Ten Years' Trial

By Gen. CHARLES KING

Continued from First Page.

...s means to get away from battery d...s and to take the 30 mile ride into ...eart of the hills on the trail of his ho...s and, sitting in saddle at the edge ...e glade, to look on at this pretty pic... he end then turn and curse the foll... that had led him thither. Others m...t welcome Langdon; he could and wo...d not. Neither could he spend the nig...t, as he had planned, in Melville's ca... In bitterness of spirit he rode la... a dozen miles to a miner's cabin, and Torrance was his confidant when at ...oon next day he returned to duty and reported what he had seen.

F...e evenings later the whole comma...d, six troops of horses and two fi... batteries, were grooming at the pic...t ropes along under the edge of the mesa, and Torrance, in natty und...s uniform, riding whip in hand, was sauntering up and down watching the work of his men, when he became aware of eager glances and mutterings. The tap, tap of currycomb and bru...h went on as steadily, but heads kept bobbing up and gazing over the ...rown backs of his strong gun teams, and glancing about to see what it ...t, Torrance became aware of a sig...t that sent him presently to the app...site side of his line. Strolling ...wn the slope, talking volubly, came the colonel, his dogs tumbling about him as usual, his orderly following ...ly at his allotted distance, Mel... ...lm, courteous and dignified as ...er, listening with all outward ap...ance of serene interest on one side, and on the other, lithe, spare and erect, looking marvelously unlike the sad, hopeless man he had been that the second year before, clad now in his camping garb, strode Eric Langdon. When D battery broke ...t half an hour later, three rousing ...s rang out on the evening air, and Torrance sent for his first sergeant.

"What made the men cheer?" he asked, and the sergeant was imperturbable.

"I couldn't say, sir. They just broke ...nd then we broke ranks. Reckon they felt good, sir."

"Look here, Sergeant Flynn," said Torrance, "men don't cheer in unison without somebody to give the word. Who gave it and what for?"

"Sergeant Ramsey gave it, sir. He didn't say what for."

"I didn't have to," was what the ...eant in was within an inch of saying.

"This thing's got to stop," said Torrance sternly. "You know as well as I it was because of—of Mr. Langdon's being here, and such demonstrations are disrespectful to the colonel."

"The colonel didn't hear it, sir. He'd gone home."

"He'll hear of it and hold me responsible," said Torrance angrily. "...s only that, but I observed men saluting when they spoke to Mr. Langdon. That's all wrong."

The battery sergeant ground his heels together and his teeth, but held his peace.

"You know, a dismissed officer's entitled to no such honors," said Torrance. "Just order it stopped. You may go." And Flynn turned away, thinking things he could not say. Langdon spent that night at Melville's tent and was to leave for the railway after breakfast in the morning. Before breakfast he and Ethel Grahame were strolling slowly up the shaded pathway in the north ravine. The brook came tumbling down its rocky bed to their right, and half a mile out they met a little squad of battery men, all wearing the familiar "D" upon their hats. They were carrying tempting little strings of trout. Two of them glanced at Langdon, reddened, half raised their right hands, dropped them and gazed ...ardly away. They were his own men. Then they met a third, who looked squarely at him and raised his hat courteously as a Virginian and stood aside to let them by. A few rods farther on two others, fishing from the bank, turned and gazed, then glanced quickly at each other and exchanged grins. These last were strangers—men who had come into the battery after he had left it, a rather ill favored pair. There was no reason why they should salute; there were reasons why they should not. But, on the other hand, a courteous and respectful demeanor would have been observed if for no other reason than the presence of a woman, a member of the major's household. But it pleased these two young ...ks only recently from the streets of some eastern city, to titter audibly and follow the pair with impertinent glances. Langdon could not but see it, and his soul rose up in wrath. Miss Grahame, too, had not failed to notice a thing so utterly unlike the pleased, smiling manner of the veteran soldiers whenever the garrison ladies happened in their way. Eager to dissemble, as though she had not seen, Ethel plunged instantly into enthusiastic comment on the view before them. It was indeed a lovely scene, but Langdon's soul was not within him. The indignity was as much to her as to him. He half turned, as though intending to step back and accost them. She read his purpose and with quick movement placed herself before him.

"Oh, just look at that vine!" she cried, pointing to a climbing plant among the rocks across the tumbling brook, then, all smiling confidence, beaming upon the fishing twain. "Oh, couldn't you reach me a spray of that? I'll thank you so much."

No answer. With broad, blue flannel backs ostentatiously turned toward the speaker, the two young fellows hung their heads, slyly glanced at each other and laughed again. It was more than Langdon could stand. Springing past her, standing stunned and aggrieved at such boorishness—the first and only evidence of ill will she ever saw among the soldiers—he was upon them in an instant.

"Get out of the way, you hulking brute," his hands, and a heavy hand on the shoulder of the nearest.

