[Continued from 1st page.] they promised to take care of little Kate I didn't care what happened to me. The money Mrs. Clancy has-except perhaps two hundred dollars-all belongs to Lieut

Hayne, since he paid off every cent that

was stolen from Capt. Hull."

Supplemented by Mrs. Clancy's rueful and incoherent admissions, Clancy's hissing, seething, whirling waters, all story did its work. Mrs. Clancy could not long persist in her various denials | after her husband's confession was brought to her ears, and she was totally unable to account satisfactorily for the possession of so much money. Little Kate had been too young to grasp the full meaning of what Gower said to her mother in that hurried interview; but her reiterated statements that he came late at night, before the regiment got home, and knocked at the door until he waked them up, and her mother cried when he came in, he looked so different, and had spectacles and a patch on his cheek, and ranch clothes, and he only stayed a little while, and told her mother he must go back to the mountains, the police were on his track—she knew now he spoke of having deserted-and he gave her mother lots of money, for she opened and counted it afterwards and told her it must all go to papa to get some one out of trouble-all were so clear and circumstantial that at last the

and make reluctant admissions.

When an astute sheriff's officer finally told her that he knew where he could lay hands on Sergt. Gower, she surrendered utterly. So long as he was out of the way-could not be found-she held out; but the prospect of dragging into prison with her the man who had spurned her in years gone by and was proof against her fascinations was too alluring. She told all she could at his his desertion, and, making his way down the Missouri, had stopped at Yankton and gone thence to Kansas City, spending much of his money. He had reached Denver with the rest, and there-she knew not how-had made or received more, when he heard of the fact that Capt. Hull had turned over his property swearing he would come for her and it. | fool ever to have let her go." That was why she dared not tell Mike when he got home. He was so jealous

had to fight for life and money both, and but"his share of the honors of the fray was a cheek bone and up above the right ear.

As these family revelations were told every kind was made thereon, there is sleep? You will be so much brighter toreason for the belief that Mrs. Buxton | morrow." found no difficulty in filling her letters with particulars of deep interest to her you. I'll go out and smoke a cigar. readers, who by this time had carried out Good night, Mrs. Rayner. Whatever the programme indicated by Capt. Ray- comes of it all, I shall not forget your ner. Mid-June had come; the ladies, ap- kindness." parently benefited by the sea voyage, So he turns away, and she still stands had landed in New York and were at the foot of the staircase, watching him went to headquarters of the department | how gray, how fitful, nervous, irritable to report his arrival on leave and get his he has become. As he moves towards letters, a card was sent up to Miss Travers | the doorway she notes how thin his which she read with cheeks that slightly | cheek has grown, and wonders at the ir-

"He is here, Kate." over, after all he has done and borne for forming a frame for a picture en sil-

CHAPTER XX. "And so she's really going to marry Mr. Van Antwerp," said Mrs. Buxton to Mrs. Waldron a few days later in the

month of sunshine and roses. "I did not think it possible when she left," was the reply. "Why do you say so now?"

tain had to go to Washington on some | Mrs. Rayner's heart stands still. important family matters, and that she and Nellie were at the sea shore again, and Mr. Van Antwerp was with them | Concealed from them he is following Mr. from morning till night. He looked so worn and haggard, she said, that Nellie could not but take pity on him. Heavens! think of having five hundred thou. | ful lover? She springs from the lower sand dollars sighing its life away for you! step on which she has been standing, -especially when he's handsome. Mrs. | runs across the tessellated floor, and stops Rayner made me promise to send it right | short in the doorway, gazing after the back, because he would never give her | two figures. She is startled to find them one before, but she sent his picture. It's | close at hand-one, Van Antwerp, close splendid. Wait, and I'll show you." And Mrs. Buxton darted into the house.



With one shriek of warning and terror she springs towards them—just in time.

When she reappeared, three or four young cavalrymen were at the gate chatting with Mrs. Waldron, and the picture was passed from hand to hand, exciting varied comment. It was a simple carte black hair just tingeing with gray, a fine. Mr. Van Antwerp was unquestionably a fine looking man.

"Here comes Hayne," said Royce. though I wouldn't like this one if I were in his place."

Mr. Hayne stopped in some surprise when hailed, greeted Mrs. Waldron warmly and bowed courteously to Mrs. Buxton, who was watching him nar-

rowly. Want to see a picture of the man you ought to go and perforate?" asked Webster, with that lofty indifference which youngsters have to the ravages of the tender passion on subjects other than

"To whom do you refer?" asked Hayne, smiling gravely, and little imagining what was in store for him. "This," said Webster, holding out the

card. Hayne took it, gave one glance, started, seized it with both hands, studied it eagerly, while his own face rapidly paled, then looked up with quick, search-

"Who is this?" he asked. vers-Mr. Van Antwerp.'

"Here, take it, Royce!"

he was that hard hit," drawled Webster. "Did you, Royce?" But Royce did not answer.

