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Notice of Appointment. STATE OF KANSAS, Dickinson County, ss: In the matter of the estate of James Carroll, late of Dickinson County, Kansas. Notice is hereby given, that on the 25th day of July A. D. 1890, the undersigned Judge of the Probate Court of Dickinson County, Kansas, duly appointed and qualified, as administrator of the estate of James Carroll, late of Dickinson County, deceased, all parties interested in said estate will take notice and govern themselves accordingly. MARY CARROLL, Administrator.

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TWO SOLDIERS A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.



Two misses had reached him.

CHAPTER I. The rain was plashing dismally on the grimy window sill and over the awning of the shops below. The street cars went rattling by with a dripping load of outside passengers on both platforms. Wagons and drays, cabs and closed carriages, that rattled or rumbled along the ordinarily busy thoroughfare, looked as though they had been dipped in the river before being turned loose on the street, and their Jehus, a bedraggled lot, must needs have something amphibious in their composition, else they could not have borne up against the deluge that had been soaking the city for two days past. The policeman, waddling aimlessly about at the opposite corner, enveloped in rubber cap and overcoat, cast occasional wistful glances into the barroom across the way, wherein the gas was burning in deference to the general gloom that overhung the neighborhood, and such pedestrians as had to be abroad hurried along under their umbrellas as though they half expected to have to swim before they could reach their destination. The dense cloud of sooty smoke that had overhung the metropolis for weeks past, and that wind from any direction could never entirely dissipate, for the simple reason that smokestacks by the score shot up in the outskirts, and every side now seemed to be hurled upon the roofs and walls, the windows and the pavement, in a black, pasty, carboniferous deposit, and every object out of doors that one could touch would leave its inky response upon the hand. A more depressing "spell of weather" had not been known for a year, and every living being in sight seemed saturated with the general gloom—every living being except one. Capt. Fred Lane, of the Eleventh cavalry, was sitting at the dingy window of his office in the recruiting rendezvous on Sycamore street and actually whistling softly to himself in acute contentment.

Two misses had reached him that ghastly morning that had served to make him impervious to wind or weather. One—large, formal, impressive and bearing the stamp of the war department in heavy type across its upper corner—had borne to him the notification of his promotion to the rank of captain (Troop D) Eleventh cavalry, vice Curran, retired. The other—a tiny billet—had given him even greater happiness. It might be hard to say how many times he had read and reread it since he found it on the snowy cloth of his particular breakfast table in his particular corner of the snug refectory of "The Queen City," on the books of which most respectable if somewhat venerable club his name had been borne among the list of army or navy members ever since his "graduation leave," fifteen years before.

All his boyhood, up to the time of his winning his cadetship at West Point, had been spent in the city where for the past sixteen months he had considered himself fortunate when stationed on recruiting service. During the second year of his term at the academy he was startled by the receipt of a sad letter from his mother, telling him briefly that his father, long one of the best known among the business men of the city, had been compelled to make an assignment. What was worse he had utterly broken down under the strain, and would probably never be himself again. Proud, sensitive and honorable, Mr. Lane had insisted on paying to the utmost farthing of his means. Even the old homestead went, and the broken hearted man retired with his faithful wife to a humble room in the suburbs. There, a few months afterwards, he breathed his last, and there, during Fred's graduating year, she followed him. When the boy entered on his career in the army he was practically alone in the world. Out of the wreck of his father's fortune there came to him a little sum that started him in the service free from debt and that served as a nest egg to attract future accumulations. This he had promptly banked until some good and safe investment should present itself, and, once with his regiment on the frontier, Mr. Lane had found his pay ample for all his needs.

It is unnecessary to recount the history of his fifteen years' service as a subaltern. Suffice it to say that, steering clear of most of the temptations to which young officers were subjected, he had won a reputation as a capital "duty officer," that was accorded here and there by some brilliant and dashing exploits in the numerous Indian campaigns through which the Eleventh had passed with no small credit. Lane was never one of those jovial souls of the regiment. His mood was rather taciturn and contemplative. He read a good deal, and spent many days in the saddle exploring the country in the neighborhood of his post and in hunting and fishing.

But, from the colonel down, there was not a man in the Eleventh who did not thoroughly respect and like him. Among the ladies, however, there was one or two who never lost an opportunity of giving the lieutenant a feline and not infrequently a laughing whenever his name came up for discussion in the feminine conclaves occasionally held, in the rec-

ment. Sometimes, too, when opportunity served, he was made the victim of some sharp or sarcastic speech that was not always easy to bear in silence. Mrs. Judson, wife of the captain of B troop, was reputed to be "down on Lane," and the men had no difficulty whatever in locating the time when her change of heart took place.

