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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

VOL. 16. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 1, 1890. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS-\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

BUSINESS NOTICE.
 The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning, for the purpose of reaching the earliest mails of that day.
 It is sent to any address in Canada, the United States or Great Britain (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at the following rates:
 One year, in advance, \$1.50
 One year, in arrears, \$2.00
 It is not paid in advance.
 Advertisements are placed under classified headings.
 Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, and at six cents per line for the matter, if set in 10 point type, and at five cents per line for the matter, if set in 12 point type. The matter, if set in 10 point type, is charged under arrangement made with the publisher.
 The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having the largest circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche (New Brunswick), and in Nova Scotia and Quebec, among communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address superior notices to the publisher, Address Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

THE BEST SEEDS
 are those put up by
D. M. FERRY & CO.
 Who are the largest seedsmen in the world.
 D. M. FERRY & CO.
 Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced
SEED ANNUAL
 for 1890 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using Garden, Flower, or Farm seeds should send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO.
 WINDSOR, ONT.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co.
 Merchant Tailors,
AMHERST - N. S.

Our representative visits the different towns on the North shore every two months, on an inspection of our samples is respectfully solicited.
Dunlap, Cooke & Co.
 Amherst, May 31, 1888.

"THE FACTORY"
JOHN McDONALD,
 (Successor to George Cassidy)
 Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings and Builders' furnishings generally.

Lumber Plans and Orders on order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
 Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B.

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 BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
 Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
 ETC. ETC. ETC.
 CHATHAM, N. B.

DesBrisay & DesBrisay,
 BARRISTERS,
 Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES
 St. Patrick Street, - Bathurst, N. B.
 1890 LES DESBRISAY Q. C. T. SWATER DESBRISAY

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 ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
 AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
 -AND-
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Warren C. Winslow,
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 -AND-
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 Solicitor of Bank of Montreal,
 CHATHAM, N. B.

Hotels.
REVERE HOUSE.
 Near Railway Station,
 Campbellton, N. B.
 formerly the Devon Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan
 Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with

Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLING on the premises.
Daniel Desmond
 Proprietor.

ADAMS HOUSE
 ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,
 WELLINGTON ST., CHATHAM, N. B.
 This Hotel has been entirely refurnished, throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the comfort of guests. Sample Rooms on the premises.
 TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.
GOOD STABLING, &c.
THOMAS FLANAGAN,
 Proprietor.

Canada House,
 Corner Water and St. John Streets,
 CHATHAM.
 LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM
 Every attention paid to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
 Located in the business centre of the town. Refreshing and Stable attendance first rate.
WM. JOHNSTON,
 Proprietor.

Free Treatment FOR 1 YEAR,
 remedies included, will be donated by the Society of Celestial Nature, born in the city of New York, to every person in each town within the Province of New Brunswick, who will send for the book, and send no money until return of papers. Application must be endorsed by Minister of Postmaster. Send for the book, and send no money until return of papers. Application must be endorsed by Minister of Postmaster. Send for the book, and send no money until return of papers. Application must be endorsed by Minister of Postmaster.

FOR SALE.
 The well known premises in the Town of New Brunswick, recently occupied by John F. Jardine. The buildings are in good repair and conveniently situated for
Hotel and Livery Business.
 If not sold before
Thursday, the first day of May next,
 will, on that date, be offered at Public Auction on the Premises.
 For terms and particulars apply to
John McLaggan,
 Newcastle.
 8th April, 1890.

COFFINS & CASKETS
 The Subscriber has on hand a fine stock of superior assortment of
 ROSEWOOD & WALNUT COFFINS,
COFFIN FINDINGS
 AND ROBES
 which he will supply at reasonable rates.
 FOR FALL BEARERS also supplies
WM. McLEAN, - Undertaker

GENERAL BUSINESS
April & May 1890.

B. B. B.
Burdock Blood Bitters
 Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES
 All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN
 From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES
 Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B. B. B. Passing on to grave yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA
 We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (dusted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD
 Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS,
 Consisting of—
 Mowers, Rakes, Harrows, Plows, Etc., Etc.
 Manufactured by the Brantford Carriage Co., a branch of the renowned Cortland Carriage Co., of Cortland New York.

FINE BUGGIES, PHAETONS, SURRYS, EXPRESS WAGGONS, ROAD CARTS, ETC.,
 manufactured by the Brantford Carriage Co., Brantford, Ont., a branch of the renowned Cortland Carriage Co., of Cortland New York.

