glanced again at Perry, who had listened with absorbed interest and who

was now silently thinking it over, looking curiously at Ewen the while. "Have I bored you half to death?" asked the Englishman, somewhat rue-

fully. "I never told that story before, but it has been smoldering for years." "Bored? No! I never was more interested in my life. I was thinking what a different sort of fellow you were from

the man I met out yonder the other day. Did they never do anything to clear the matter up? In our country it never would have been allowed to rest there." "It was too far gone; and when the boy killed himself the thing was used by all the government papersyou'd call them 'administration organs' -as a confession of judgment. When

the Lancers came home there was some talk, but it was soon hushed. Maitland had shut up the old place by that time and gone no one knew where, but I read it in one of the London papers-Truth, I think-a story that two of the irregulars had quarreled with their fellows and after the war was over told a tale that made a sensation in Cape Colony. They said that the young officer was a maligned man; that up to midnight he had pushed on, but every scout and patrol they met warned them that thousands of Zulus were ahead, and that it was madness to try. The men began whispering among themselves, and begged the sergeant to attempt to dissuade the Lancer officer; and he did, and they all

began to talk, but he refused to listen. "At last they halted at a little stream and flatly refused to go a step further. He ordered, begged and implored. He Dana protested that her slight weight

at luncheon-and it was agreed that it | expected him to be revealed by this time | officer. "Tell me what you know about as the admirer who had only been playshould be repeated the first bright day ing a part in his apparent acceptance of after muster. That ceremony came off the situation of the last two days; she on Monday with due pompand formality expected to be accused of coquetting and much rigidity of inspection on the with Dana, of neglect, coldness, insult part of the post commander. It was towards himself; and this she would watched with interest by the ladies, and have welcomed; it would have shown Mrs. Belknap even proposed that when the barracks and kitchens were being him still a victim in her toils, a mouse she might toy and play with indefinitely visited they should go along. Dana had before bestowing the final coup de grace. been her devotee ever since the day of But instead of it, or anything like it, the hunt, and announced his willingness here stood the tall, handsome young felto carry her suggestion to the colonel, low, utterly ignoring the possibility of but Belknap declined. She wanted a few her having wronged him, and only begwords with Perry, and did not know ging to be told how he had affronted her. how to effect her purpose. When he that he might make immediate amends. stopped and spoke to her after parade on It was simply exasperating. She turned Saturday evening and would have made suddenly upon him, hiding her face in peace, she thought to complete her apher hands, almost sobbing: parent conquest by a show of womanly displeasure at his conduct, and an as-"And I thought we were such-such surance that, thanks to Mr. Dana, the friends!" day had been delightful and his failure

to accompany her had been of no consequence at all. The utterly unexpected way in which he took it was simply a "stunner" to the little lady. So far from being piqued and jealous and huffy, as she expected, Mr. Perry justified the oft expressed opinion of her sisterhood to the effect that "men were simply past all comprehension" by

brightening up instantly and expressing such relief at her information that for a moment she was too dazed to speak. By that time he had pleasantly said good night and vanished; nor had he been near her since, except to bow and look pleased when she walked by with Dana. She never thought of him as an actor before, but this, said Mrs. Belknap to herself, looks like consumpate acting. Had she known of or even suspected the existence of a woman who had interposed and cast her into the shade the explanation would have occurred to her at once; but that there was a goddess in the shape of Rossiter she never dreamed for an instant. Believing that no other woman could have unscated her, Mrs. Belknap | them from his breast and darting from simply could not account for such utter, such unutterable, complacency on the

part of her lately favored admirer in his virtual dismissal. All Sunday and Monday she looked for signs of sulking or surrender, but looked in vain. Perry seemed unusually grave and

silent, was Parke's report of the situation; but whatever comfort she might have derived from that knowledge was utterly destroyed by the way he brightened up and looked pleased whenever they chanced to meet. Monday evening he stopped to speak with her on the walk, holding out his hand and fairly beaming upon her; she icily received these demonstrations, but failed to chill them or him, Then she essayed to make him suffer the pangs of the jilted by clinging to Dana's arm and smiling up in Dana's face, and then she suddenly started: "Oh, Mr. Dana! How could I have been so thoughtless-and this is your wounded side!"