The truth of the matter was that, thanks to simple habits and to his sense of economy, Lane had quite a snug little balance in the bank, and the ladies of the regiment believed it to be bigger than it really was; and, having approved the furnishing and fitting up of his quarters, the next thing, of course, that they essayed to do was to provide him with a wife. There the trouble began. Simultaneously with the arrival of his first bar as a first lieutenant there came from the distant east Mrs. Judson's younger sister, "Emmy" and Mrs. Loring's pretty niece Pansy Fletcher. Lane was prompt to call on both, to take the young ladies driving or riding, to be attentive and courteous in every way; but, while he did thus "perceive a divided duty," what was Mrs. Loring's horror on discovering that pretty Pansy had fallen rapturously in love with "Jerry" Lattimore, as handsome, reckless and impetuous a young dragon as ever lived, and nothing but prompt measures prevented their marriage! Miss Fletcher was suddenly re-transported to the east, whither Jerry was too hard up to follow; and then, in bitterness of heart, Mrs. Loring blamed poor Fred for the whole transaction. Why had he held aloof and allowed that—that scamp—that never do well—to cut in and win that innocent child's heart, as he certainly did do? Against Lattimore the vials of her wrath were emptied copiously, but against Lane she could not talk so openly.

Mrs. Judson had beheld the sudden departure of Miss Pansy with an equanimity she could barely disguise. Indeed, there were not lacking good Christians in the garrison who pointed significantly to the fact that she had almost too hospitably opened her doors to Miss Fletcher and her lover during that brief but volcanic romance. Certain it is, however, that it was in her house and in a certain little nook off the sitting room that their long, delicious meetings occurred almost daily, the lady of the house being busy about the parlour, the kitchen, or the chambers overhead, and Emmy, who was a good girl, but densely uninteresting, strumming on the piano or yawning over a book at the front window.

"What Mr. Lane needs is a gentle, modest, domestic little woman who will make his home a restful, peaceful refuge always," said Mrs. Judson; and, inferentially, Emmy was the gentle and modest creature who was destined so to bless him. The invitations to tea, the lures by which he was induced to become Emmy's escort on all the hops and dances, redoubled themselves after Miss Fletcher's departure; but it was all in vain. Without feeling any particular affinity for Mr. Lane, Emmy stood ready to say "Yes" whenever he should ask; but weeks went on, he never seemed to draw nearer the subject, and just as Mrs. Judson had determined to resort to heroic measures and point out that his attentions to Emmy had excited the remark of the entire garrison, and that the poor child herself was looking wan and strange, there was a stago robbery with fifteen troopers, was sent in pursuit of the desperadoes, and captured them, after a sharp fight, ninety miles up the river and near the little infantry cantonment at the Indian reservation; and thither the lieutenant was carried by a bullet through his thigh. By the time he was well enough to ride, the regiment was again in the field on Indian campaign, and for six months he never saw Fort Curtis again. When he did, Emmy had gone home, and Mrs. Judson's politeness was something awful.

Lane was out with the Eleventh again in three more sharp and severe campaigns, received an ugly bullet wound through the left shoulder in the memorable chase after Chief Joseph, was quartermaster of his regiment a year after that episode, then adjutant, and finally was given the recruiting detail as he neared the top of the list of first lieutenants, and, for the first time in fifteen years, found himself once more among the friends of his youth—and still a bachelor.

Securing pleasant quarters in the adjoining street, Mr. Lane speedily made himself known at the club to which he had been paying his moderate annual dues without having seen anything of it but its bills for years past, yet never knowing just when he might want to drop in. Then he proceeded, after office hours, to hunt up old chums, and in the course of the first week after his arrival he had found almost all of his battery, who sat next to him in school, was now a prominent and prosperous lawyer. Terry, who sat just behind him and occasionally inserted crooked pipes in a convenient crack in his chair, was thriving in the iron business.

Warden had made a fortune "on 'change," and was one of the leading brokers and commission merchants of the metropolis. He had always liked Warden; they lived close together, and used to walk to and from school with each other almost every day. Mr. Lane had started on his quest with a feeling akin to enthusiasm. Calm and reticent and retiring as he generally was, he felt a glow of delight at the prospect of once more meeting "the old crowd," but that evening he returned to his rooms with a distinct sense of disappointment. Bailey had jumped up and shaken hands with much effusion of manner, and had "my-dear-fellow"ed him for a minute or two, and then, "Now, where are you stopping, I'll be bound to look you up the very first evening I can get away, and—of course we'll have you at the house;" but Lane clearly saw he was eager to get back to his desk, and so took his leave. Terry did not know him at all until he began to laugh, and then he blandly inquired what he'd been doing with himself all these years. But the man who raised

him from top to toe was Warden. Business hours were over, and their meeting occurred at the club. Two minutes after they had shaken hands, Warden was staring with his back to the log fire, his thumbs in the button holes of his waistcoat, tilting on his toes, his head well back, and most affably and distinctly patronizing him.

