tail" still stays, an

A Year and "A Butt."

In counting the length of time left before

man's time of service will expire any

time under a year in called "a butt." You

will hear a man say, I have a year and a

butt yet," or "I have only a butt left to put in." Some men make it a business of

lending money to others. This business is

not countenanced, but is carried on just

ILL-TREATED TREES.

Subject of Arboriculture.

Some otherwise intelligent people seem to

have queer notions about trees. We are

not sure whether they think trees require

close up to the trees all around. In some cases the squares have been carefully filled

with concrete or artificial stone, fitting water tight, if not airtight, around the

trees. In some cases the large tree trunks have carefully been trimmed square with a

oroadax, so that the straight edges of flag-

stones may fit closely against them. It may be added that these are all fine speci-

mens of elm, linden and other trees. Be-fore the sidewalks were thus adjusted to

their trunks they were thriving almost as luxuriantly as though they were in their

native forests. Now they are beginning to die and the people are removing some of

them, saying that "there's no use in trying

Perhaps they are right. Perhaps a city ought to be an unbroken expanse of ma-

and covered with asphalt for roller skating

rinks. It would cost a great deal less to maintain them in that condition. Perhaps

the people, too, might be varnished or coat-

ed from head to foot with some waterproof

AN ODD COLLECTION.

Why a Book Lover Buys Old Bibles

and Hymn Books.

"All book collectors have their weak-

nesses," remarked a man who is often seen

poring over the sidewalk counters of sec-

ond-hand book shops, "and mine, I confess,

runs in the line of old Bibles and hymn

Bibles and hymn books, but because I simply

can't stand it to see such books tossed

about as dusty, almost worthless second-hand goods. Except in the case of rare old

nowever, such as contain family names and

"My first purchase of the kind was an

Episcopal prayer book, battered and torn, with the name of an old friend of mine in

how his prayer book became public prop-

liam's birthday gift to Uncle William.

inscriptions of a pathetic character.

ooks. Not particularly because they are

From the Detroit Free Press.

From the New York Tribune

WE CLOSE AT 5 P.M. SATURDAYS AT 1 P.M.

A Mammoth August Clearance Sale

Will be inaugurated by us tomorrow and will be continued dur-ing the entire month—in order to make room for our incoming

Big money-saving opportunities in every department, and with this there is

Credit for Every One.

Terms arranged to suit your personal means without any ex-

Mattings.



Big assortment of China and Japan Mattings; immense variety of patterns; good wearing qualities. 12½c., 15c., 18c., 20c., 25c. per yard up.

Refrigerators and Ice Chests.

We are quoting exceptionally low prices on all Refrigerators and Ice Chests. The backwardness of the summer season has left us with too large a stock of these goods for this time of the year, and we must reduce our stock to make room for incoming fall goods.

We have all sizes and styles, of several reliable makes, with zinc, porcelain and enamel linings.



Big bargains in Go-Carts and Baby Carriages; also special reduced prices on all separate Lace Handsome Go-Cart, exactly like illustration; close woven body, with heavy roll on each side, \$7.50 best gearing, only......

Upholstered Corner Chair, mahogany finish frame, covered with fancy damask, \$2.40

This solid oak Extension Table, neatly carved legs, very \$3.95 frames, silkoline, filling, 57c.

Hardwood Lawn Swing, \$3.95 very substantial, only....

Solid Oak Sideboard, French plate mirror, neat carv- \$12.25 Handsome Oak Chiffonier; five roomy drawers; French

plate mirror, and well- \$7.95

Cash or Credit.

Complete Homefurnishers. House & Herrmann.

Seventh and I (Eye) Streets N.W.

KEEPING BEES IN LONDON.

Cost of Maintaining a Hive in the English Metropolis.

From the London Mail.

The pleasures of life in London seem destined to be augmented, judging by the number of inquiries respecting the cost of keeping bees within the metropolitan area. Timid householders, whose only knowledge of apriculture is that the bee stings are unpleasant, will find little comfort in the fact that bees do not come under the category of legal "nuisances," and that their neighbors may keep as many as they please wherever they like.

Moreover, the cost is encouragingly small. For about 30s, one may start a businesslike hive, containing three pounds of bees, there being 4,500 bees to the pound. A triffing sum invested with the British Beekeepers' Association insures the owner against any personal or material damage that the bees may cause. A few days ago the association paid for a foal which was

worried to death by a member's bees. Edwin Young, the secretary, relates how swarm of bees, finding a defective bung in a cask of sugar weighing 200 pounds, ate the whole contents. On another occasion the light of a railway signal attracted a swarm, which invaded the lamp in such numbers that an approaching express train of this service. The block, discharged man is termed "a bobtail." In past years there was only one kind of a discharged man is termed "a bobtail." In past years there was only one kind of a discharged man is termed "a bobtail." In past years there was only one kind of a discharged man is termed "a bobtail." In past years there was only one kind of a discharged man is termed "a bobtail." In past years there was only one kind of a discharge blank. At the bottom of the discharge blank. At the bottom of the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in that distressing quality which has made the lamp in such past years there was only one kind of a discharge blank. At the bottom of the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in that distressing quality which has made the lamp in such past years there was only one kind of a discharge blank. At the bottom of the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the word of the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the word of the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the word of the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the word of the discharge blank it will be anonymous and wanting in the word of the word it will be anonymous and wanting in the word of the word it will be anonymous and wanting in the word of the word it will be anonymous and wanting in th

