RAYS DAUGHTER ...iem did-said their own mothers uldn't have done more, and they'd do anything for me now. But when I went out to their camp at Paco their major just as much as ordered me away, and that little whipper-snapper, Lieut. Ray, that I could take on my knee and spank.— He-Lieut. Ray—a friend of pours? Well, you may think he is, or you may be a friend on his, but I can tell you right here and now he's no friend and friend or his, but I can tell you right here and now he's no friend, and you'll see he isn't. What's more, I hate to see an honest, high toned young gentleman just throwing himself away on people that can't appreciate him. I could tell you."

"Stop, driver!" shouled Stuyvesant, walls himself.

"Stop, driver!" shouled Stuyresant, unable longer to control himself. "Miss Perkins," he added, as the little coschman manfully struggled to bring his rushing team to a half at the curb, "I have a call to make and am late. Tell my coachman where to take you and send him back to this. corner. Good night, madam," and, gritting his feeth, out he sprang to

he sidewalk,
It happened to be directly in front It happened to be directly in front of one of those native resorts where, day and night, by dozens the swarthy little haven men gather about a billiard tuble with its center organism of boxwood plas, betting on a game resembling the Yankee "pin pool" in everything but the possibility of fair play. Hovering about the entrance or on the outskirts of the swarm of men and have adozen satisfare. men and boys, a dozen native wom-en, some with babies in their arms and nearly all with eights between and nearly all with eights between their teeth, stood watching the play

with absorbing interest.

The lamps had been lighted but a few minutes and the game was in full blast. Some stalwart soldlers, regulars from the Cuartel de Malatz from down the street or the nips were curiously studying the scene, making joylal and unstinted comment making jovial and unstinted comment after their fearless democratic fash-lon, but sagely abstaining from try-ing their luck and not so sagely sam-pling the sizeling aoda drinks held forth to them by tempting lands. Liquor the vendors dare not proffer— the provost marshel's people had forbidden that—and only at the lisidden that—and only at the listealth in the outlying suburies coulthe natives dispose of the villainous "bino" with which at times the unwary and unaccustomed American overcome

Three or four men in civilian dress somehow snacked of the sea, that somehow snacked of the sea, as did their muttered, low-toned talk, huddled together at the corner post, furtively cyling the laughing soldiers and occasionally peering up and down the darloned street. It was not the place Stuyvesant would have chosen to leave his carriage, but it was a to leave his earrage, but it was a case of any port in a shorm—anything to escape that awful woman. With one quick spring he was out of the vehicle and into the milat of the group on the narrow sidewalk before group on the narrow sidewalk before he noticed them at all, but not before they saw him. Even as Moss Perkins threw forward a would-be grasping



ONE OF THE GROUP IN CIVILIAN DRIESS GAVE A SUDDEN, IN-

and detaining hand and called him by name, one of the group in civilian dress gave sudden, lastant start, spring round the corner, but, tripping on some obstacle, sprawled full length on the hard stone pavement. Despite the violence of the fall, which wrung from him a flerce curse, the man was up in a second, away out of sight in a twinkling.

"Go on!" shouted Stuyvesant, im patiently, imperiously, to his conch-man, as, never caring what street he took, he too darted around the same wher, and his tall, white form van isleed on the track of the civilian.

But the sound of the heavy fall, the muttered curse, and the sudden ques-tion in the nearest group: "What's wrong with Sackett?" had reached the little team was speeding awiftly away, the strident voice of the lone passenger was uplifted in excited bail to the coachman to stop. And here the Filipino demonstrated to the uttermost that the amenities of divilization were yet andreased of in his darkened intellect—as between the orders of the man and the demands of the woman he obeyed the former. Deaf, even to that awfu voice, he drove furiously on until brought up standing by the bayonets of the patrol in front of the English club, and in a fury of denunciation and quiver of mingled wrath and ex-citement, Miss Perkins tumbled out into the arms of an amazed and dis gusted sergeant, and demanded that he come at once to arrest a vile thief and deserter.

CHAPTER XIV.

That night the sentries, softly lighted by a waning old moon, were on the lookout everywhere among the suburbs for two malefactors dis-

thatly defering in type, yet equally in demand. One, said the descriptions, was a luriy, thick-set, somewhat slouching American, in clothwhat slouching American, in clo.h-ing of the sailor slop-shop variety a man of five feet six and maybe to years, though he might be much rounger; a coarse-featured, heavy-searcied man, with gray eyes, generbearied man, with gray eyes, generally bleary, and one front tooth gone, leaving a gap in the upper law next the canine, which was fanglike, yellow and prominent; a man with hursh voice and surly ways; a man known as Sackett among seamer and certains. men and certain civilians who ably had made their way to Manila in the hopes of picking up an easy dying; a man wanted as Murray dylag; a man wanted as Murray smong soldiers for a deserter, jailbird and thief.

