[*Continued from 1st page.*]

and again a sweet vision seemed to come to him: he could not shut out the thought of Nellie Travers—of how she looked and what she said that very afternoon.

He had gone to call at Mrs. Waldron's soon after dark. He was at the piano, playing for her, when he became conscious that another lady had entered the room, and, turning, saw Nellie Travers. He rose and bowed to her, extending his hand as he did so, and knowing that his heart was thumping and his color rising as he felt the soft, warm touch of her slender fingers in his grasp. She, too, had flushed—any one could see it, though the lamps were not turned high, nor was the firelight strong.

"Miss Travers has come to take tea very quietly with me, Mr. Hayne—she is so soon to return to the east—and now I want you to stay and join us. No one will be here but the major; and we will have a lovely time with our music. You will, won't you?"

"So soon to return to the east!" How harsh, how strange and unwelcome the words sounded! How they seemed to oppress him and prevent his reply! He stood a moment dazed and vaguely worried; he could not explain it. He looked from Mrs. Waldron's kind face to the sweet, flushed, lovely features there so near him, and something told him that he could never let them go and find even hope or content in life again. How, why had she so strangely come into his lonely life, radiant, beautiful, bewildering as some suddenly blazing star in the darkest corner of the heavens? Whence had come this strange power that enthralled him? He gazed into her sweet face, with its downcast, troubled eyes, and then, in bewilderment, turned to Mrs. Waldron:

"I—I had no idea Miss Travers was going east again just now. It seems only a few days since she came."

"It is over a month; but all the same this is a sudden decision. I knew nothing of it until yesterday. You said Mrs. Rayner was better today, Nellie?"

"Yes, a little; but she is far from well. I think the captain will go, too, just as soon as he can arrange for leave of absence," was the low toned answer. He had released, or rather she had withdrawn, her hand, and he still stood there, fascinated. His eyes could not quit their gaze. She going away?—She? Oh, it could not be! What—what would life become without the sight of that radiant face, that slender, graceful, girlish form?

"Is not this very unexpected?" he struggled to say. "I thought—I heard you were to spend several months here."

"It was so intended, Mr. Hayne; but my sister's health requires speedy change. She has been growing worse ever since we came, and she will not get well here."

"And when do you go?" he asked, blankly.

"Just as soon as we can pack; though we may wait two or three days for a—for a telegram."

There was a complete break in the conversation for a full quarter of a minute—not such a long time in itself, but unconventionally long under such circumstances. Then Mrs. Waldron suddenly and remarkably arose:

"I'll leave you to entertain Mr. Hayne a few moments, Nellie. I am the slave of my cook, and she knows nothing of Mr. Hayne's being here to tea with us; so I must tell her and avert disaster." And with this barefaced—statement on her lips and conscience, where it rested with equal lightness, that exemplary lady quitted the room. In the sanctity of the connubial chamber that evening, some hours later, she thus explained her action to her silent spouse:

"Right or wrong, I meant that those two young people should have a chance to know each other. I have been convinced for three weeks that she is being forced into this New York match, and for the last week that she is wretchedly unhappy. You say you believe him a wronged and injured man, only you can't prove it, and you have said that nothing could be too good for him in this life as a reward for all his bravery and fortitude under fearful trials. Then Nellie Travers isn't too good for him, sweet as she is, and I don't care who calls me a matchmaker."

But with Mrs. Waldron away the two appeared to have made but halting progress towards friendship. With all her outspoken pluck at school and at home, Miss Travers was strangely ill at ease and embarrassed now. Mr. Hayne was the first to gain self control and to endeavor to bring the conversation back to a natural channel. It was a struggle; but he had grown accustomed to struggles. He could not imagine that a girl whom he had met only once or twice should have for him anything more than the vaguest and most casual interest. He well knew by this time how deep and vehement was the interest she had aroused in his heart; but it would never do to betray himself so soon. He strove to interest her in reference to the music she would hear, and to learn from her where they were going. This she answered. They would go no further east than St. Louis or Chicago. They might go south as far as Nashville until mid-May. As for the summer it would depend on the captain and his leave of absence. It was all vague and unsettled. Mrs. Rayner was so wretched that her husband was convinced that she ought to leave for the states as soon as possible, and of course "she" must go with her. All the gladdess, brightness, vivacity he had seen and heard of as her marked characteristics seemed gone; and yet she wanted to speak with him—wanted to be with him. What could be wrong? he asked himself. It was not until Mrs. Waldron's step was heard returning that she nerved herself to sudden, almost desperate effort. She startled him with her vehemence:

"Mr. Hayne, there is something I must tell you before I go. If no opportunity occurs, I'll write it."

