THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

State Library July 97

VOL. XXXIV BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1897. No. 15

Better Late Than Never.

ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE AND BICKEL'S GREAT ODD AND END SALE WILL CLOSE.

The Attention of Shrewd Cash Buyers is Called to This Adv.

The Following Goods Must Be Sold At Once.

180 pairs ladies' heavy shoes	$1 00
200 pairs child's grain shoes	65
150 pairs ladies' fine serge slippers	25
280 pairs good grain slippers	50
126 pairs men's double sole heavy shoes	1 00

50 Cases Rubber Boots and Shoes to be closed out Regardless of Cost. 50

The Above Mentioned Goods Are at Half Price.

READ ON,——DEAR READERS——READ ON,

300 pairs men's fine buff shoes	$1 25
400 pairs men's working shoes	95
98 pairs Russia calf shoes	1 50
130 pairs fine calf shoes (latest style)	2 00
200 pairs boy's fine shoes tipped	1 00
180 pairs youth's buff shoes	75

Large Stock of Men's and Boys' Plow Shoes, Cheap.

These goods are all warranted to be perfect in every respect and they are only sold at prices named on them to make room for the new goods. If you want to get some footwear cheap—take in this sale.

New Spring Goods

Arriving almost every day and too much cannot be said in praise of them. ASK to see our line of ladies' and gents chocolate, wine color and fine Dongola shoes, they are beauties, and also our line of Oxfords in different colors.

Repairing Done. REMEMBER THE PLACE.

JOHN BICKEL.

128, S. MAIN St. BUTLER, PA.

T. H. BURTON, T. H. BURTON,

"THE BEST

I've seen for the money," said an enthusiastic buyer who had visited every store, reserving ours for the last, "and when I leave my $12.00 I feel as if I had an $18.00 suit for it." Nothing new to us, we always did claim to give the best—always felt as if the public knew it too. We would like you to compare anything you see elsewhere for $10.00 or even $12.00 with our

$7.50.

T. H. BURTON, T. H. BURTON,

120 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA.

I'M NOBODY,

—BUT—

JUST G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor, 142 NORTH MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

Yet I know a few things, among others, that I am an up-to-date tailor —The Latest in CUT And WORKMANSHIP—in price—most moderate. Where else can you get such combinations? You do get them of us, the finest made-to-order clothing. Call and examine our large stock of goods, Remember The Place.

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor, 142 N. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

J. S. Young. J. S. Young.

I desire to thank the public for their very liberal patronage since I went into the merchant tailoring buiness, and to show my appreciation of the same; and in order to make room for the extensive line of spring goods that are daily arriving, I will sell anything in my stock at greatly reduced prices.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor.

101 S. MAIN St., - - BUTLER, PA

Punctuality is Power.

Hitch your business works to a good watch. But be sure it's in a Fahys Gold-filled Case,

And that you buy it from

E. GRIEB, THE JEWELER,

139 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

BUTLER COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company

Office cor. Main and Cunninghan Sts.

ALF. WICK, Pres.
GEO. KETTERER, Vice Pres.
L. S. McJUNKIN, Sec'y and Treas.

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Practical Horse Shoer

WILL ROBINSON, formerly Horse-Shoer at the Wick House has opened business in a shop in the rear of the Arlington Hotel, where he will do Horse-Shoeing in the most approved style.

TRACK AND ROAD HORSES A SPECIALTY.

NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE Your Clothing CLEANED or DYED

If you want good and reliable cleaning or dyeing done, there is just one place in town where you can get it, and that is at

THE BUTLER DYE WORKS

216 Center avenue.

☞ We do fine work in outdoor Photographs. This is the time of year to have a picture of your house. Give us a trial.

Agent for the Jamestown Sliding Blind Co.—New York.

R. FISHER & SON,

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Office on Main St. near Court House.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St, New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISIN.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Western Pennsylvania Division.

Schedule in effect Nov. 16 1896.

South.