The other malefactor was less minutely described. A native five feet eight, perhaps. Very tall for a Tagal. stender, sinewy and with a tuft of wiry bair and is inches of shirt miss-ing. "For further particulars and

ing. "For further particulars and the missing 16 inches, as well as the hair, inquire at Col. Brent's, No. 199 Calle San Luis, Ermita."
It seems that soon after dark that eventful evening Mrs. Brent and Mis-Porter had seen Maidle comfortably bestowed in the big, broad, cane-actomed hed in her alry room, and had left her to all appearances sleeping placidly towards clubt o'clock, then gone out to dinner. Whatever the cause of her agitation on receive ing at Brent's hands the little card photograph of herself, it had sided after a brief, low-toned sided after a brief, low-toned con-ference with Sandy, who quickly came and specifiy hostened away, and a later visit from Dr. Frank, whose placid, importurisable, restful ways were in themselves well-nigh as southing as the orange-flower water preseried for her. Even the lit-tle night-light, floating in its glass, had been extinguished when the la-dies left her.

The room assigned to Marion was Its two front windows opened on the wide gallery, that in turn opened out wide gallery, that in turn opened out on the Bayumbayan parade. Its west windows, also two in number, were heavily framed. There were sliding blinds to oppose to the westering sun, translatent shells in place of brittle glass to temper, yet admit, the daylight, and hanging curtains that alld easily on their supporting rods and rendered the room dark as rould be desired for the siesta hours of the tropic day.

The dinner table, brightly lighted by lamps bong from books securely driven in the upper beams (lath and plaster are unknown in this seismic land), was set on the rear gallery yerlooking the pario, and here, soon after eight. Erent, his little house-bold, the dector and two more guests were early chatting and dining, while mischess matire servants havered about and Maidie Pay presumably short slept.

But Maidie was not sleeping. Full of a new anxiety, if not of dread, and needing to think entity and clearly, she had turned away from clearly, she had turned away from her almost too assistions attendant and closed her eyes upon the world about her. A perplexity, a problem such as never occurred to her as a possibility, one that sarely worried Sanely, as she could plainly see, had suddenly been thread upon her. Hitherto she had ever had a mond devoted mother as her counselor and friend, but now a time had come when she must think and act for herself.

The little card photograph picked

The little eard photograph picked ap by the men on the scene of the scufile at the edge of the Bagumlayan had told its story to her at least and to Sandy. It could only mean that Foster, he who spent whole days and weeks at their New Mexican authion to the neglect of his cuttle ranch, he who had "listed in the cavalry and disappeared descri-ed, may be not trappines, had cluded search, pursuit, inquiry of every kind, and, all ignorant, probably, of the commission obtained for him, had, still secretly, as though realizing his danger, followed her to Manila.

This, then, must have been the tall stranger who called himself an old friend and would give no name, for it was to Foster, in answer to his most urgent plea-perhaps (onehed by his devoted love for her lovely daught-ter-that Mrs. Ray had given that le vignette photograph months before. There, on the back months before. There, on the back, was the date in her modifier's band; "Fort Averill, N. Mex., Federary 15, 1885," Well did Marion remember how he had begreat for to write her name beneath the picture, and how, for some reason she inseelf could not describe, she had shrank from so There had been probably daing. a dozen trictures of Fourer about their n dozen pictures of Foster about their quarters at Averili—photographs in evening dress, in ranch rig, in winter garb, in tenuls costume but only had he of Maidle, and that not of her giving.

Now what could his according rooms What madness prompted this stealth and secreey? If binocent of willful desertion, his proper course was have reported without delay to military authorities at San Francisco and told the cause of his disappear-ance or detention, that he had evi-dently done nothing of the kind They would surely have heard of it, and now he was here, still virtually in hiding and possibly in disgular, and one unguarded word of hera might land him a prisoner, a war time deserter, within the walls of the gloomy earer! in Old Manila.

