

criticism in the eyes of certain or the circle, "it's all strictly in accordance with regulations, and just as we used to have it in the old days before the war. I wish we all had the same now. I haven't seen a Grimsley outfit since 1861."

"Grimsey it is," said the veteran captain of the Light battery. "Mine went to Richmond in 1861 with what we didn't save of our battery at First Bull Run."

"Grimsey it is," said his junior subaltern. "If Sam Waring could only see that, he'd turn green with envy today and borrow it tomorrow." Whereat there went up a laugh, for Waring was a man of mark in the queer old days of the army.

Then of course every one wanted to know, as the cavalcade rode from the drill ground up to the post, where Barclay had bought his horses, and some inquired how much they cost, and to all queries of the kind Barclay answered, with perfect good humor, that he had ordered the equipments of the old firm of Grimsley, still doing business in St. Louis, as it did in the days when Jefferson Barracks and Leavenworth and Riley were famous cavalry stations in the fifties. The horses he had bought of a family connection in Kentucky and had given \$700 for the pair.

"See here, Hodge," growled the old stagers as they clustered about the club-room, sipping cooling drinks after the warm morning exercise, "what's all this you've been telling us about Barclay's inexpensive, economical and skimp ways? He's got the outfit of a British field marshal, by gad!"

But Hodge was too much concerned and confounded to speak. "It's more'n I can explain," he said. "Why, he wouldn't spend 10 cents in Wyoming."

And yet, had Hodge only known it, Barclay's infantry outfit was of just as fine finish and material, as far as it went, as these much more costly and elaborate appointments of the mounted service. Everything connected with the dress or equipments of his profession Barclay, who would spend nothing for frivolities, ordered of the best furnishers, and no man ever appeared on duty in uniform more precise or equipments of better make.

Of course the clubroom was not the only place where Barclay's really bewildering appearance was discussed. Among the officers there were many who growled and criticised. It was all right to have handsome horses, if he could afford it. Any cavalryman would try to do that, was the verdict. "But all these other gimcracks, they're simply moonshine!" And yet, as pointed out by Major Brooks, it was all strictly according to regulation. "D—n the regulations!" said Captain Follansbee. "They're too expensive for me." And, take it all in all, the feeling of the mess was rather against than with Barclay. He had no business wearing better clothes or using better horse furniture than did his fellows. Follansbee went so far as to tackle Blythe on the subject and invoke his sympathy, but that massive old dragon disappointed him. "Barclay's right," said he, "and if the rules were enforced we'd all have to get them."

"But they cost so much," said Follansbee.

ing baggard, nervous, miserable, now rode buoyantly, with almost hopeful eyes and certainly better color than he had had for months, despite the fact that he had lost both flesh and color during his illness. Something had happened to lighten his load of dread and care. Something must have happened to enable Lawrence to take that long, long journey back to Texas. Fort Worth indulged in all manner of theories as to where the money was coming from, and Barclay of course was suspected, even interrogated. The frankest man in some respects that ever lived, Captain Galbraith Barclay was reticent as a clam when he saw fit to keep silent, and men found it useless to question or women to hint. As for Winn, he had but one classmate at the post, Brayton, who had never been one of his intimates at the Point, and being rather, as was said, of the "high and mighty," reserved and distant sort with the subalterns he found at Worth on joining three winters before, Winn had never been popular. Lawrence was his one intimate, despite the disparity in years. And so no man ventured to ask by what means he expected to meet the demands thus made upon him. The board of survey ordered to determine the amount of the loss and fix the responsibility had no alternative. Winn and his few friends made a hard fight, setting forth the facts that the count had been made every month as required by orders and regulations, and that except by bursting open every bale, box and barrel and sifting over the contents it would have been impossible to detect Marsden's methods. On some things the board was disposed to dare regulations and raps on the knuckles and to let Winn off on several others, but what was the use, "the proceedings would only be sent back for reconsideration," said their president, and as it transpired that Winn had not exercised due vigilance, but had trusted almost entirely to his sergeant, they decided to cut the Gordian knot by saddling the young officer with the entire responsibility, which meant sooner or later a stoppage of nearly \$3,000 of his pay.