	Week Days					
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
BUTLER....Leave	6 25	8 00	11 20	2 45	5 05	
Saxonburg...Arrive	6 54	8 25	11 43	3 10	5 28	
Butler Jct.... "	7 27	8 42	12 07	3 35	5 53	
Butler Jct....Leave	7 30	8 48	12 12	3 35	5 53	
Natrona.....Arrive	7 38	8 58	12 21	3 45	6 02	
Tarentum.....	7 42	9 03	12 26	3 52	6 07	
Springdale.....	7 50	9 12	12 38	4 02	....	
Claremont.....	....	9 25	12 53	4 16	6 27	
Sharpsburg.....	8 07	9 31	1 01	4 22	6 32	
Allegheny City.....	8 20	9 43	1 15	4 34	6 43	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations 7:40 A. M., 2:30 and 5 00 P. M.

North.

	Week Days					
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Allegheny City..Lv.	7 00	9 00	11 25	2 35	5 30	
Sharpsburg.....	7 11	9 12	11 37	2 50	....	
Claremont.....	....	9 19	11 45	2 58		
Springdale.....	....	9 30	11 59	3 15	5 57	
Tarentum.....	7 32	9 39	12 08	3 24	6 07	
Natrona.....	7 37	9 43	12 13	3 36	6 12	
Butler Jct.....Ar	7 45	9 50	12 23	3 48	6 20	
Butler Jct.....Lv	7 45	9 50	12 34	3 48	6 20	
Saxonburg.....	8 10	10 15	12 59	4 13	6 44	
BUTLER.....Ar.	8 35	10 38	1 29	4 38	7 10	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations 7:25 a. m., 12:30 and 7:15 P. M.

Week Days a. m.	a. m.	For the East	Week Days. p. m.	p. m.
11 20	6 25	Lv BUTLER...Ar	....	1 25
12 07	7 27	Ar Butler Jct Lv	....	12 34
3 13	pm 7 45	Lv Butler Jct Ar	8 30	12 34
3 18	7 49	Ar Freeport... Lv	8 28	12 30
3 22	7 53	" Allegh'y Jct "	8 24	12 26
3 33	8 04	" Leechburg.. "	8 12	12 12
3 50	8 21	" Paulton(Apollo"	7 56	11 55
4 18	8 51	" Saltsburg.... "	7 32	11 32
4 50	9 22	" Blairsville.... "	7 00	11 00
4 58	9 30	" Blairsville Int'n"	5 18	10 15
5 50	11 35	" Altoona..... "	3 25	8 00
1 00	3 10	" Harrisburg... "	11 45	3 10
4 30	6 23	" Philadelphia. "	8 30	11 20
a. m	p. m.		a. m	p. m

On Sunday, train leaving Butler 7:40 A. M., connects for Harrisburg, Altoona, and Philadelphia.

Through trains for the east leave Pittsburg (Union Station) as follows:—

Atlantic Express,	daily	3 10	A. M.
Pennsylvania Limited	"	7 15	"
Day Express,	"	7 30	"
Main Line Express	"	8 00	"
Philadelphia Express	"	4 30	P. M.
Eastern Express	"	7 05	"
Fast Line	"	8 10	"
Philad'a Mail, Sunday only		8 40	a. m.

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western District, cor Fifth Ave. and Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

M. HUTCHISON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passr. Agent.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Allegheny Short Line. Schedule in effect, July 19, 1896.

Butler Time,	Depart.	Arrive
Allegheny Accommodation...	6 25 am	9 25 am
Allegheny Flyer.....	8 15 am	10 00 am
Akron Mail.....	8 15 am	7 30 pm
New Castle Accomo.....	8 15 am	9 25 am
Allegheny Accomo.....	10 05 am	12 20 pm
Allegheny Express.....	2 55 pm	4 55 pm
Chicago Express.....	3 35 pm	12 20 pm
Allegheny Mail.....	6 05 pm	7 20 pm
Ellwood Accomo.....	6 05 pm	7 30 pm
Chicago Express.....	6 05 pm	9 25 am
Allegheny Express.....	....	8 00 pm
Kane and Bradford Mail....	10 05 am	5 20 pm
Clarion Accomo.....	5 15 pm	9 50 am
Foxburg Accomo.....	7 35 pm	8 05 am
SUNDAY TRAINS.		
DeForest Jct. Accomo.....	8 15 am	7 30 pm
Allegheny Accomo.....	....	10 00 am
Chicago Express.....	3 35 pm	4 55 pm
Allegheny Accomo.....	6 05 pm	4 55 pm

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and first-class Day Coaches run through between Butler and Chicago daily.