Even that suggestive tentative did not lay him prostrate. Fancy the utter inadequacy of his response "Why, so did I!" This was too much. Down came the hands, and were laid in frantic appeal upon his breast. He did not bar the way; she could have slipped from the corner without difficulty, but the other method was more dramatic. "Let me go, Mr. Perry," she pleaded. "I-I might have known; I might have known." The accents were stifled, heart rending. "Don't go yet, Mrs. Belknap; don't go without telling me what-what I've done." And poor Ned imploringly seized the little hands in both his and held them tight. "Please tell me," he pleaded. "No, no! You would not understand; you do not see what I have to bear. Let me go, I beg, please; I cannot stay." And her great dark eyes, swimming in tears, were raised to his face, while with faint-very faint-struggles she strove

to pull her hands away, relenting in her of Gladys Maitland within a day's ride purpose to go the moment she felt that was relaxing the hold in which they ere clasped, but suddenly wrenching his side, leaving Perry in much bewilderment to face about and confront the A little opening bod been left in the

railing at the south end of the verandathe same through which the post surgeon had passed the night Mrs. Lawrence had shown to Perry the answering signal light; it was the doctor's "short cut" be tween the colonel's quarters and his own side door, and soft, unbetraying turf lay there between. Absorbed in her melodrama, Mrs. Belknap had failed to note the coming of the intruder; absorbed in his own stupefaction and his fair part ner's apparent depth of woe, Ned Perry heard nothing but her soft words and softer sighs, until a deep voice at his shoulder-a voice whose accent betrayed no apology-gave utterance to this uncompromising sentiment:

sudden appearance, Dr.

Dr. Quin! All this was flashing through

Belknap; it was yours I remarked upon.

You seemed to think it All Fools' day." "Far from it, doctor, when I thought

"Well, well, Mrs. Belknap," said Quin.

shrugging his broad shoulders and laugh-

soit qui mal y pense, Dr. Quin! You are

the last man in this garrison-cavalry

and all-who can afford to throw

But her father and I were good friends,

and I should like to be an honest one to

his daughter. Good night to you both.

"One moment, Dr. Quin," said Perry. springing forward. "You have seen fit

have annoyed Mrs. Belknap at a time

Mrs. Belknap, laying her hand on his

plore! Hush! here comes my husband."

blandly, as the big captain came hur-

riedly forth with searching glance along

the dark gallery, "here you find me, as

usual, trying to be devoted to Mrs. B.

whenever I can get you out of the way.

"Oh, it's you, is it, doctor?" answered

the captain in tones of evident relief.

"It is far too chilly for this young

Why the jeuce can't you stay?"

Gwynne's assaulted again."

darkness and hailed him:

wrong?"

"Ah, Belknap," said the doctor

"Oh, Mr. Perry, no! no!" exclaimed

"Not a word of that kind, I im-

when she was under my escort"-

"Nothing with my appearance, Mrs.

his mind as the doctor answered:

you at a loss for a sharp retort."

you miles away."

stones."

arm.

Perry.

"Mrs. Belknap, this is the thirtiethnot the first-of April." "And what has that to do with your

Quin?"

it, Sergt. Hosmer."

"Nothing but this, sir. I was in the office when Trumpeter Petersen ran in and said they were killing Sergt. Gwynne. I sent him for the captain and grabbed my revolver and ran here as hard as l could. He was lying just outside the door when I got here, and not another soul in sight. Sergt. Ross. of F troop. and Sergt. Fagan, of B, came with their lanterns from the stables next door; but they had not even heard the trouble."

"Where was the stable guard?" "Inside, sir, and he's there now. He

heard the scuffle, he says, and ran to give the alarm and to protect the sergeant, but the men scattered when he came, and he saw none of them." "Tell him to come here. Let some of these men go in and quiet the horses. The captain will be here in a minute, and he will want to 3 that stableman. Who is it?"

"Kelly, sir."

By this time Dr. Quin came lumbering heavily up the slope to the stable door. His manner was very quiet and very grave as he bent over the injured man and carefully studied his face by the light of the sergeant's lamp. The doctor spoke gently:

"You know me, sergeant?-Dr. Quin. Can you tell me what struck you? Are you hurt elsewhere than in the head?" Gwynne made no reply for a moment, then faintly answered:

"Stunned, mainly, and one or two kicks after I was knocked down." Then came a deeper voice, quiet but authoritative, and the group that had begun to close in again about the doctor and his patient fell back as Capt. Stryker strode into their midst. "Sergt. Hosmer, send all these men of

the troop back to their quarters at once. and permit no more to come out. Is he much hurt, doctor?"

"Somewhat stunned, he says. I've made no examination yet."

The captain looked about him. Except one sergeant holding a lantern, the other troopers, obedient to his order, were slowly fading back into the darkness on their way to the barracks. Only the doctor, Mr. Perry, and the sergeant remained by the side of the injured man. Then came the question:

"Who did this, Gwynne?" No answer. A deeper shade of pain and trouble seemed to pass over the sergeant's face. He made an effort to speak, hesitated, and at last replied:

"I cannot say, sir." "You know, do you not?" Again pained silence and embarrassment. At last the sergeant leaned slow ly forward and spoke:

'Captain, the men were masked, the voices disguised. I could not see the dress in the darkness. I was struck on the head almost the instant I got outside the door, and it would be impossible for me to identify one of them."

"Do you think it was the same gang

of the greatest blessings to the busi-Miscellaneous Reading. ness world was born. Now for the first test. He had four children ; he A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

BLOWN HEAD FIRST INTO A WELL BY A TERRIFIC CYCLONE.

