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miss. It would not be said of him that he showed that deference to rank and station which was expected of a junior officer; and among the seniors were several whom he speedily designated "unconscionable old duifers" and treated with as little semblance of respect as a second lieutenant could exhibit and be permitted to fire. Rayner prophesied of him that, as he had no balance and was burning his candle at both ends, he would come to grief in short order. Hayne retorted that the only balance that Rayner had any respect for was one at the bank's, and that it was notorious in Washington that the captain's father had made most of his money in government contracts, and that the captain's original commission in the regulars was secured through well paid congressional influence. The fact that Rayner had developed into a good officer did not wipe out the recollection of these facts; and he could have throttled Hayne for reviving them. It was "a game of give and take," said the youngster; and he "behaved himself" to those who were at all decent in their manner to him.

It was a thorn in his quarters' flesh, therefore, when Hayne joined from leave of absence, after experiences not every officer would care to encounter in getting back to his regiment, that Capt. Hull should have induced the general to detail him in place of the invalided field quartermaster when the command was awarded. Hayne would have been a junior subaltern in Rayner's little battalion but for that detail, and it annoyed the captain more seriously than he would confess. "It is all an outrage and a blunder to pick out a boy like this," he muttered between his set teeth as Hayne canters blithely away. "Here he's been away from the regiment all summer long, having a big time and getting head over ears in debt, I hear, and the moment he rejoins they put him in charge of the wagon train as field quartermaster. It's putting a premium on being young and cheeky—besides absenteeism," he continues, growing blacker every minute. "Well, captain," answers his adjutant, injudiciously, "I think you don't give Hayne credit for coming back on the jump the moment he was ordered out. It was no fault of his he could not reach us. He took chances I wouldn't take."

"Oh, yes, you kids all swear by Hayne because he's a good fellow and sings a jolly song and plays the piano—and poker. One of these days he'll swamp you all, sure as shooting. He's a smart one, and I'll fetch him before you know it. What he needs is to be under a captain who could discipline him a little. By Jove, I'd do it!" And Rayner's teeth emphasize the assertion. The young adjutant thinks it advisable to say nothing that may provoke further vehemence. All day long he remembers Rayner's bitterness of manner, and has abundant cause to do. When the next morning breaks, chill and pallid, a change has come in the aspect of affairs. During the earliest hour of the dawn the red light of a light draught river breaks about the outgoing pickets down stream, and the Far West, answering the muffled hail from shore, responded, through the medium of a mate's stentorian tones, "News that'll rout you fellows out." The sun is hardly peeping over the jagged outline of the eastern hills when, with Rayner's entire battalion aboard, she is steaming again down stream, with orders to land at the mouth of the Sweet Root. There the four companies will disembark in readiness to join the rest of the regiment. All day long again the wagon train twists and wriggles through an ashen section of Les Malraises Terres. It is a tedious, trying march, but the commanding officer of the Rifles, it says but few words, but they are full of meaning: "We have found a big party of hostiles. They are in strong position, and have us at disadvantage. Rayner with his four companies is hurrying to leave all wagons with the boat under cover, and to get every horse and man you can bring."

side, what I want you to do is to mount your men, let them draw pistol and be all ready. Rayner, here, will line the ridge to keep them down in front. I'll go back to the right and order the attack at once. The moment we begin you will hear our shots, and as a well, and charge full tilt across there, so as to drive out those fellows in that ravine. We can do the rest. Do you understand?" "I understand, colonel; but—is it your order that I attempt to charge mounted across that ground?" "Why, no; it isn't the best in the world, but you can make it. They can't do very much damage to your men before you reach them. It's got to be done; it's the only way."

"Very good, sir; that ends it!" is the calm, soldierly reply; and the colonel goes bounding away. A moment later the troop is in saddle, all serene. I got a big hunk of green sealing wax from the paymaster and sealed it all up in one package with the memorandum list inside. It's all safe so far, even to the hunk of sealing wax. "What is it, sergeant?" "A tall, soldierly, dark-eyed trooper appeared in the doorway of the little tent, and raises his gaitered hand in salute. His language, though couched in the phraseology of the soldier, tells both in choice of words and in the intonation of every phrase that he is a man whose antecedents have been far different from those of the majority of the rank and file: "Will the captain permit me to take my horse and those of three or four more men outside the corral? Sergt. Clancy says he has no authority to allow it. We have found a patch of excellent grass, sir, and there is hardly any left inside. I will sleep by my picket pin, and one of us will keep awake all the time, if the captain will permit."

"How far away is it, sergeant?" "Not seventy-five yards, sir—close to the river bank east of us." "Very well," says Sergt. Clancy here, and I'll give the necessary orders." The soldier quietly salutes, and disappears in the gathering darkness. "That's what I like about that man Gower," says the captain, after a moment's silence. "He is always looking out for his horse. If he were not such a gambler and rake he would make a splendid first sergeant. Fine looking fellow, isn't he?" "Yes, sir. That is a face that one couldn't well forget. Who was the other sergeant you overhauled for getting you in debt, sir, for those sharp at the cantonment?" "Clancy? He's on guard to-night. A very different character."

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