was pulled up, the driver being in doubt as o whether the signal showed red or green. In consonance with the prevailing spirit of by side. "Bunkies" always have a pipeful international amity, queen bees are being of tobacco for each other when a moment imported from Italy, and their "princesses" will this month mate with British drones. Nearly all the English queens have been dethroned by allen pretenders, and it is estimated that in a short time there will remain few bees in England that have not foreign blood in their veins.

The, again, Germany is sending to this country larger quantities of honey, and in many ways the busy British bee is feeling

FEW ORDERS FOR SHIPS.

the universal pinch of foreign competition.

No Contract Let for Foreign Trade in Two Years.

The New York Tribune says: Little of an encouraging nature concerning ship building or the American merchant marine in the foreign trade of the United States is to be noted in this year's blue book of American shipping, which is just from the press. Rather, indeed, is foreign shipping still dwindling, since no new vessels have been ordered for this service. The blue book,

SLANG OF THE ARMY

TERMS GENERALLY UNKNOWN tall." Now there are different styles of discharge for different cases, but the "bob-OUTSIDE THE RANKS.

Trumpeters Are "Wind Jammers" When You Enlist You "Take

Fort Leavenworth Corr. Kansas City Star.

"Shiver my timbers," "cut my backstays," douse my topgallant lights" and similar slang expressions of the sailor that smack of the salt water are met with frequently in reading, not only in the novels of Cooper and Russell and other writers of sea life, but in lighter stories of the sea, which appear in magazines and the press. Why is it that similar expressions used by the brother of the sailor, the soldier, are so seldom met with? Certainly not because the soldier has not a "patter" of his own, for there are to be found in the daily talk of the "wearer of the army blue" (or rather the wearer of the olive drab," since the color of the uniform has been changed) many expressions that to the uninitiated would need an interpreter.

Few Writers Use These Terms. Probably with the exception of the writings of Capt. King, whose stories of army life are widely read, there is not a writer who makes use of any of the odd expressions used by the soldier. Many of these terms are not "parlor talk." Some are so old that when one tries to trace up their origin the old grayheaded soldier will tell you that the expression was in use when he took his "first blanket," which, being translated, means when he first enlisted. Some of the terms have a logical meaning; others, if they ever had any, cannot be traced now. When a man "takes a blanket" he has enlisted for the regular term of service. The government gives to each man a blanket in his clothing allowance when he enlists. If he "takes on" again he "takes another blanket." The youngest man in the company is "the kid," the oldest "dad." The first sergaent is called "the top." The captain, if he is liked, is called the "old man," no matter what his age. What he is called if he is not liked, that is among the men in the privacy of the bar-racks, can be better imagined than print-

Potatoes Are "Spuds." Irish stew, which the men get quite often, is termed "slum;" potatoes, "spuds." Many officers get the men of their companies to do a little work about the house, such as attending to the furnace, watering the grass and going to the quartermaster's for supplies, for which work these men are paid. Many men are desirous of getting this extra money, which they earn outside of their regular soldier duty. These men used to be called "dog robbers." This term originated in the early days of the army, when such men were looked down upon by their fellow soldiers, as they were supposed to rob the dog of what came off the table, such men getting many a nice meal in the kitchen of the officer they worked for. The term now more generally used is "striker." Until a new man has passed out of the 'awkward squad" into the company he is called a "rookie," and woe unto the 'rookie" who tries to talk too much and to get into discussion too soon with the old men of the company. One of the first things that will be told him is "to shut up till your name is dry on your enlistment paper." Each man signs to the oath administered when he is sworn into the service. Two men who are chums are called "bunkles." This term originated in the olden days the army when the bunks occupied by the enlisted men were double ones. Two men slept side by side. Now each man has a separate bunk, but the term still stays and is often used by men whose bunks are side before they may have told some other fel-low that they had not enough tobacco "to put under your nail." What one has the other shares.

A man who enlists in the winter for a home and deserts in the spring is called a "snowbird." Any deserter is "a skipper." The guard house is called "the mill." This term must have been first applied by some men who thought that the mill of justice ground very slowly as his term of confinement went on. If a man is sentenced by a court-martial to a forfeiture of one month's pay and to be confined in the guard house for a month, his sentence is termed "a month and a month."

Trumpeters are called "wind jammers," and when a man is told by a non-commissioned officer to "get your blanket" he knows he is going "to the mill."

When a guard tour has been completed the men say, "One more shingle on the White House." What this term means or where it originated cannot be ascertained from the oldest man in the army. It has been used for generations. A dishonorably discharged man is termed "a bobtail." In

mander wrote the character of the man during his term of service. If this had been dishonorable that part of the dis-charge blank was cut off; hence a "bob-tall." Now there are different styles of HE MADE A START

MAY MAKE A RAILROAD PRESI-DENT SOME TIME.

