

RENT PAID IN GROCERIES

Private House and Office Rent Paid in Groceries Taken

FROM SOLDIERS HOME AT MILFORD

Old Soldiers Crowded Out to Make Room for Relatives and Friends of Officials—How State Funds Are Uselessly Squandered by Populist Officials.

Without a doubt the most open and flagrant corruption practiced in any of the state institutions is practiced at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Milford.

Officials of the Home have gone so far as to appropriate public property to their private use; as to pay private bills such as house and office rent, with groceries and provisions bought with state funds; as to dispose of public property and not properly account for the same; as to purchase clothing and fancy furnishing goods for relatives and have them put on the books as groceries and pay for them out of moneys belonging to the state; and as to fill the building with relatives and friends and furnish them with bed, board and lodging at the expense of the state. In short, there is scarcely an offense associated with the saving and obtaining of money fraudulently that has not been committed by some one or another connected with the Home.

James Fowler succeeded Captain Culver as commandant of the Home about four years ago. From the time he assumed control up to the present he has kept both hands on the public teat. After getting his own name on the pay roll at \$900 per year, with bed and board, he set out to have his wife's name placed there also, and he finally succeeded in causing the removal of Matron Ferguson and the appointment of his wife, who is now on the pay roll as matron at \$450 per year, though at this time there is not a female ward in the building.

Though drawing \$40 per month for performing the duties of matron, Mrs. Fowler, wife of the commandant, has spent a goodly portion of her time visiting relatives and friends in other parts of the state. At one time she left the Home and was gone for several weeks, while the only female inmate of the Home, Sarah Prime, the aged and helpless widow of an old soldier, lay on her sick bed and had to be attended by the old soldier inmates. Mrs. Fowler remained away, and, finally, feeble, sick and penniless, poor old Sarah Prime was hauled to the depot and left on the platform with only \$3 in her possession and no place to go or lay her head.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.
Nor did Commandant Fowler content himself with placing his wife's name on the pay roll. He went further and converted the Home into a family boarding house. At various times he has had himself, his wife, his two sons and their wives, his two daughters, and a grand child, all sleeping and eating at the Home at the expense of the state. Half of the entire second story is occupied by the commandant and his relatives and friends. It is charged, and, presumably on good authority, that fancy linen, laces and material for female nether apparel have been purchased for the daughters and daughters-in-law of a certain official at the expense of the state. In making these purchases, rumor says that the bills and vouchers were made out for groceries, provisions or other material, so as to cover up the transaction. The fact that the commandant has purchased oysters and other eatables of a luxurious character and had the bills and vouchers made out as butter and other staples in the grocery and provision line is a fact which he himself can not truthfully deny. Nor is it likely that he will or dare deny that he has permitted Dr. Tracy, the physician in charge at the Home, to take flour, sugar, coffee and canned goods from the store room of the Home—goods paid for by the state and ostensibly bought for the Home, and pay house and office rent with them.

RENT PAID IN GROCERIES.
The physician in charge at the Home is Dr. S. P. Tracy. Shortly after Fowler was appointed commandant he issued rations to Dr. Tracy, something which had never before been done, and which is clearly in violation of law. This was kept up for some time until finally, to avoid threatened exposure, it was to all outward appearances stopped by order of the Board of Public Lands and Buildings.

It was a sad day for Tracy when this edict was promulgated. For Dr. Tracy had a very nice thing of it. He not only received rations, but he had access to the store room, with the opportunity of helping himself. It was while this condition of affairs prevailed that he hit upon the plan of paying his house and office rent in groceries and provisions.

He rented an office from an aged widow named Diantha Brown. When asked if it were true that Dr. Tracy paid his rent in groceries, Mrs. Brown said:

"Yes, Dr. Tracy, on divers occasions, brought me flour, sugar, canned goods, tea and the like. He told me he got the articles from the Soldiers' Home. I asked him to give me some coal, but he said he could not do it, as they did not give him much of that. I think the last groceries he gave me was in 1898. He moved out of my building owing me \$50 back rent, and I have his note for \$50 at this time for rent, which he owes, only \$10 of which has been paid. I don't remember just how much groceries he gave me in all. I remember at one time he brought me a whole sack of flour."