Sandy she had to tell, and he was overwhelmed with dismay, had galloped to Paco to see his colonel and get leave for "urgent personal and (amily reasons," as he was to say, to spend 48 hours in and about Ma nils. If a possible thing, Sandy to trail and find poor Poster in Indues

him to successive himself at once, to plead illness, inexperience—anything—and throw himself on the mercy of the authorities. Sandy would be back by nine unless something afterly unforeseen detained him at East #aco. Meantime what else could she do?—what could she plan to rescue that reckless, luckless, barebrained,

handsome fellow from the plight into which his misguided, wasted passion and plunged him?

From the veranda the clink of glass and china, the low hum of merry that, the sound of half-smothered laughter, fell upon the ear and vexed her with its careless jollity. Impatiently she threw herself other-the left-side, and theu-bold upright in bed.

Not a breath of air was stirring. Not a breath of air was stirring. The night was so still she could hear the soft tinkle of the ships' bells off the Luncta-could almost hear the soothing plash of the wavelets on the beach. There was nothing whatever to cause that huge mahogany door to swing upon its well-oiled hinges. She heard them close it when they yent out; she saw that it was closed when they were gone, yet, as alle turned on her pillow and towards the faint light through the northward windows, that door was slowly stealthily turning, cotil at last, wid

open, it interposed between her and the outward light at the front. Many an ovening lately she had him with her hands clasped under the back of her bonny head looking back of her bonny head looking dreamily out through that big open sindow, across the gallery beyond and the open casements in front, watching the twinkle of the electric lights above the distant ramparts of the old city and the nearer gleam of the brilliant globes that hung aloft along the west edge of the liagum-

Now one-half of that vista was shut Now one-half of that vista was shut off by the massive door, the other was unobscured, but even as with beating heart, still as a trembling mouse, she sat and gazed, something glided slowly, steatibily, nobelessly between her and those betraying lights, something dark, dim and homan, for the shape was that of a man, a native, as she knew by the stiffly brushed-up half above the fore-head, the loosely falling shirt—a native tailer than any of their homserive taller than any of their house hold servants a native whose move ments were so utterly without sound that Maidle realised on the instant that here was one of Manila's fa-mous rerunda-climbing house thieves, and her first thought was for her re-She had left it, totally for on the little table on the outer gallery.

Even though still weak from her long and serious illness, the brave, army-bred girl was conscious of no sentiment of fear. To cry out was sure to bring the justant escape of the intruder, whereas to capture him and prevent his getting away with such valuables as he had probably already isid hands on became instant-ly her whole ambition. The side win-dows were closed by the sliding blinds. Even if he leaped from them blinds. Even if he leaged from them it would be into a narrow court shut in by a ten-foot apike-topped atone wall. He had chosen the veranda climbers' favorite hour, that which found the faulty at dinner on the back gatlery, and the quiet streets well-nigh descried save by his own skilled and trusted "pals," from whose shoulders he had easily avong himself to the overhanging structure at the front. He would doubtless retire that way the moment he had stowed beneath his loose, flapping ropus such items as he deemed of marketable value.

marketable value.

He was even now stealthily moving across the floor to where her dressing table stood between the westward windows. The man most have eyes of a cut to see in the dark else personal and previous knowledge of the premises. If she could only slip as noiselessly our by the foot of the lest, interpose between him and the door and that one wide-oper window, then scream for help an grab him as he sprang, she hope to hold him for a second hope to hold him for a second or two and then Brent and Dr. Frank would be upon him.

ber trembling was from excite ment; she knew no thought of fear but strong and steady hands were needed, not the fever-shattered members only just beginning to regain their normal tone. She slid from un derucath the soft, light coverlet with out a sound. The sturdy yet clasti ttom of platted cane never creake complained. She softly pushed ontward the fine mosquito netting gathered her dainty night robe close about her slender form, and the next minute her little bare feet were the polished hardwood floor, massive door barely five short step-. She cautionsly lifted the net till it cleared her head, and (way. then, crouching low, moved warily towards the dim, vertical slit tha told of subdued light in the salon.

There was no creak to those thick blackwood planks with which Manile mansions are floored. Her out the knob when her knee collided with a light bamboo bedroom chair. There was Instant bamboo rasp and protest followed by instant vigorous spring across the room and instant piercing scream from Maidie's lips.