For through tickets to points in the West Northwest or Southwest apply to

A. B. CROUCH, Agent
Butler, Pa

Trains leave the B. & O. depot in Pittburg for the East as follows.

For Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, 7:30 and 9:20 p. m. Cumberland, 6:40, 7:30, a. m. 1:10, 9:20 p. m. Connellsville, 6:40, 7:30, a. m. 1.10, 4.30, 4.45, 5.30, 9.20 p. m. Uniontown, 7.30 a. m., 1.10, 4.30, 5.30 p. m. Uniontown, Morgantown and Fairmont, 7.30, a. m. and 5.30 p. m. Mt. Pleasant 6.40, 7.30 a. m. .10 and 4.30 p m. Washington, Pa., 7.40 and 9.20 a. m., 4.00, 4.45 and 9.00, 11.55 p. m. Wheeling, 7.40, and 9.20 a. m., and 4.00, 9.00, 11.55 p. m. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Columbus and Newark, 7.40 a. m., 9.10, 11.55 p. m.

For Chicago, 2.40 and 9.20 p. m

Parlor and sleeping cars to Baltimore Washington, Cincinnati and Chicago.

H. O. DUNKLE, Gen. Supt. Allegheny, Pa
C. W. BASSETT, A.G.P.A., Allegheny, Pa
R. P. REYNOLDS, Supt., Foxburg, Pa

THE PITTSBURG, SHENANGO & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD

TIME TABLE—In effect Sunday, Dec. 30, 1896. Trains are run by Standard Central Time (90th Meridian).

Going North.				Going South	
	14	12	STATIONS	11	13
p.m	pm	p.m.	Ar Buffalo Lv	a.m.	p. m.
....	5 40	2 30	.....L. S. & M. S.	8 35	11 05
....	4 55		.....N. Y. C. & St. L.	5 35	12 05
	p.m	a. m.			
....	2 07	9 10	.....Erie.....	11 09	4 00
....	1 20	8 27	.Wallace Junct.	11 42	4 40
....	1 18	8 25	.....Girard.....	11 45	4 43
....	1 07	8 13	....Lockport....	11 56	4 53
....	1 00	8 05	..Cranesville...	12 05	5 02
....	11 00	6 55	lv. Conneaut	lv	11 00	4 00
....	1 47	9 00	ar	ar	1 47	6 07
....	12 56	7 50	ar...Albion....	lv	12 08	5 08
....	12 44	7 45	..Shadeland...	....	12 20	5 10
....	12 41	7 42	..Springboro...	....	12 24	5 17
....	12 34	7 34	..Conneautville..	....	12 31	5 25
0 07	12 16	7 15	...Mea'v'le Jct...	....	12 56	5 46
3 00	12 50	7 15	ar. Linesville	lv	12 30	....
....	12 40	7 25	lv	ar	12 40	5 00
2 10	12 00	6 40	lv. Conn't Lake	....	12 00	....
1 00	1 05	7 52	ar	ar	1 07	6 00
1 32	11 35	6 05	lv..Meadville	lv	11 35	....
....	1 32	8 18	ar	ar	1 32	6 40
02	12 02	7 .	.Hartstown ..	No 1	1 09	6 01
....	11 57	6 ..	Adamsville ..	....	1 14	6 06
....	11 48	6 ..	Osgood	....	1 23	6 14
26	11 40	6 ..	Greenville	6 30	1 35	6 26
19	11 29	6 ..	Sugar Grove	6.42	1 49	6 32
00	11 04		..... Fredonia.	7 00	2 07	....
43	10 47		..... Mercer....	7 19	2 25	....
28	10 33		..... Pardee....	7 36	2 38	....
6 18	10 23		..... Grove City..	7 46	2 48	....
4 05	10 19		..... Harrisville....	7 58	3 00	....
57	10 02		.....Branchton....	8 06	3 09	....
* 53	9 57		.....Valley Kelsers	8 10	3 13	....
* 39	9 44		..... Euclid.....	8 22	3 27	....
10	9 15		..... Butler.....	8 50	3 55	....
2 20	7 20		.....Allegheny, P&W R R		7 05	....
p.m	a.m				a. m	p. m

J. T. BLAIR, General Manager, Greenville, Pa
W. G. SARGEANT, G. P. A., Meadville Pa

M. A. BERKIMER,

Funeral Director,

337 S. Main St., Butler.

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I.

