



RAYNE. CAPT. CHARLEY KING.

CHAPTER IX. A new dawn was hanging over Fort Frayne that loved Christmas eve, and the moon shone down through a filmy veil of lace and cast black shadows on the dazzling surface. Everywhere about the post lights were twinkling in the quarters and sounds of soldier merriment and revelry came from the barracks. Over at the assembly room Rooko and his party were still busily at the hanging festoons of green and completing the decorations for the morrow, while in the several households among the officers dinner parties or similar entertainments called together under one roof or another almost all the families as well as the bachelor of the regiment. The children were rejoicing in their great Christmas tree at the chapel. The colonel had bidden them all to his big house for a Santa Claus party after the public ceremony of the post Sunday school, and Aunt Lucretia, a gossamer, flighty, feisty, and fairly of 40 summers or more, was doing her best to get the little gifts in proper order against their coming, being aided in her perplexities and complications by the dreamy, but devoted, Wayne. Kitty was dining at the 'Parvalls'—a temporary place almost as neatly furnished as the present one—when she presently received an interesting letter from her lady on her right, and when dinner was over and the women passed out into the parlor, was enabled to make way for Miss Farrar with a very courteous but entirely ceremonious bow. Ellis flushed, but, inclining her head, passed him by without a word.

It was then nearly 8:30 o'clock, and the gleeful voices of the children could be heard returning from the chapel, and, mindful of his promise to Helen Dauntan, Ormsby was already figuring for an opportunity of temporary escape. It had been arranged that most of the officers and ladies were to meet at the hoproom after 10, 'just to see if the floor was in good shape for tomorrow,' and Jack well understood that Ellis did not mean that he should be her escort, and, as matters now stood, he did not desire her to suppose that such was his wish.

Ellis, who was peering over the cigarette and coffee, had already managed the matter and giving but scant attention to the chery chat about him, Captain Amory suddenly lifted his hand and said, "Hush!"

Out across the parade, quick, stirring and spirited, the cavalry trumpet was sounding, "I do believe we never got through Christmas without a tragedy of some kind." And then she bit her tongue as she caught sight of Ellis Farrar's startled face.

"I think if you will excuse me, Mrs. Farrar, I will go to mother a moment. She is at the chapel's by this time, and Mrs. Dauntan is with her. Still, I feel anxious. All this may excite her very much."

And so, while the officers went hurrying away across to the adjutant's office, Ormsby found himself, after all, entering his arms to Miss Farrar. He was the only man left. Kitty, excited and agitated, she knew not why, had made some comical attempts to detain Will, but his long legs had by this time carried him half way to the scene of the sudden summons.

"Thank you, I do not need it," said Ellis coldly. "Indeed, I do not need escort at all to go so short a distance."

"It seems to be the post common none the less," was the grave answer. "Besides, I think I am justified in saying you have tested me with aversion, so marked of late that I am entitled to know the cause. What can I have done to deserve it, Ellis? Let us understand each other."

"There is only one way, then, Mr. Ormsby," she answered, with sudden impulse. "I do believe we never got through Christmas without a tragedy of some kind." And then she bit her tongue as she caught sight of Ellis Farrar's startled face.

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me there are not cowboys enough in all the territory to lick this regiment, and you've got to do that before you can raise one scalp in this village."

"All right, Colonel Fenton. In the old days we used to say blood was thicker than water, and in many a tough place we've stood by the soldier against the savage. There was never a time we went back on you, and this is the first time I ever heard of an officer who would go back on us."

"Don't distort things now, my friend," said Fenton coolly. "I never would go back on you, as you say, if you were the assailed and the wronger. This is a case of simple justice, and I interpose to keep the peace until the rights and wrongs can be sifted and settled. Take my advice and keep away from the village."

"The higher power in the land than the military, Colonel Fenton, and that's public opinion, and public opinion says Big Road's people murdered Laramie Pete. Public opinion says we want the murderers, and, by God, we mean to have 'em even if we have to clean out the whole place. You want no fight with you; but through the congress, we'll see you up till there won't be as much left of you as the Sioux left of Ouster's crowd. Take my advice and keep away from us."

And so saying Ben Thorpe, "King of the North," called him on the Platte, strode angrily out of the room, the officers paring in alliance to let him go. At the threshold he turned and once more faced the post commander.

"Another thing, Colonel Fenton?" And as he spoke Ormsby gazed so how the iron frame was quivering with excitement and wrath. "You say we're not the sheriff's posse and we cannot act in accordance with law. There's no sheriff in all Wyoming nearer than Rook Springs, and I'm sheriff in these parts until he comes. I'm sheriff enough to hunt murderers, and sheriff enough to shoot down any one who gets in my way. I'm sheriff enough to wait for warrants, either against that damned redskin whom you're protecting there by your side is one of the four that shot Pete Boland. I'll send a sheriff's posse here in ten minutes, and I'll give you warning here and now we will take the law on him or you, and you take your choice. Will you surrender him?"