Something dusky white shot before er eyes. Something inky black and her eyes. dusky white was santched at and seized by those nervous, siender, but fetermined little hands. Something dnaky dropped with clash and clatter on th resounding floor. Something ripped and tore as an agile, slippery, squirming form bounded from her grasp over the casement to the veranda, over the slil into the street, and when Brent and the doctor and the

lamos were brought and Brent went shouting to sentries up and down the San Luis and shots were heard around the nearest corner, Maid Marion, Second, was found crouching upon the cane-bottomed chair that had buffled her plans, half laughing half crying with vexation, but firmly grasping in one hand a tuft of coarse, straight black hair, and in the other a section of Filipino snirt the sof a lady's kerchief—all she had show of her predatory visitor and to account for the unseemly disturbance they had made.

"Just to think-just to think!" exclaimed Mrs. Brent, with clasping



MARION WAS FOUND HALF-LAUGR ING. HALF-CRYING, WITH VEXATION.

hands, "that this time, when might most have needed it, Mr. Stuyvesant should have gone off with your pistol!"

CHAPTER XV.

But there was little merriment when, five minutes later, the house hold had taken account of stock and realized the extent of their losses. Mathic's had evidently been the last

room visited. The dressing table and wardrobe of the opposite chamber-that occupied by Col. and Mrs. Brent -had been ransacked. The colonel's watch and chain—too bulky, he said. to be worn at dinner in white aniform-his Loyal Legion and Army the Potomac insignia and some prized though not expensive trinkets of his good wife were gone. Miss Porter's little purse with her modest savings and a broach that had been mother's were missing. And with these items the skilled practitioner

these from the skilled practitioner had made good his escape. On the floor, just under the window in Maidie's room, lay a keen double-edged knife. The stumps of two or three matches found in the colonel's apartment and others in Miss Porter's showed that the thief had not fers showed that the thirt had not feared to make sufficient light for his purpose, and from the floor of Marion's room, close to the bureau, just where it had been dropped when the prowder was alaramed. Miss Porter picked up one of the old-fash-ioned "phosphors" that ignite noise-lessly and incre with but a tiny flame.

Marion's portemounale was in the upper drawer, outcoched, and such jewelry as she owned, save two preslong rines she always wore. stored in her father's safe deposit box in the bank at home. The colone was really the greatest loser and deelared it served him right, both vost marshal and chief of police ing warned him to leave nothing "lying around loose."
At sound of shots on the Calle

Nueva Brent had sallied forth. rushing impetuously into the dissip-lighted thoroughfare, had narrowly missed being the top of his head as well as his watch, an excited servey sending a hullet whiszing into sease by way of the colone's pith between which prompted the doctor to say in his placid and most effective way that more heads had been lost that night than valuables, and one bad shot be

Sentries down towards the barracks hearing the three or four quick re-ports, bethought them of the time honored instructions prescribing that in case of a blaze which he could not personally extinguish the could personally extinguish the ser should "shout 'Fire!' discharge fiece and add the number of post." Sagely reasoning the mentes Sagely reasoning that nothing but a fire could start such a row, or cuse to warrant their having some fon of their own to enliven the dult hours of the night. Numbers 7 and 8 touched off their triggers and selled "A'ire!" Five and 6, nearer home, fol "A're!" Pive and 6, nearer home, followed suit, and in two minutes the bugles were blowler the alarm al bugles over Ecuita and Malate, and rollick-ing young regulars and volunteers by the hundred were tumbling out into the street all coverages and relation at the prospect of having a lark with the Bomberos, the funny little Manila firemen with squirts on wheels their funnier little

It was fully half an hour before the officers could "locate" the argin of the alarm and order their conpanies back to bed, an order most rela ly obeyed, for by that time the near native fire company was are sed and on the way to the scene. Others could be expected in the course of the night, and the Manila fire department was something that afforded the Yanker soldier unspeakable joy. He hated to lose such an opportunity.

But for all his professional calm. Dr. Frank was by no means pleased with the excitement attend episode. For an hour or workers from all over the neighbor gathered in front of Brent's an-to be told the particulars, Ray's daughter" being pronothe heroine everybody expects to be, while that young lady he and the

closed, was in a condition to obseries on the electric. "Overwrought and nervous," said Miss Porter, "but laughing at the whole business." What Frank thought be didn't say