He Had a College Education, but He Took an Office Boy's

It all occurred in the Atlanta railroad world, and it so happened that the Con-

stitution man was in on the first chapter.

not countenanced, but is carried on just the same. The third are Shylock to an extreme. For example, if a man borrows a dollar he pays back two on pay day. This is called "cent per cent."

In many posts where there are quarters for some of the married soldiers, such men are allowed to have their wives live on the reservation in the quarters set aside for them in one part of the post. Such wives wash for the men. This collection of quarters is called "Sudsville." And so on this list of odd terms might be continued, but enough have been given to show that the It was this way: One of the officials of the road sat in his chair dictating to a young man the while he sorted with skillful hands and a quick eye certain typewritten sheets of brownish paper that in the railroad world enough have been given to show that the mean orders. "It will be impossible to soldier is as good at making up a "patter" of his own as is his brother who sails the hold 89 for the time you suggest, but if briny deep with a thought that he may end his days in "Davy Jones' locker." you can guarantee 125 we will run a second section that will make the eastern connections." The dry monotone of the dictator was broken by the appearance of a clerk in the doorway who, with the pause, Ideas Held by New Yorkers on the announced a waiting visitor.

The face of the official wore a bored

expression as he finished the letter and then touched an electric button for the "How are you?" he said affably as he greeted the first of the two personages; "what's the good word?"

for their welfare treatment identical with "Why, I've got a boy here who wants to be a railroad president," was the rethat of lamp posts and telegraph poles, sponse, "and I want you to make one out of him." or that they regard a tree in a city street as a public enemy which should be de-"By appointment or promotion?" asked the railroad official, trying hard to look stroyed. They surely must hold one or the other of these views, or else their actions grossly belie their beliefs.

pleasant no matter how painful. Material a Little Raw.

Here are some examples of the treatment given to trees in a choice residence street "Well, the material's a little raw for the n one of the best parts of the city: A few first," the father laughed, "and I reckon of the trees have each as much as a couple the sudden change would be a little stiff less, of course, and packed as hard and made as impervious to water as so much well-puddled clay. In some cases the open squares originally left about the trees have been carefully filled in with bits of flagging, on Willy. Shake hands with him, anyway."

The official and the raw material got together as directed and the former sized up the latter from his patents to the welldefined part that ran through the center of his hair with the quick, scutinizing glance that comes with a long practical training in the railroad world. He paused for a moment at the crimson tie that was backed up against a pink shirt waist. "Don't appear to be much sign of oil or cinders," he commented. "Where did you work last?"

"Never have worked, sir. I've just left college about a month." "Don't let that discourage you," returned the official. "We have men on the road who have succeeded in spite of college training. What can you do?"
"Nothing more than try."
The official turned to the father. "I

sonry and asphalt, with not a tree nor a shrub nor a blade of grass within its bounds. The parks should be cleared off suppose he has always shown a wonderful love for railroads. Used to beg his nurse to take him where he could see the wheels go round and knows the number of at least three of the trains on the main They all do that," said the official, and to the close observer it was evident that there was a tired if not sarcastic tone in his voice like that which comes at the end of a long day of dictating orders and and airproof preparation. Then they would not need air or water, but would die as these trees are dying, and it would cost a great deal less to keep them so.

"No." answered the father. "I don't remember ever hearing anything of the kind. Willy has made considerable mistakes off and on, but I never heard him accused of being a genius. How about it, son?"
"Not on purpose, dad. I've been reading law lately, and it has taken me just one month to find out that I never was intended for a lawyer.'

Offered Office Boy's Place.

"Well, if you're looking for something easy, it won't take you two days to learn that railroading is about as near the hardest work in the world with a sick headache thrown in that you have yet missed in your search for employment. I don't know that we can do anything for you, anyway. Bibles or quite ancient hymn books, such books cost but a trife. Religious books, as a rule, are almost unsalable in a second-hand shop, and I buy a great many, only, You see, the president of this corporation is not only giving excellent satisfaction to the directors, but is enjoying excellent health, and that position is not vacant. In fact, I don't know of a single opening unless it is that of office boy. Our present incumbent is off on his vacation, and his substitute refused to clean up a muss I carelessly made, on the ground that he gilt on the cover. It gave me a shock to find it on a second-hand counter, so I paid did not break into the railroad business to become a nigger porter. The result was the required dime and carried it home. The man is dead and his children are living in other cities, well-to-do. I have no idea that I had to let this Napoleon of the future seek new fields to conquer, while I did the work he refused to do. When it erty. People are queer. I offered it to a remote relative of the former owner, but she said she didn't care about it. Since comes to work you will find that railroad men are just about as common as the rock ballast used on heavy grades, and there's then I have bought in other old family Bibles and hymn books which belonged to a deal more have graduated from overalls and jumpers than have got degrees, al-though I don't deny that the theoretical people I had known or which contained inpeople I had known or which contained in-teresting written matter. It is pitiful to see a Bible inscribed To my dear son Henry, from his devoted mother, or 'Eliza-beth, from a loving father,' or 'Little Wiltraining is a great thing to refer to after you have forgotten some of the unnecessary information acquired. A college education is a good deal like a good woman, she may make a great appearance while you are "When these books come into my hands I erase or tear out the inscriptions, and if my shelf of old Bibles and hymn books engaged, but you never know how much she is really worth in a practical way until

the regular boy comes back-that is, if you want to learn the railroad business.
"I'll take it and thank you, sir."