"I don't have to," sneered the fellow. "You ain't givin' orders here," and went spinning backward at the ... of all the force Langdon's arm could muster. It wasn't too ... His old training stood him in good stead, but practice had been stopped by the wound of the previous winter, and in another moment he realized that he had two ruffians to deal with and was alone, unarmed. Ethel Grahame's shriek of terror rang through the ravine as the two sprang at their helpless victim and bore him down among the rocks. The next instant a tall young soldier bounded past her and hurled himself upon the topmost assailant.

A tall young soldier bounded past her.

It was the lad they rescued from the street blackguards that night at Brentwood. Then, from behind a screening ledge of rock stepped another figure. "This is no place for you, Miss Grahame," said a voice she recognized at once. "Let me escort you home." And Lieutenant Santley laid a hand upon her wrist. For answer she shook him off, sprang forward, dipped her handkerchief in the rushing waters and, quickly turning, placed it upon Langdon's temple, as, dizzy and somewhat dazed and breathless, he rose from the ground, the blood trickling from a little gash in his forehead. One of the attacking party, furiously struggling, was being pinned to earth by Langdon's rescuer. The other, wet and bedraggled, stood shivering in the grasp of big Sergeant Ramsey, who shook him furiously and demanded was he drunk or crazy.

"I'm obeyin orders," was the surly, sullen, abject answer.

"Whose order, you blackguard?" howled Ramsey, with another shake.

For answer the woe begone "rookie" dropped his eyes and writhed miserably in the grasp at his collar. "Whose orders, I say? Answer, or I'll shake the life out of you!" And in mingled appeal and reproach the fellow looked furtively about until his eyes rested upon his lieutenant.

"It's a lie!" cried Santley.

CHAPTER XVII.

The firm of Cresswell & Langdon, attorneys and counselors at law, to use the diction of the dramatic papers, "opened to good business" in Brentwood, and its fame spread beyond the Red Water valley. One thing about it was objectionable to the junior member from the start. The Seattle had by this time "subsidized" Cresswell and limited the sphere of usefulness of the concern. Langdon had no reason to love the management of either road, but that of the Seattle was especially obnoxious. Men with just claims against that company could not look to him for legal aid, and he would have been less than human had he not cared in such cases to appear rather for the plaintiff than the defendant. The road had its regular staff, of course, and kept it busy day and night. A railroad lawyer may be paid a salary no superintendent can aspire to, but he earns it and must see to it that local talent along the line is not too often arrayed against him. "You're too quixotic, Langdon," said even his big hearted, big framed, big voiced Kentucky friend. "You're too much given to kicking against the pricks. That's no way to get ahead in life!"

Langdon was poring over some papers at the moment and turned in his revolving chair and looked up with a quizzical smile. Gray hairs were sprouting at his temples, and two or three appeared in the thick growth of his mustache; lines and crows' feet were digging underneath his fine, clear eyes, but he was looking the world in the face now. He had his start and sought no favors. "You are thinking of which case now?" he asked, and there were two of Langdon's eccentricities the senior never ceased to twit him about. One was the celebrated trial of the United States versus Santley, when that distinguished officer was brought to book by an irate colonel of cavalry because of sensational stories growing out of the ravine episode; the other was the arraignment of a former assistant in the M. V. office at Brentwood as accessory in the safe robbery that had resulted in Langdon's discharge. Santley's trial came off long months after the occurrence that led to it, for that story at the time was known to but one woman and half a dozen men, but with a host of vivid embellishments was spread broadcast during the winter when one of the "toughs," whose life had been made almost a burden to him when the story gradually made its way about the battery, concluded that desertion was better than persecution and turned up in Chicago with a pitiful tale of wrong and oppression, abuse and tyranny in the regular army. There was something at bottom as the fellow told it, for investigation developed that they had assaulted Langdon, that they had provoked his wrath and that they had insisted that they were obeying Santley's orders. They swore to it, in fact, and it might have gone hard with Santley, all things considered, had not Langdon himself journeyed to Pawnee, testified to the exact manner and language of the pair and then so aided Santley in his defense that the slanderers were confounded in open court. It was established that Santley had merely cautioned the members of the battery that they were to pay no more attention to Mr. Langdon than to any other civilian, and his accusers broke down when cross examined as to the time, place and circumstances under which he had given them further and specific instructions. It spoiled a newspaper sensation and saved a commission. But Santley was sore hurt. Everybody knew he was deeply smitten with Ethel Grahame and had not prospered in his suit.