The conductor had eyed Lambert curiously as he punched his ticket. He held it for a moment and edged his lantern around so that its feeble light could reinforce the glimmer from the bleared and smoky globe above Lambert's curly head. The train had started from the junction with that quick series of back-wrenching jerks which all veteran travelers remember as characteristic of American railways, before the introduction of "coupler buffers." It was a shabby, old-fashioned train—one whose cars had "seen service," and not a little of it, during the long and eventful war so recently closed. It had a baggage car behind the wheezy old wood-burner that drew the rickety procession out into the dim, starlit aisle through the eastward forest, and, for the first time in a week, that baggage car contained a trunk. It had a "smoker," in which three or four negroes were soundly sleeping on the worn cushions at the forward end, and three or four lank, shabbily-dressed whites were consuming tobacco and killing time under the single lamp at the other. It had a "ladies' car"—so called—in which no ladies were visible, and which differed in appointments from the smoker only in the facts that its seats were upholstered in dingy red plush instead of blackened canvas, and that both its lamps could be induced to burn, however feebly, instead of only one. It was a forlorn, hangdog, shame-faced sort of train, that seemed oppressed with a sense of its own disrepute—a train that kept in hiding during the broad light of day and ventured to slink forth only after nightfall, like some impoverished debtor, not loving the darkness better than light because of evil deeds, but hating it as it hated its own shabbiness, and accepting it as only one plane above total decrepitude, the junk shop and the poorhouse. Starting at dusk from a populous station on a north and south "trunk" line, it turned and twisted through red clay cuttings, jolted over mud-covered ties and moss-grown trestles, whistling shrill to wake the watchers at 'cross-country stations on the way, and finally, after midnight, rested an hour at a prominent point, a "state center," where, sometimes at one o'clock but generally long after, the night express came glaring up from the south along the glistening rails of another "great northern" route, and three nights in the week, perhaps, gave it a sleepy passenger or two to trundle away westward towards the big river town it managed to reach by sunrise, once more to slink out of sight until dark, when again it crept forth and stole away on the return trip over its clanking road, unresentful of comment on its loneliness and poverty, and proud, if anything, of the fact that this way, at least, it ran "right end foremost," according to the American idea, with the baggage instead of the ladies' car next the struggling engine.

It was a clear, starlit night, sharply cold, and the planks of the platform at the junction had snapped and creaked under their glistening white coat of frosty rime. The up train came in even later than usual—so much so that the stationmaster had more than once asked his friend the conductor of the waiting "Owl" whether he really thought he could "make it" over to Quitman in time for the down express at dawn. "You'd better pull out the minute she gits hyuh," was his final injunction when at last her whistle was heard.

A lithe, active young fellow in a trim suit of tweed had sprung from the sleeper before the incoming train had fairly stopped, and, hailing the first man he saw, asked: "Train for Tugaloo gone yet?" which so astonished the party addressed that he simply stared for a minute without reply. A voice in the wilderness, apparently, was heard above the hissing of steam and the loud mouthings of the negro porters of the two rival hotels. "All aboard for Quitman," it said, and, abandoning his apparent purpose of repeating the question in sharper tone, the young fellow turned and ran nimbly across the dimly-lighted platform in the direction of the hail.

"Quitman train?—Tugaloo?" he asked of a dark form standing above the tail light of the car.

"Quitman it is. Anybody else thar?" And the interrogative went off in a shout. No answer.

"Aw, Hank! Anybody else?" Still no answer. Two or three dim figures were by this time clustered around the flaring torch of a coffee stand at the edge of the platform. The conductor got off and walked impatiently towards them.

"Any you gentlemen for Quitman?" he asked.

"Quitman? Hell, no! What's any man want to go thar for night like this? Pull out with your old sneezer, Jimmy, 'nless you'll stop and take a cup coffee."