Ormsby fell his nerves and muscles quivering. This was indeed boarding the lion in his den. It was a new thing to see a post commander braved in his own hall. Fenton, however, never moved. He stood as if a statue, looking with a gesture the indignant manner made by some of the younger officers, he turned quietly to the officer of the day.

"Captain Amory, let a file of the guard escort that gentleman off the reservation. He is a trouble maker, and let the country know I was thrust off the post at the point of the saber. I'll wait for my escort."

He had little time to wait. Almost at the doorway already, the corporal's guard, obeying the impatient summons of the post commander, came marching on foot, a double file, with a commissioned officer and two troopers. One of the latter, stocky, heavily bearded, slouchy, with furtive, bloodshot eyes, looked uneasily about him as the details halted, and, springing up the steps, the corporal lightly touched the cowboy on the shoulder. Thorpe had turned back as though to hurl some parting shot or sarcasm at the oppressor, but at the touch of the corporal's hand looked coolly around. "Well, scamp, what do you want?"

"Come along, Ben," said the corporal gruffly. "I'm sheriff in these parts until he comes. I'm sheriff enough to hunt murderers, and sheriff enough to shoot down any one who gets in my way. I'm sheriff enough to wait for warrants, either against that damned redskin whom you're protecting there by your side is one of the four that shot Pete Boland. I'll send a sheriff's posse here in ten minutes, and I'll give you warning here and now we will take the law on him or you, and you take your choice. Will you surrender him?"

"What?" asked Thorpe, striding a pace forward. "You here? You officiating as policeman to show me off Uncle Sam's jail-yard? You, you sneaky and scoundrel, that's what you are. You're Gran's sudden face. You, you braggart and blackguard—you coward, who left poor Crawford's wife without a defender. You cur, who stole the last cent he had and then betrayed him to the Indians; you liar, who brag of being an Indian's son and does not own your own name!"

"Stand back!" he sternly cried as the corporal came more slowly to place a hand upon his shoulder. "I've no quarrel with you, Reddy, or with this other scoundrel, but I do with you. You've got to get out of here, or I'll see you in the hospital."

"Damn that fellow!" said Fenton. "I like him in spite of all his devilry. There's no help for it, gentlemen—the truth has got to stand its Christmas standing before these cowboys, and the very best that killed our colonel three long years ago."

And with a parting meditation at the door he turned back to look at the corporal, who had turned away at the gallop.

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THE POLICY OF GOVERNOR-ELECT ELLERBE.

HE WANTS TO UNITE THE WHITE PEOPLE.

A Patriotic Purpose in View—He Takes High Ground on Public Affairs.

Special to The State. TRENTON, Nov. 25.—At this point today, starting for Columbia, I met the man who soon after the second Tuesday in January next is to assume the direction of the State government—Governor-Elect William H. Ellerbe—and spent several hours with him. He talked pleasantly and patriotically of the future of his State, and patriotically to the conclusion that his aim is to bring about genuine peace and unity among the whole people, if he is given every chance to do so.

He made no complaint, neither did he utter a word of regret, but he had converted all his property and his business interests into cash and portable securities and left his once happy home to become a wanderer the rest of his life.

Schoolcraft's main purpose was to squander all his money and scatter it in a way that his wife could never get her hands on it. He had a large fortune, and often instead of losing, realized handsome profits. Taxes on his real estate were purposely left unpaid and he had a large amount of money in the bank, which he had finally been forced to admit of any redemption. He went into big mining schemes and all kinds of wild speculations, and in almost every instance was ruined. He had a fortune of \$100,000, and he had lost it all.

When Chief Bacon took the securities after they were found and showed them to Schoolcraft he said they were worthless. Experts who have examined them declare they are good, and not only can their face value be readily obtained, but the accrued interest, which will amount to \$20,000, will be paid. Schoolcraft, although being only 39 years of age, has aged rapidly, and the sad expression on his face portrays a blighted life.

A RATE WAR EXPLODED. The Belief that Hostilities Will Be Resumed is Spreading. Railroad circles are somewhat agitated over a rapidly spreading belief that the rate war between the Seaboard and the Chesapeake and Potomac is to be renewed. The action of the directors of the various branches of the Seaboard system in incurring the expense of the officers in the rate war was a serious matter, and it is believed that another rate war might be resorted to.

Color is given this belief by an interview with President St. John of the Seaboard, in the Washington Post. The inference necessarily drawn from this interview is that Mr. St. John's price of peace is the withdrawal of the Seaboard from the rate war, and the grant of the Seaboard's demand that its sleepers be carried through from Washington to New York.

These were the demands of the Seaboard last summer, and failing to get what was wanted, the Seaboard inaugurated the rate war. No doubt the rate war was created by another declaration of war at any time.

The Seaboard Air Line, said Mr. St. John, to a reporter, "will demand from its stockholders that the Seaboard be accorded to any other railway company, and failing to receive them, will resort to such means to enforce its demands as may be deemed wise and proper."