"Well, Fred, you're still in the army, are you?" he asked. "Still in the army, Warden."

"Well, what on earth do you find to do with yourself out there? How do you manage to kill time?"

"Time never hung heavily on my hands. It often happened that there wasn't half enough for all we had to do."

"You don't tell me. Why, I supposed that about all you did was to drink and play poker."

"Not an unusual idea, I find, Warden, but a very unjust one."

"Oh, yes, I know, of course, you have some Indian fighting to do once in a while; but that probably amounts to very little. I mean when you're in permanent camp or garrison. I should think a man of your temperament would just stagnate in such a life. I wonder you hadn't resigned years ago and come here and made a name for yourself."

"The life has been rather more brisk than you imagine," he answered, with a quiet smile, and I have grown very fond of my profession. But you speak of making a name for myself. Now, in what would that have consisted?"

"Oh, well, of course, if you really like the army and living in a desert and that sort of thing, I've nothing to say," said Warden; "but it always struck me as such a—such a—well, Fred, such a waste of life, all very well for fellows who hadn't brains or energy enough to achieve success in the real battle of life" (and here Warden was "swelling visibly"), "but not at all the thing for a man of your ability. You had conceded at school that you were head and shoulders above the rest of us."

"We were talking of it from some years ago here in this very room; there'd been something about you in the papers—some general or other had mentioned you in a report. Let's see: didn't you get wounded, or something, chasing some Indians?" Lane replied that he believed that "something like that had happened," but begged his friend to go on; and Warden proceeded to further expound his views:

"Now, you might have resigned years ago, taken hold of your father's old business, and made a fortune. There's been a perfect boom in railroad iron and every other kind of iron since that panic of '73. Look at Terry; he is rolling in money—one of our most substantial men; and you know he was a more drome at school. Why, Fred, if your father could have held on six months longer he'd have been the richest man in town today. It always seemed to me that he made such a mistake in not getting his friends to help him tide things over."

"You probably are not aware," was the reply, "that he went to friend after friend—so called—and that it was their failure or refusal to help that broke him up."

"Well, I don't know, but I'm pushing him to the wall. I am told, was Terry's father, who had formerly been his chief clerk."

"Well," answered Warden, in some little confusion, for this and other matters in connection with the failure of Samuel Lane & Co., years before, were now suddenly recalled to mind, "that's probably true. Business is business, you know, and those were tough times in the money market. Still, you could have come back here when you left West Point, and built up that concern again, and been a big man to boot; but your own establishment here, married some rich girl—you're not married, are you?"

Lane shook his head.

"On the other hand, then, you've been fooling away all this time in the army, and what have you got to show for it?"

"Nothing—to speak of," was the half-whimsical, half-serious answer.

"Well, there! Now don't you see? That's just what I'm driving at. You've thrown away your opportunities—All right, Strong; I'll be with you in a minute," he called to a man who was signaling to him from the stairway. "Come in and see us, Fred. Come and dine with us, any day. We're always ready for friends who drop in. I want you to meet Mrs. Warden and see my house. Now excuse me, will you? I have to take a hand at whist." And so away went Warden, leaving Lane to walk homeward and think over the experiences of the day.

He had "made a name for himself" that was well known from the Yellowstone to the Colorado. Thrice had that name been sent to the president with the recommendation of his department commander for brevet for conspicuous and gallant conduct in action against hostile Indians. The Pacific coast had made him welcome. Easy San Francisco had found time to read The Alta's and The Chronicle's correspondence from the scene of hostilities, and cordially shook hands with the young officer who had been so prominent in more than one campaign. Santa Fe and San Antonio, Denver, Cheyenne and Miles City, were points where he could not go without meeting "troops of friends." It was only when he got back to his old home in the east that the lieutenant found his name associated only with his father's failure, and that in a way that rendered service unavailing to interests to the friends of his youth. "Money makes the mare go," said Mr. Warden, in a subsequent conversation; and money, it seems, was what he meant in telling Lane he should have come home and "made a name for himself."

Lane had been on duty a year in the city when a rumor began to circulate to the effect that investments of his in mining stocks had brought him large returns, and men at the club and masonry women at the few parties he attended began asking significant questions that now fell upon his ears rather than answer directly. His twelve months' experiences in society had developed in him a somewhat sardonic vein of humor and made him, if anything, more reticent than before. And then—then, all of a sudden there came over the spirit of his dream a marked and wondrous change. He no longer declined invitations to balls, parties or dinners when he knew that certain persons were to be present. Mabel Vincent had just returned from the tour abroad, and Lieut. Fred Lane had fallen in love at first sight.