A gorgeous moonlight is bathing the Jersey coast in sparkling silver. The tumbling billows come thundering in to the shining strand, and sending their shimmer and radiance, to the very feet of the groups of spectators. There are hundreds of people scattered here and there along the shingle, and among the groups a pale faced young man in tweed traveling suit has made his way to a point where he can command a view of all the passers by. It is nearly 11 o'clock before they begin to break up and seek the broad corridors of the brilliantly lighted hotel. A great military band of nearly forty pieces is playing superbly at intervals, and every now and then, as some stirring martial strains come thrilling through the air, a young girl in a group near at hand beats time with her pretty foot and seems to quiver with the influence of the soldier melodies. A tall, dark eyed, dark haired man bends devotedly over her, but he, too, seems to rise to his full height at times, and there is something in the carriage and mien that tells that soldier songs have thrilled his veins ere now. And this man the voung traveler in gray watches as though never ceases his scrutiny of the group.

his eyes were fascinated. Standing in hardened woman began to break down the shade of a little summer house, he At last the musicians go and the people follow. The sands are soon deserted; the great piazzas are emptied of their promenaders; the halls and corridors are still patronized by the few belated chaperons and their giddy charges. The music loving girl has gone aloft to her room, and her aunt, the third member of the group that so chained the attention of the expense. He had ridden eastward after young man in gray, lingers for a moment to exchange a few words with their cavalier. He seems in need of consola-

> "Don't be so downhearted, Mr. Van Antwerp. It is very early in the summer, and you have the whole season before you.

"No, Mrs. Rayner, it is very different to Lieut. Hayne just before he was from last year. I cannot explain it, but killed, and that the lieutenant was now I know there has been a change. I feel to be tried for failing to account for it. as-as I used to in my old, wild days He brought her enough to cover all he when a change of luck was coming. It's had taken, but-here she lied-strove to like the gambler's superstition, but I canpersuade her to go to San Francisco with ont shake it off. Something told me she him. She promised to think of it if he was lost to me when you boarded that would leave the money-which he did, Pacific express last February. I was a "Is she still so determined?"

"I cannot shake her resolution. She says that at the end of the year's time To this part of her statement Mrs. originally agreed upon she will keep her Clancy stoutly adhered; but the officers promise; but she will listen to no earlier marriage. I have about given up all One other thing she told. Kate had hope. Something again-that fearful declared he wore a heavy patch on his something I cannot shake off-tells me right cheek and temple. Yes, Mrs. that my only chance lay in getting her Clancy remembered it. Some scoundrels to go with me this month. Once abroad had sought to rob him in Denver: He with her, I could make her happy;

He breaks off irresolutely, looking deep and clean cut extending across the about him in the strange, hunted manner she has noted once or twice already. "You are all unstrung, Mr. Van Antthroughout the garrison and comment of werp. Why not go to bed and try and

"I cannot sleep. But don't let me keep

speedily driven to their old quarters at uneasily. He has aged greatly in the the Westminster; and while the captain past few months. She is shocked to see resolution in his movements when he reaches the broad piazza. He stands "Nellie, you-you won't throw him there an instant, the massive doorway houette, his tall, spare figure thrown "I shall keep my promise," was the black upon the silver sea beyond. He looks up and down the now deserted galleries, fumbles in his pockets for his cigar case, bites off with nervous clip the end of a huge "Regalia," strikes a light, and before the flame is half applied to his weed throws it away, then turns

the office. Another instant, and, as though in pursuit, a second figure, erect, soldierly, with quick and bounding step strides "Oh, Mrs. Rayner writes that the cap- across the glittering moon streak, and

Only for an instant, though. She has seen and recognized Lawrence Havne. Van Antwerp, and there can be but one purpose in his coming here-Nellie. But what can he want with her-her rightto the railing, facing towards her, his features ghastly in the moonlight, his left hand resting, and supporting him, on one of the tall wooden pillars; the other, Hayne, with white clinching fists, advancing upon him. Above the low boom and roar of the surf she distinctly hears the clear tenor ring of his voice in the tone of command she last heard under the shadows of the Rockies, two

thousand miles away: "Halt!" No wonder a gentleman in civil life looks amazed at so peremptory a summons from a total stranger. In his high indignation will he not strike the impertinent subaltern to earth? As a well bred woman it occurs to her that she ought to rush out and avert hostilities by introducing them or something; but she has no time to act. The next words

simply take her breath away: "Sergt. Gower, I arrest you as a deserter and thief! You deserted from F troop, -th cavalry, at Battle Buttle!" She sees the fearful gleam on the dark man's face; there is a sudden spring, a clinch, a straining to and fro of two. de visite, of the style once spoken of as forms—one tall, black, snaky, the other vignette-only the head and shoulders | light, lithe, agile and trained; muttered being visible—but it was the picture of a | curse, panting breath, and then, sure as strong, clear cut face, with thick, wavy fate, the taller man is being borne backward against the rail. She sees the dark drooping mustache and long English arm suddenly relax its grasp of the grav whiskers. The eyes were heavy browed, form and disappear an instant. Then and, though partially shaded by the gold | there it comes again, and with it a rimmed pince-nez, were piercing and gleam of steel. With one shriek of warning and terror she springs towards them-just in time. Hayne glances up, catches the lifted wrist, hurls his whole "Show it to him. He likes pictures; weight upon the tottering figure, and over goes the Knickerbocker prone upon the floor. Hayne turns one instant: "Go indoors, Mrs. Rayner. This is no place