HARNESSES FROM \$15.00 UP.
 Our stock is all New Goods, direct from the manufacturers, and the best in the market.
 Call and see before buying elsewhere.
 Prices Low. Terms Easy. Send for Catalogue to

R. C. TAIT, General Agent.
GEO. A. CUTLER, Agent, Chatham, N. B.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.
 RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.
ASSETS, - - - \$126,082,153.56.
 Its business shows the Greatest Comparative Gain made by any Company during the past year.



THE LARGEST AND BEST
Life Insurance Co. in the World.

NEW! NOBBY! NICE!
WHAT IS?
 The New Stock of Silverware Just opened at Albert Patterson's.

FOR SALE.
 The finest patterns of SILVER GOODS ever shown in Chatham.
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.
 Watches, clocks, Jewelry and Fancy China-ware of all kinds.
 Also the usual A-1 stock of CIGARS, PIPES and TOBACCO-NISTS GOODS at prices that defy competition.

ALBERT PATTERSON,
 STONE BUILDING, - - - PALLEN'S CORNER.

HALIFAX!
MORRISON & MUSGRAVE,
 GENERAL MERCHANTS
 TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES, SPECIALTIES.
 AGENTS FOR WARREN & JONES TEA MERCHANTS, LONDON & CHINA. TOMKINS, HILDESHEIM & CO., LONDON. THE ARMOUCOUDAHY PACKING CO., CHICAGO.

BANKERS
 Bank of Nova Scotia and Peoples Bank of Halifax

General Business.
Miramichi Advance.
 CHATHAM, N. B. - - - - MAY 1, 1890.

GENERAL NEWS AND NOTES
 There is a deficit in the Italian budget of 35,000,000 lire.
 Since April 1 fifty-five strikes have been broken in Austria.

The Public Warned.
 MANY people are deceived into neglecting their blood, dyspepsia, constipation, etc., and thus allow these and other diseases to become established. Act promptly by using nature's blood purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulates the stomach system, curing all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

There is a great demand for railroad laborers in Manitoba and the North-west.
 A Seasonable Hint.
 During the breaking up of winter, damp, chilly weather prevails, and rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, quinsy and other painful effects of sudden cold are common. Hayzag's Yellow Oil is a truly valuable household remedy for all such complaints.

There have been thirteen deaths altogether as a result of the rioting in Biala, Austria.
 Emin Pasha has left Zanzibar for the interior with 600 porters, five German officers and a large body of Nubian soldiers.

High Time to Begin.
 After a long winter the system needs a thorough cleaning, toning and regulating to remove impurities and prepare for summer. Thousands of testimonials show that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine ever discovered, producing a feeling of buoyancy and strength. It removes that tired, worn out feeling, and restores lost appetite.

Autumn Anxieties.
 HAD a very bad cough this fall, but Hayzag's Pectoral Balsam cured me completely.
 E. ROBINSON, Washago.

1880--1889
 Government vs Opposition!
 The above does not mean the result of voting on election day, but that I have decided to make a change in my business at the end of ten years - 1st May next.
 You will remember later what it all means. At present I am offering my whole stock at prices that cannot be met by any opposition. This will enable the Public to procure what they require at prices to suit.

Call and be Convinced.
 Bear in mind these prices are only for CASH.
 All goods charged will be at regular prices.

G. STOTHART.
 January 6th, 1890.
TWO PAPERS
 FOR THE
PRICE OF ONE.

TO LET.
 The well finished store and dwelling on Duke Street, occupied at present by the subscriber. Possession given the 1st of May.
 JAMES CLOWERY.

HAY FOR SALE.
 50 TONS choice quality, loose up - Black Brook, Chatham or Newcastle.
 For price and terms, apply to
 A. & R. LOGGIE,
 Black Brook.

MARBLE WORK.
 The Subscriber has removed his works from the Ferry Wharf, Water Street, to the premises at 100-102, Water Street, Chatham, where he is prepared to execute orders for
Monuments and Cemetery Work
 granite; also, COUNTER and TABLE TOPS and other miscellaneous marble and FINE STONE work.
 EDWARD BARRY

FOR THE LADIES.
 New Velveteens & Plushes
 Now received for Fall of 1889.
The Brunswick Velveteen
 Best made in Black and Colours for Dress and Millinery Trimmings.
 Coloured Silk Plushes
 are as fashionable as ever.
 Our stock is now fully assorted with all the latest shades. The goods are well worth seeing. Call and examine for yourselves.
 F. CASSIDY,
 Water Street, Chatham

F. O. PETERSON,
 Merchant Tailor
 (Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, Esq.)
CHATHAM - N. B.
 All Kinds of Cloths, Suits or single Garments,
 inspection of which is respectfully invited.
 F. O. PETERSON.