Mrs. Brown is a widow and is 83 years of age. She is an old citizen of Milford and has a large number of relatives residing in that vicinity, any of whom stand high in public esteem. Dr. Tracy has for six years occupied a house owned by J. D. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham was asked as to whether Dr. Tracy ever paid any portion of his rent in groceries or provisions. He said:

"Yes, I have received some of the rent in that way. He has given me flour, groceries and canned goods. I

cannot say just how much it all amounted to. He is owing me back rent now, but I have reduced his rent and have required him to pay part of the back rent each month, so that he is catching up. As for groceries, I cannot say where he got them. All I know is that he brought them to my house and gave them to me in payment of rent."

An old soldier who was formerly connected with the Home, in such a position as to speak authoritatively, and whose name is not mentioned herein, through fear of his expulsion from the Home, stated that he had seen Dr. Tracy go to the store room, unlock the door and go in and help himself. He had a key and was privileged to take what he wanted. On one occasion, this authority states, he took, among other things, a whole sack of sugar.

Dr. Tracy has his horse pastured at the expense of the state, but whether he is still receiving an allowance of rations, nobody outside the Home appears to know to a certainty.

Dr. Tracy has considerable professional practice outside the Home, but the drugists of the town say that he has very few private prescriptions filled by them. This may explain in part the depletion of the "drug and surgical instrument" fund of the Home, in face of the fact that there has been little sickness at the Home within the last eighteen months.

MANIPULATING THE FUNDS.
The manner in which the funds are being manipulated approaches and reflects criminality. The last legislature appropriated for the Home \$37,474. Of this, \$500 was for furniture and bedding. This fund is practically exhausted, and the vouchers that should be drawn against it and against no other fund, have been drawn against other funds. In one instance a voucher for nearly \$40 was drawn on the "clothing and maintenance" fund for carpets, fringe and window shades.

Of the funds received from sale of state property, such as stock and produce raised on the grounds of the Home, timber cut and sold, and the pasturing of stock, little is known of their disposition. None of this money has ever been paid into the treasury, and no report of it has ever been made to the auditor. It is kept by the commandant for "emergency" purposes, though the receipts amount to more than \$300 per year. The commandant reports the amount of money received to the governor semi-annually. The report for the first half of the present year should have been filed with the governor June 1st, but up to July 27 no report was on file. Inquiry at the governor's office elicited the information that "the report had been offered for filing, but it contained errors and was sent back for correction."

About \$1,500 worth of timber was cut from the grounds several months ago. Much of it was sold, but this far no complete report has been made of it. About a dozen head of cattle and horses have been pastured at the Home all spring and summer, but there is nothing in the reports on file which account for any part of this money. In the last year fully 200 chickens were disposed of in one way and another, yet the reports account for less than half that number. Other property has passed through the hands of the officials, but neither the records at the Home nor the reports on file with the governor, disclose what has been done with the proceeds.

In cutting the timber much damage was done the ground from a picturesque point of view, and, while the commandant affected to make it appear that the foliage was not destroyed through ulterior motives, there is every reason to believe that the primary object was to swell the "emergency" fund.

The "labor" fund is exhausted, the employees not having received any pay since June 1st, thus making a large deficiency in this fund inevitable. June 30 there remains in the Furniture and Bedding Fund only \$8.72; in the Drug and Surgical Instrument Fund only \$29.75; in the Fuel and Light Fund, \$251.10; Maintenance and Clothing, for which \$8,000 was appropriated, \$2,968; Stock, Feed and Farm Implement Fund, \$63.13; Visiting and Examining Board Fund, \$81.80.

It will be seen by the foregoing that there is scarcely a fund whose condition is not such at this time as to foreshadow a deficiency at the end of the year.

In connection with this it may be well to call attention to the fact that, while the law requires Commandant Fowler, among other things, to make a report December 1st, of each year to the Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, setting forth the number of inmates admitted and discharged, receipts, disbursements and expenditures of money or other funds (see section 4964 Revised Statutes, 1899), yet J. H. Perkinson is adjutant at the Home and draws a salary of \$25 per month and board, washing and lodging. In the official reports of the Home and in his official duties he is known only as adjutant. To evade the law in making out vouchers for his pay, however, he is made to appear as "Commissary Sergeant." Thus, in the records at the Home and in the official reports he is one thing, and in the voucher record in the auditor's office he is another. Under neither title is it lawful for him to draw money from the state. When Captain Culver was commandant, under a republican administration, he had his son perform the duties of adjutant, but he never claimed any pay for him and none was ever allowed.