"Oh, that you, cap? Ain't you got anybody for us? Thought the judge was comin' up to-night."

"Warn't on my car," said the brakeman of the express, possessively.

"Young feller 'n the sleeper all I know of."

"Got him," answered the conductor, as briefly as possible for a man long attuned to the southern drawl and whose "got" was more like "gawt." "Reckon we might as well git, then," he continued, returning to the colloquial present indicative of a verb of manifold meaning and usefulness. "Tell Hank, will you?—Let 'er go, Jack," he shouted to the engineer, with a wave of his lantern. A yelp from the whistle was the answer; the fireman crawled out from a warm corner in the baggage car and shambled drowsily forward to the cab. Sudden jets of steam flew hissing out on the frosty air. One after another the three cars lunged sharply forward and then slowly rolled forth into the night. The conductor clambered up the rear steps with parting wave of his lantern, slammed the door after him and came up the narrow aisle to look at his passenger. Before he had time to speak, however, his attention was attracted by a succession of yells from the track to their rear. Giving an angry yank at the bell rope he whirled about and hurried to the door. The train came willingly to a sudden stand, and Lambert, stowing his hand luggage on the empty seat before him, heard the following lively colloquy, as did everybody else who happened to be awake and within a radius of 200 yards:

"What d'you want?"

"Come back hyuh, I say."

"What d'you wa-a-nt? I ain't goin' to back in thar now."

"Huyh's a trunk."

"Wha-at?"

"A tru-u-nk."

"Why in hell didn't you sling it abawd fihst off?" sung out the conductor, disgustedly. "Ain't you felluhs got any brains? Back up, Jack!" he shouted forward, signaling with his lantern again. "Somebody's left a band-bawx, by criminy!" And so, growling volubly, the custodian of the "Owl" swung himself out from the steps, hanging by the left hand to the iron railing and holding extended his green and white lantern with the other. A couple of stalwart negroes came panting forward to meet them, the offending trunk on their shoulders, and went stumbling up the sloping embankment towards the slowly-backing baggage car. The light from the lantern fell on the new canvas cover and on the fresh brown finish of the straps and handles, then on the inscription in bold black letters at the end:

I. N. LAMBERT.
U. S. Army.

At sight of which the conductor checked the half jocular, half resentful tirade he was composing for the benefit of the stationmaster and abruptly asked:

"Whuh's it goin'?"

"Tugaloo, suh," said the rearmost negro.

"Well, hump it abawd, 'n' be quick about it." Then, raising his voice, he shouted across the platform: "Shuah you ain't gawt a feedin'-bawtle or a cake o' soap or s'm' other to fetch me back again, Hank? Dawg gawn 'f I reckon we ever will get to Quitman 't this rate!"

The darkies about the coffee-stand gave a guffaw of sympathetic rejoicing over the official's humor. The conductor was evidently more popuar than the station master. One of the trunk bearers came lunging in at the front door of the car, and, humble yet confident, appealed to Lambert:

"Little somethin', suh, fur totin' de trunk. Bin los', mos' like, 'f it had n' bin fr us. Thanky, suh. Thanky." And the negro's eyes danced, for the douceur handed him by the young owner of the vagrant baggage exceeded his hopes. He strove, indeed, to turn and renew his thanks at the rear door, but was collared and hustled unceremoniously off the car.

"You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this time o' night?" asked the conductor, finally, and with that odd emphasis expressive of doubt as to a passenger's knowledge of his own intentions so often heard in our thinly-settled districts. Lambert interpreted it to mean "Anybody else, perhaps, but not you." He was already cogitating as to whether or not the conductor had intended some covert sneer in his recent reference to "feeding-bottles," for Lambert was but one-and-twenty, and youthful-looking for his years. The tone of this inquiry and the look which accompanied it after deliberate pause and study of the proffered ticket, however, were far from aggressive or discourteous, yet the unintentional misplacing of the emphasis, following an allusion equally hapless and alike unintentional, had given umbrage to the boy. "You must expect to hear no end of unpleasant things," he had been told at department headquarters, where he had received orders to go on and join his company, then in camp at Tugaloo. "Every body is mighty sore yet over the late unpleasantness. Hold your tongue and keep your temper," were the parting injunctions; and he meant to do both. All the same he did not intend to allow people to treat him with discourtesy—certainly not a conductor of a public railway. Lambert was on his dignity in a moment. He looked the railway man straight in the eye and replied, with all the calm and deliberation he could master: "My ticket would seem to indicate that such was my intention," and almost immediately regretted it, for the conductor looked up in sudden surprise, stood one instant irresolute, then saying: "Oh! All right," turned abruptly away, walked up beyond the stove, and roughly shaking the elbow of a snoring passenger, sung out: "Coatesville," and let himself out with an emphatic bang of the door.