Wrought Iron Pipe
 -AND-
FITTINGS.
GLOBE AND CHECK VALVES.
BABBIT METAL.
RUBER PACKING
 Cotton Waste, Etc. Etc.
J. M. RUDDOCK
 Chatham, N. B.

New Seeds!
 New Seeds!
 Just opened, the most assortment of
FLOWER SEEDS
 ever offered to the public. Also a small assortment of
"ART" FLOWER SEEDS,
 which will produce the most superb flowers.
 Also in stock a large variety of
FRESH VEGETABLE SEEDS.
 To arrive in a few days
One Car Flour and Oatmeal.
 The usual stock of the GROCERIES kept up. Also Table Cutlery and Shell Hardware, Paints, Oils, Oxides of Iron for Roads, &c.
 ALEX. MCKINNON,
 Chatham, 15th April, 1890.

ARRIVED AND TO ARRIVE.
 15000 the choice Timothy Seeds.
 5000 Clover Seed.
 75 Bushels choice Wisconsin Seed Wheat
 1 bushel Black Seed Oats.
 Field and Garden Seeds in great variety.
 Usual low prices.
 W. S. LOGGIE.
 April 21st, 1890.

THE DESERTER.
 (Continued from last week.)
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When Mrs. Rayner, after cutting twice from the bottom of the stairs, finally went up into her room and impatiently pushed open the door, all was darkness except the glimmer from the hearth:
 "Nellie, where are you?"
 "Here," answered Miss Travers, starting up from the sofa. "I think I must have been asleep."
 "Your head is hot as fire," said her sister, laying her firm white hand upon the burning forehead. "I suppose you are going to be downright ill, the way of diversion. Just understand one thing, Nellie, that doctor does not come into my house."
 "What doctor?—not that I want one," asked Miss Travers, wearily.
 "Dr. Pease, the post surgeon, I mean. Of course you have heard how he is mixing himself in my husband's affairs and making trouble with various people."
 "I have heard nothing, Kate."
 "I don't wonder your friends are ashamed to tell you. Things have come to a pretty pass, when officers are going around holding private meetings with enlisted men."
 "I hardly know the doctor at all, Kate, and can't imagine what affairs of your husband's he can interfere with."
 "It was he that put up Clancy as captain of the team, and he was the one who got into the guard house, and tried to prove that he had a right to go there and that the captain had no right to arrest him."
 "Was Clancy trying to see Mr. Hayne?" asked Miss Travers, quickly.
 "How should I know? He said his sister, pettishly. 'He was drunk, and probably didn't know what he was doing.'"
 "And Capt. Rayner arrested him for—"
 "Capt. Rayner arrested him for being drunk and creating a disturbance, as it was his duty to arrest any soldier under such circumstances," replied her sister, with majestic wrath, "and I will not tolerate it that you should criticize his conduct."
 "I have made no criticism, Kate. I have simply made inquiry; but I have learned what no one else could have made me believe."
 "Nellie Travers, be careful what you say, or who you insinuate. What do you mean?"
 "I mean, Kate, that it is my belief that there is something at the bottom of those stories Clancy's strange talk when in the hospital. I believe he thinks he knows something which would turn all suspicion from Mr. Hayne to a totally different man. I believe that, for reasons which I cannot fathom, you are determined Mr. Hayne shall not see him or hear of it. It was you that sent Capt. Rayner over there last night. Mrs. Clancy came here at tattoo, and, from the time she left, you were at the front door or window. You were the first to hear her cries and came running in to tell the captain to go on. Kate, why did you stand there listening from the time she left the kitchen unless you expected to hear just what happened over there behind the company barracks?"
 Mrs. Rayner would give no answer. Anger, rage, retaliation, all in turn were pictured on her furious face, but died away in a martial footstep coming and going in her sister's eyes. For the first time in her life Kate Rayner realized that her "baby Nell" had the stronger will of the two. For one instant she contemplated vengeance. A torrent of imprecations had readily to her lips. "Outrage," "ingrate," "insult," were the first three distinguishable epithets applied to her sister or her sister's words; then, "See if Mr. Van Antwerp will tolerate such conduct. I'll write this very day," was the impotent threat that she uttered, and finally, utterly defeated, thoroughly convinced that she was powerless against her sister's reckless love of "fair play at any price," she felt that her wrath was giving way to dismay, and turned and fled, Nellie should see the flag of surrender on her paling cheeks.