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF OLD SOLDIERS.
Reports of inhuman treatment of old soldiers at the Home are numerous. Only those who have been there and left the Home, however, dare utter a protest. Commandant Fowler rules with a hand of tyranny, and any one

who dares to complain of treatment received at the Home, or say anything reflecting on the management, is under pain at once of summary discharge for "disgraceful conduct."

A few weeks ago an old soldier named Martin V. BeVard was dishonorably discharged from the Home, and his only offense was that some time before that he protested to the governor against an unlawful assessment that was being levied upon the inmates by the commandant.

Last year, for six months, the commandant levied an assessment of 60 cents per month on all the pensioned inmates to raise funds for "help" in the dining room. All told, about \$36 per month was collected, there being about sixty inmates. Out of this fund four inmates received \$5 per month each as waiters in the dining room. Where the remaining \$16 went to nobody but Commandant Fowler appears to know. Prior to this it was customary to detain inmates for this class of work, and, to all appearances, it had been satisfactory. BeVard was one of those who had the courage to protest against the tax, but this protest counted for nothing. Finally, the inmates raised \$1 to pay BeVard's expenses to Lincoln and he went there and laid the facts before Governor Poynter. Governor Poynter was not disposed to interfere, but when informed by BeVard that the matter would be laid before the authorities at Washington, he said he would see that it was stopped immediately. From that day a few weeks ago, when BeVard was dishonorably discharged, Fowler made it anything but pleasant for him. Finally, a few weeks ago, BeVard, without any other cause, was dishonorably discharged, and against his appeals to permit him to remain another week until he got his pension, was turned out on the world among strangers, a penniless and helpless object of charity. Another old soldier named Gresham, who has scarcely a crumb of bread to spare, finding BeVard lying in the weeds and suffering from a running sore in the leg and moaning from rheumatic pains, took him in and gave him something to eat. From the 3rd to the 10th of July BeVard ate at Gresham's little cabin, but, as there was only one bed and one room, he had to look elsewhere for lodging. Poverty-stricken, sick, helpless and alone the old veteran wandered about in the night until he found a shed, almost in the shadow of the Home, where he crawled in and slept. For seven nights he slept there on the hard plank floor, with no companion but the stars and nothing to shield him from the storms and the elements but the will of Providence. Exposure and dampness, both incentives to asthma and rheumatic affections, had further impaired his health, and when he got his pension and left Milford, his suffering was so intense that tears coursed down his cheeks.

BeVard had a splendid war record, having served four years as a Union soldier, part of the time in the famous brigade commanded by General Mulligan. He enlisted as a private in Battery L, First Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Light Artillery. For eighty days he was a prisoner of war in Libby Prison, having been captured while gallantly defending a vantage point known as Four Mile Ford on the Potomac. He is well known among the railroad men of Nebraska, having worked on the various railroads off and on for about twenty-eight years.

Speaking of the treatment accorded old soldiers at the Home, William G. Gresham, a former inmate, said:

"The fact is, Fowler despises the Grand Army of the Republic. I know whereof I speak, when I say he hates old soldiers. I myself, spent some time at the Home. Since he has been there, I tried to put up with the abuses but could not."

Called them Yankee Bummers.
"I have heard Harry Fowler's wife," continued Mr. Gresham, "call old soldiers 'Yankee Bummers' and 'Yankee Rebels' right to their face. Now, it is harsh under any conditions to apply any such names to old soldiers, and when you consider that she was the daughter of a notorious confederate, who was a lieutenant in Quantrell's army you can readily realize the magnitude of the insult. The old boys knew who and what she was, but she was the daughter-in-law of the commandant and we had to put up with her jeers, snubs and insults and say nothing."

"Now, there is Perkinson. Think of putting a young man scarcely old enough to vote in as adjutant where he exercises authority over a lot of men three times his age.

"I took my second discharge some time ago and I hope to be able to make a living for myself and mother, doing such work as I can get around town for the rest of our days. Mother (meaning his wife) was discharged from the Home shortly after I left. Fowler did not like me. She is 69 years old and I am 65. She was there two years, and in that time she allowed only two calico dresses, worth about 50 cents each, and two pairs of cheap shoes, amounting in all to less than \$19. The government allows \$25 per year for clothing and shoes for each inmate, but that is all mother could get."