And those were the words that had been haunting him all the evening, for they were not again alone, and he had no chance to ask a question. What could she mean? For years he had been living a life of stern self denial; but long before his promotion the last penny of the obligation that, justly or otherwise, had been laid upon his shoulders was paid with interest. He was a man free and self respecting, strong, resolute, and possessed of an independence that never would have been his had his life run on in the same easy, trusting, happy-go-lucky style in which he had spent the first two years of his army career. But in his isolation he had allowed himself no thought of anything that could for a moment distract him from the stern purpose to which he had devoted every energy. He would win back, command, compel, the respect of his comrades—would bring to confusion those who had sought to pull him down; and until that stood accomplished he would know no other claim. In the exile of the mountain station he saw no women but the wives of his senior officers; and they merely bowed when they happened to meet him; some did not even do that. Now at last he had met and yielded to the first of two conquerors before whom even the bravest and the strongest go down infallibly—Love and Death.

Suddenly, but irresistibly, the sweet face and thrilling tones of that young girl had seized and filled his heart, to the utter exclusion of every other passion; and just in proportion to the emptiness and yearning of his life before their meeting was the intensity of the love and longing that possessed him now. It was useless to try and analyze the suddenness and subtility of its approach; the power of love had overmastered him. He could only realize that it was here and he must obey. Late into the morning hours he lay there, his brain whirling with its varied and bewildering emotions. Win her he must, or the blackness and desolation of the past five years would be as nothing compared with the misery of the years to come. Woo her he would, and not without hope, if ever woman's eyes gave proof of sympathy and trust. But now at last he realized that the time had come when for her sake—not for his—he must adopt a new course. Hitherto he had scorned and repelled all overtures that were not prefaced by an expression of belief in his utter innocence in the past. Hitherto he had chosen to live the life of an anchorite, and had abjured the society of women. Hitherto he had refused the half extended proffers of comrades who had sought to continue the investigation of a chain of circumstances that, complete, might have proved him a wronged and defrauded man.

The missing links were not beyond recovery in skillful hands; but in the shock and horror which he felt on realizing that it was not only possible but certain that a jury of his comrade officers could deem him guilty of a low crime, he hid his face and turned from all. Now the time had come to reopen the case. He well knew that a revulsion of feeling had set in which nothing but his own stubbornness held in check. He knew that he had friends and sympathizers among officers high in rank. He had only a few days before heard from Maj. Waldron's lips a strong intimation that it was his duty to "come out of his shell" and reassert himself. "You must remember this, Hayne," said he, "you had been only two years in service when tried by court martial. You were an utter stranger to every member of that court. There was nothing but the evidence to go upon, and that was all against you. The court was made up of officers from other regiments, and was at least impartial. The evidence was almost all from your own, and was presumably well founded. You would call no witnesses for defense. You made your almost defiant statement; refused counsel; refused advice; and what could the court do but convict and sentence? Had I been a member of the court I would have voted just as was done by the court; and yet I believe you now an utterly innocent man."

So, apparently, did the colonel regard him. So, too, did several of the officers of the cavalry. So, too, would most of the youngsters of his own regiment if he would only give them half a chance. In any event, the score was wiped out now; he could afford to take a wife if a woman learned to love him, and what wealth of tenderness and devotion was he not ready to lavish on one who would! But he would offer no one a tarnished name. First and foremost he must now stand up and fight that calumny—"come out of his shell," as Waldron had said, and give people a chance to see what manner of man he was. God helping him, he would, and that without delay.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Mrs. Rayner, ill in mind and body, had yielded to her lord's entreaties and determined to start eastward with her sister without delay. Packing was already begun. Miss Travers had promised herself that she would within thirty-six hours put Mr. Hayne in possession of certain facts or theories which in her opinion bore strongly upon the "clearing up" of the case against him; Mr. Hayne had determined that he would see Maj. Waldron on the coming day and begin active efforts towards the restoration of his social rights; the doctor had about decided on a new project for inducing Clancy to unbosom himself of what he knew; Capt. Rayner, tired of the long struggle, was almost ready to welcome anything which should establish his subaltern's innocence, and was on the point of asking for six months' leave just as soon as he had arranged for Clancy's final discharge from service; he had reasons for staying at the post until that Hibernian household was fairly and squarely removed; and Mrs. Clancy's plan was to take Mike to the distant east, "where she had frinds." There were other schemes and projects, no doubt, but these mainly concerned our leading characters, and one and all they were put to the right about by the events of the following day.

