

Ten Years' Trial

By Gen. CHARLES KING

Continued from First Page.

back, given custody for the corporal of the guard. Mad with rage, Nathan lashed with his hunting crop at the young soldier's head, but in another instant two men, one in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry, the other in civilian dress, sprang to the aid of the sentry. One of them seized Nathan's left foot in both hands and by an old and well known trick, suddenly heaving, fumbled the raging, red faced officer head foremost out of his saddle. He landed heavily, but labored presently to his feet, choking with fury and well high beret of his senses. The corporal had come with a rush.

"Arrest these men!" roared Nathan. "They've attacked me—an officer on duty—escort a governor! Put that sentry in the guard tent!"

"The sentry was only doing his duty, sir," began the corporal. "Those were his orders!"

"Orders from that safe robbing scoundrel of a militia colonel out yonder!"

Whisk! That was Nathan's last hit for many a day. The young man in



Ethel Grahame stood gazing after the departing soldier.

civilian dress darted in and landed a scientific swing on the jaw that dropped the luckless officer like a log. Nathan lay for a moment stunned, then looked up, dazed and helpless, into the grave face of Eric Langdon.

"Get your major home at once," the colonel replied to the adjutant's hurried, embarrassed explanation. "The matter shall be fully investigated. Who—who struck you?"

"I did, General Langdon," spoke up the assailant, with blood in his eye and wrath on his tongue. "Captain Martin, late Second Columbus, sir, and I'm ready to answer for it to him or to anybody—here or anywhere. He lashed a sentry in the discharge of his duty, and that's just enough, by heaven! Well, you heard what he said?" And the young captain appealed to the crowd.

That evening there was a never to be forgotten scene in front of the colonel's tent in the camp of the Washoes. Six hundred strong, officers and men, massed in solid phalanx, silent, bareheaded, there stood the two battalions, while their spokesman, his voice trembling with emotion, strove to say to the loved and honored commander that the heart of the whole regiment went with the beautiful sword they gave him in parting tribute. Close to the colonel on one side were grouped the governor, his staff and state officers and on the other a large party of officers and ladies, Melville and his household. In their midst, Rodney May, with one arm in a sling, had tendered the other, hardly knowing what he did, to Ethel Grahame, who unaccountably had taken it. Hovering about the skirts of the crowd an old darky, bowed and decrepit, was whispering with joy. On the flanks of the battalions, as though by some spontaneous impulse, were gathered hundreds of other soldiery, regulars from the batteries, volunteers still serving in the neighboring camps, and all were hushed and all were hanging on the words of the soldier spokesman as he told of the scenes of battle across the wide surges of the ocean, of the never failing care of the colonel for his men, of his daring leadership, of his almost fatherly devotion to their wounded and stricken. Vehemently the statesman applauded every telling point, and the soldiers followed suit, but presently the major came to speak of the future, of the severance of the soldier ties that bound them, of the love and trust and faith with which their hearts would follow their soldier leader, of the pride and confidence with which they hailed the honors still in store for him, and here the Washoes broke loose and roared applause and acclamation, and then came the time to say farewell, but here their orator broke down. "Speak for yourselves, boys," he choked. "I can't say any more words."

And "the boys," breaking ranks, bore down on their commander in a tumultuously cheering torrent, officers and men grasping his extended hands, unashamed of the dew that dimmed their eyes, unafraid of rebuke or regulation, and when at last they were dispersed and gone had cheered to the echo his few brief, heartfelt words of thanks and farewell and May and Melville and the comrades of the old days had pressed his hands and he could turn again to see what had become of that beautiful sword it had found its way somehow to Ethel Grahame, who stood gazing after the departing soldier, her soft eyes swimming in tears.

The sound of cheering borne on the evening breeze swept through the bowered row of officers' quarters in the garrison close at hand, but there was strange hush at Nathan's, whose piazza rustled as a rule with the silks and satins of society. Investigation of the morning episode had been prompt and searching. The commanding general had seen the fracas from afar. His own staff officer made report, his own orders had been defied, for, thanks to an overzealous crowd at a previous ceremony, the chief of staff had written that, except such persons as should be personally invited, only the general, his staff and escort, with the state officials should be allowed within the line of

securities. Nathan's best appointment as escort to the governor failed of confirmation. The sentinel had acted strictly in accordance with his orders. The major had committed one of the gravest crimes known to military law, first in refusing to obey and second in daring to strike the sentry. Captain Martin and his associates, late of the Columbus, were interrogated by the judge advocate of the department and bidden to hold themselves in readiness to testify before the court that would be convened forthwith, for Major Nathan had been placed in close arrest.

