

## Liner of the Cavalry

By  
Gen. Chas. King

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "Foes in Ambush," etc.

There presently appeared round the corner of the building the sergeant of the guard, and with him a burly soldier, bleeding at the nose. One hand covered a damaged eye; with the other he saluted Captain Snaffle.

"Sir, I have to report Trooper Rawdon assaulting a noncommissioned officer."

Major Scott gave tongue. "Trooper Rawdon," cried he, "Why, he now has a month's furlough from General Crook. He's the best man of the escort."

"Refused to obey my orders to go to his quarters, sir, and assaulted me when I tried to enforce 'em. Sergeant Blunt says he won't confine him unless Captain Snaffle orders it."

"One moment, sergeant," interposed Colonel Button. "Has any disturbance—any cry for help—been heard at the guardhouse, or was this the explanation?"

"No, sir, hasn't called off half past seven."

"No, 5!" cried two or three men at the instant, and without a word Captain Sumter hurried away.

"No, 5!" repeated the colonel. "That's just back of Sumter's quarters."

Afar across the glistening level a few lights glimmered faintly in the row of officers' quarters, but there was no sign of moving humanity. Only the hurrying form of Captain Sumter could be seen halfway across the parade. The Posters' sleigh was nowhere in sight. Sumter's quarters were about the middle of the row. Lanier's were at the eastward end. All men stood waiting, watching.

Then on a sudden two or three black forms darted from the shadow of the middle quarters. One came running out across the parade, hardly slackened speed at the hall of Captain Sumter, pointed back with one hand, shouted something that doubled Sumter's pace.

It was Conroy, corporal of the guard. The adjutant orders me to report No. 5 sick, sir," he panted. "I found him all doubled up in the coal shed. They got the steward over from the hospital, but they want the sergeant and some of the guard to search the back buildings."

"Who wants them?" demanded the colonel.

"The adjutant, sir. Lieutenant Blake's with him. There has been some prowlers, and the young ladies were frightened."

"One moment," interposed the colonel. "Sergeant of the guard, take four of your men and report to Captain Sumter or to the adjutant. Now, corporal, when was this cry heard?"

"Just after the young ladies got home, sir."

"Was the officer of the guard over there?"

"Not the new one, sir, but—The corporal suddenly stopped.

"But what?" demanded the colonel. "Do you mean that Lieutenant Lanier was there—out of his quarters?"

"Out of his head if he was," growled the paymaster, who loved him well and was deeply concerned over his trouble.

"I—I didn't see him, sir," answered the young soldier, but in manner so confused that it simply added to the commander's suspicion.

"Come with me, Horton," said the colonel to his quartermaster, and turned back for his cap and overcoat. Then once again the voice of the aggrieved and importunate sergeant was heard, this time with convincing appeal.

"I beg the colonel's pardon, but if he wants to get the truth as to this night's business it would be well to arrest Trooper Rawdon or he'll be off for good and all."

"Find him, then, sergeant of the guard, and have it done," said Button.

### CHAPTER II.

THAT ended the dance, but not the excitement. Not yet midnight, and in the space of less than one hour all Fort Cushing had been stirred by the news. A most popular and prominent young officer had been placed in close arrest. A prominent, if not most popular, sergeant had been punished. An alarming scene of some kind had occurred at the quarters of Captain Sumter. Mrs. Sumter had hurried away the minute she learned that her husband had gone. The colonel, stately silent, led his wife to their door and there left her, saying he had summoned certain officers to join him at once, and she, who ruled him in all matters domestic almost as she managed the children, knew well that when roused he would brook no interference in matters professional, and Bob Lanier, a prime favorite of hers, had in some way managed to fall under the ban of his extreme displeasure.

At the office were presently assembled the colonel, the adjutant, the quartermaster, the post surgeon, and to them came Paymaster Scott. At the "store" were gathered half the commissioned officers. At Sumter's there kept coming and going a succession of sympathetic callers, who left even more mystified than when they arrived. Miriam had had a fright in the dark on their return home and screamed. No! Sumter thought Mrs. Sumter would need no help, yet he

was so much obliged to the several who asked if they couldn't "do something."