NQURE

It was in 1882, the 27th of June; you will see why I have no trouble in remembering the date. It had been an exceedingly hot day, not a cloud to be seen, with the sun beating fiercely down, and not a breath of air stirring. We sat on the porch after supper, trying to find a cool place. The clouds were begin-

ning to gather, and it looked as if there might be a shower. The three little ones went early to bed, and in spite of the oppressive heat were soon fast asleep. It couldn't have been far from 8

o'clock when I heard a sound which I at first thought was thunder. The others noticed it, too, and as it grew

louder, a terrible rushing sound came with it, and we looked at one another in silence a minute, and then ran to the fourth man. where we could look out westward. My heart almost stopped beating when I saw coming toward us with terrific speed a black, funnel shaped cloud, the rush and roar accompanying it growing louder every minute. "Run for a cellar !" I cried. My wife ran and seized the baby, and I caught up the two other children from the bed. There was no time to

The one who first reached the celpanies of the United States." lar door-it was one of the older children-had just time to seize the knob, nothing more, when-crash! such a terrific noise! I felt myself lifted in the air and thought my time least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the had come. The next thing I knew I felt the splash of cold water in my words of Shakspeare furnish us with face. I must have lost conscious more of these familiar maxims than but the water revived me, and in a

moment I knew where I was. I had come down head first into "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw

your courage to the sticking place,' the well. The water was some ten feet deep. (not point), "They laugh that win,' "This is the short and long of it,' I was thoroughly at home in the water, though I wasn't used to diving in "Comparisons are odious," that fashion, and I managed to right myself and come up head first.

The well was not more than three feet across, and the pump had been others. broken short off and carried away, leaving a two inch iron pipe standing mighty dollar." straight up in the middle

I was very nearly out of breath when I came to the top of the water. Goldsmith answers, "Ask no ques-My hands touched something floattions, and I'll tell you no fibs. ing on the surface. I thought it was the cat. Imagine my surprise when I found it was Charlie, our 5-year-old

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citi-He was terribly frightened, and as amazed as I was to find himself zens" (not countrymen), appeared not alone in the well. The wonder in the resolutions presented to the was that we were not both of us imhouse of representatives, in Decempaled on that iron pipe; how we December, 1750, prepared by Geneescaped it I cannot understand. eral Henry Lee.

The cyclone had passed on, and a Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us "Better late than never," "Look ere you terriffic, steady wind was blowing. I could hear it roar above our heads; and by the flashes of lightning I could We see the rain fall in torrents. were both so wet that we didn't mind the little extra water that splashed down us, and as soon as possible 1 raised Charlie to my shoulders, and by aid of the pipe managed to work my way to the top of the well. This took some little time, and the rain and wind had nearly ceased when I set my feet on solid earth again, and found we were unhurt .--- [M. Louise Ford in St. Nicholas. MY FIRST CIGAR.

SCULPTORS OUTWITTED.-It is told of an artist named Giorgione who was a firm friend of the great took their shoes and stockings, tied | Titian, that three young sculptors one day asserted in his presence that each up by themselves, put tags 1, 2, theirs was a much finer art than , 4, on each lot, and put them away. painting, and one of them gave as a When the children got up they en-quired for their shoes. He gave each reason that in painting only one sid one the check that corresponded with of a figure could be seen, while in sculpture all sides could be representthe check on the shoes, and told them to go into the other room and pick ed. Giorgiene answering this said out their own by comparing the he could show the back, the face numbers. Each child got his own. and both sides of a man in a picture Now for a trial on a larger scale. He and that all could be seen at a glance prepared a lot of checks in the same without the necessity of walking way for the guests at the party. around as one would have to do with About the first to arrive were four

a statue. railroad men from Marshall. Three The sculptors only laughed at him but finally made a wager with him that he could not do this, which they took their checks; one would not have the thing and threw it on the floor. When they called for their clothes they had forgotten all about said would be a miracle. Giorgione asked for four day's time, at the end the checks and demanded their of which he agreed to produce the picture or pay two hundred sequins. Titian thought his friend was crazy, for they had very little money and things. Mr. Palmer asked them for their checks. After hunting some time the three produced their checks he felt sure he could not show four and at once received their goods. sides of a figure in one painting, and They had to identify the goods for

would have to pay the bet. He did do it though, and in a very simple "Shortly after that there was another party at Burlington, and among them the first to arrive were six railroad men from Marshall, inway. On the fourth day, when the three sculptors arrived, Giorgione dis-It represented a played his picture. It represented a cluding the first four. They said they wanted their things checked warrior, who, having his back turn ed toward the spectators, stood lookthe same as before. They watched the plan the whole evening and went ing at himself in a fountain, in whose

