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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.—Royce Farrar disobeys himself at West Point, deserts the school and leads a wandering life, sinking lower and lower, marries his employer's daughter, and then commits a forgery. II.—Colonel Farrar, father of Royce, is killed in a battle with the Indians. III.—Royce Farrar's younger brother Will graduates at West Point and falls in love with Kitty Ormsby, whose brother Jack is in love with Will's sister Ellis. IV.—Will is made lieutenant. They all return to Fort Frayne, accompanied by a certain Mrs. Dauntton. V.—It has been reported that Royce Farrar is dead, but he turns up at the fort in the guise of a common soldier under the name of Grace. Ellis Farrar and Jack Ormsby quarrel over Helen Dauntton. VI.—Helen Dauntton has an interview with Jack Ormsby, in which it transpires that she is Royce Farrar's much abused wife, whom Ormsby has before befriended. VII.—Helen Farrar discovers her husband. VIII.—Ellis Farrar witnesses another interview between Helen Dauntton and Jack Ormsby. IX.—Trouble arises between the cowboys and Indians.

CHAPTER X.

Just as first call for tattoo was sounding (no one having thought to tell the orderly trumpeter that, both on account of the holiday and the unexpected duty for the garrison, "the rules were suspended") a long column of cavalry would away through the shimmer of the snowy moonlight and disappeared from sight along the flats below the post. Fenton and Wayne, with four of the six troops, had ridden down stream for a ten mile march. His object was to bring Big Road, with his little village, warriors, women, children, ponies, dogs, dirt and all, within the lines of the reservation of Fort Frayne. Once there even cowboy dare not molest them and no self appointed sheriff could impose his authority. With all Thorpe's bluster Fenton felt reasonably assured that even in so turbulent a corner of Wyoming the hustlers could not muster in force sufficient to warrant an attack that night.

Big Road's braves were few in number, but they were fighters to a man. Their skin, like those of all their tribes and kindred tribes, had long since been forgotten when by Uncle Sam, and it was not for his vasals to keep up the feud. Here, indeed, are the cases when the soldier has long cherished a grudge against the Indian. The Twelfth had fought like devils after the murder, as they could but regard it, of their beloved colonel, but when the opposing band had finally surrendered and accepted the situation all rancor speedily died away.

It seemed to the regiment, therefore, a perfectly natural and obvious thing that it should hasten forth to protect this little remnant from the revenge of the whites. Laramie Pete, with all his faults, was a frontier hero whose popularity was second only to that of Thorpe, and at the latter's call, from far and near, cowboy, ranchman, miner and prospector would hasten to join forces under his leadership, and in 24 hours or less he could count on 500 determined followers, ferocious as they were reckless, and defiant of any law that was not of their own devising.

In the selection of his troops Fenton had been governed by the time honored tenets of the Twelfth. Leale's men, having returned but a month before from a tour of detached service, escorting a government survey through the lands of the Shoshones far to the west, were therefore the ones designated to remain in charge of the post, being supported by what was left of the so called Indian troops—Crow Knife's company, a band of swarthy cavalrymen that took Uncle Sam's clothing, pay and rations with avidity, and even to his drill and discipline, so long as it was a new toy, but little by little the innate sloth and restlessness of the savage nature prevailed, and one after another, some commissioned officer and private, the Sioux soldiery had been discharged until nearly all were gone. Of the dozen that remained, however, were some of the noblest specimens of the race, men, who, like Crow Knife, seemed determined to rise above the apathy of the past into some position of power and influence for their people in the future, and it was almost unspeakable grief to these that they should be told that they could not go with the command.

Yet Fenton's decision was a wise one. Ever since Big Road's messengers (Wife Wolf and Pretty Bear) dashed into the garrison at 8 o'clock, claiming the intervention of the Great Father's soldiers, the excitement among the remnant of the Indian troop was furious. For a moment it looked as though they might cast off their uniforms and, turning out in breechclout and paint and feathers, indulge in a genuine old fashioned war dance on the parade. They were wild to get their arms and horses and to gallop to the succor of their kindred down the valley, but the lieutenant commanding was a cool hand, and, aided by the persuasive talk of one or two older warriors, measurably quieted the disturbance. Then, as most of the men on guard seemed to be allowed to go with their comrades, seven of the Indians were distributed among the three reliefs, and Leale's men filled all the other gaps. It was about 9:30, as has

been said, when the column marched away. It might be back before Christmas night. It might not be back for a week. No one at the moment could say because, even now, Big Road could have broken camp and started with his whole village on a night march for the fastnesses of the mountains, uncertain what fate might be in store for them if he remained. With the column went Wife Wolf and Bear, the former generally believed to be one of the four Indians engaged in the traces that wound up the early career of Laramie Pete. Ahead of the column, full gallop, with only a single orderly, but with instructions to tell Big Road and his people to stay just where they were, as the Great Father meant to come to their protection, went Lieutenant Will Farrar, the model "mistake" man in all the garrison was Lieutenant Will Farrar.