The colonel, with his gruff second in command, Maj. Stannard, had been un-

The driver caught sight of Lieut. Hayne waving his hand.

der orders for several days to proceed on this particular date to a large town a day's journey eastward by rail. A court martial composed mainly of field officers was ordered there to assemble for the trial of an old captain of cavalry whose propensity it was not so much to get drunk as never to get drunk without concomitant publicity and discovery. It was a rare thing for the old war dog to take so much as a glass of wine; he went for months without it; but the instant he began to drink he was moved to do or say something disreputable, and that was the trouble now. He was an unlucky old trooper, who had risen from the lowest grades, fought with credit, and even, at times, commanded his regiment during the war; but war records could not save him when he wouldn't save himself, and he had to go. The court was ordered, and the result was a foregone conclusion. The colonel, his adjutant and Maj. Stannard were to drive to town during the afternoon and take the east bound train, leaving Maj. Waldron in command of the post; but before guard mounting a telegram was received, which was sent from department headquarters the evening before, announcing that one of the officers detailed for the court was seriously ill and directing Maj. Waldron to take his place. So it resulted in the post being left to the command of the senior captain present for duty, and that man was Capt. Buxton. He had never had so big a command before in all his life.

Maj. Waldron of course had to go home and make his preparations. Mr. Hayne, therefore, had brief opportunity to speak with him. It was seen, however, that they had a short talk together on the major's piazza, and that when they parted the major shook him warmly and cordially by the hand. Rayner, Buxton, Ross and some juniors happened to be coming down along the walk at the moment, and, seeing them, as though with pointed meaning the major called out, so that all could hear:

"By the way, Hayne, I wish you would drop in occasionally while I'm gone and take Mrs. Waldron out for a walk or drive; my horses are always at your service. And—a—I'll write to you about that matter the moment I've had a chance to talk with the colonel—to-morrow, probably." And Hayne touched his cap in parting salute, and went blithely off with brightened eye and rising color.

Buxton glowered after him a moment, and conversation suddenly ceased in their party. Finally he blurted out:

"Strikes me your major might do a good deal better by himself and his regiment by standing up for its morale and discipline than by openly flaunting his favoritism for convicts in our faces. If I were in your regiment I'd cut him."

"You wouldn't have to," muttered one of the group to his neighbor; "the cut would have been on the other side long ago." And the speaker was Buxton's own subaltern.

Rayner said nothing. His eyes were troubled and anxious, and he looked after Hayne with an expression far more wearied than vindictive.

"The major is fond of music, captain," said Mr. Ross, with mischievous intent. "He hasn't been to the club since the night you sang 'Eileen Alanna.' That was about the time Hayne's piano came."

"Yes," put in Foster, "Mrs. Waldron says he goes and owls Hayne now night after night just to hear him play."

"It would be well for him, then, if he kept a better guard on Mr. Hayne's other visitors," said Buxton, with a black scowl. "I don't know how you gentlemen in the Riflers look upon such matters, but in the —th the man who dared to introduce a woman of the town into his quarters would be kicked out in short order."

"You don't mean to say that anybody accuses Hayne of that, do you?" asked Ross, in amaze.

"I do—just that. Only, I say this to you, it has but just come to light, and only one or two know it. To prove it positively he's got to be allowed more rope; for he got her out of the way last time before we could clinch the matter. If he suspects it is known he won't repeat it; if kept to ourselves he will probably try it again—and be caught. Now I charge you all to regard this as confidential."

"But, Capt. Buxton," said Ross, "this is so serious a matter that I don't like to believe it. Who can prove such a story?"

"Of course not, Mr. Ross. You are quite ready to treat a man as a thief, but can't believe he'll do any other that is disreputable. That is characteristic of your style of reasoning," said Buxton, with biting sarcasm.