away convinced that they had found limpid waters his full front figure a grand idea. Inside of three months was reflected. At the left of the warit was adopted by the railroad comrior was suspended his suit of polished steel armor, in which was mirrored with exact fidelity the whole of left side. At the right was painted a looking-glass, which reflected that Many of our common sayings, so side; and thus, in a perfect, though trite and pithy, are used without the whimsical, manner, Giorgione had fully succeeded in representing at the same time the four sides of the same figure. All Venice thronged to see any other writer, for to him we this curious production, and the three young sculptors who had provoked owe "All is not gold that glitters,' the bet paid their money with a good grace, readily confessing their

own defeat, and the triumph of Giorgione. "As MAKING ODD MOMENTS PAY .-- A merry as the day is long," "A Dan-iel come to judge," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily newspaper to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk Washington Irving gives "The albecame a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accom-Thomas Murgan queried long ago, plished this by laying aside the news-paper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was often obliged to "What will Mrs. Grundy say ?" while "Charles Pinckney gives "Millions wait long hours while his mistress for defence, but not one cent for tribmade calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the "Eclogues' of Virgil, but he could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he s died this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently

became a learned man, and was for

many years a useful and beloved

minister of Scotland. A boy was told

to open and shut the gates to let the

teams out of an iron mine. He sat

on a log all day by the side of the

gate. Sometimes an hour would pass

before the teams came, and this he

employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that es-

caped his attention. He began with

little book on English history that

he found on the road. Having

learned that thoroughly, he borrow ed of a minister "Goldsmith's His

tory of Greece." This good man be

came greatly interested in him, and

lent him books, and was often seen

sitting by him on the log, conversing

with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay you to use

ilies have clubbed together and hired

a doctor to keep them in health. He

is to visit the families regularly

whether they are sick or well. He is to advise them in particular in-

stances whether they are sick or well.

He is to advise them in particular in-

stances, instructing each how to take care of himself. Then at stated times

She mentioned

sirous, evidently, of gathering from Perry's observations as complete an idea as was possible of their life and surroundings. And still Perry had found it impossible to volunteer any description of Miss Maitland; he could not bear to speak of her until-until he knew more of the doctor's purpose in his visits to the ranch. He had been detained by his commander just long enough to make it necessary for him to go direct to the Spragues without leaving his helmet and saber at home. They were waiting dinner for him as it was, but Mrs. Belknap took no note of that circumstance; what she saw was that he had avoided even passing within hail of her piazza both before and after parade. Now, though conscious of no intention

of avoidance, Perry rode forth to the meeting of this day with some little misgiving. In the first place, he knew that he must strive to make his peace with this slighted lady; and yet, in view of all he had seen and heard in the past forty-eight hours, how utterly dwarfed had that affair-his laughing flirtation with Mrs. Belknap-become! Had any one told him his attentions to her and her marked preference for his society were matters that people were beginning to talk of-some with sly enjoyment others with genuine regret-he would have been grateful for the information, instead of resentful, as, with most men, would be the case ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But he knew nothing of this, and had too little experience to suspect the comments in circulation. She was most interesting-up to the day before yesterday; he loved to ride or dance with her; he enjoyed a chat with her more than he could tell. A most sympathetic and attentive listener was Mrs. Belknap, and her voice was low and sweet and full of subtly caressing tones. She had made him talk to her by the hour of his home, his hopes and ambitions, his profession and his prospects, and had held him in a silken bondage that he had no desire to escape.

And yet, as he rode out on the breezy plain this brilliant day, he found all thought of her distasteful, and his eyes, far from searching for the flutter of her trim habit in the distant riding party, would go a-roaming over the intervening shades and shallows down in the Monee valley and seek the bare, brown walls of Dunraven far across the stream. It was odd indeed that he should have sought this, the longest way round, on his ride in quest of his companions from the fort.

Once again he looked at the isolated clump of buildings from his post of observation on the bluff; once again he saw across the stream and through the trees the barbed barrier that had caused both him and his men such laceration of flesh and temper; once again he saw the shallow valley winding away to the southeast, decked with its scrubby fringe work of cottonwood and willow: but this time. three miles away, its accustomed solitude was broken by groups of riders and darting black specks of dogs, all moving northward once more and already breasting the slopes. He should have turned away eastward and ridden across country to join them, but down here-in the valley, only a short distance away, absorbed in watching the hunting party, sat Mr. Ewen on a pawing and excited bay. Whatever coolness his rider might feel at this discovery, it was not shared by Nolan; he pricked up his ears and hailed his felreturned, reporting him lost. low quadruped with cordial and unaffected pleasure, a neigh that the English bred horse was so utterly uninsular as to whirl about and answer with corresponding warmth. Ewen caught at his heavy Derby and jerked it off his bullet head with an air of mingled embarrassment and civility, replacing it with similarly spasmodic haste. Perry coolly, but with a certain easy grace, raised his forage cap in response to the salutation. of his own Lancers instead of the pack

cre of the Twenty-fourth at Isandlwhana and the fight at Rorke's Drift. I was at home then, and all England was quivering with grief over such needless sacrifice as was made of that regiment. and all ready to fall down and worsh ... such fellows as Chard and Bromhead, who made the superb fight almost at the same time.