But that wasn't all. Cresswell was a hard hater and as hard a hater. Nathan's vile insult had been audible to a dozen bystanders, and, though Langdon had not been allowed to hear of it, Cresswell followed up the rumor and got the exact words. In formulating the charges against the officer it was considered both unnecessary and unwise to refer to them. There was quite enough to dismiss him from the service without allusion to his insane outburst, but Cresswell wasn't satisfied. He had never abandoned his theory that young Betts was the culprit, and long years after the occurrence, and soon after the senior's transfer to another road there leaked a story from the yards that had been suppressed only so long as Betts was influential, and the young man fled from Brentwood between two days, no one knew whether. The matter caused no little talk at the time, for the road made no effort to run him down. It was learned later that a shortage of upward of \$1,000 was "squared" by relatives of the fugitive, and that, it was supposed, would be the matter.

Perhaps it might have done so but for Nathan's reiteration of the old slander, and there was a scene in the lobby of the Palace hotel one evening just within the week of the episode, when the president of the Seattle, who had hastened from Chicago in response to "wires" from the Nathans and who had had a long interview with the accused officer that morning and a short one—a very short one—with the chief of staff that afternoon, came sauntering down in evening dress to dinner, a brace of magistrates with him. The trio were suddenly accosted by Judge Cresswell, who presented his card and delivered himself substantially as follows:

"Mr. Barclay, you were general manager of the Seattle at the time of a certain safe robbery in the Big Horn office at Brentwood. You were satisfied of the innocence of Mr. Langdon, because immediately after his discharge by the Big Horn you tendered him as good a position on your road. Is not this true?"

Barclay flushed. He was a man accustomed to debate and to be approached with much show of deference. Triple doors and keepers guarded his office against intrusion, and a most loyal reserve of manner discouraged all attempts at conversation except among his chosen intimates. But here was this confounded Kentuckian—he knew him well by sight and repute—accosting him with scant ceremony in a public place. He promptly froze, but Cresswell warmed to his work.

"I can't see it and that you distinctly remember it. Moreover, you know that young Betts has been a fugitive from justice for months and that his shortages, including the \$900, were paid by his father, now in your employ. I know this, because Mr. Burleigh of the Big Horn has frankly told me that he long since told you, and yet your precious kinsman, whom you have hastened here to save if possible, dared last week to publicly speak of my punier, General Langdon, as a safe robber!"

"Your partner subjected Major Nathan to a gross indignity," interjected Barclay icily.

"My partner did not, sir, and it is my belief that you know he did not; that the order Major Nathan refused to obey was that of the commanding general. And now Colonel Cresswell's voice resounded through the echoing lobby. "A gentleman, sir, from my section of the Union can't soil his hands by charging a coward, as Major Nathan is held to be, and the protection of his wife's petticoats prevents my getting him where I can brand him as a liar, but as you are his next of kin, by marriage at least, I have taken this opportunity of making known my sentiments to you. You have my address, sir. Good evening to you, sir."

And the colonel majestically lifted his hat and strode magnificently away. Of course that rencontre was in the morning papers, and so at last Langdon heard of Nathan's language.

The formal master one of the Washoes was to occur that afternoon. Some few of the officers, commissioned in new regiments, were to return to Manila, certain others were to remain awhile in San Francisco, but the bulk of the men would scatter for home soon after the final ceremony, the governor and his advisers having decided against the parade. Melville at breakfast time read the sensational account in The Investigator and the more conservative story of The Carbuncle. Within an hour he was at Langdon's tent and found the colonel supervising the packing of his soldier goods and chattels. Each knew what was uppermost in the mind of the other, and Langdon bade his orderly excuse him to visitors a few moments, sent Hurricane to the camp postoffice and let down the flaps of the tent.

"That fellow is still in close arrest," said he, "and I cannot reach him until he is released."

"And then?" asked Melville thoughtfully.