What Frank thought he didn't say, but he cut short Sandy's visit to his sister and suggested that he go down and tell the assemblage under the front gallery that they would better return to whist-or whatever game was in progress when the alarm was given. The colonel could not tavits them in as matters stood, and they slowly dispersed, leaving only a senior or two and Lieut, Stayveson senior or two and lacul, Staycesan't o question further, for Staycesan't coming from afar and arriving late was full of anxiety and concern.
Despite bis temporary scaupe, circumstances and the civil authorities

eumstances and the civil authorities (now become decidedly military) had thrown him into still further association with the woman whom he would have so gladly shunned—the importunate Miss Perkins. He had taken a turn around the block—and refuge in the English club—until he thought her disposed of at home and his cavringe returned. He had come across the little equipage, transling slowly up and down the street in search of him, had direct without appetite and smokel without reliab. petite and smoked without relish striving to forget that odious wom striving to forget that othous wom-kn's hints and aspecsions, aimed ev-idently at the Rays, and had gone to his own room to write when a corporate appeared with a request from the captain in charge of the pulse goard of Krmita to step down to the office.

It was much after nine then and

the excitement caused by the alarm was about over, the troops goin back to barracks and presumably t bed. The captain apologized for calling on him that late in the evening, but told him a man recognized as Murray, deserter from the cavalry, was secreted somewhere in the neighborhood, and it was reported that he Sinvesanti could size valuable. (Stoyvesant) could give valuable in formation concerning him. Stuyve sant could and did, and in the mids of it in came Miss Perkins, flushed eager and demanding to know if that villain was yet caught—"and if not why not?

Then she caught sight of strayes-sant and precipitated herself upon him. That man Murray had hate fully descrived her and imposed upon her goodness, she declared. She had done everything to help him at the Presidio, and he had promised her a paper signed by all the boys asking that the P. D. A's be recognized as the organization the soldiers favored, and showed her a petition he had drawn up and was getting signatures to by the hundreds. That paper would have inniced their being rec-ognized by the government instead of those purse-proud led Gross peo-ple, and then he had wickedly de-serted, after—and Stuyvesant Then she caught afalt of Brayer serted, after after and Stuygetting \$50 from her and a ring that he was going to wear always until he came back from Manile—an officer came back from Manila an onco.
Oh, he was a smart one, a smooth one! All that inside of three days after he got to the Persidio, and then next thing was arrested, and then, next thing she knew, he had fled petition, money, ring and all.

Another soldier told her the size natures were bogus. And that very night she had recognized him, spite of his beard, and at night of her had cut and cun ("Well he might thought stuyvesant). And then Mis-Perkins yielded to the strain of over taxed nerves and had to be conducted

She lived but a block or two away and it was Stuyreant who had to play escort. The air, unlockily, re-vived her, and at the gateway she turned and had this to add to her previous statements:

"You think the Ray people you friends, lieutenant, and I'm not the kind of woman to see a worthy young man triffed with. You've been go ing there every day and everybody knows it, and knows that you were sent away to Holio in hopes of break ing you of it. That girl's promised in marriage to that young man who's got himself into such a scrape all on her account. He's here followed her here to marry her, and if he's found he's liable to be shot. Oh, you can believe or not, just as you please, but never say I didn't try to give you fair warning. Know? Why, I know fair warning. Know? bout what! here than your generals do friends everywhere among the they haven'i. Oh, very well, if won't listen." (For Stuyresant turned away in wrath and exasperation.) "But you'd be wiser if you heard me out. I've seen Mr. Foster and had the whole story from his lips. He's been there every day, too, till be was taken sich ..."

But Stuyyesant was out of the cate and at last out of hearing, and with a victous hang to the door the lady of the P. D. A.'s. so recently victini-ized by the asture Suckett, retired to the sanctity of her own apartment, marveling at the infatuation of me

And yet, though Stayvesant had ogrily striven to silence the woman and had left her in disgust, her words had not failed of certain weight Again he recalled with jentous pair the obvious indifference with which his approaches had been received. True, no well-bred girl would be more than conventionally civil to a stran-ger, even under the exceptional cir-cumstances of their meeting on the train. True, she was cordial, bright. train. True, she was cordial, bracht, winsome and all that when at last to was formally presented, but so she was to everyledy. True, they had had many at least he had land many-delichtful boar interviews on the shaded deel, of the Sacromento; he shaded desh of the Sacramento, but, though he would have eagerly welvomed a clause is foldige in sentiment, never one did Marion entiment, never one did deserved in the sacramento.

trary, he recalled with something akin to bitterness that when his voice or words betrayed a tendency towards such a lapse she became in-stantly and pulpably most conventional.