The official looked up, and although he may have been astonished, he did not show It's another characteristic of the railroad man that he wears the same mask in times of great pleasure, tragic excitement, and daily duty.

Started in at Once.

"When can you start in?" he asked. "I'm ready right now. If you're withou boy, I at least know the way to the post office, and I dare say carrying the mail is one of his duties. I don't know at all that I'll be very quick to learn, but I'm no afraid to do any kind of sweeping or cleaning up. I reckon that'll just about fit my measure, and if there is a chance as a flagman, I'd thank you if you would keep me in mind. Can I start in now?"

The official called in one of the clerks outside and told him to break the new

boy in. After he had left he turned to the father and said: "That boy's got a mind just sudden enough to make a railroad man, and if he always backs up his judg ment with as quick action as in this par-ticular case, he'll do. That is, if he sticks I had no more idea of his taking the job than anything in the world. It's rather refreshing to be disappointed that way now and then. Most of the applicants talk a lot about the beginning at the bottom and work up system, but what they really are after is an appointment to something easy And they always find that we're out of easy things. If you'll wait a few minutes while I open the way for a party of Masons in the south to travel to some seashore re sort in the east without having to change cars more than once or wait anywhere for more than thirty minutes between connec tions I'll take you up to the Transporta-tion Club for lunch." Several days later the railroad man for The Constitution found Willy still in the office as proof that he had stuck. More

than that, he learned that he had-But that is quite a different story. FISH CLIMB TO REACH WATER.

Old Angler Tells Story to Prove Piscatorial Reasoning Power. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Fishes have more sense than they are credited with having," said an old angler, "and my experience has taught me not to put much faith in the statement that they only know things from the vibration due to concussion. I think they reason in some way or other. I don't know just how it is. I am satisfied that nature has not been particularly extravagant in the matter of giving fish intelligence. Besides, I know that their eyes are 'flat,' and they can see but very little. I suppose the eye of the fish is worse, if anything, than the eye of nsn is worse, if anything, than the eye of the reptile. But taking all these things into consideration. I am convinced from little things I have observed that the fish is a pretty wise member and that he at least knows what is good for him when he is confronted by the blunt issue of surviving or not surviving. Why is it that a fish always founders toward the water. These ways flounders toward the water? That's the point I have in mind, and it is the one

fact above all others that has convinced me that the fish has more sense than we think. I have never seen a fish that would not flounder toward the water.

"I know two answers will be made to this suggestion. One is that there is generally a slope toward the water, and that hence the force of gravity determines the direction of the fish's movement. And the other is a primary reason—the matter of instinct. as distinguished from reason. These ex-planations do not satisfy me. In the first place I reject the theory which makes a difference between instinct and reason. cannot tell the difference between the at-tributes, so much are they alike. In the second place, I want to tell you that I have seen fish floundering up hill. Why? Simply because they were forced to flounder up hill in order to get back into the water. Does a fish know anything about direction and distance? I think so. I have seen them jump and flounder up hill, inch after inch, until they got back to the edge of the stream out of which they had been jerked. It may be what some of the writers call

Up-to-Date Smugglers.

From the London Graphic. The latest use to which the high-speed automobile has been put in France is smuggling. A few days ago a motor car with a large quantity of tobacco on board rushed past the custom house station at Hazelruck at sixty miles an hour, and had disappeared before the astonished custom house officers had realized what had hap pened. The smugglers had covered the automobile with a sacking, so that it was impossible to telegraph its number or description to the authorities farther on As the custom house offices were convinced that the smugglers would repeat their exploit they prepared to arrest their progress by holding a length of wire rope in readiness to bar the route. Their ex-pectations were realized. On Monday last the same automobile was seen coming down the road like a whilrwind. The custom

HANDSOME FEATURES ARE INHERITED,

But true beauty, a clear complexion, may be acquired. It is merely a question of healthy digestion and pure blood. Powder and Cosmetics only imitate beauty, but Abbey's Salt of Fruits gives the true beauty of health by removing poisonous matter from the blood. It clears the complexion and imparts a glow of health to the cheeks. Pimples disappear like frost before the sun.

Every bottle is sold with an absolute guarantee that there is nothing else so good for the stomach and bowels as Abbey's Salt of Fruits-a most pleasant tasting tonic laxative.

It is indorsed by the leading physicians, and sold by the druggists in all parts of the civilized world-25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. Guaranteed free from opiates and drug stimulants. If you are not using it send for a trial bottle free today. Address The Abbey Effervescent Salt Company, Ltd., 9 Murray st., New York city; 144 Queen Victoria st., London, Eng.; 712 Craig st., Montreal, Canada.