CHAPTER XIII.
 "Well, sir, I should say it was a young woman."
 Buxton could hardly wait until morning to see Rayner. When he passed the latter's quarters half an hour later all was darkness, though, had he but known it, Rayner was not asleep. He was at the house before guard mounting and had a confidential and evidently exciting talk with the captain as when he went, just as the trumpets were sounding, these words were heard at the front door:
 "She never left until after daylight, when the same rig drove her back to town. There was a stranger with her then."
 That morning both Rayner and Buxton looked hard at Mr. Hayne when he came in to the matinee; but he was just as calm and quiet as ever, and having saluted the commanding officer took a seat by Capt. Gregg and was soon occupied in conversation with him. Not a word was said by the officer of the day about the mysterious visitor to the garrison the previous night. With Capt. Rayner, however, he was again in conversation much of the day, and to him, not to his successor as officer of the day, did he communicate all the details of the previous night's adventure and his theories thereon.
 Late that night, having occasion to step to his front door, convinced that he heard stealthy footsteps on his piazza, Mr. Hayne could see nobody in the darkness, but he found his room and pillow, but, long before he could sleep, again

when suddenly brought to a stand by the sharp challenge of the sentry at the coal shed. He whispered the mystic countersign over the level bayonet of the infantry, swearing to himself at the regulation which put an officer in such a "stand-and-deliver" attitude for the time being, and then, by way of getting square with the soldier for the sharply military way in which his duty as sentry had been performed, the captain proceeded to catechise him as to his orders. The soldier had been well taught, and knew all his "responses" by rote—far better than Buxton, for that matter, as the latter was anything but an expert in perfecting in tactics or sentry duty; but this did not prevent Buxton's snappishly telling him he was wrong in several points and contemptuously inquiring where he had learned such trash. The soldier promptly but respectfully responded that those were the exact instructions he had received at the adjutant's school, and Buxton knew from experience that he was getting on dangerous ground. He would have stuck to his point, however, in default of something else to find fault with, but that the crack of a whip, the crunching of hoofs and a rattle of wheels out in the darkness quickly diverted his attention.
 "What's that, sentry?" he sharply inquired.
 "A carriage, sir. Leastwise, I think it must be."
 "Why don't you know, sir? It must have been on your post."
 "No, sir; it was 'way off my post. It drove up to Lieut. Hayne's about half an hour ago."
 "Where'd it come from from?" asked captain, eagerly.
 "From town, sir, I suppose." And, leaving the sentry to his own reflections, which, on the whole, were not complimentary to his superior officer, Capt. Buxton strode rapidly through the darkness to Lieut. Hayne's quarters. Bright light was streaming from both on the ground floor and in a room above. The sentries were just beginning the call of 1 o'clock when he reached the gate and halted, gazing inquisitively at the house front. Then he turned and listened to the rattle of wheels growing faint in the distance as the team drove away towards the prairie town. If Hayne had gone to town at that hour of the night it was a most unusual proceeding, and he had not the colonel's permission to absent himself from the post; of that the officer of the day was certain. Then, again, he would not leave his quarters and let his lights burning. No, that vehicle, whatever it was, had brought somebody out to see him—somebody who proposed to remain several hours; otherwise the carriage would not have driven away.
 In confirmation of this theory he heard voices, chorusing in strange talk, and one of them made him prick up his ears. He heard the piano crisply trilling a response to light, skillful fingers. He longed for a peep within, and regretted that he had dropped Mr. Hayne from the list of his acquaintance. He recognized Hayne's sharp, strange talk when in the hospital. He heard the clink of wine glasses and saw the shadow raise a wine glass to the lips, and Sam's Mongolian slip floated across the screen, bearing a tray with similar suggestive objects. What meant this unheard-of conviviality on the part of the ascetic, the hermit, the midnight oil burner, the scholarly recluse of the garrison? Buxton stared with all his eyes and listened with all his ears, starting quickly when he saw a martial footstep coming quickly up the path, and faced the intruder rather unsteadily. It was only the corporal of the guard, and he glanced at his superior, brought his fur gauntlet to his forehead, and saluted with his shoulder and part of his head.
 The next moment Buxton fairly gasped with amazement; he stared an instant at the window as though transfixed, then ran after the corporal, called to him in low, stealthy tone to come back noiselessly, drew him by the sleeve to the front of Hayne's quarters, and pointed to a parlor window. Two shadows were there now—one easily recognizable as that of the young officer in his snugly fitting undress uniform, the other slender, graceful, feminine.
 "What do you make that other shadow to be, corporal?" he whispered, hoarsely and hurriedly. "Look!"