Two days later, when asked at Quitman what sort of a fellow the new lieutenant seemed to be, Mr. Scroggs, the conductor, himself a soldier of large experience and no little ability—a man who had fought his way from the ranks to the command of the remnant of a regiment that laid down its battered arms among the very last, a man not five years Lambert's senior in age, but lustrums ahead of him in the practical details of his profession—Mr. Scroggs, the conductor, promptly said: "He's a dam little fool," and never dreamed how much he should one day deplore it.

"Newt" Lambert, as he was known among his intimates, was far from being a fool. He had seen very little of the world, it is true, and, until this December night, next to nothing of the sunny south, where at this particular period in our national history it was not every man who could so conduct himself as not to fall into error. More especially in the military service was an old head needed on young shoulders, and a strong head between new shoulder-straps, for army life so soon after the great war was beset by snares and temptations it rarely hears of now, and many a fellow, brave and brainy both, in the days that tried men's souls 'twixt Big Bethel and Appomattox, or Belmont and Bentonville, went down in the unequal tussle with foe far more insidious than faced him in the field, but which met him day and night now that peace had come. It was at a time when the classes graduating from the military academy were being assigned mainly to the staff corps and to the artillery and cavalry regiments. Lambert fancied that he should prefer the associations and much prefer the stations of the artillery to those of any other corps, but an old friend of his father's, himself a veteran gunner, advised the young fellow to seek his fortune elsewhere.

"If you are commissioned a lieutenant of artillery," said he, "it may be 20 years before you see your captaincy." And, though this was within three years after the reorganization of the army in '66, not one of Lambert's contemporaries who trusted to luck and applied for the artillery had yet come within hopeful range of the double bars. Lambert amazed them all when he asked for the infantry arm and took his commission thankfully.

He had been detailed for summer duty at the Point, as was then the custom, so that his leave of absence of three months did not begin until the 28th of August. He had been assigned to a regiment whose ranks were sadly depleted by the yellow fever, and which was still serving in the south. "You won't have to hoof it out to Idaho or Montana, anyhow," said a sympathetic friend, "and you'll have no end of fun at New Orleans."

But Lambert's company was not at New Orleans. Under recent orders it had been sent up into the heart of the country, where some turbulent spirits, so it was alleged, had been defying the civil officers of the general government, and by the time the short southern winter set in more than half his regiment, together with three or four others, had been distributed by companies or detachments all over the gulf states, and experienced officers were scarce as hens' teeth. The duty was unwelcome and galling. Lambert's captain lost no time in getting on staff duty, and G Company went into camp at Tugaloo under command of its first lieutenant. Arriving at New Orleans, Lambert reported himself at the headquarters of the general commanding, who knew the boy's father, welcomed the son for old friendship's sake, and told his chief of staff to keep him there a week or so, that he might see something of the southern metropolis and of his friends down at the barracks before going to his exile "up the road." Dining the very next evening at Capt. Cram's, with Waring and Pierce, of the light battery, and perhaps rather ruefully agreeing with them that he had "made a beastly fluke of it, going into the doughboys," Lambert was asked: "Who's in command of your company now?"

"Our first lieutenant," said he. "I don't know much about him—Brevet Capt. Close."

Whereupon Waring laid down his knife and fork. "Angels and ministers of grace!" he exclaimed. "Well, if that isn't the oddest contre-temps I ever heard of!" And then they all began to laugh.

"You evidently know him," said Lambert, somewhat nettled and a trifle ill at ease. "Why did you ask me about him? Somebody told me he had been commissioned for heroism—special bravery in action, or something of that kind—during the war."