It is a sad yet time honored commentary at the expense of human nature that the contemplation of the misfortunes of our fellow men is not always a source of unalloyed sorrow. There was genuine and general sympathy for Lawrence, because he had been poor and pinched and humbled for years, had worn shabby clothes and had sought all possible field duty, where "deeds, not words," as a garrison wit expressed it, seemed to make the man. He had frankly spoken of his traits and worries to such as spoke to him in friendship, and this, with his deep and tender love for his children and his capital record as a scout leader, had won over to him all the men who at one time were envious and jealous and had cherished the line man's prejudice against the fellow whose duties for years had kept him on the staff. The women were all with him and that meant far more than may seem possible outside the army. There was many a gentle dame in the old days of adobe barracks who could be an Artemisia in the cause of a friend.

No one knew just what object Ned Lawrence had in coming back to Dixie. Every one knew he had indignantly refused the second lieutenantcy, despite the fact that one or two men with war service and rank almost equal to his own had meekly accepted the grudgingly tendered commission and others were said to be about to follow suit—all, presumably, with the hope that their friends and representatives in congress assembled would speedily legislate them back where they thought they belonged. No one knew where Ned Lawrence had made a raise of money, but a raise he certainly had made, for, to Blythe's indignation, there came a draft of \$100 to cover the expenses, he said, of his children and Old Mammy and to pay the latter some of her wages. The balance he would settle, he wrote, when he arrived. Blythe would far rather he had waited until his accounts were adjusted; then, if Lawrence were in funds, Blythe could have found no fault with this insistence on at least partially defraying the expenses incurred in providing for the little household. Lawrence hoped to have his accounts adjusted, his letter said, and he had reason to believe, from what friends in Washington told him, that he would find his successor willing to receipt to him for missing items, trusting to luck and the flossam and jetsam of the frontier to replace them in course of time. Lawrence indeed was curious now to meet and know Captain Barclay, for he had been told many things that had gone far to remove the feeling of unreasoning antagonism he had felt at first.

Only one thing did he say to Blythe that threw light on his future plans. "I am dreadfully sorry," he wrote, "to hear such ill tidings about Harry Winn. I was always fearful there was something wrong about that fellow Marsden, and sometimes strove to caution him—I, who could not see the beam in my own eye—I, with two scoundrels in my orderly room, trying to warn him against the one in his. Winn is a proud, sensitive, self centered sort of fellow, whom wealth perhaps might have made popular. He is no better manager than I. He has a wife who could never help him to live within his means, as poor Kitty certainly tried to do with me." (Oh, the blessed touch of time! Oh, the sweet absolution of death! Kitty was an angel now, and her ways and means were buried with all that was mortal of her.) "And, worse than all, poor Hal has no one, I fear, to help him now, as—I write it with blinded eyes, dear Blythe—it has pleased God I should find in many friends in the days of my sore adversity—you and your blessed wife, and the colonel, and Brooks—even rough old Follansbee and our dilettante De Lancy, and that imitable Collabone. My heart overflows, and my eyes, too, at thought of all you and they have done and said and written for me and mine. And here, too, where in my bitterness I thought I was

deserted of all, here is gallant old front de Bouf (you remember how we swore by him in the valley after Davy Russell was killed). He has housed and fed and nursed and cared for me like a brother, and Senator Howe and even old Catnip—God bless him—have worked hard for me, and though my soldier days seem over for the time at least my stubborn spirit has had to surrender to such counselors and friends as they have been to me. They all say congress will surely put me back next winter, and meantime Buffstick says I'm to have a salaried position in a big company with which he is associated and to begin work as soon as my health is re-established and my accounts straightened out."

"Who is Buffstick?" queried Mrs. Blythe at this juncture.

"Buffstick? Oh, that was our pet name for Colonel Dalton of the—th Massachusetts, Lawrence's friend and host in Washington; a magnificent fellow, dear, with a head and chest that made some lover of Scott liken him to Front de Bouf, out of 'Ivanhoe,' you know. But he was a stickler for neatness in

dress and equipments, and his regiment called him Buffstick and grew to love him all the same. He commanded a brigade after Cedar Creek, and now—just think of it!—he's a capitalist."

"Does he know Captain Barclay, do you think?" she asked after a reflective pause.