It was a name from her that made even that dingy old office, on this most dismal of days, fairly glow and shine with a radiance of hope, with a halo of joy and gladness such as his lonely life had never known before. The very first time he ever saw himself addressed as Capt. Fred Lane, Eleventh cavalry, was in her dainty hand. He turned his chair to

the window to read once again the precious words; but there entered, dripping, a Western Union messenger with a telegram.

Tearing it open, Lane read these words: "All join in congratulations on your promotion and in wonderment at the colonel's selection of your successor. Noel is named."

Lane gave a long whistle of amazement. "Of all men in the regiment!" he exclaimed. "Who would have thought of Gordon Noel?"

CHAPTER II.



"Come up, crowd! come up everybody! It's champagne today."

The colonel of the Eleventh cavalry was a gentleman who had some peculiarities of temperament and disposition. This fact is not cited as a thing at all unusual, for the unbiased testimony of the subalterns and even the troop commanders of every cavalry regiment in service would go far towards establishing the fact that all colonels of cavalry are similarly afflicted. One of the salient peculiarities of the commanding officer of the Eleventh was a conviction that nothing went smoothly in the regiment unless the captains were all on duty with their companies; for, while at any time Col. Riggs would approve an application for a lieutenant's leave of absence, it was worse than pulling teeth to get him to do likewise for a gentleman with the double bars on his shoulder. "Confound the man!" growled Capt. Greene, "here I've been seven years with my troop, saving up for a six months' leave, and the old rig disapproves it! What on earth can a fellow say?"

"You didn't go about it right, Greeney," was the calm rejoinder of a comrade who had been similarly "cut" the year previous. "You should have laid siege to him through some woman a month or so. What she says as to who goes on leave and who doesn't is law at headquarters, and I know it. Now, you watch Noel. That fellow is wiser in his generation than all the rest of us put together. It isn't six months since he got back from his staff detail, and see how constant he is in his attentions to the old lady. Now, I'll bet you anything you like the next plan that tumbles into the regiment will go to his man and nobody else's."

"Riggs wouldn't have the face to give anything to Noel—in the way of detached duty, I mean. I heard him say when 'Goody' was coming back to the regiment that he wished he had the power to transfer subs from troop to troop; he'd put Noel with the most exacting captain he knew and see if he couldn't get a little square service out of the fellow."

"That's all right, Greene. That's what he said six months ago, before Noel was really back, and before he had begun doing the devoted to her ladyship at headquarters. Riggs wouldn't say so now—much less do he wouldn't let him, comrade mine, and you know it."

"Noel has been doing first rate since he got back, Jim," said Capt. Greene, after a pause.

"Oh, Noel's no bad soldier in garrison—at drill or parade. It's field work and scouting that knocks him endwise; and if there's an Indian within a hundred miles—Well, you know as much as I do on that subject."

Greene somewhat gloomily nodded assent, and his companion, being wound up for the day, plunged ahead with his remarks:

"Now, I'm just putting this and that together, Greene, and I'll make you a bet. Riggs has managed things ever since he has been colonel so that a lieutenant is ordered detached for recruiting service and never a captain. It won't be long before Lane gets his promotion; and I'll bet you even before he gets it Riggs will have his letter skimming to Washington begging his immediate recall and nominating a sub to take his place. I'll give you odds on that; and I'll bet you even that the sub he names will be Goody Noel."

But, though he scouted the idea, Greene would not bet, for at that instant the club room was invaded by a rush of young officers just returning from target practice, and the jolliest laugh, the most all pervading voice, the cheeriest personality of the lot were those of the gentleman whose name Capt. Jim Rawlins had just spoken.

"What you going to have fellows?" he called. "Here, Billy, old man, put up that spelter; I steered the gang in here, and it's my treat. Don't go, Forbes; come back, old fellow, and join us. Captain, what shall it be? Say, you all know Dick Cassidy of the Seventh. I heard such a good rig on him this morning. I got a letter from Tommy Craig, who's on duty at the war department, and he told me that Dick was there trying to get one of these blasted college details. What d'ye suppose a cavalryman wants to leave his regiment for, to take a thing like that?"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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A Good Razor Strop. Few persons know how excellent a razor strop is the human hand or arm. If a razor is in fairly good condition and not in need of the oil stone it may soon be whetted to a fine edge on the palm of the hand or the inner side of the forearm. The latter is best if it is free of hair, as it frequently is, for it presents a whetting surface quite as long as the ordinary razor strop. The fat portion of the palm, between the little finger and the wrist, however, makes an excellent strop. The process of stropping a razor on the forearm appears a bit alarming to the looker on, though there is little danger that a skillful man will do himself harm.—New York Sun.

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