"Then—I shall cowhide him."

"Langdon," said the general after a moment's reflection, "that's what I brought me out here so early. Read this first."

It was a letter in Nathan's handwriting. Langdon took it slowly and with obvious repugnance, his eyes the while resting with inquiry and eagerness upon another missive, a little note that the general still retained. Opening the first, however, he read as follows:

My Dear General Melville—A man never knows how friendless he is, in the army, unless he has gone back on him and he is down. I am down. I see that I have made a bad mess of it and know there will be no sympathy for me in that court. I suppose you've seen the detail. It's packed to convict, and in the present exaggerated feeling as to the relative merit of the volunteers and regulars my break seems much more serious than it really was. I hereby lost my temper and said and did things which were indecent, I suppose. But put yourself in my place. I have reason to believe that I was being discriminated against and that Colonel Langdon had purposely placed sentences there to publicly humiliate me. What would you think to have your horse backed almost from under you by a servant whom you'll warrant that Colonel Langdon would have used the lash quicker than I did. In fact, I hardly struck the sentry at all. In fact, I was a fair distance away when those charges were made. I am willing to admit I was fairly of my senses. I ought to have been sensible, both to the matter in the case and to the subject. A written apology, I suppose, is what they'll want."

But Langdon's indignation rose with every line.

"Why do you show me this?" he asked. "It's a contemptible letter. It's unworthy the faintest consideration."

"Well, would you consider a man whose words were unworthy of consideration, Eric? Think over that. Keep away from him tomorrow and come to us. Here's another note."

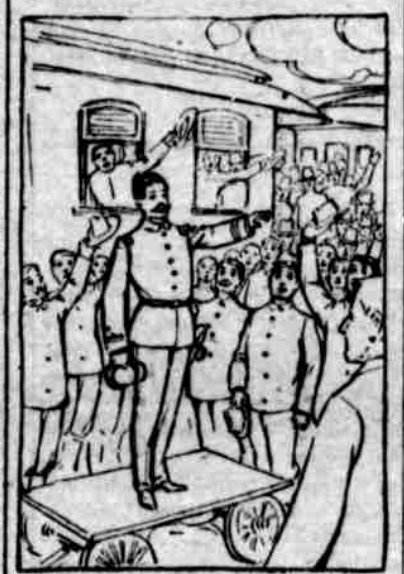
And the general snatched out into the sunshine to chat with the gathering officers and to smile kindly and genially at the men, who never seemed to tire of rendering honors to their colonel's friend.

He thought of the conversation at the time to read his own letter, but little was needed. The dainty note when opened contained but the single word: "Don't."

That night in the crowded station at Oakland pier the home going Washoes seemed bent on raising the roof. Two special trains were there to whirl them away to the mountains. Their few belongings were stored aboard, but the word had passed that Langdon was there to see them off, and the rasals wouldn't go. Out they piled on the platform, shouting like mad, and surrounded him in tumultuous acclaim. They had hoisted him on a baggage truck, and there was only one way to silence their clamor. That was to speak. On the gallery and staircase stood a throng of people—men, women and children—sympathetic witnesses of the stirring scene. Melville and his wife in their midst. Ethel Grahame, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes and with hands that trembled as they clasped the rail, bending forward as though she would not lose a word. Instinctively and as of old the Washoes hushed at his uplifted hand.

"I could not speak to you today," he said. "I cannot do you justice now. Your faith, your loyalty, your—yes, I dare say it—your affection, I prize beyond all power of words to tell you, and the sorrow of parting would choke my utterance did I not know that we who have served so closely together as soldiers in the year gone by are to live together as friends and comrades and fellow citizens of a beloved state, please God, for many a year to come."

Another uproarious cheer broke in upon and drowned his words. Railway



There was only one way to silence their officials were striving with all their power to herd the enthusiastic crowd aboard the cars. Regimental officers no longer exerted authority. Melville it was who settled the question. "We haven't a moment to spare if we're to go with this boat, Eric," he whispered as he grasped his arm and then led him away.

A moment later the huge ferryboat was sending a foaming surge of moonlit waters sternward against the reeding piers. The passengers, as was their custom, were gathered within the glass inclosed "saloon" of the upper deck, some few braving the breeze toward the bows, but Langdon stood gazing back over the seething flood and the fast dimming lights of the ferryhouse, his eyes on the last vestiges of the regiment, scores of whom had chased after him for a final cheer, his thoughts going back over the year of active service, of battle and campaign, and those brave lads had spent together.