Now, in the light of all he had heard heard from various sources, what could be believe but that she was interested, to say the least, in that othterested, to say the least, in that other man? Well and miscrably he recalled the words of Farquhar, who had served some years at the same station with the Rays: "She's the bonniest little army girl I know, and her head's as level as it is pretty except on one point. She's her father's daughter and wrapped up in the army. She's always said she'd marry only a soldier. But Maidie's getting wisdom with years, I fancy. Young wisdom with years, I fancy. Young wisdom with years, I fancy. Young Foster will be a rich man in spite of himself, for he'll have his mother's fortune, and he's heels over head in love with her."
"But I understand," interposed the

"But I understand," interposed the general, with a quick glance at Striyvesant, who had risen as though to get another eigar, "that Hay didn't exactly approve of him."

"Oh, Ray didn't seem to have any special objection to Faster and it was that he neglected his interiorate to lay slarge to her. Foster's a gentleman, has no bad habits and is the very land him women to for very man nine women out of ten would rejoice in for a humand, and ninety-nine out of ten, if that were a mathematical possibility, would de-light in as a son-in-law. He isn't teil-liant-buttons would have supplied the lack had he been in the cavalry, I dare say he'll be ass coough to go in for a commission now and sell out his ranch for a song. Then she'd probably take him,"

And then, too, as he strolled thoughtfully up the street, still dimly lighted by the waning mean and dotted at long intervals by thy elec-tric flee, Shuyesant went over in mind other little things that had come to his ears, for many men of a mind with regard to fifty daughter, and the young officer found himself vaguely weighing the reasons why he should now cease to play the moth—why he should be winging his dight away from the films and the light away from the films and the terly ignoring the fact that his feet, as though from force of habit, were bearing him stendily towards it. The smap and ring of a layoneted rifle coming to the charge, the stern volce of a sentry at the crossing of the Calle Fauca, brought him to his

"Hall? Who is thereor "Staff officer, First division," was the prompt reply, as Stuyresant looked up in surprise. "Advance, stoff officer, and he rec-

ognized," came the response from a tall form in blue, and the even taller white figure stepped forward and stood face to face with that of the guardian of the night. "I am Lieut, Stoyresant, aid-de-

"am Lieut, Stayresant, aid-de-camp to Gen. Vinton," explained the challenged officer, noticing for the first time a little column of dusky men in heavy leathern belowes and belts shuffling away towards the Jes-nit college with an old-fashioned diminutive "grosse-nech" village engine

"Been a fire, sentry?" he asked, "Where was it?"

"Up at Col. Brent's, I believe, His "Up at Col. Brent's, I believe. He house fronts the parade ground. One moment, pience. Licut, who, sir? The officer of the guard orders us to account for every officer by name." arcount for every officer by name." And Stayvesint, who is instant alarm had impublished started, was again recalled to himself, and, hantily turning

"Storvesond, my name is. Pli give it at the guardhouse as I pace."

Once more he whicked about, his beart throubing with anxiety. Once more he would have burried on his way to the Catle San Luis. A fire there! and she Marion, will so weak! exhausted, possibly, by the excitement or distress or whatever He was that resulted from Breat's sudden pre-entation of that carte-de-visite. He would fly to her at once!

For a third time the senity spoke, and spoke in no faltering tone. He was an American. He was wearing the rough garb of the private soldier in the ranks of the regulars, but, like scores of other eager young patriots that year, he held the diploma of a great, albeit a foreign, university. He had education, intelligence, assured social position to back the training and discipline of the soldler. He knew his rights as well as duties, and that every officer in service, no matter how high, from commanding general down, was by regulation enjoined to show respect to sentries, and this tall, handsome young swell, with a name that sounded atterly unfamiliar to California ears, was in most unaccountable hurry, and spoke as though he, the senry, and spoke as though he the sen-try, were exceeding his powers in de-manding his name. It put Private Thinking Bayonets on his mettle. "Halt, sir!" said he. "My orders

are imperative. You'll have to spell that name."

In the nervous anxiety to which Stuysmant was a prey, the sentry's manner irritated him. It smacked at frommer irritated him. It smacaca as first of undies, unnecessary authority, yet the addier in him put the un-worthy thought to shame, and, strug-gling against his impatience, yet most unwillingly. Stuyresunt obedi-ently turned. He had shouldered a musket in a splendid regiment of anished in a splendld regiment of sitizen soldiery whose pride it was that no regular army inspector could pick flaws in their performance of guard and sentry duty. He had brought to the point of his bayonet, time and arain, officers far higher in rank than that which he now held. He knew that, whether necessary or not, the anatry's demand was within his virtus, and there was no course for him manifance. He bester