"You can't wither me with contempt, Capt. Buxton. I have a right to my opinion, and I have known Mr. Hayne for years, and if I did believe him guilty of one crime five years ago I'm not so ready to believe him guilty of another now. This isn't—isn't like Hayne."

"No, of course not, as I said before. Now, will you tell me, Mr. Ross, just why Mr. Hayne chose that ramshackle old shanty out there on the prairie, all by himself, unless it was to be where he could have his chosen companions with him at night, and no one be the wiser?"

"I don't pretend to fathom his motives, sir; but I don't believe it was for any such purpose as you seem to think."

"In other words, you think I'm circulating baseless scandal, do you?"

"I have said nothing of the kind; and I protest against your putting words into my mouth I never used."

"You intimated as much, anyhow, and you plainly don't believe it."

"Well, I don't believe—that is, I don't see how it could happen."

"Couldn't the woman drive out from town after dark, send the carriage back, and have it call for her again in the morning?" asked Buxton.

"Possibly. Still, it isn't a proved fact that a woman spent the night at Hayne's, even if a carriage was seen coming out. You've got hold of some Sudsville gossip, probably," replied Ross.

"I have, have I? By God, sir, I'll teach you better manners before we get through with this question. Do you know who saw the carriage, and who saw the woman, both at Hayne's quarters?"

"Certainly I don't! What I don't understand is how you should have been made the recipient of the story."

"Mr. Ross, just govern your tongue, sir, and remember you are speaking to your superior officer, and don't venture to treat my statement with disrespect hereafter. I saw it myself."

"You!" gulped Ross, while amaze and incredulity shot across his startled face.

"You!" exclaimed others of the group, in evident astonishment and dismay. Rayner alone looked unchanged. It was no news to him, while to every other man in the party it was a shock. Up to that instant the prevailing belief had been with Ross that Buxton had found some garrison gossip and was building an edifice thereon. His positive statement, however, was too much for the most incredulous.

"Now what have you to say?" he asked, in rude triumph.

There was no answer for a moment; then Ross spoke:

"Of course, Capt. Buxton, I withdraw any expression of doubt. It never occurred to me that you could have seen it. May I ask when and how?"

"The last time I was officer of the day, sir; and Capt. Rayner is my witness as to the time. Others, whom I need not mention, saw it with me. There is no mistake, sir. The woman was there." And Buxton stood enjoying the effect.

Ross looked white and dazed. He turned slowly away, hesitated, looked back, then exclaimed:

"You are sure it was—it was not some one that had a right to be there?"

"How could it be?" said Buxton, gruffly. "You know he has not an acquaintance in town, or here, who could be with him there at night."

"Does the commanding officer know of it?" asked Mr. Royce, after a moment's silence.

"I am the commanding officer, Mr. Royce," said Buxton, with majestic dignity—"at least I will be after 12 o'clock; and you may depend upon it, gentlemen, this thing will not occur while I am in command without its receiving the exact treatment it deserves. Remember, now, not a word of this to anybody. You are as much interested as I am in bringing to justice a man who will disgrace his uniform and his regiment and insult every lady in the garrison by such an act. This sort of thing of course will run him out of the service for good and all. We simply have to be sure of our ground and make the evidence conclusive. Leave that to me the next time it happens. I repeat, say nothing of this to any one."

But Rayner had already told his wife.

Just as Maj. Waldron was driving off to the station that bright April afternoon, and his carriage was whirling through the east gate, the driver caught sight of Lieut. Hayne running up Prairie avenue, waving his hand and shouting to him. He reigned in his spirited bays with some difficulty, and Hayne finally caught up with them.

"What is it, Hayne?" asked Waldron, with kindly interest, leaning out of his carriage.

"They will be back to-night, sir. Here is a telegram that has just reached me."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am not to be here to welcome them; but Mrs. Waldron will be delighted, and she will come to call the moment you let her know. Keep them till I get back, if you possibly can."

"Ay, ay, sir. Good-by."

"Good-by, Hayne. God bless you, and—good luck!"

[*To be Continued*]

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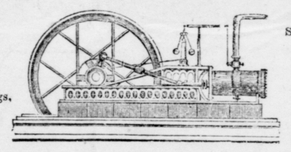

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CHATHAM RAILWAY.