"There is no use talking, the Home is shamefully mismanaged. I, for one, have seen the commandant in a condition that convinced me that he was under the influence of liquor. At one time I remember he had to be assisted up the stairs, and I was that near to him that I detected the odor of whiskey."

"Then there is that man Benton, the steward. He draws \$20 per month and board and lodging, besides money he makes on the side. He is rich and owns lots of property, but he is the steward, though there is no more need of a steward than there is for two governors at Lincoln.

"I do not wish to present myself in the light of an outlaw, but let me tell you that we were being so badly treated at the Home at one time that a rope was purchased with a view to disciplining and making an example of one or more of the officials. I have the rope in my house at the present time. It was not used for that purpose, but it came very near being."

"I wish some of the alleged veterans who are sending out appeals for votes for fusion could come here and see what fusion has done for the veterans."

Mr. Gresham was a member of Company B, Nineteenth Iowa Infantry, and saw four years' of terrible service, having been wounded three times. These are the type of men Commandant Fowler's daughter-in-law called Yankee Rebels. Could any affront be more wanton and cruel?

When Fowler came to Milford it is reported that he wore a Grand Army button in the lapel of his coat. Some time afterwards it disappeared. When asked by one of the veterans outside of the Home where it was, he said:

"I really am not entitled to wear it. Besides, I am not much of a G. A. R. man anyhow."

A BUNGLING JOB.
Within the last year an addition has been built to the Home at a cost of \$5,000. The contract for brick and stone work was let to a fusion contractor at Lincoln, as was also the contract for plumbing. The brick and mason work is far short of a first-class job. Very little cement was used in the foundation, and the outer layer in the walls reveals the fact that a very large number of broken brick and brick-bats was used in constructing the building. Much of the brick work was done by stone masons, presumably because the wages of stone masons are lower. The construction of the building was not supervised, and the contractors followed the plans and specifications in a way to suit themselves. The work was so poorly performed that even a thick coat of red paint fails to thoroughly disguise it.

A national and local contractor named Blake from Lincoln had the building contract and he left the town owing a board bill for his men at the Grand hotel of \$58, and labor bills aggregating \$75.

LOOSE BUSINESS METHODS.
Loose business methods prevail at the Home. Not an article delivered from the stores at the Home is weighed. Seldom are the goods checked over to see if the delivery is in accordance with bills rendered. In connection with this it is reported that tobacco is bought at the state's expense and again sold at the Home. No positive proof of this could be found, though there are people who say that it is true. It has been customary for certain of the officials to keep tobacco on sale at the Home, and rumor has it that some of the tobacco purchased at the expense of the state has found its way into such private sources. Considerable tobacco is used at the Home. The inmates are allowed to smoke in the assembly room and there only, but the commandant may be seen at almost any hour going all through the building puffing smoke like a six-wheeled "mogul" going up grade. He breathes his own rules with impunity. If any of the inmates would dare to attempt to exercise like privileges they would be "dishonorably discharged" instantly.

VISITING COMMITTEE.
Perhaps the most palpable fraud on the taxpayers is the so called "Visiting and Examining Board." This committee pays a visit to the Home once a month, ostensibly to audit the books, but in reality to have a pleasure trip without cost to themselves. The members are allowed \$4 per day each and their expenses. One woman from Lincoln, who is a member of the committee, invariably leaves Lincoln after supper time and waits until she gets to the Home before dining. She reaches there about 8 o'clock in the evening, and a sumptuous spread is laid for her. Her train does not leave Lincoln until after 6 o'clock, giving her ample time to have supper, or 6 o'clock dinner at home before she starts.

Between fraud, loose management and needless expense, the cost per capita the last few years at the Home has been greater by 15 per cent than formerly. The state would actually save money by paying the board and lodging of the veterans at good hotels and in addition giving them a reasonable allowance for clothing.

SHOULD SUPPRESS FORAGING.
Some steps should be taken to suppress foraging by fusion officials and their friends. At the Home, S. A. Langford and wife are on the pay roll for doing the laundry work at \$22 per month, board and lodging. This work was formerly done by inmates. The change was made to make room for the Langfords who are populists. Three inmates were shifted out of their quarters to make room for the Langfords.