"They say old Maitland wanted to go himself, as volunteer or something, with Lord Chelmsford, but it couldn't be done. His father had fought at Alma and Inkerman, and his grandfather had led the Guards at Waterloo. The whole tribe were soldiers, you know; and now Archie was with the Lancers in Zululand, and the Lancers were going to wipe out the disasters of the first fights of the campaign, and Archie was to uphold the grand old fighting name and come home

covered with glory. He was the heir him to Coventry. now, and Miss Gladys was but a little girl. I have heard it all from Mrs. of this and swore they believed it true; but meantime the government had had Cowan; she was their housekeeper in the devil's own time in tiding his lordthose days, and a sort of companion, too, to Mrs. Maitland, who was very delicate. ship the general over the numerous blunders he had made in the campaign, The old man was very fiery and proud and full of fierce denunciation of everyand the Lancers were summarily ordered off elsewhere. There was no one thing that had gone wrong in the campaign; and he offended some people by left to take up poor Archie's cause at the way he condemned some officer who home, and the thing died out." was a friend of theirs, and there were "By the Lord Harry, Mr. Ewen, it others who thought he talked too much; wouldn't die out here! We Yankees but he fairly boiled over when the news would resurrect such a thing if it were came of how the prince imperial had old as a mummy." "Sometimes I think old Maitland been abandoned by his escort, and that a British officer and a dozen men had run would be glad of the chance to do it. two miles at top speed from a beggarly even broken as he is; sometimes, Mrs. Cowan says, he walks the floor all night little squad of niggers before they dared look round to see what had become of and holds Archie's last letter in his their prince, whom they had left to fight hands. She thinks he charges himself

the gang alone. That was old Maitland's with having driven the boy to suicide." text for a month. If any son of his had "Does Miss Maitland never revisit the old home?" asked Perry, after a moever been of that party he would disown, disgrace, deny him, forbid him his sight, ment's thought. "She goes with her father-everycut him off forever. And right in the where. He is never here more than twice midst of it all-a judgment, some people a year, and seldom for more than six said-there came the awful news that weeks at a time. Were it not for her, he Cornet Maitlan'Lof the Lancers was to be misbehavior in face would settle down here, I believe. He

court martialia went to Cape Colony and tried to find of the enemy. the men who gave out that story, but "Of course the old man only raged at first; said it couldn't be true; 'twas all one of them was dead and the other had some foul invention or ridiculous blunutterly disappeared. There were still der; but he ran up to London and saw six survivors of that escort, the sergeant somebody at the Horse Guards-that's among them, and he was a man of some position and property. They stuck to our war office, you know-and came back looking a century older and simply the original story, and said the two men crushed to earth. Mrs. Cowan says they who had started the sensation were mere showed him the official report of a genblackmailing vagrants. Maitland aderal officer who was called upon to exvertised everywhere for the missing man, plain why he had not sent certain troops but to no purpose. I think he and Miss

to the relief of an advanced and threat-Gladys have finally abandoned all hope ened post, and he replied that he had of ever righting Archie's name. She was sent the order by Cornet Maitland, of the only a child when it all happened, but Lancers: had given him an escort of a she worshiped him, and never for an lozen men and strict injunctions to push instant has believed the story of his havthrough by night, at all hazards, though ing funked. She's out here riding somewhere this morning, by the way." the way was beset with Zulus, and that he neither went through nor returned, "Who! Miss Maitland?" exclaimed Perry, with a sudden start and a flash of but was found hiding at a kraal two days after, only twenty miles away. The rager light in his blue eyes. escort returned, and after much cross-Ewen smiled quietly as he answered. examination had told the story, separate-"Yes. She needed exercise and wanted ly and collectively, that the young officer to come down to the gate and meet Dr.

had become utterly unnerved towards Quin. She went on up the valley, and midnight by the reports from scouting I wonder she is not back." parties and others; had declared to them The bright light faded quickly as in that it was simply madness to attempt came; the glad blue eyes clouded heavito push through; they would be massaly. Ewen looked at the young soldier, cred to a man; and, though they ansurprise in his florid face; surprise that nounced that they were stanch and ready, quickly deepened into concern, for Perry he refused, and ordered them to bivouac

turned suddenly away, as though looking for his comrades of the hunt. where they were for the night, and in the morning he had disappeared. They "I think they're coming now," said the manager, peering up the valley undeclared they supposed he had gone back to camp, and after waiting a day they der the shading willows. "Yes. Won't