 An exclamation a shadowed arm seemed to encircle the slender form, the mustached image to bend low and mingle with the outlined luxuriance of tress that decked the other's head, and then, together, with clasping arms, the shadows moved from view.
 "What was the other, corporal?" he repeated.
 "Well, sir, I should say it was a young woman."
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 "A carriage, sir. Leastwise, I think it must be."
 "Why don't you know, sir? It must have been on your post."
 "No, sir; it was 'way off my post. It drove up to Lieut. Hayne's about half an hour ago."
 "Where'd it come from from?" asked captain, eagerly.
 "From town, sir, I suppose." And, leaving the sentry to his own reflections, which, on the whole, were not complimentary to his superior officer, Capt. Buxton strode rapidly through the darkness to Lieut. Hayne's quarters. Bright light was streaming from both on the ground floor and in a room above. The sentries were just beginning the call of 1 o'clock when he reached the gate and halted, gazing inquisitively at the house front. Then he turned and listened to the rattle of wheels growing faint in the distance as the team drove away towards the prairie town. If Hayne had gone to town at that hour of the night it was a most unusual proceeding, and he had not the colonel's permission to absent himself from the post; of that the officer of the day was certain. Then, again, he would not leave his quarters and let his lights burning. No, that vehicle, whatever it was, had brought somebody out to see him—somebody who proposed to remain several hours; otherwise the carriage would not have driven away.
 In confirmation of this theory he heard voices, chorusing in strange talk, and one of them made him prick up his ears. He heard the piano crisply trilling a response to light, skillful fingers. He longed for a peep within, and regretted that he had dropped Mr. Hayne from the list of his acquaintance. He recognized Hayne's sharp, strange talk when in the hospital. He heard the clink of wine glasses and saw the shadow raise a wine glass to the lips, and Sam's Mongolian slip floated across the screen, bearing a tray with similar suggestive objects. What meant this unheard-of conviviality on the part of the ascetic, the hermit, the midnight oil burner, the scholarly recluse of the garrison? Buxton stared with all his eyes and listened with all his ears, starting quickly when he saw a martial footstep coming quickly up the path, and faced the intruder rather unsteadily. It was only the corporal of the guard, and he glanced at his superior, brought his fur gauntlet to his forehead, and saluted with his shoulder and part of his head.
 The next moment Buxton fairly gasped with amazement; he stared an instant at the window as though transfixed, then ran after the corporal, called to him in low, stealthy tone to come back noiselessly, drew him by the sleeve to the front of Hayne's quarters, and pointed to a parlor window. Two shadows were there now—one easily recognizable as that of the young officer in his snugly fitting undress uniform, the other slender, graceful, feminine.
 "What do you make that other shadow to be, corporal?" he whispered, hoarsely and hurriedly. "Look!"
 An exclamation a shadowed arm seemed to encircle the slender form, the mustached image to bend low and mingle with the outlined luxuriance of tress that decked the other's head, and then, together, with clasping arms, the shadows moved from view.
 "What was the other, corporal?" he repeated.
 "Well, sir, I should say it was a young woman."
 Buxton could hardly wait until morning to see Rayner. When he passed the latter's quarters half an hour later all was darkness, though, had he but known it, Rayner was not asleep. He was at the house before guard mounting and had a confidential and evidently exciting talk with the captain as when he went, just as the trumpets were sounding, these words were heard at the front door:
 "She never left until after daylight, when the same rig drove her back to town. There was a stranger with her then."
 That morning both Rayner and Buxton looked hard at Mr. Hayne when he came in to the matinee; but he was just as calm and quiet as ever, and having saluted the commanding officer took a seat by Capt. Gregg and was soon occupied in conversation with him. Not a word was said by the officer of the day about the mysterious visitor to the garrison the previous night. With Capt. Rayner, however, he was again in conversation much of the day, and to him, not to his successor as officer of the day, did he communicate all the details of the previous night's adventure and his theories thereon.
 Late that night, having occasion to step to his front door, convinced that he heard stealthy footsteps on his piazza, Mr. Hayne could see nobody in the darkness, but he found his room and pillow, but, long before he could sleep, again

when suddenly brought to a stand by the sharp challenge of the sentry at the coal shed. He whispered the mystic countersign over the level bayonet of the infantry, swearing to himself at the regulation which put an officer in such a "stand-and-deliver" attitude for the time being, and then, by way of getting square with the soldier for the sharply military way in which his duty as sentry had been performed, the captain proceeded to catechise him as to his orders. The soldier had been well taught, and knew all his "responses" by rote—far better than Buxton,