When a young fellow is full of soldierly ambition, when he knows he is master of his work and is eager for an opportunity to prove it, when everybody has been treating him as a boy and he knows he has all the ability of a man, when his sweetheart, even, has been teasing and twitting him upon his apparent lack of consequence in the eyes of the garrison, and he is therefore all the more mad to prove at any hazard that it contains no more daring and spirited an officer, such an opportunity as was here afforded Mr. Farrar was not to be lost. He had implored Colonel Fenton to let him be the bearer of the message and was broken hearted at the kind but firm refusal. "The Indian is peculiar," said the old soldier gently. "He never forgets or forgives. If his father had been killed as years would hold it something to be avenged, although resentment had to be concealed, perhaps for years. They know you are his son. They know that the white man is leaguering now to avenge the death of Pete. They cannot understand such a thing as white soldiers, from sheer sense of duty and justice, interposing against their own kind to save the red man. In your coming they would read only treachery and would argue that you came to urge their remaining so that we might join our white brethren in surrounding and wiping them out of existence. Whatever you urged, even in my name, they would be sure not to do. No, I must send Warren. They know him well and trust him." But Fenton was thankful to have so good an excuse, for even without it he could not have brought himself to send Margaret Farrar's only remaining son upon a mission that might prove perilous—that would certainly seem perhaps in her eyes.

Hastening to the chaplain's as soon as Thorpe made his melodramatic exit, Ormsby was met at the door by the good old domine himself and begged him to say to Mrs. Farrar that there was no cause for alarm. There had been a fight between Indians and cowboys several miles away, and Colonel Fenton had decided to send a force out to keep the peace. She heard his voice, and faintly but eagerly asked that he should come in. It was Helen, not Ellis, who bore her message—Helen, who noted with comfort, and Ellis, with mixed emotion, that the mother had learned to deal with the starchy and devoted friend. Mrs. Farrar took his hand and looked appealingly up into his face as he briefly told her what had happened and what the colonel had decided to do.

"Will Willy have to go?" was her one question, and ignorant as yet that Leale's troop would be designated to remain, Ormsby gravely answered that he presumed the entire command was ordered out. "But," he added reassuringly, "that fact itself is the best guarantee of peace. There can be no further disorder in face of so strong a force."

For answer she bowed her head and hid it in her slender white hands. No wonder it seemed as though Christmas ever brought its tragedy to her at old Fort Frayne.

And then came diversion that was needed. There was a rush of light footsteps, a flutter of silken skirts on the porch without, a bang at the door and in came Kitty, flushed, disheveled, tearful, malignant.

"What's this about Willy's going?" she demanded. "Where is he? What business has he—? Why, he cannot go, Mrs. Farrar. He's engaged to me for the German tomorrow night."

There was something so comical in her utter inability to understand the gravity of the situation, to realize that a soldier's duty far outweighed even so solemn a compact as an engagement to dance with his sweetheart, that even Mrs. Farrar forgot her grief and apprehension for the moment and opened her arms to the imperious little lady and drew her to her heart.

"Ah, Kitty, you have the same lesson to learn that I had long years ago," she cried as she sought to soothe and console the child, but Miss Ormsby was in no mood for petting. She was up in arms. She was being defrauded. Uncle Fenton had no business whatever to send Willy away on such a quest at such a time. It was worse than inconsiderate. It was outrageous, and then Mrs. Farrar's face went white again as she asked what Kitty meant, and then Kitty's nerve gave way, and she buried her beany face on that motherly shoulder and burst into tears.

"I thought you'd heard," she sobbed. "They have only just told me. Captain Farwell came home to change his dress."

And I asked him where Willy was, and he said he left him offering his services to Uncle Fenton to ride ahead to the Indians, and he wanted to know if I didn't think Willy was a trump. I don't—I didn't—I think it's simply h-beartless in him!"