LATEST ABOUT BRAINS.

Observations on the Relation of Skulls to the Mental Powers.

Man's curiosity is naturally boundless concerning his brain, which is believed to be the seat and the token of that mental power which makes him the undisputed king of the earth. If the brain were really such a box of drawers as some phrenologists have assumed, with everything in its place and all possible faculties accounted for, human heads could be classified as readily as plants, and nobody could fail to distinguish between them any more than one can fall to select roses from lilles.

One might predict absolutely from a glance at his head that a given young man must become a great financier or a poet or a philosopher with no more danger of a mistake than in asserting that one tree will produce acorns and another apples. But the shrewder sort of phrenologists see that this will not do, and so they endeavor to modify the bases of their science to suit the infinitely varied facts of human nature and development.

The real progress in brain-study is made by those who undertake the work, as far as possible, without any preconce ved and pre-perfected theory to lead or mislead them. Dr. H. Mantiegka has recently published in the "Proceedings of the Royal Scientific Society of Bohemia" some remarkable ob-servations on the relations of the weight of the brain and the size and shape of the

skull to the mental powers of man. These investigations show the importance of good feeding to brain development. The brain cannot do its work without an abundant supply of pure, well-nourished blood. Other things being equal, a heavier brain implies greater mental power, and Dr. Man-tiegka finds that persons employed in in-dustries where the nourishment of the body is apt to be insufficient and the muscular exercise slight, snow, as a rule, higher brains than do more favorably circum-

stanced persons.

Blacksmiths and metal workers in general have heavier brains than coachmen; but the latter exceed carpenters in brain 'Instinct,' but to save my soul I can't call 'instinct,' from what we are accustomed to regard as reason in higher forms of life."

but the latter exceed carpenters in brain weight, and carpenters exceed persons employed in clothing industries, while at the bottom of his scale stand those who are engaged in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, who are apt to do more or less drinking themselves.

It would also appear that the weight of the brain may be increased by the direct exercise of its own function, men of mental training showing, as a rule, greater brain weight than others. It should be remem-bered that the size of the head cannot be

taken as a trustworthy index of the weight of the brain. The organic quality is the

In Temperance Town. From the Chicago News.

"That drug clerk is a chump. I kept winking my eye for a 'stick' in the soda." "Did he give it to you?" "No. He said there must be something the matter with my eyes and directed me to the optical department."

Bacon-"We've formed a life-saving corps house officers brought out their wire rope, but showed it too soon. The smuggler-chauffeurs noticed it, wheeled to the right, ran alongside the railway, then shot across the line at a lever crossing, and disappeared on French territory in a cloud of dust.

Bacon— we ve formed a life-saving corps in our town."

Egeptt—"What are you talking about! There isn't any water within ten miles of your town!"

"I know it; but there are lots of automobiles coming out that way."—Yonkers Statesman.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT. YOU MAY WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW.



CHAPTER XI. A Stop by Wire.

Three days later the infantry guard of the garrison were in sole charge. Wren and Sanders, with nearly fifty troopers aplece, had taken the field in compliance with telegraphic orders from Prescott. The general had established field headquarters temporarily at Camp McDowell, down the Verde valley, and under his somewhat distant supervision four or five little columns of horse, in single file, were boring into the fastnesses of the Mogollon and the Tonto basin. The runners had been unsuccessful. The renegades would not return. Half a dozen little nomad bands, forever out from the reservation, had eagerly welcomed these malcontents and the news they bore that two of their young braves had been murdered while striving to defend Natzle and Lola. It furnished all that was needed as excuse for instant descent upon the settlers in the deep valleys north of the Ro Salado, and, all unsuspecting, all unpre-pared, several of these had met their doom. Relentless war was already begun, and the general lost no time in starting his horse-men after the hostiles. Meantime the infantry companies at the scattered posts and camps were left to "hold the fort," to protect the women, children and property, and Neil Blakely, a sore-hearted man be-cause forbidden by the surgeon to attempt to go, was chafing, fuming and retarding his recovery at his lonely quarters. The men whom he most l.ked were gone, and the few among the women who might have en his friends seemed now to stand afar off. Something, he knew not what, had

turned garrison sentiment against him. For a day or two, so absorbed was he in general's telegraphic orders in the case, Mr. Blakely never knew or noticed that anything else was amiss. Then, too, there had been no opportunity of meeting garrison folk except the few officers who drop-ped in to inquire civilly how he was progressing. The bandages were off, but the plaster still disfigured one side of his face and neck. He could not go forth and seek society. There was really only one girl at the post whose society he cared to seek. He had his books and his bugs, and that, said Mrs. Bridger, was "all he demanded and more than he deserved." To think that the very room so recently sacred to the son and heir should be transformed into what that trate little woman called a "beetle shop!" It was one of Mr. Blakely's unpar-