you stop a bit?" "When found at the kraal he was de-"Not now," was the hurried reply. lirious with fever, or pretended to be, 'Thank you for that story: it has given said the general, and he was brought in me a lot to think about. I'll see you under arrest and the trial was to proagain." The last words were almost ceed. I don't know how it turned out. shouted back, for, urged by sudden dig He was not court martialed, but permitof the spur, Nolan indignantly lashed ted to return to England. It was said he his heels, then rushed in wrathful gallop towards the eastern bluffs. It was no told a very different story; that he had begged the brigade major who detailed willful pang his rider had inflicted on his the escort to let him have half a dozen

pet and comrade; it was only the involuntary transmission of the shock to his

was soothing balm, not additional pain, promised heavy reward to any one of and Perry promptly asseverated that if their number who would come and show he were Dana he would beg her not to him the way. Then they heard the night quit his arm, and her eyes looked scorn cries or signals of some war parties across at him as she said, "How can you know the fields, and the sergeant and most of anything about it, Mr. Perry? You've the men put spurs to their horses; the never been in action or got a scratch, others followed, and they rode back five while Mr. Dana"-and now the dark miles until they were within our patrolled eyes spoke volumes as they looked up lines; then they bivouacked, supposing, into those of her escort-"Mr. Dana is of course, the Lancer had followed them. one of the heroes of the fighting days of But he hadn't: he never joined them all the regiment." Even that failed to crush next day, and likely as not he had done his best to get through that strange him, while it had the effect of making country by night alone, and had tried to Dana feel mawkish and absurd. Perry carry his dispatches to the detachment. frankly responded that he only won-They knew they must tell a straight dered the women ever could find time to show any civility whatever to fellows story or be severely punished. They were twelve against one when it came to like him, when there were so many who evidence, as the sergeant pointed out, "had records." She was completely at a loss to fathom him, and when tattoo and so they agreed on the one that sent came on Monday night, and they were all discussin; the project of a run with "Some of the Lancer officers got hold

the hounds for the coming morrow-a May day celebration on new principles-Mrs. Belknap resolved upon a change of tactics. Dana was officer of the guard and over at the guard house, but nearly all the

other officers were chatting about the veranda and the gate of the colonel's quarters. Thither had Capt. Belknap ascorted his pretty wife, and she was, as usual, the center of an interested group. Perry came strolling along after reporting the result of tattoo roll call to the adjutant, and Capt. Stryker called to him and asked some question about the men on stable guard. The orders of the colonel with regard to watching the movements of the men after the night roll call were being closely observed, and when the trumpets sounded "taps," a few moments later, several of the troop commanders walked away together, and this left a smaller party. It was just at this juncture that Mrs. Belknap's sweet voice was heard addressing the commanding

officer: "Oh, colonel! Ever since Thursday] have been telling Capt. Belknap about those lovely albums of yours; and he is so anxious to see them. Could he have a look at them to-night?"

"Why, certainly," exclaimed the colonel, all heartiness and pleasure. "Come right in, Belknap, come in-any of you -all of you-where it's good and light.' And he hospitably held open the screen door. Perry had seen the albums a dozen times, but he was for going in with the others, when he felt a little hand pressure on his arm, and Mrs. Belknap's great dark eyes were gazing up into his with mournful, incredulous appeal. "Don't you know I want to see you? she murmured so that only he could

hear. "Wait!" And, much bewildered, Mr. Perry waited.

She stood where she could look through the screen door in the parlor beyond, watching furtively until the party were grouped under the hanging lamps and absorbed in looking over one another's shoulders at the famous albums; then, beckoning to him to follow, she flitted, like some eerie sprite, on tiptoe to the southern end of the veranda where clustering vines hid her from view from the walk along the parade. Perry began to feel queer, as he afterwards expressed it, but he stalked along after her, declining to modulate the thunder of his heavy heels upon the resounding gallery. She put her finger to her lips, and, after a nervous glance around, looked at him warningly, beseechingly.

"What on earth's the matter?" was all the perplexed and callow youth could find to say, and in a tone so utterly devoid of romance, sentiment, tenderness -anything she wanted to hear-that in all her experience-and she had had not a little-pretty, bewitching little Mrs. Belknap could recall nothing so humiliating.

"How can you be so unkind to me?" at last she whispered, in the tragic

you had the trouble with at Dunraven an-"I-could not say, sir." swered the lady, with smiling lips but "Do you suspect any of our own men?" flashing eyes. She rallied from the shock

"I-would not say that, sir." of sudden voiley like the veteran she "Where is the stable guard?" asked was, and took the brunt of the fight on Stryker. "Send him here."

her own white, gleaming shoulders, And presently Trooper Kelly-a wiry needing no aid from the young fellow little Irishman, with a twinkling eye and who stood there, flushed, annoyed, yet an expression of mingled devilment and too perturbed to say a word even had imperturbability in his face-came forth there been a chance to get in one edgefrom the stable door and stood attention. wise. Blunt as he was, he could not but "Where were you when this assault realize the awkwardness of the situation. took place, Kelly?" And to be so misjudged by such a man as

"At the far end of the stables, sir," replied Kelly, with prompt and confident tone.