WINTER 1889-90.

ON and after MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH, Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows

GOING NORTH.

LOCAL TIME TABLE. No 1 EXPRESS.		No.3 ACCOM'DATION	THROUGH TIME TABLE.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM'DATION.
Leave Chatham,	10.00 p. m.	2.55 p.m.	Leave Chatham,	10.00 p. m.	2.55 p m
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	10.30 "	3.23 "	Arrive Bathurst,	12.18 a. m.	6.05 "
Leave " "	10.35 "	3.28 "	" Campbellton,	2.15 "	9.15 "
Arrive Chatham,	11.00 "	3.58 "			

GOING SOUTH.

LOCAL TIME TABLE. No. 2 EXPRESS.		No.4 ACCOM'DATION	THROUGH TIME TABLE.	EXPRESS	ACCOM'DATION
Chatham, Leave,	4.40 a m	11.30 a m	Leave Chatham,	4.40 a m	11.30 a m
Chatham Junc n, Arrive,	5.10 "	12.00 "	Arrive Moncton,	7 30 a m	3.25 p m
" " Leave,	5.15 "	12.05 p m	" St John	11.10	7.25
Chatham Arrive,	5.40 "	12.30 "	" Halifax	2.10	11.35

Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs through to St. John, and Halifax and with the Express going North which lies over at Campbellton.

Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial.

☞ *Pullman Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifax Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and from Halifax Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.*

The above Table is made up on I. C. Railway standard time, which is 75th meridian time.

All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signaled.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage Custom House Entry or other charge

Special attention given to Shipmen of Fish

NORTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

WINTER Arrangement.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 25th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway as follows:—

CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON.	EXPRESS,	FREIGHT.	FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM.	EXPRESS,	FREIGHT.
Chatham	6 30 a m	7 15 a m	Fredericton	2 40 p m	7 00 a m
" Junction	7 00 "	8 00 "	Gibson	2 45 "	7 10 "
Blackville	8 05 "	9 15 "	Marysville	2 58 "	7 30 "
Doaktown	9 25 "	10 50 "	Cross Creek	4 10 "	9 10 "
Boiestown	10 26 "	11 50 "	Boiestown	5 20 "	10 35 "
Cross Creek	11 30 "	1 20 p m	Doaktown	6 10 "	11 35 "
Marysville	12 45 p m	3 05 "	Blackville	7 25 "	1 20 p m
Gibson	12 55 "	3 20 "	Chatham Junction	8 20 "	3 05 "
Fredericton	1 00 "	3 25 "	Chatham	9 00 "	3 30 "

N. B. The above EXPRESS TRAINS will run *daily* Sundays excepted. The FREIGHT TRAIN from Fredericton to Chatham will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to Fredericton on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays.

The above trains will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations:—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the N. B. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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The Subscriber has opened an office for the transaction of business in the above line in the flat over Mr. W. R. Gould's Jewellery Emporium, where he will be found at all hours of the day and evening, ready to attend to the wants of such as may require his services in the above line.

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Chatham, April 3rd, 1890.

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WM. TROY.

Chatham, April 2nd, 1890.

Revere House for Sale.

The property so well known as the Revere House, Water Street, Chatham, including the Hotel building, Bowling Alley, Stables etc., is offered for sale. If a purchaser is not found before May 10th it will then be sold at public auction on the premises at 2 o'clock p m, Apply to L J Tweedie, Chatham, or

DANIEL DESMOND, Campbellton.

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Chatham, 13th March.

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On Wednesday, 2nd July, on the premises, the subscriber's farm in Napan, containing 140 acres more or less 80 rods wide in front, 50 acres cleared. Cuts annually 12 to 15 tons brook hay. Well watered, good cedar fencing, school convenient, 3 barns and dwelling house. Sold in 2 lots if desired. Payments in 4 or 5 years if wanted. For particulars—Apply to

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NOTICE.

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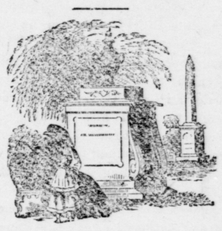

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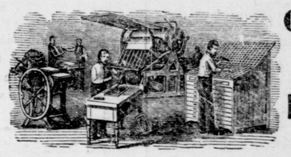

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