found so much to interest him in a pursuit that neither interested nor included them. A man with brain and a bank account had no right to live alone, said Mrs Sanders, she having a daughter of marriageable age, if only moderately prepossessing. All this had the women to complain of in him before the cataclysm that, for the time at least, had played havoc with his good looks. All this he knew and bore with philosophic and whimsical stoicism. But all this and more could not account for the henomenon of averted eyes and constrained, if not freezing, manner when, in the fusk of the late autumn evening, issuing suddenly from his quarters, he came face to face with a party of four young women under escort of the post adjutant—Mrs. Bridger and Mrs. Truman foremost of the four and first to receive his courteous, yet half embarrassed, greeting. They had to stop for half a second, as they later said, because really he confronted them, all unsuspected. But the other two, Kate Sanders and Mina Westervelt, with bowed heads and without a word, scurried by him and passed on down the line. Doty ex-plained hurriedly that they had been over to the post hospital to inquire for Mullins and were due at the Sanders now for music, whereupon Blakely begged pardon for even the brief detention, and, raising his cap, went on out to the sentry post of No. 4 to study the dark and distant upheavals in the Red Rock country, where, almost every night of late, the signal fires of the Apaches were reported. Not until he was again alone did he realize that he had been almost frigidly greeted by those who spoke at all. It set him to thinking.

Mrs. Plume was still confined to he room. The major had returned from Pres-cott and, despite the fact that the regiment was afield and a clash with the hostiles imminent, was packing up preparatory to a move. Books, papers and pictures were being stored in chests, big and little, that he had had made for such emergencies. It was evident that he was expecting orders for change of station or extended leave, and they who went so far as to ques-tion the grave-faced soldier, who seemed to have grown ten years older in the last ten days, had to be content with the brief guarded reply that Mrs. Plume had never been well since she set foot in Arizona, and even though he returned, she would not. He was taking her, he said, to San Fran-cisco. Of this unhappy woman's nocturnal expedition the others seldom spoke now and only with bated breath. "Sleep-walking, of course!" said everybody, no matter what everybody might think. But, now that Major Plume knew that in her sleep his

ters, was it not strange that he had taken no pains to prevent a recurrence of so compromising an excursion, for strange stories were affoat. Sentry No. 4 had heard and told of a feminine voice, "somebody cryin' like," in the darkness of midnight about Blakely's and Norah Shaughnessy-returned to her duties at the Trumans, yet worrying over the critical condition of her lover, and losing thereby much needed sleep-had gained some new and startling information. One night she had heard, another night she had dimly seen, a visitor received at Blakely's back door, and that visitor a woman, with a shawl about her head. Norah told her mistress, who very properly bade her never refer to it again to a soul, and very promptly re-ferred to it herself to several souls, one of them Janet Wren. Janet, still virtuously averse to Blakely, laid the story before her brother the very day he started on the war-path. and Janet was startled to see that she was telling him no news whatever.
"Then, indeed." said she, "it is high time
the major took his wife away," and Wren
sternly bade her hold her peace, she knew
not what she was saying! But, said Camp Sandy, who could it have been but Mrs. Plume or, possibly, Elise? Once or twice in its checkered past Camp Sandy had had its romance, its mystery, indeed its sandals, but this was something that put in the shade all previous episodes; this shook Sandy to its very foundation, and this, despite her brother's prohibition, Janet Wren felt it her duty to detail in full to Angela.

To do her justice, it should be said that Miss Wren had striven valiantly against the impulse-had indeed mastered it for several hours-but the sight of the vivid blush, the eager joy in the sweet young face when Blakely's new "striker" handed in a note addressed to Miss Angela Wren, proved far too potent a factor in the unloing of that magnanimous resolve. The girl fled with her prize, instanter, to her room, and thither, as she did not reappear, the aunt betook herself within the hour. The note itself was neither long nor effusive—merely a bright, cordial, friendly missive, protesting against the idea that any apolo gy had been due. There was but one line which could be considered even mildly significant. "The little net," wrote Blakely, "has now a value that it never had before." Yet Angela was snuggling that otherwise unimportant billet to her cheek when the

creaking stairway told her portentously of solemn coming. Ten minutes more and the note was lying neglected on the bureau, and Angela stood at her window, gazing out over dreary miles of almost desert landscape, of rock and shale and sand and cactus, with eyes from which the light had fled, and a new, strange trouble biting at

her girlish heart. Confound No. 4—and Norah Shaughnessy! It had been arranged that when the Plumes were ready to start Mrs. Daly and her daughter, the newly widowed and the fatherless, should be sent up to Prescott and thence across the desert to Ehrenberg, on the Colorado. While no hostile Apaches had been seen west of the Verde valley, there were traces that told that they were

door-the back door-of Mr. Blakely's quar- | Fria valley, and there rest his invalid wife until another day, thus breaking the fifty-mile stage through the mountains. To the surprise of everybody, the Dalys were warned to be in readiness to start at five in the morning, and to go through to Prescott that day. At five in the morning, therefore, the quartermaster's ambulance was at the post trader's house, where the recently be-reaved ones had been harbored since poor Daly's death, and there, with their generous host, was the widow's former patient, Blakely, full of sympathy and solicitude, come to say good-bye. Plume's own Con-cord appeared almost at the instant in front of his quarters, and presently Mrs. Plume, veiled and obviously far from strong, came forth leaning on her husband's arm, and closely followed by Elise.