But little by little the gaze relaxed and turned, following his heart, to the girl standing silent there at the rail. She was listening, breathless, to the cheers and farewells. She had marked the deep emotion in his eyes and in those of the tried and trusty comrades now feeling from view. Stealthily, silently, Mrs. Melville had led her general wife to do so, and told him the night air was too raw for a wounded veteran.

"How about Eric?" queried the general, with twinkling in his eyes.

"Leave him to—Ethel," was the answer of superior wisdom.

And so, ten years after the end events that sent him adrift upon the world, Langdon turned as the last faint cheer followed them across the racing waters, marked her as she stood like one absorbed, entranced, threw one quick glance about him, then as quickly stepped to her side and seized within his own firm grasp the slender hands that were trembling at the rail. Then, stooping, gave one startled look, saw that they were alone, and even under the pallor of the moonlight her brow flushed crimson. Lids and lashes drooped and veiled her swimming eyes, for the woman in her told her that, without a word, she stood confessed in the presence of her master, even though that master were looking imploringly into her downcast face, and the voice that still or swayed at will those hosts of stalwart men was trembling in his plea, adoring and passionate, for the love he craved in answer to that he so long had given. What was there left for her to say? Her lips moved, but he heard not. Eagerly he bent, lower still, and then shyly at last they were upraised and—told him.

THE END.

Washington's Death.

Mr. George Ticknor, who wrote "The History of Spanish Literature" and "The Life of Prescott," remembered distinctly the death of Washington. He

says in his diary:

There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to a man than was paid to Boston when the news came of Washington's death.

It was on Dec. 14, 1799, a little before noon. I often heard persons say at the time that one could know how far the news had spread by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard that Washington was dead, shut his store, as a matter of course, without consultation, and in two hours all business was stopped.

My father came home and could not speak, he was so overcome. My mother was alarmed to see him in such a state until he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, were crumpled on the arm. No boy could go into the street without it. I wore it, though only 8 years old.

A Pompous Ceremony.

An interesting ceremony takes place daily at Gibraltar. The town and fortress lie at the end of a peninsula, about a mile and a half long, the mainland being Spanish territory. The gate leading to Spain is, every evening, locked at sunset and every morning unlocked at sunrise. Each day a company from one of the regiments performs one of these functions. In the morning the company, fully outfitted, with colors flying and accompanied by a band, marches to a commandant's house. The company comes to attention, and the commandant hands out the keys on a velvet cushion. These are received by the captain's orderly, the band strikes up, and the procession marches to the gate, which is unlocked with great ceremony. In the evening the same ceremony. In the reverse order, is gone through. All suspicious characters are put out of the town before the gates are locked in the evening.

National Hatreds.

King Joseph, in one of his letters, tells his imperial brother of France that the people of Naples have begun to love their new sovereign and that they hate the old queen. To this Napoleon replied by eventually advising his brother not to believe any of the nonsense talked by courtiers as regards popular likes or dislikes for particular individuals. They are mere evanescent expressions of feeling upon which it is quite unsafe to depend. "What," he adds, "one nation really hates is another nation." We fear that this is a profound truth in this saying. National hatreds are never obliterated, though they are sometimes temporarily concealed by the personal popularity which a particular man or woman may gain in a foreign country.—Saturday Review.

Brussels Lane.

After Waterloo, M. Tranyax, a leading lace merchant, turned his warehouse into a hospital for British soldiers. Such virtue was not lost to his own reward. His good action was noised abroad, and when the stream of tourists set in again the English made it a point of honor to buy lace of him; hence in a few years his fortune was made.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OREGON, May 22, 1902.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1891, Lillian Voss, of Astoria, county of Clatsop, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5573, for the purchase of the S W 1/4 of Sec. 34, T. 3 N. R. 6 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, the 8th day of August, 1902.

Her name as witnesses: John Glaser, of Olney, Oregon; Clara E. Larson, of Astoria, Oregon; and Clara E. Larson, of Astoria, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of August, 1902.

CHAS. E. MOORES, Register.

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