"Then of course you saw and know nothing of it."

"Not a wor-rad. sir." 'Why did you let a gang from that English ranch come here and beat your sergeant before your very eyes?" Kelly reddened at the very idea.

ing at her undaunted pluck, "I've known "I'd ha' died first, sir! Sure they'd you fifteen years, and never have found niver dared"- And then Kelly stopped short. His Celtic pride had been touch-"In all the years you have known me, ed to the quick, and had it not proved doctor, as child, as maid, as woman, too much for even Irish wit? you are the only man in the army who "How did they get the sergeant out of ever put me on the defensive. I see the stable at this hour of the night?" clearly that you would taunt me because "Sure they called him out, sir." of this interview with Mr. Perry. Honi

"And the sergeant happened to down there by the door at the time?" "No, sir; he was in his room beyant-

up there by the forage." "That's a long distance from this door, "Whew-w-w!" whistled the doctor. Kelly; and if he could hear it in his "What a little spitfire you always were, room you could hear it farther away." to be sure! Mr. Perry," said he, turning "I wasn't farther away thin, sir; I was suddenly on the young officer, "let me down here when they axed for him." at once apologize for a very misleading "Then why didn't you open the door observation. When I spoke of having and see who was making such a racket, known Mrs. Belknap fifteen years she shouting for Sergt. Gwynne after taps?" instantly thought I meant to make her "Sure they didn't shout at all at all, out very much older than she is; and sir; they axed for him quiet and rehence these recriminations. She always spectable like, an' I wint and told him.' objected to me because I used to tease "Ah, yes, I see. And then, having her when she was in her first long told him, you went away to the far end dresses-the prettiest girl at Fort Leavof the stable." enworth-and she's never gotten over it.

"Yis, sir, just so, sir; an' the moment heard the scrimmidge, sir, 1 ran as hard as I could."

"Of course you considered it was none of your business what people might want with the stable sergeant at night." to make comments and insinuations that "No. sir. If he wanted me he had

right to tell me to come." 'We differ on that point, Kelly. lieve him, Sergt. Hosmer." On the following morning Col. Brainard was surprised to note in Capt. Stry-

ker's column of remarks explanatory of the alterations from the status of the previous day: "Sergt. Gwynne from daily duty as stable sergeant to sick in hospital; Sergt. Leary from duty to arrest, and Private Kelly from duty to confinement."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

SCENT IN HORSES.

woman to be sitting here without a The finest and deepest emotions of wrap, is it not? Come inside, Dolly. a dog seem to be dependent on his sense of smell. Not only does he Come, doctor. Halloo! what's that?" A cavalry trumpeter came springing carry on his business of hunting or through the gate and up on the veranda. guarding through its aid, but his de-"Is Capt. Stryker here?" he panted. votion to his master and his recogni-"No. What's the matter?" demanded tion of lesser friends depend largely upon his nose. According to Horse "Trouble at the stables, sir. Sergt. and Stable, another among the humbler friends of man is keen and delicate of scent. Perry sprang from the veranda and

The horse will leave musty hay unwent tearing across the dark level of the touched in his bin, no matter how parade as fast as active legs could carry hungry he may be. However great him, leaving the doctor far behind. As his thirst, he will not drink of water he passed the company quarters he noted objectionable to his questioning sniffs, that several men were leaping from their nor from a bucket made in the least broad galleries, some just pulling on a degree offensive.

blouse, others in their shirt sleeves, but His intelligent nostrils will widen. all hastening towards the stables, where quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands. A dim lights could be seen flitting about mare is never satisfied, either by sight or whinny, that a colt is really her like will-o'-the-wisps. One of these troopers came bounding to his side and would have passed him in the race. He own, until she has certified to the recognized the athletic form even in the fact by means of her nose.

Blind horses will, as a rule, gallop "That you, Sergt. Leary? What's gone wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proxim-

The time had come in my boyhood which I thought demanded of me a capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor the smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there, not by positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest, they whiffed their pipe on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, it may be imagined how little chance there

was for adolescent cigar puffing. By some rare good fortune which put in my hands three cents, I found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time I owned a cigar, my feeling of elation, manliness, superiority, and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. When I put the cigar to my lips, and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed, and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, my satisfaction with this

was never to want to leave it. The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked my determination to the utmost. You see that my worldly means had limited me to a quality that cost only three cents. But I had been taught that nothing great was accomplished without effort, and so I pulled away. Indeed I had heard my older brothers in their Latin lesson say, omnia vincit labor ; which translated means, if you want to make anything go, you must scratch for it. With these sentiments, I passed