"Gospel truth," said Pierce. "Close is the most absolutely fearless man I ever met. Nothing even Waring could ever do or say would ruffle him." And then, though Mrs. Cram declared it a shame, she, too, joined in the general laughter. Close was evidently a celebrity.

And now, as Lambert found himself within a few miles—though it might be several hours—of his destination, he was thinking not a little of the officer to whose presence he was so soon to report his own, and whose companionship and influence, for good or for ill, he was bound to accept for the simple reason that, so far as he could learn, there was absolutely no one else with whom he could associate—except, possibly, the "contract doctor."

Quitting New Orleans after a long day's sight-seeing with his friends, he had sought a berth in the Pullman and slept soundly until aroused by the porter after two o'clock to change cars at the junction. Now he was wide awake, and, after the first few miles of jolting and grinding through the darkness, was becoming chilled and lonesome—perhaps a trifle homesick. Twice had the conductor bustled through the train, rousing sleeping passengers and seeing them safely off at dark and mysterious stations where hardly a glimmer of lamp or candle could be seen away from the mere shanty which served as a waiting-room and office. A heap of wood was stacked up near the stove, and Lambert poked the waning embers and piled on fresh fuel, whereat a young man who had got on at Coatesville with a shotgun and a big bottle for luggage, and who had for nearly an hour been singing sentimental snatches to his own deep satisfaction, now smiled maudlin approval and companionably held forth the bottle. "'S good," said he, in loyal defense of the stimulant most courteously declined. "Bes' thing you can take these co' mawning's. Live 'bout hyuh an'where?"

"No," said Lambert, civilly, yet hoping not to be further questioned. He busied himself again with the fire, then, rising quickly, sought his seat.

But the young man with the flask was gregarious and bubbling over with the milk of human kindness. He promptly lurched after, and, flopping down on the opposite seat, sending some of Lambert's belongings clattering to the floor, held out his hand.

"'Scuse me, suh," he stuttered. "I hope I ain't 'fended you. My name's Potts—Barton Potts. We ain't what we were befo' the wah, you know. But I know a gen'l'm'n—every time. Hope—I ain'—'sulted—"

"Not by any means!" protested Lambert, loudly and heartily. "Don't think of such a thing! I simply didn't feel like drinking; but I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

"Tha'z right. Tha'z all right," said Mr. Potts, grasping Lambert's hand and shaking it impressively. "I—hello! Wha'z that?"

Lambert's sword, encased in chamois-skin, had come in contact with the stranger's elbow and gone rattling under the seat. Potts made a precipitate dive and fished it out, regaining his equilibrium after some little struggle.

"Goin' to Quitman—too? Tha'z my home. An' I'm glad—meet you. I know a gen'l'm'n—an' I'll stan' your frien'—I mean it. Missur—Missur—"

"You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this time o' night?"

"My name's Lambert," said the lieutenant, quietly essaying to relieve Mr. Potts of the sword.

"Lammert? Glad—meet you—Missur Lammert. Where'd you say you b'longed?"

"I'm going to Tugaloo,"

"Tu-gloo?—Tha'z no kin' of place. C'mawn to Quimman. Come to my house. What 'n 'ell's this?" he broke off suddenly.

"My sword," said Lambert, simply.

"Sword?—sword?" exclaimed Potts. "You goin' Tu-gloo with sword? You—Yankee off'cer like that—wha'z name?—Close?"

"A Yankee officer certainly," laughed Lambert. "I've never met Capt. Close."

The effect of this announcement on Mr. Potts was surprising. It well-nigh sobered him. He slowly drew back until he sat erect, his head wobbling a bit in spite of his efforts at self-control. Presently he began to speak, slowly and impressively at first, then winding up in a verbal entanglement:

"Missur Lam-p-bert, I didn't know I was talkin' to—Yankee officer—but—I'm a gen'l'm'n, suh, an' I stan' by wh-wha—I say. I mean to stan' your frien', suh; but as fo' that oth—felluh—Close—I'll see'm in 'ell first."

II.