Another house was virtually closed to question. To the disappointment of many and the disapprobation of a few, Bob Lanier had closeted himself with his classmate and most intimate friend, "Dad" Ennis; then, after a brief colloquy with Barker, the adjutant had caused a big card to be tacked on his door whereon was crayoned in bold black letters "Busy." But at quarter past 12 the assistant surgeon, Dr. Schuchardt, called, as was known, for the second time and entered without ceremony. When the officer of the day came tramping along the board walk at 12:30 and turned in at the gate he struck the panel with the hilt of his saber. Ennis came to the door, but came with gloomy brow.

"I am ordered by Colonel Button to ask certain questions of Lieutenant Lanier," said the official.

"How's that, doc?" called Ennis over his massive shoulder. "Can your patient see the officer of the day?"

"Not yet, with my consent," came the stout answer.

"Shout your questions, captain," sang out the patient, with much too little humility of manner, yet Lanier knew Curbit well and knew his mission to be unwelcome.

"Is Trooper Rawdon in hiding anywhere about your quarters?"

"He is not, if I know it."

"Have you seen him—tonight?"

An instant's pause then, "I don't know whether I have or not."

"You don't know?" exclaimed Curbit, puzzled and beginning to bristle.

"I don't know," repeated Lanier.

"Suppose the colonel tells me to explain that," began Curbit, but Dr. Schuchardt set his foot down summarily.

"Here," said he, "this thing's got to stop. Lanier's in a highly nervous and excited state. He doesn't know whom he has seen since he got home in arrest."

(To Be Continued.)

### FOREST FIRES.

(Continued from Page 3.)

valuable property and life are endangered. A conflagration is always possible. Prevention is best. The value of standing timber destroyed each year is sometimes 25 per cent to 50 per cent of the annual fire loss in towns and cities. Yet we attempt to fight these fires in their inception, with a mere handful and the summoning of assistance is a slow process.

The destruction of our timber and to save life and property at this late day in the season. How much wiser it would be to put the large fighting force on duty at the first sign of fire and attack the enemy early in the game.

If the forest fires are beyond the control of a large force at the early stages, surely nothing is lost at all events.

The average government employe on range duty could control fires with a proper force. Lacking this, the winter rains alone extinguish.

The west has been prodigal with its resources. A few have fattened at the expense of many. Selfish people consider not those who came after. The sins of national waste will be visited upon millions of people for years to come. Let us not perpetuate the errors of the past.

Inexhaustible timber supplies become a ridiculous fable when coupled with a disregard of future. The country needs enlightened public sentiment. The press exerts a tremendous influence. Respectfully,

F. H. COWLES.

### Druggist's Mistake Is Fatal.

RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 8.—John, the 3-year-old child of David T. Wilson of this city, died from the effects of carbolic acid given by mistake for castor oil on a prescription filled by a local druggist. The child lived 24 hours after taking the dose.

### Fifty Years Ago Today.

Sept. 8.

Garibaldi, having defeated the troops of Francis II., entered Naples.

The Lady Elgin, American mail steamer, ran into during an excursion trip on Lake Michigan and 300 of her passengers drowned, the proprietor of the London Illustrated News and his son among the victims.

### Twenty-five Years Ago Today.

The English yacht Genesta disabled in a race for the America's cup against the American yacht Puritan. The yachts fouled each other on the course off Long Island, the Genesta losing her bowsprit.

Articles of incorporation for a surface railroad through Fifth avenue, in New York, filed in Albany.

A horse and his rider killed in steeplechase race at Sheephead Bay.

Fresh anti-Chinese outbreaks in Wyoming and Washington territories.

Ferdinand Ward confessed that the "profits" of the broken banking firm of Grant & Ward came from loans and not from earnings.

Occasionally we meet a man whose train of thought reminds us of a row of flat cars.

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