"I'm sure I don't know. Probably not," was the answer. "They never served in the same part of the army. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I was wishing—I couldn't help thinking—how much Mr. Winn needed some good friend too."

"Winn and Lawrence are very different men," said Blythe gravely. "Lawrence has made friends, while poor Winn has only enemies, I fear, and really none worse than himself."

Mrs. Blythe sighed as she turned away. It was much as her husband said. The Winn had come to the regiment after a round of receptions, dinners and dances in their honor all the way from Washington to Worth and had "started with a splurge," as the chroniclers declared. Laura's gown and airs and graces won her no end of prominence, but very few friends. Winn's "high and mighty" ways, so they were termed by all the garrison, in which at that time only two or three West Pointers could be found, had alienated all the subalterns and many of the women. Their extravagance during the first year of service, the explanations and excuses tendered by Laura in the next and Harry's increasing moodiness and distrust served only to widen the breach. Men and women both, who began by envying, turned to openly deriding. Cutting things were said to Laura, whose mendacities provoked them sneering or at least suggestive things were often said in presence of Winn, if not exactly to him, for there was one quality about the swell the garrison had to respect—his cheerful and entire readiness to fight on very small provocation—and those were the days when the tenets of the "code" were not totally forgotten, and there still remained in the army a sentiment in favor of the doctrine of personal responsibility for disparaging words. There would be fewer courts martial today were there more of it left.

But when women heard the stories about the big bill at the sutler's and others that came by mail, and made little icy comments about some people being able to afford much more than they could, Laura laughed off the allusions to their superior style of living by stories of an indulgent papa, until papa's death left her without further resource from that quarter. Then she set afloat a fabrication about a doting aunt of Harry's who had no children of her own—an amiable old widow who was to leave him all her money. He did have an aunt of that description, but she didn't have the money, and there were men who were malicious enough to refer in Winn's presence to their wish that they had wealthy fathers-in-law or doting dowager aunts, thereby giving some other fellow a chance to say, "And so does Fuller, no doubt."

Indeed so practically friendless were the Winn that among nine out of ten families along officers' row there was a feeling of lively curiosity to note the effect of this supposedly crushing blow on the unhappy pair and a consequent sentiment, only partially veiled in many cases, of keen disappointment when the news few around the garrison that Mr. Winn had announced his readiness to meet the demand in full.

"Why, it can't be true," said many a woman. "I'll believe it when I see the money," said many a man. "Do you suppose—he could have accepted it from—Captain Barclay?" asked, in strictest confidence, Mrs. De Lancy of Laura's erstwhile intimate, Mrs. Faulkner.

"Not Harry Winn, probably," answered Mrs. Faulkner, in confidence equally intimate. "That—"

pauses that followed was suggestive. Follansbee and Bellows bolted down to the sutler's with the surprising news, wondering if Fuller could have been as enough to advance the money. There was a time when he would have done so perhaps, for he was one of the first to be enthralled by young Mrs. Winn's grace and beauty, and lavished presents upon her—and upon Winn, of course—for a month, until Winn put a stop to the presents and Mrs. Fuller came post-haste back from San Antonio and put a stop to other manifestations. But Fuller had long since become estranged from the Winn—the presentation of his bill at inopportune times having later widened the apparent breach. His jaw fell and his mouth opened wide when he heard the news, for Fuller had begun to believe that he would never get his money, and resented it that Uncle Sam should be luckier.

"Send up another 'bill rendered' by Ike to Mr. Winn this afternoon," he bade his clerk as the investigators departed to follow other clues. Fuller had gone down into his pockets unbeknown to the post and had actually pressed on Lawrence a loan of \$300 and bade him come for more when that was gone, but not a cent would he put up for Harry Winn—not he. "The damned supercilious snob" was what Fuller now called him, not so much because he thought him a snob or supercilious or even deserving of damnation as because he had allowed himself to be robbed of \$3,000 worth of goods that might otherwise have been purchased of him, Fuller, for double or treble the money. No; plainly Fuller was not the angel that had come to the rescue of Winn, nor could Follansbee or Bellows or the rest of the fellows find out who had. The mystery of Gilgig was outdone. Even Frazier and Brooks did not know, and when some one, possibly Mrs. Frazier, suggested to the colonel that as the commanding officer he really ought to know the colonel did send for his new quartermaster and say to him: "Mr. Trot, as you are to receipt to Mr. Winn for the money value of his shortage it would be well to be very circumspect. He probably cannot have that much in currency here. How does he propose to pay it?"