It was sun-up and snapping cold when the brakeman shouted "Tugaloo," and gratefully Lambert stepped from the train and felt free air. Mr. Potts was sleeping soundly, doubled up in one of the seats. The only wakeful bipeds in sight were the conductor and his trainman. Unseen hands forward had shoved the trunk out upon the frosty boards. The sun was just peeping over a low wooded ridge before them. The track wound away among some desolate fields where tiny flakes of cotton still clung to the brown and withered stalks. In a cloud of steam the train pulled away, leaving Lambert and his trunk to look after each other as best they might, and as the cloud lifted the young officer looked curiously around him.

He was standing on a rude wooden platform whose shrunken planks left black, gaping seams between their upper faces, now at least, beautiful in their thick coat of sparkling white. Except where the footmarks of the trainmen marred the smooth expanse, and where in two or three places the planks were gone entirely, this gleaming sheet stretched the length of the platform to where the white bulk of his trunk stood on end at the eastern edge. The charred and blackened relic of a flight of stairs led from the platform to the sloping ground some five feet below, but not a hand-rail warned the unwary against a breakneck plunge into space. Part of the platform itself had been burned away, and some charred and blackened posts, sticking bolt upright from the ground in the shape of a narrow rectangle, showed that a wooden building of some kind had formerly stood along the rear of the rickety staging. Midway along its length, on the southern side, a shed with a sloping roof had been loosely thrown together, and the ends nearest him, boarded in and pierced for a door and a couple of windows, bore over the threshold in black stencil the legend "Ticket Office." Under the shed were a couple of plows and some boxes. Out on the bare slope, midway between the track and a "snake" fence that paralleled it some twenty yards to the south, a dozen bales of cotton were huddled, three of them partially covered by old war-worn 'paulins and ponchos, the others entirely exposed to the rain of sparks to be expected from any passing engine when the wind happened to blow from the track; and all of them, evidently, defenseless against the predatory hands of pilferers, for jagged rents were torn in the coarse sacking of each, and huge fistfuls of the white staple had been dragged from a dozen gaping wounds in every bale.

The red soil, showing here and there through the scant and withered herbage, was seamed with mule and wheel tracks, and a few rods away a broken-down farm wagon lay with a spoke-bristling hub close by its shattered axle, while the tire, rolling away from the general wreck, seemed to have crawled off to die by itself, and leaned rusting against one of the charred timbers. The southward view was limited to a long, low ridge of ugly, white-flecked cotton stalks. Eastward the sun was breaking a pathway through the fringe of trees along another ridge, and a faint line of mist, rising sluggishly in the intervening low ground, with the hollow rumble of the train crossing an invisible bridge, told of the presence of some slow-moving stream. Westward the track came into view around a thinly-wooded hillside, with a clearing here and there, in which some low cabins were scattered.

With this cheerful outlook to greet him at three points of the compass, Lambert turned him to the north. There was a siding with a switch at each end, but, as three or four rails were missing opposite the west end of the platform, it stood to reason that the railway company found the other all that was necessary to the traffic of so bustling a place as Tugaloo. A brown freight car stood on the siding with wide-opened doors, and some household goods loomed in plain sight. "There is more honesty in this community than the United States marshal would give us to believe," thought Lambert, as he recalled the extract from a recent report which was shown him at department headquarters. He laid his satchel and sword upon the platform, and, wrapping his blue circular about his shoulders, took a few steps forward and a peep into the interior of the car. From the midst of bedsteads, bureaus and cheap old-fashioned furniture, a quantity of bedding had been hauled out upon the floor, and from the midst of the bedding a woolly head protruded—that of a negro fast asleep.

Beyond the car stood a dusty open square bordered on three sides by dingy wooden structures, some of two stories, but most of them only one in height. A wooden sidewalk framed the square in some places, and in others only indications of its former presence were to be seen. The sidewalk was bordered by a rude railing, to which, it was evident, horses and mules were tethered during business hours, for at one of the rails, even now, sprawled upon the soft, hoof-pawed dust, a long-eared quadruped was half hanging by the bridle rein, while the dilapidated saddle had worked around during the night until it settled upon the animal's side.

Judging from such signs or legends as were visible over the doorways of Tugaloo, Lambert's impressions were that the vending of intoxicating drinks was the principal industry, as there were three saloons to one store devoted to general merchandise—which establishment, painted white and with an air of prosperity and a flock of cotton bales around it