He had just left Senator Tillman when I saw him to-day. He and Senator Tillman are members of the curriculum committee of the Senate, and he had come down to see the Senator about the condition of affairs at the college. The death of Senator Tillman has been a great loss to the State, and it is believed that the Senator will be succeeded by another member of the curriculum committee.

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man on earth has suffered more than I. He thought my presence had to do with in connection with these miserable old papers, I would never have made claim to them. May my secret be buried with my body."

Ten years ago John Lawrence Schoolcraft was a vigorous, handsome young man of 29 years. He was an enterprising young business man and was a member of the firm of Campbell & Schoolcraft, of Richmond, Va. The firm was a popular one and made money fast. Schoolcraft had extended his business outside of his regular business, and he had not only him big gains. Mrs. Schoolcraft was a beautiful woman and was one of the most attractive and fascinating women of the city.

When he landed at Liverpool, Gen. Toombs was short of funds. He had sent a message to his wife in Cuba, but did not know whether she would be able to raise any money for him.

He was in an embarrassing fix. A stranger in a strange land, with only a few dollars, he did not know which way to turn.

When the royal disregard of money, he invested in a first class ticket to London and boarded the train with less than \$5 in his pocket. What to do when he reached the metropolis was the question. The Confederacy had collapsed, and its few friends in England were not likely to be in a condition to aid the refugee, even if they should find some money.

The solitary passenger was studying the situation when a new fellow-traveler came into his compartment at one of the way stations.

The new arrival was a London lawyer of distinction, and a glance satisfied him that the man sitting opposite was Robert Toombs, an ex-member of the Confederate cabinet, an ex-Confederate general, and a famous American lawyer.

The Londoner had seen the other's picture in the illustrated papers and had recognized the name of him on one of his visits to the United States.

"Excuse me," he said, "but isn't this Gen. Toombs of Georgia?"

"The American responded with some surprise at the common history of the lawyer and distinction, and a glance satisfied him that the man sitting opposite was Robert Toombs, an ex-member of the Confederate cabinet, an ex-Confederate general, and a famous American lawyer.

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WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

Bits of Humor and Nuggets of Truth for the Multitude.

"A penny worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."

"The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1819."

"Brokers and barbers are given to shavings, and carpenters to making them."

"Massachusetts has declared for annual elections by nearly 50,000 majority."

"Know thyself and keep 'tis good advice."

"Where the woolen mills employ about 150 people, the cotton mills usually employ some 800."

"The greatest piece of good fortune is that which corrects our deficiencies, and redeems our mistakes."

"In Paris it has been decided that gambling on the part of a wife constitutes sufficient grounds for divorce."

"If you count the sunny and cloudy days of a winter, you will find that the sunny ones pre-dominate."

"Willie (reading)—Pa, what is a proverbial minion of beelzebub? A man who disagrees with you politically."

"There are a great many stories that have no foundation. But when it comes to building houses, the more stories the better the foundation must be."

"When a real New York boy wishes to be a great man, he must be a great man, he expresses himself this way: 'He has money to burn and carries matches.'"

"The recent report of the commission on every day, a great many schoolteachers in this country to 123,000 men teachers."

"Irate Customer—I want my money back, Cycle Dealer—What for? 'You said you would give me a new one, but I find that in climbing hills, the higher the grade the harder it is to ride.'"

"A doctor declares that four oranges eaten every day are effective in removing the craving for intoxicants. One should be eaten before breakfast, and one each at 11 a. m., 3 p. m., and 6 p. m."

"It is true that when a wild goose's mate does not occur, it takes an elderly woman to marry a young girl would be foolish to marry me, and I do not care to marry a foolish girl."

"White frost is the ordinary frozen dew or hoar frost. Black frost occurs when the cold is so intense as to freeze vegetation and cause it to turn black without the formation of hoar frost."

"Bigamists in Hungary are compelled to submit to an odd punishment. The man who has been legally forced to marry two wives is legally forced to live with both of them, in the same house."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," but there's no use chucking a copper cent into a contribution box so long as to make the folks on the back street think the contribution service has tumbled off the altar."

"On his return from a tour which he had been making with his master in Switzerland, a servant, being asked what he had seen, replied: 'Oh, one can't see anything. There's nothing but mountains every where.'"

"Women have a better perception of color than men. An eminent authority on color blindness asserts that under a very severe test the color vision of 1 man out of 5 is defective, while in women the average is 1 in 20."

SUICIDE OF AN EDITOR.

A Popular Young Man Ended His Life in a Sensational Manner.

Mr. Richard E. Cherry, who was until recently the associate editor of The Post-Courier, was found dead in his home in this city on the 24th inst. The act was occasioned by despondency over the loss of his position, and its accomplishment was marked by some of the most sensational features that ever characterized self-slaughter.

Cherry had for a long time been connected with The Post-Courier, but last week was requested to tender his resignation; was made distressingly aware of the fact, and he went to his home in this city on the 24th inst. The act was occasioned by despondency over the loss of his position, and its accomplishment was marked by some of the most sensational features that ever characterized self-slaughter.

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