Adjutant Perkinson occupies quarters formerly occupied by four inmates.

It is charged that Superintendent Edwards has practiced false economy, in that she has gone so far as to solicit prices from firms or business houses as far away as Chicago, and at the same time has put the state to the loss of ten times the amount she would thus save by keeping relatives and friends at the Home at the state's expense. The voucher record at Lincoln shows a slight jugglery of the funds of this institution, newspaper subscription in one instance having been charged up to the "burial" fund.

One improvement might be made, and that is, in putting a stop to the practice of permitting the steward of the Soldiers' Home to come to the institution and pose as a minister of the gospel and collect money from the inmates for performing that service. There are ministers of the gospel in Milford, schooled in Biblical lore, who would no doubt for the asking cheerfully perform the service without taxing the unfortunate inmates. Upon the whole, however, the management of this institution is far better than the average.

Only recently Mrs. Benton, wife of the hospital steward, paid a protracted visit to the Home. She was accompanied by a lady friend from Crete who also remained at the Home for a considerable length of time.

Two of Commandant Fowler's daughters, who are attending the State University, are now spending their vacation at the Home, where they have always spent it. Two of his sons are frequently there.

A private dining room is maintained for these guests and sumptuous repasts are spread, for all of which the dear people of Nebraska must step up to the captain's desk and settle.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
There is another state institution at Milford known as the Industrial School for Girls. This institution, though not entirely free from spoliation, is perhaps less tainted with it than any other in the state. So far as discipline is concerned it is due to Mrs. Edwards, the superintendent, to say

In the Desert

A Story Illustrating the Horrors of War

By H. B. WELSH...

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"You have come?" he said, pantingly, his voice so weak she could hardly hear what he said. "It is good—brave—of you. If you knew all you would shrink from me—with loathing."

"No, no!" she said quickly. "None of us have a right to do that to another, Major Rayburn. If you have wronged me in any way, and are sorry for it, I forgive you freely, as I hope to be forgiven."

"God bless you for these words!" he said, weakly. "I have never known an hour's happiness since I vowed that, if you would not be mine, you should never be another man's. I am bad enough, God knows; but not so bad as that."

And then, weakly and pantingly, he told her all.

"I knew where the Khalifa was," he said. "I had a black boy who had deserted from his camp in my boy, and he told me. I felt confident Cleland would take that direction, and sooner or later fall into their clutches. And I believe he has done so. I believe he is still there, unless he is—dead."

He paused. Adrienne lifted her head to speak, but he went on rapidly:

"I have more to tell you. Wait! It is about myself. I wish to tell you that you may tell Doctor Margaret Crawford, who is in Cairo just now."

"I joined the army under a false name. My real name is, strangely enough, the same as that of the man I counted my enemy. It is Paul Story Cleland. We spell it with two 'a's.' We were not connected in any way with the other Clelands. It is a common enough name in Scotland."

"Dr. Margaret Crawford's father believed that he had done me a great wrong—he had altered a cheque of my father's which I went to cash. But I had committed a greater crime. I had forged my father's name to it! The shock killed my father. I left home, changed my name, joined the army, and worked my way upwards from the ranks."

"That is all. Will you tell Doctor Crawford? It is possible her father may have told her."

"I will tell her," whispered Adrienne. Her lips were as white as death. With a woman's intuition she had guessed the whole truth; the dying confession had been to her as a revelation.

"Will you also say once more—that you forgive me?" asked the dying man. His voice was almost gone now.

Adrienne bent her head for a moment; then suddenly she laid her hand on the fingers that were so restlessly toying with the white fringe of the coverlet.

"I forgive you," she said, slowly, and may God in His great mercy also grant you forgiveness. We all have need of that forgiveness, and of His great help."

A strange sound left the dying man's lips. It startled Adrienne, who beckoned to the nurse who had just entered the room. Ere the nurse had reached his bedside all was over. Paul Cleland, so long known as Philip Rayburn, had gone into the presence of the only Judge who dare temper justice with mercy.

CHAPTER IX.

"Yield, you Christian dog! Become a Moslem, or, by Allah, you die! Look out there and see the end of those who have refused to bow to Islam or yield to the power of the Khalifa!"

Paul Cleland staggered feebly to the door of the miserable hut, in whose black and filthy depths he had spent the last few days, and looked out on the scene pointed out to him by his grim gaoler. It was one that might make the boldest shudder.