And then Mrs. Farrar raised her eyes appealingly to Ormsby, and he went without a word. He knew what she needed and hastened in search of Will. He found him at Fenton's, whether he had accompanied the colonel, and where he was still pleading and tugging at his tiny mustache and tramping up and down and biting his nails, while Fenton, in the adjoining room, was calmly getting out of his dress clothes and into winter field garb.

"Would you mind dropping this and going down to the chaplain's and comforting your mother and my sister?" said Ormsby as soon as he could get in a word edgewise.

"Yes, Go, Will," said Fenton, "and tell her that there is nothing whatever in this affair to worry about. We're merely going to bring old Big Road up here to take Christmas dinner at the fort. There's no chance for a fight or you should go along. No, it's useless arguing, my boy. I'd do anything for you that's right, but this is absolutely unreasonable on your part. Now go and tell those two blessed women that you're to remain on guard over them, and they'll rise up and call me blessed—at least they ought to."

And so, finally, Ormsby got the peppy young fellow out of the house and fairly started, Ormsby keeping pace with him as he strode excitedly from the room.

"I want you to do something for me, Will," said he in a low tone as they hastened along. "I'm going with the command, and I haven't a moment to spare. Give this note to Mrs. Dauntton for me as soon as possibly after you reach the house. May I rely upon you?"

And as he spoke he held forth an envelope, evidently snugly filled, and Farrar took it mechanically and without reply. The boy was thinking only of his own disappointment. "Do you understand, Will?" persisted Ormsby. "It is of great importance that she should have it before 10 o'clock. You won't forget?" And wondering now, Farrar promised, and Ormsby turned abruptly back.

"I wish to the Lord I were in your place," was poor Will's parting shout as the guardman hurried back to dress for the night ride. Already the four troops had marched to stables and were saddling. Already there were sounds of excitement over across the river and much scurrying through the straggling street of the cattle town of well mounted ranchmen and "cow punchers." Thorpe was as good as his word. He was rousing the county with a vengeance, hoping to ride down the valley in strong force within the hour and "wind up" the whole business before the cavalry could come to the rescue of the offending band. Will could hear the occasional whoop and yell that came ringing over on the still night air, and he was in a petulant mood bordering on exasperation when admitted at the chaplain's and ushered into the parlor, where Kitty still lay clasped in the mother's arms.

She scrambled to her feet the instant he entered and began an energetic outburst, but the sight of his woebegone face checked her suddenly. Mrs. Farrar read instantly the cause of his gloom, and her eyes brightened with rejoicing.

"Willy, my boy, then you don't have to go?"

"Don't have to go?" was the wrathful answer. "Don't have to go? I've been on my knees to that stony hearted old rip for the last ten minutes, and he won't let me go."

"God bless him!" were the mother's fervent words. "How know—he will know—what it would cost me to have my only boy torn from me at this time," was the thought that flashed through her mind, and her eyes welled with grateful tears, though she could say no more. It was Kitty who restored the social equilibrium. "I won't have you speak of Uncle Fenton in that disgraceful way, Mr. Farrar. You ought to be thankful you don't have to go, as you put it. Have you totally forgotten our engagement for tomorrow night?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Kitty! What is that at such a time as this? There won't be a sign of a dance unless they all get back in time and I'd rather be dead than left here the first night of the regiment has after my joining it." He threw himself disgustedly into a chair, refusing to see his mother's outstretched hand and for the time being absolutely indifferent to Kitty's reproaches. It was the discovery of this fact that taught

her how thoroughly in earnest he was, taught her that there was something alive in his heart of which she might well be jealous, and for the first time in her life she stood a little in awe of him, and, relinquishing her purpose of upbraiding, she turned back, baffled and defeated, and took refuge by the mother's chair.

"Tell us who are to go, Willy," said Mrs. Farrar entreatingly, "and I remained here for a moment. He is still there."

Yes, still there, although he had said adieu to his little sister, and the squadron was rapidly forming on the parade. Still there and looking now and then beyond Kitty's pretty, pathetic little face, clouded with a trouble altogether new to it. Still there, and longing for a sight of the face he loved as he did no other despite all its coldness and aversion. Then they came hurrying forth—

Jack Ormsby goes, and I'm ordered—absolutely ordered—to stay here, as if I were some—some lady in arms, unfit to do duty with my fellows. I'll never forgive Fenton as long as I live."

"And I'll never forget it," murmured the mother as she gently checked Kitty, once more about to burst into impetuous speech. "I'm sure Colonel Fenton had grave and good reasons for keeping you here, my son, and if so tried and brave a soldier as Captain Leale can remain without reproach surely you can."