Then, despite the early hour, and to the dismay of Plume, who had planned to start without farewell demonstration of any kind, lights were blinking in almost every house along the row, and a flock of women, some tender and sympathetic some morbidly curious, had gathered to wish the major's wife a pleasant journey and a speedy re-covery. They loved her not at all, and liked her none too well, but she was ill and sor-rowing, so that was enough. Elise they could not bear, yet even Elise came in for a kind-ly word or two. Mrs. Graham was there, big-hearted and brimming over with helpful suggestion, burdened also with a basket of dainties. Captain and Mrs. Cutler, Captain and Mrs. Westerveit, the Trumans both, Doty, the young adjutant, Janet Wren. of course, and the ladies of the cavalry, the major's regiment, without exception, were on hand to bid the major and his wife goodbye. Angela Wren was not feeling well, explained her aunt, and Mr. Neil Blakely was conspicuous by his absence.

It had been observed that, during those few days of hurried packing and preparation, Major Plume had not once gone to Blakely's quarters. True, he had visited only Dr. Graham, and had begged him to explain that anxiety on account of Mrs. Plume prevented his making the round of farewell calls; but that he was thoughful of others to the last was shown in this: Plume had asked Gaptain Cutler. comof others to the last was shown in this: Plume had asked Gaptain Cutier, commander of the post, to order the release of that wretch Downs. "He has been punlished quite sufficiently, I think," said Plume, "and as I was instrumental in his arrest I ask his liberation." At tattoo, therefore, the previous evening "the wretch" had been returned to duty, and at five in the morning was found hovering about the major's quarters. When invited by the sergeant of the guard to explain, he replied, quite civilly for him, that it was to say good-bye to Elise. "Me and her," said he, "has been good friends."

Presumably he had had his opportunity at Presumably he had had his opportunity at

the kitchen door before the start, but still he lingered, feigning professional interest in the condition of the sleek mules that were to haul the Concord over fifty miles of Plumes were ready to start Mrs. Daly and her daughter, the newly widowed and the fatherless, should be sent up to Prescott and thence across the desert to Ehrenberg, on the Colorado. While no hostile Apaches had been seen west of the Verde valley, there were traces that told that they were watching the road as far at least as the Agua Fria, and a sergeant and six men had been chosen to go as escort to the little convoy. It had been supposed that Plume would prefer to start in the morning and go as far as Stemmer's ranch, in the Agua and something like a sigh of relief went up

from assembled Sandy, as the first kiss of the rising sun lighted on the bald pate of Squaw Peak, huge sentinel of the valley, looming from the darkness and shadows and the mists of the shallow stream that slept in many a silent pool along its mas-sive, rocky base. With but a few hurried, embarrassed words, Clarice Plume had said adieu to Sandy, thinking never to see it again. They stood and watched her past the one unlighted house, the northernmost along the row. They know not that Mr. Blakely was at the moment bidding only noted that, even at the last, he was not there to wave a good-bye to the woman who had once so influenced his life. Slowly then the little group dissolved and drifted away. She had gone unchallenged of any authority, though the fate of Mullins still hung in the balance. Obviously, then, it was not she whom Byrne's report had implicated, if indeed that report had named anybody. There had been no occasion for a coroner and jury. There would have been neither coroner nor jury to serve had they been called for. Camp Sandy stood in a little world of its own, the only civil functionary within forty miles being a ranchman dwelling seven miles down stream, who held some territorial warrant as a justice of the peace.

But Norah Shaughnessy, from the gable window of the Trumans' quarters, shook a hard-clinching Irish fist and showered male-diction after the swiftly speeding ambu-lance. "Wan o' ye," she sobbed, "dealt Pat Mullins a coward and cruel blow, and I'll know which, as soon as ever that poor bye can spake the truth." She would have said it to that hated French woman herself, had not mother and mistress both forbade her leaving the room until the Plumes were

Three trunks had been stacked up and secured on the hanging rack at the rear of the Concord. Others, with certain chests and boxes, had been loaded into one big wagon and sent ahead. The ambulance, with the Dalys and the little escort of seven horsemen, awaited the rest of the convoy on the northward flats, and the cloud of their combined dust hung long on the scar-red flanks as the first rays of the rising sun came gilding the rocks at Boulder Point, and what was left of the garrison at Sandy

turned out for reveille.

That evening, for the first time since his injury, Mr. Blakely took his horse and rode away southward in the soft moonlight, and had not returned when tattoo sounded. The post trader, coming up with the latest San Francisco papers, said he had stopped a moment to ask at the store whether Schan-dein, the ranchman justice of the peace before referred to, had recently visited the

Sandy. The answer, sent at 10 o'clock, broke up the game of whist at the quarters of the inspector general. Byrne, the recipient, gravely read it, backed from the table, and vainly strove not to see the anxious inquiry in the eyes of Major Plume, his guest. But Plume cornered

Byrne hesitated just one moment, then placed the paper in his junior's hand.
Plume 1 1d, turned very white, and the
paper fell from his trembling fingers. The message metely said:
"Mullins recovering and quite rational, though very weak. He says two women were his assailants. Courier with dispatches at once.
(Signed) "CUTLER, Commanding."