"I don't know, sir," said the man of business promptly. "He says he will be ready to cover the entire amount on or before the 20th of May. I didn't like to ask him where it was to come from."

Neither did Frazier, despite no little prodding at home. Only one man ventured to speak of it to Winn, and the resultant conversation having been variously and exaggeratedly reported the truth should here be told. It was at the clubroom, which for the first time in weeks Mr. Winn entered. He asked for Major Brooks, and finding him absent turned to go out with no more than a nod to the party at the poker table. That party was made up mainly of the class that was numerous in the army in those days and is as rare as an Indian fight now. The least responsible among them at the moment was Lieutenant Bralligan, ex-corporal of dragoons, who could no more have passed the examination exacted of candidates today than a cat could squeeze through a carbine. "Hwat dye want of the mejoer, Winn?" he shouted. "Sure ye've got permission to ride out wid us to meet Lawrence."

Winn vouchsafed no answer. Bralligan and he were things apart, a reproach to each other's eyes, and the evil blood in the Irishman, inflamed already by whisky, boiled over at the sight. "It's Barclay ye're looking for, not Brooks," he shouted in tempestuous wrath. "Faith, if ye want anything out o' the Quaker, let yer wife do the!"

Instantly a brawny hand, that of Captain Follansbee, was sprawled over the broad, leering mouth. Instantly there was a crash of chair legs hastily moved, of grinding boot heels as men sprang to their feet, of poker chips flying to the floor—a sound of oaths and furious struggles, for two of the party, with the attendant, had hurled themselves on the half drunken lieutenant and were throttling him to silence, while Captains Bronson and Fellows sprang to head off Winn, who with blazing eyes and clinched fists came bounding back into the room.

"What did that blackguard say?" he demanded. "I did not catch the words."

"Nothing, nothing, Winn, that you should notice," implored Bronson. "He's drunk. He doesn't know what he is saying. He's crazed. No, sir," insisted Bronson sternly as Winn strove to pass him. "If you do not instantly withdraw, I shall place you under arrest. Be sure that this poor devil shall make all reparation when he's sober enough to realize what has happened. Go at once. You go with him, Fellows."

And so between them they got Winn away, and others sussed Bralligan with aquegia water and locked him up in his room and had him solemnly sober by afternoon stables, while, vastly to their relief, Winn with two or three cavaliers rode away at 3 o'clock to meet Ned Lawrence somewhere afar out on the Crockett trail. Greatly did Follansbee and Fellows congratulate Bronson, and Bronson them, on the fact that they had happened to be looking on at the game when Winn happened in and Bralligan broke out, for thereby they had stopped what might have been a most tremendous row. "All of which mustn't be known to a soul," said they.

But Bralligan's voice was big and deep. It was one of the causes of his unhalloved preferment in the days when second lieutenantcies were showered on the rank and file the first year of the war. Bralligan's taunting words, only partially audible to Winn as he issued from the front of the building, were distinctly heard by domestics lying in wait for a chance to borrow of the steward and pick up gossip at the back. By stables that evening the story was being told high and low all over the post; even the children heard with eager yet uncomprehending ears, and so it happened that just as the drums of



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Wrath that sobbed itself out in the lap of her loving friend Mrs. Blythe.

on his way back to Texas, would be with his precious babies within the fortnight, would recoupy his old quarters for awhile at least as the guest of the usurper, for they had been formally chosen by Captain Barclay, to the frantic wrath of Ada when first she heard the news—wrath that sobbed itself out in the lap of her loving friend Mrs. Blythe as the motherless girl listened with astonished ears to the explanation.

"So far from raging at him, Ada, you should be thankful that your dear father and you and Jimmy have found so thoughtful and generous a friend as Captain Barclay. If he had not chosen your house, Captain Bronson would have done so, and you would have had to go. As it is, nothing of yours or your father's will be disturbed."

And sorely tempted was the enthusiastic, tender hearted woman to tell much more than that, but for his prohibition, she would have told, and yet she did not begin to know all.

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