for you. Leave him to me." And in that instant, before either can prevent, Steven Van Antwerp, alias Gower, springs to his feet, leaps over the balcony rail and disappears in the depths below. It is a descent of not more than ten feet to the sands beyond the dark passage that underlies the piazza, but he has gone down into the passage itself. When Mr. Hayne, running down the steps, gains his way to the space beneath the piazza, no trace of the fugitive can

* * * * * * * Nor does Mr. Van Antwerp appear at breakfast on the following morning, nor again to any person known to this story. An officer of the -th cavalry, spending a portion of the following winter in Paris, writes that he met him face to face or "The man who's engaged to Miss Tra- | day in the galleries of the Louvre. Being in civilian costume, of course, and "This-this-Mr. Van Antwerp!" ex- much changed in appearance since heclaimed Hayne, his face white as a sheet. was a youth in the straps of a second out with great promptness, first class work at lieutenant, it was possible for him to public is very respectfully solicited. And in an instant he had turned and take a good look at the man he had not seen since he wore the chevrons of a George Dick, Rupert G. Blair, "Well. I'll be hanged if I knew that dashing sergeant in the Battle Butte

campaign. "He has grown almost white," wrote the lieutenant, "and I'm told he has abandoned his business in New York and never will return to the

United States." Rayner, too, has grown gray. A telegram from his wife summoned him to the seaside from Washington the day after this strange adventure of hers. He found her somewhat prostrate, his sisterin-law very pale and quiet, and the clerks of the hotel unable to account for the disappearance of Mr. Van Antwerp. Lieut. Hayne, they said, had told them he received news which compelled him to go back to New York at once; but the gentleman's traps were all in his room. Mr. Hayne, too, had gone to New York; and thither the captain followed. A letter came to him at the Westminster which he read and handed in silence to Hayne. It was as follows:

"By the time this reaches you I shall be beyond reach of the law and on my way to Europe to spend what may be left of my days. I hope they may be few; for the punishment that has fallen upon me is more than I can bear, though no more than I deserve. You have heard that my college days were wild, and that after repeated warnings my father drove me from home, sending me to Wyoming to embark in the cattle business. I preferred gambling, and lost what he gave me. There was nothing then left but to

enlist; and I joined the -th. Mother still believed me in or near Denver, and wrote regularly there. The life was horrible to me after the luxury and lack of restraint I had enjoyed, and I meant to desert. Chance threw in my way that temptation. I robbed poor Hull the night before he was killed, repacked the paper so that even the torn edges would show the greenbacks, resealed it-all just as I have had to hear through her pure and sacred lips it was finally told and her lover saved.

"God knows I was shocked when I heard in Denver he was to be tried for the crime. I hastened to Chevenne, not daring to show myself to him or anv one, and restored every cent of the money, placing it in Mrs. Clancy's hands, as I dared not stay; but I had hoped to give it to Clancy, who had not arrived. The police knew me, and I had to go. I gave every cent I had, and walked back to Denver, then got word to mother of my fearful danger; and, though she never knew I was a deserter, she sent me money, and I came east and went abroad. Then my whole life changed. I was appalled to think how low I had fallen. I shunned companionship, studied, did well at Heidelberg; father forgave me, and died; but God has not forgiven, and at the moment when I thought my life redeemed this retribution over-

takes me. "If I may ask anything, it is that mother may never know the truth. I me, and I could not bare to stay."

Some few weeks later that summer Miss Travers stood by the same balcony rail, with an open letter in her hand. There was a soft flush on her pretty, peachy cheek, and a far away look in her | Arrive Chatham, sweet blue eyes. "What news from Warrener, Nellie?"

asked Mrs. Rayner. "Fluffy has reappeared." "Indeed! Where?"

"At Mr. Hayne's. He writes that as he returned, the moment he entered the hall she came running up to him, arching her back and purring her delight and welcoming him just as though she belonged there now; and"-"And what, Nellie?"

"He says he means to keep her until I come to claim her." THE END.

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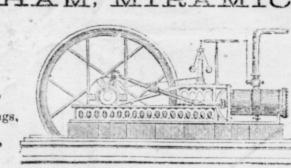
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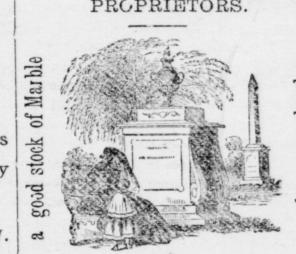
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