down the village street, and out toward my country home. My head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it became rather uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. barrel of apples for you.' So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imregular beauties-come out and agined that I was on both sides at them.' 'I will take your word for the same time, and several fast teams it,' I replied. But my neighbor were driving between. I met anothwould not rest until I went out to er boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him that I did not his wagon and looked at his apples. On the top they were nice and no mistake. Then the man turned the look pale, but that he was pale him-After some further walking, 1 self. barrel upside down and knocked the sat down under the bridge near my bottom in. The apples were as good

house and began to reflect on the at the bottom as on top. The man prospect of early decease, and on the took his pay and went away re-joicing. The apples I found exceluncertainty of all earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the lent until the top layers were gone. Then I struck some of the worst samfull worth of my money, but was finally obliged to throw three-fourths ples of fruit I ever saw." Mr. White ooked around the assemblage and of it away. I knew, however, exthen asked with emphasis, actly where I threw it in case I should that man need educating ?"-[Albafeel better the next day.

ny Journal. Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded of me an GREAT RAPID TRANSIT SCHEME. The plan for giving real rapid transit to large cities has taken definite shape explanation as to my absence and the rather whitish color of my complexion. Not feeling that I was called to in New York. If the legislature and go into particulars, and not wishing the city government will permit them, the People's Papid Transit to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I company propose to build an elevasummed up the case with the stateted road from Spuyten Duyvil creek ment that I felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. Mustard plasters south to the Battery, over which trains may run at the rate of fifty were immediately administered, and miles an hour. The distance is four-I received careful watching for some teen and three-quarter miles.

hours. Finally, I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation and being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar.

reading. "Only a bit of 'Virgil,' my lady." "What! do you read Latin?" leap," and "The stone that is rolling 'A little, my lady." can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool," is found in this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to Butler's "Hudibras." instruct him. In a few years David

"Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin."

OUR FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

"When Greek joined Greek then was the tug of war," came from Nathaniel Lee. "Of two evils I have chosen the

least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that

'Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "a good hater," and McIntosh, in 1691, the phrase at-tributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity." "Variety is the spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper. "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas A Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by

your leisure moments well. his brothers in a less public way, PAYING THE DOCTOR.-The town "Love me little, love me long." of Tiflis, in Russia, has given to Edward Coke was of the opinion the world a point worth knowing. that "A man's house is his castle." Taking up the ancient Chinese cus tom of paying the physician when one is in health, and stopping his pay To Milton we owe "The Paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets,' and "Moping melancholy and moonif one falls ill, Tifilis has expanded and improved upon it. One hundred and twenty-five fam struck madness."

Edward Young tells us loves a shining mark," and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed." From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love," while Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life."

EDUCATION FOR THE FARMER.

he is to lecture to the whole society "What the farmer needs is educaon hygiene. He is to tell them about bathing, food, exercise and ting." This remark was made by a bronze face delegate at the session of other sanitary measures, so that they the agriculturists in geological hall. themselves will, in time, learn to This brought Thomas R. White, of Oswego, to his feet. He is an agriceep well without medicine. These people seem to have a truer culturist of rotund form and pleasing idea of the real mission of the doctor face. Mr. White formerly occupied than their neighbors who claim to the Methodist pulpit as a local preachknow more. The genuine work of a er. Ten years ago he drifted into physician in a community should be politics and since then has been ideno keep his patients well, to instruct tified with the politics of Oswego hem in hygienic laws so thoroughcounty. He is one of the jolliest of y that they will not fall ill, but on men and takes supreme delight in the contrary will become healthier getting up a row just to see the fun. "One season, when apples were scarce, a neighbor brought around a and handsomer the older they grow. But the moment the physican begins to do this he cuts the ground from barrel of apples," he said. "I was under his own feet, throws away his eating my dinner at the time he own bread and butter, for the more came. He said: 'I have got a fine barrel of apples for you.' 'All right,' I replied, 'put them off your wagon and I'll pay you for them.' 'They are

"Does

people there are ill the larger his income will be. The true civilization will dictate probably the exact reveral of these conditions. see CARRYING OUT ORDERS .- Mr. To bin has risen from poverty to be a millionaire. He began life as a steamboat clerk under Commodore Vanderbilt. When he took the posiorders. First, to collect fare of every-

tion the Commodore gave him two body and have no dead-heads on the boat; second, to start the boat on time and wait for nobody. Tobin carried out orders so strictly that he collected fare of Vanderbilt himself the first evening, and the next morning left the Commodore standing on the wharf looking quite blank. But the old Commodore admired the pluck and courage of his new clerk. So that one act of fidelity to duty was the stepping stone to Mr. Tobin's brilliant success. To have something to do and do it punctually, wisely and courageously, are the two wheels on which the chariot of suc-cess rolls. "Whatsover thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' The man who has no system about his work, who never does anything at the right time, and who is always at the wrong place, will make a mis erable failure. This applies to churchworkers with as much force as it

The unique feature of this enterdoes anywhere else. prise is that the road will be built BRAIN TESTERS .- 1. A boy was upon walls of solid masonry, sixty

world was so great my temptation