Many knew that there was only one man who could set him right before the court, and that was the last man he could ask to do so, and few had any inkling of the part of the defense when as a guest of Major Melville Mr. Langdon appeared at Pawnee little more than two years after his expulsion therefrom, looking very well groomed and fed for a man "picked up out of the Chicago street," as the Nathans had said, two winters before, very calm and dignified in manner, very glad to see Rodney May and Woodrow, very cordial to Channing and his cavalry chums, very courteous to Santley and most civil to Colonel and Mrs. Cat. Nathan and Torrance he never seemed to see, and during his 48 hours' sojourn at the post both those warriors were much occupied with home duties. All Pawnee, however, was aware of the fact that Miss Grahame and Lawyer Langdon had gone out riding together the afternoon of the second day, and Miss Grahame's eyes and color were something beautiful to see as she slid from saddle with just a touch of her slender, shapely hand on Langdon's shoulder as he assisted her to dismount. Everybody else at Melville's was out of sight at the moment, but there were spectators galore up and down the row and on other piazzas, despite the chill air of the close of a winter's day. It was perhaps the consciousness of this display of garrison interest that prompted that very independent young woman to turn at the fence and accost him once more, thereby causing him to leave the horses to the care of Bugler Kerry and to follow her to the steps and stand there, looking up into her glowing face, with the slant of the setting sunbeams illumining his own clear cut, soldierly visage. "Looks to me," said Captain Cannon to his better half, "much as though Nathan's malevolence meant Langdon's ultimate bliss." And as Cannon was one of the very many of Ethel Grahame's appreciators it was proper that Mrs. Cannon should promptly point out to him the detrimental side, which she did.

"What good will it do him? She hasn't a penny, and he has nothing but his debts."

"Some women, my dear," said the big gunner oracularly, "are treasures without a penny. As for Langdon's debts," he added, with a sigh, "I wish I saw as clear a sky ahead"—a speech which ruined the serenity of Mrs. Cannon's usually sunny temper as much as a week, and Cannon's coffee was cold and streaky on the morrow. That visit was quite the episode of midwinter at Pawnee in ways more than one. Nathan, Torrance and Santley, who had been quite a close community, had a flare up of some kind and parted company. This was quixotism No. 1—this trip to Pawnee and to the defense of Lieutenant Santley, according to Cresswell's views. He was for a duel when first the story of Santley's malignant persecution of his new partner reached his ears. It was nearly a vain effort for Langdon to tell him the story was grossly exaggerated. It had all the elements of probability, said Cresswell, and he hardly knew what to make of Langdon's indifference. Then, several months later still, as the result of Cresswell's persistent proddings, there were indications that the M. V. people were actually bestirring themselves over that old safe business, and one April morning Brentwood was excited by the story that young Frewen, an English lad whose father had died in the service of the road six years before, was behind the bars awaiting trial on charge of being the safe robber. This was certainly not what Cresswell had been working for. He believed that Betts junior was the man, as he had the safe combination and access to the office at all hours. Frewen had neither. Brett senior was "up the road" the night preceding the discovery of the loss, and Langdon had been in the office alone for an hour after the money was placed in the drawer and before he took the evening train to Gunnison. The officers of the road at the time seemed certain that everything pointed to Langdon, but it transpired later that every cent he had spent could otherwise be accounted for.

Young Betts was something of a swell in his way, a gallant among the Brentwood girls, but he had spent no money beyond that which he received as salary and that "given him by his father," which statement the senior confirmed. For a time it looked as though the thief had been scared into hiding his plunder and was waiting until the hue and cry was over before unearthing and using it. Frewen was a shy, quiet little fellow who lived with his widowed mother and gave her most of his scanty salary, but he was in love with a pretty Brentwood girl, who favored his suit at first, but tired of the prospect of a long engagement and began tormenting him by going occasionally with Betts and others to evening entertainments. Frewen was jealous and unhappy awhile, and then came a change. He returned from a brief visit to Omaha, appeared for the first time in his life in stylish raiment and began to cut a dash in social circles, joined the rifles, then in the heyday of their fame and fortune, and took pretty Aileen to parties where Betts was not even bidden, and in April came the crash. It would have lifted the last prestige of suspicion from Langdon's name had Frewen been convicted, but he wasn't, for Langdon, his captain, turned to and proved him innocent. It was a simple matter. The contemplation of her boy's misery had been too much for even a grasping and parsimonious woman. Mrs. Frewen had money stored away that she had scraped and saved for years, but denied, fearing that the pension paid her by the road would be stopped if ever the management found she was fairly well to do. Langdon's almost laughing development of that case was a joy to the Brentwood yarn spinners for long months later, but it put "the road" in bad light, notably the house of Betts, and won him more enmity. Therefore did Cresswell call him contumacious and quixotic. Both Betts and both roads were arrayed against him now, and Cresswell fretted. What was he to do with a partner who made enemies among the seats of the mighty and would not truckle to the Mammon of unrighteousness? Langdon saw unerringly what was passing in the senior's mind and that summer told him so. "You have been a good friend to me, and I must not hamper your hopes and plans, colonel." "Hamper be hanged," said he. "If you should be nominated for congress, I'll take the stump for you. If not, they need active lawyers in the far northwest, where the road is pushing through the Idaho mines. I'll swing my shingle out there."

Two things happened to add force to the project. For the very reason that his opponents proved him to be a "corporation lawyer" the farmers and artisans joined forces against Cresswell, and he failed to capture the convention, a man of far inferior mold becoming the nominee for congress. It soured the Kentuckian more than a little, yet was exactly what Langdon had prophesied. No elder likes to see the power to say "I told you so" in the hands of a junior partner. Langdon discreetly said nothing except in answer to his senior's remarks. He was having an experience of his own.

To be continued

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