It was Metemneh—the corpse of a town. The mud houses were mere shells—broken beams, tattered curtains fluttering in the breeze, shattered roofs, through which the rain poured. Facing Cleland and his guardian stood a strange construction of wood—two upright posts with a crossbar between. Below lay some brown palm-fringe rope, and mixed with it a decaying mass of human bones.

"Then, by the sword of the prophet, you have chosen your own fate!" exclaimed the fierce fanatic. He turned away from Cleland and uttered a peculiar call.

In answer to it half a dozen black-bearded, fierce-eyed dervishes sprang as it were from the earth itself—in reality, out of some of the trenches near at hand—and came to his side. Osman uttered his instructions in low, rapid tones, and two of the tallest and strongest, coming forward, laid each a hand under Cleland's arm, and led him forward towards that awful black thing facing him.

Then he knew that the end had come at last. Without preparation he was to be hurled out of life into the great Unknown beyond. In five minutes more he would be beyond all hope of rescue or escape—he would be in eternity.

Only those who have seen death thus suddenly near at hand know how dear life is to all. "The weariest and most loathed worldly life" becomes the most precious of all possessions, because to lose it is to lose all that we have ever been familiar with.

Thus Cleland felt for a moment; but it was only for a moment.

One thought of Margaret—rare, pale Margaret, soon to be separated from him more completely than ever she had been by the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea"—who might never even hear of his death; one passionate, mute farewell—"Good-bye, my love, my one, first and last love. We shall meet some day, some day, Margaret"—and then his thoughts were turned to the solemn moment before him.

"My God, I commit myself into Thy hands. Thou wilt keep me, for I have trusted in Thee." The wordless prayer in his heart might so have been translated.

They were at the gallows now. One of the dervishes held Cleland, while the other skillfully threw a long strand of brown rope into a noose. It was finished; he was just about to throw it over Cleland's neck, when—

A wild shriek broke on the sultry air, the sound of galloping horses accompanied it; and Cleland, looking up, saw many-colored flags and banners floating on the air. At the same moment Osman's voice was heard calling something in Arabic. At the sound the dervish who held the rope dropped it, and turned from Cleland with a scowl.

The next moment Osman himself approached.

"It is the will of Allah you should be spared just now," he said, addressing Cleland. Then to the dervishes: "Take him back to the hut."

But Cleland, unable to stand any longer from sheer weakness, had dropped on the ground. They lifted him up and carried him to the hut, where he was chained to a huge stone. Presently he recovered himself a little, and was able to get up to his feet.

Then he was conscious of a great noise outside—braying of donkeys, stamping of horses' feet, the shrill cries of Arabs, the sound of camels' heavy tread. It lasted for about ten minutes, then suddenly ceased, and perfect silence succeeded it.

It reigned so long that Cleland felt vaguely uneasy. He moved at last slowly across the hut, and, by pushing away some of the brushwood, was able to look out.

The place was deserted! There was not a tent, a donkey, a camel, or an Arab to be seen. He was alone—alone and chained up like a dog, with little or no hope of being able to release himself.

Even if he could, what then? He knew he was at Metemneh, in the heart of the desert, without food or drink. Even if he were free could he ever find his way to the British camp? He had no idea as to where they were; he had not even heard that they were again on the move.

Despair came to Cleland. It would have been better if they had killed him at once. Swift death was to be preferred to this fearful thought of dying inch by inch.

Still, he must do something rather than lie down in inaction and despair. He would try to file away his chain that bound him.

It was five days later when the Anglo-Egyptian troops marched through Metemneh on their southward way.

"A town of the dead! But, good heavens! what is that, Reid?" exclaimed Colonel Beauchamp, as he rode by the side of one of his subalterns, pointing to the hut. "I could almost fancy there seems to me something like a man lying there on the sand!"

A moment later the command "Halt!" was given; the moving mass of camels and men came to a dead stop. The colonel and his subalterns dismounted and ran up to the hut.

True enough, there was a man in British attire, lying there on his face. They turned him over; the colonel uttered a startled exclamation!

"Oh, God! it's Paul Cleland!"

He was to all appearances dead. They raised him up, poured brandy and water down his throat, and had at last the satisfaction of hearing him sigh faintly.

(To be continued.)