"There's just the difference," answered Will miserably. "Leale has been under fire and on trying duty time and again. His reputation was assured long years ago. I'm treated as a boy by everybody in this garrison, high or low, and forbidden a chance to do a thing. If you folks want to see that command off, the sooner you get out to the bluff the better."

"But you are going to take us, Willy," said his sister sympathetically. "Kitty and I, at least, wish to see the regiment. Do you care to go, mother, dear?" she asked anxiously, and then crossing over to her mother's side bent down and kissed her, but the question was no sooner asked than she would gladly have recalled it—"or will you come home now with me?" she hastened to say.

"I'll take mother home," said Will. "Go on if you want to see them start. I don't. That's more than I could possibly stand. The chaplain will take you gladly enough."

And so at last did Miss Ormsby begin to realize that even in the eyes of the man she had captivated she was for the time being of no account.

It was one of Fenton's fads to have out the band when the regiment or any considerable detachment of it marched away, and now, even at night, he did not depart from his practice. The chaplain had opened the door to note the progress of the preparations across the parade. Orderlies with the horses of the officers were trotting past. The non-commissioned staff were already mounting at the adjutant's office, and over at the band barracks the gray chargers, the music stools of the musicians, were being led into the line.

A mounted band was something that Kitty had never seen, and curiosity and coquetry combined led her to leave her chair to the chaplain's suggestion that she should come out and see the column ride away and wave a goodby to her admirers among the subalterns. If Will persisted in his ill temper, there was no sense in staying there, and perhaps the quickest way to bring him to terms was to manifest interest in his fellows. So, leaving him to the ministrations of his mother, she danced away to the front door, Ellis promptly following. The night was still and beautiful, softly hazy and not very cold, and the scene across the snow covered parade was full of life and animation. Lights were dancing to and fro among the company quarters. Two of the designated troops had already marched up from the stables, formed in line in front of their barracks and, dismounting, were awaiting the sounding of adjutant's call and the formation of the squadron. Officers were mounting every moment along the row and trotting out to join their commands, and presently, from the colonel's big house on the edge of the bluff, came three horsemen clad in heavy winter field garb, and even in the dim light there was no difficulty in recognizing Fenton's soldierly form. These were joined by the adjutant as they rode out upon the parade, and then one of the group came jogging over toward the chaplain, followed by an attendant orderly. It was Jack Ormsby, and Kitty fluttered down to the gate to meet him.

Keep house and Aunt Lucretia will have to keep herself tonight, little sister," said he, laughing as he bent to kiss her goodby. "Corporal Horton is to sleep at the house, so that you will not lack for guards. Where's Will?"

"He's with his mother in the parlor and just too miserable for anything," said Kitty, who, now that she could see for herself the preparation for a march, began to feel far more sympathy for her lover, if not actually to wish that she were a man and could go too. Ellis, quick to notice Ormsby's coming, had slipped back within the hall and partially closed the door. Glancing over her shoulder, she could see that her mother had left her reclining chair and was bending fondly over Will, smoothing his tumbled hair and striving to soothe and comfort him, but it was evident that Will was sorely hurt, for he turned away in irremediable chagrin and distress and covered his face with his hands. Helen Dauntton, forgetful for the moment of her own bitter trouble, had sought to aid her friend in comforting the boy, but it was her first experience in such a case. She had never realized what it meant to a proud and ambitious young soldier to be held in garrison when his comrades were being sent to the field, and, finding presently that she could be of little aid, she drew away toward the window to join the chaplain and his wife, who were gazing out upon the parade, when the striding notes of adjutant's call came trilling through the hazy moonlight, and, with a groan that seemed to rise from the depths of his heart, poor Will threw himself away toward the sofa, utterly refusing to be comforted.

"Come," said the chaplain in a low tone, "they will be better left to themselves. Let us go out and see the troops form line," and, hastily quitting the parlor, they came suddenly upon Ellis lingering at the outer door.

"Mr. Ormsby was saying goodby to Kitty," she nervously explained, "and I remained here for a moment. He is still there."

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And so at last did Miss Ormsby begin to realize that even in the eyes of the man she had captivated she was for the time being of no account.

It was one of Fenton's fads to have out the band when the regiment or any considerable detachment of it marched away, and now, even at night, he did not depart from his practice. The chaplain had opened the door to note the progress of the preparations across the parade. Orderlies with the horses of the officers were trotting past. The non-commissioned staff were already mounting at the adjutant's office, and over at the band barracks the gray chargers, the music stools of the musicians, were being led into the line.