CHAPTER XII.

"It was not so much his wounds as his weakness," Dr. Graham was saying, later still that autumn night, "that led to my declaring Blakely unfit to take the field. He would have gone now in spite of me, but for the general's order. He has gone now in spite of me, and no one knows where."

It was then nearly 12 o'clock, and "the

bugologist" was still abroad. Dinner, as usual since his mishap, had been sent over to him from the officers' mess soon after sunset. His horse, or rather the troop horse designated for his use, had been fed and groomed in the late afternoon, and then saddled at 7 o'clock and brought over to the rear of the quarters by a stable or derly. There had been some demur at longer sending Blakely's meals from mess, now reduced to an actual membership of two. Sandy was a "much-married" post in the latter half of the 70's, the bachelors of the commissioned list being only three all told—Blakely and Duane of the horse and Doty of the foot. With these was Heartburn, the contract doctor, and now Duane and the doctor were out in the Duane and the doctor were out in the mountains and Blakely on sick report, yet able to be about. Doty thought him able to come to mess. Blakely, thinking he looked much worse than he felt, thanks to his plastered jowl, stood on his rights in the matter and would not go. There had been some demur on part of the stable sergeant of Wren's troop as to sending over the horse. Few officers brought eastern-bred horses to Arizona in those days. The bronco was best suited to the work. An officer on duty could take out the troop horse assigned to his use any hour before taps and no questions asked; but the ser-

taps and no questions asked; but the ser-geant told Mr. Blakely's messenger that the lieutenant wasn't for duty, and it might make trouble. It did. Captain Cut-ler sent for old Murray, the veteran ser-geant, and asked him did he not know his orders. He had allowed a horse to be post.

That evening, too, for the first time since his dangerous wound, Trooper Mullins awoke from his long delirium, weak as a little child; asked for Norah, and what in bed and bandages, and Dr. Graham, looking into the poor lad's dim, half-opening eyes, sent a messenger to Captain Cutler's quarters to ask would the captain come at once to hospital. This was at 9 o'clock.

Less than two hours later a mounted orderly set forth with dispatches from the temporary post commander to Calonel Byrne at Prescott. A wire from that point about sundown had announced the safe arrival of the party from Camp

geant told Mr. Blakely's messenger that the fresh trail of a government-shod horse, the lieutenant wasn't for duty, and it the lieutenant wasn't for duty,

whereat Murray went red to the roots of his hair-which "continued the march" of the color-and said, with a snap of his jaws, that he got those chevrons, as he did his orders, from his troop commander. A court might order them stricken off, but a captain couldn't, other than his own. For which piece of impudence the veteran went straightway to Sudsville in close ar-rest. Corporal Bolt was ordered to take over his keys and the charge of the stables until the return of Captain Wren, also this "From Sandy." he asked. "May I read order—that no government horse should be sent to Lieutenant Blakely hereafter until the lieutenant was declared by the post surgeon fit for duty.

There were left at the post, of each of the two cavalry trops, about a dozen men to care for the stables, the barracks and property. Seven of these had gone with the convoy to Prescott and, when Cutler ordered half a dozen horsemen out at midnight to follow Blakely's trail and try to find him, they had to draw on both troop stables, and one of the designated men was the wretch Downs—and Downs was not in his bunk—not anywhere about the quarters or corrals. It was nearly one by the time the partly started down the sandy road to the south, Hart and his buck-board and a sturdy brace of mules join-ing them as they passed the store. "We may need to bring him back in this," said

he, to Corporal Quirk.

"An' what did ye fetch to bring him to wid?" asked the corporal. Hart touched lightly the breast of his coat, then clucked to his team. "Faith, there's more than wan way of tappin' it then," said Quirk, but the cavalcade moved on.

The crescent moon had long since sunk

behind the westward range, and trailing was something far too slow and tedlous. They spurred, therefore, for the nearest rarch, five miles down stream, making their first inquiry there. The inmates were slow t, arise, but quick to answer. Blakely had leither been seen nor heard of. Downs they didn't wish to know at all. Indians hadn't been near the lower valley since the "break" at the post the previous week. One of the inmates declared he had ridden alone from Camp McDowell within three days and there wasn't a 'Patchie west of the Matizal. Hart did all the questioning. He was a business man and a brother. Sol-diers, the ranchmen didn't like—soldiers set too much value on government property.

The trail ran but a few hundred yards east of the stream, and close to the adobe walls of the ranch. Strom, the proprietor, got out his lantern and searched below the point where the little troop had turned off. No recent hoof track, southbound, was visible. "He couldn't have come this far," said he. "Better put back!" Put back they did, and by the aid of Hart's lantern found the fresh trail of a government-shod horse,