A mounted band was something that Kitty had never seen, and curiosity and coquetry combined led her to leave her chair to the chaplain's suggestion that she should come out and see the column ride away and wave a goodby to her admirers among the subalterns. If Will persisted in his ill temper, there was no sense in staying there, and perhaps the quickest way to bring him to terms was to manifest interest in his fellows. So, leaving him to the ministrations of his mother, she danced away to the front door, Ellis promptly following. The night was still and beautiful, softly hazy and not very cold, and the scene across the snow covered parade was full of life and animation. Lights were dancing to and fro among the company quarters. Two of the designated troops had already marched up from the stables, formed in line in front of their barracks and, dismounting, were awaiting the sounding of adjutant's call and the formation of the squadron. Officers were mounting every moment along the row and trotting out to join their commands, and presently, from the colonel's big house on the edge of the bluff, came three horsemen clad in heavy winter field garb, and even in the dim light there was no difficulty in recognizing Fenton's soldierly form. These were joined by the adjutant as they rode out upon the parade, and then one of the group came jogging over toward the chaplain, followed by an attendant orderly. It was Jack Ormsby, and Kitty fluttered down to the gate to meet him.

Keep house and Aunt Lucretia will have to keep herself tonight, little sister," said he, laughing as he bent to kiss her goodby. "Corporal Horton is to sleep at the house, so that you will not lack for guards. Where's Will?"

"He's with his mother in the parlor and just too miserable for anything," said Kitty, who, now that she could see for herself the preparation for a march, began to feel far more sympathy for her lover, if not actually to wish that she were a man and could go too. Ellis, quick to notice Ormsby's coming, had slipped back within the hall and partially closed the door. Glancing over her shoulder, she could see that her mother had left her reclining chair and was bending fondly over Will, smoothing his tumbled hair and striving to soothe and comfort him, but it was evident that Will was sorely hurt, for he turned away in irremediable chagrin and distress and covered his face with his hands. Helen Dauntton, forgetful for the moment of her own bitter trouble, had sought to aid her friend in comforting the boy, but it was her first experience in such a case. She had never realized what it meant to a proud and ambitious young soldier to be held in garrison when his comrades were being sent to the field, and, finding presently that she could be of little aid, she drew away toward the window to join the chaplain and his wife, who were gazing out upon the parade, when the striding notes of adjutant's call came trilling through the hazy moonlight, and, with a groan that seemed to rise from the depths of his heart, poor Will threw himself away toward the sofa, utterly refusing to be comforted.

"Come," said the chaplain in a low tone, "they will be better left to themselves. Let us go out and see the troops form line," and, hastily quitting the parlor, they came suddenly upon Ellis lingering at the outer door.

"Mr. Ormsby was saying goodby to Kitty," she nervously explained, "and I remained here for a moment. He is still there."

# A DOUBLE CASE.

## Remarkable Cure of a Boston Man who was Afflicted with Salt-Rheum and Rheumatism.

### BOTH PROMPTLY CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

From the Herald, Boston, Mass.

Those who have had the misfortune to be afflicted with salt-rheum, more especially when it has come in early childhood, can appreciate what it is to "doctor" for this most incurable trouble. They almost all testify that they have "doctored" for years, and often with some of the leading physicians, spending large sums of money without obtaining relief. When this is complicated with an attack of rheumatism, especially in the case of a man whose avocation is one that exposes him to it, the serious nature of his physical ills may be imagined, and also the potency efficacy of such a remedy as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which has proved able to conquer such a consensus of bodily problems, and to put the man into a condition of vigor as a substitute for one of a most discouraging outlook.

In view of the circumstances it is not surprising that many in Boston, especially those of the railroad men, who have been familiar both with the individual and the attendant circumstances, should make so much comment on the cure wrought in the case of Mr. James Freeman, for a number of years past employed as a brakeman on the Old Colony Division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. This gentleman had been afflicted with salt-rheum from infancy and his blood had a decided tendency to humors, in addition to which the exposed character of his occupation promoted an aggravated attack of muscular rheumatism which threatened to destroy his usefulness and deprive him of this means of livelihood. In the early periods of his illness, which had been given to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People whenever tried for these and kindred difficulties, particularly such as arise from an impoverished or disordered condition of the blood, he was induced to try them, and the result has been so gratifying that he has become a pioneer in recommending them to his fellow workmen, who through his words and the manifest results of his example have shown a constantly increasing