THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIV BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1897 No. 25

Spring and Summer Shoes and Oxfords.

The season brings many new and pretty styles in fine shoes and oxfords—Ladies' fine footwear—Tan color, Chocolate color, Patent leathers and fine Dongolas, in the new coin toe, Bull Dog toe, Empire toe, cloth or leather tops and in all sizes, A A to E E.

Green Shoes, The Latest Craze.

Have you seen them. See the different styles in our windows—Ladies' and Gents' Green shoes on especially attractive lasts—several shades to choose from—well-made, servicable and stylish.

Men's And Boys' Fine Shoes.

All styles, all varieties of footwear to be found in our stock. We aim to supply all wants—the wish for low prices along with others. See our line of Men's, Boys' and Youths' fine shoes in russetts, vici kid and fine calf, in the popular shades and up to date styles. Complete line of Ladies' and Gents' patent leathers. Fine Kangaroo shoes and slippers for summer wear. Complete stock of bicycle shoes—low cut shoes and Men's Romeo slippers—large stock of Men's and Boys' plow shoes, heavy box toe shoes which we are selling cheap.

OXFORDS.

Our stock of Oxford ties is very large and owing to the backward season leaves us with a large stock on hands. These Oxfords are all made of fine Dongola and Russett leather, and we intend closing them out quickly, and in order to accomplish our purpose we have marked them away down, so if you wish to purchase Oxfords cheap attend this sale.

Full Stock of Leather and Shoe Findings.

Sole Leather Cut to Any Amount You May Wish to Purchase.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

JOHN BICKEL.

128 S. MAIN St. BUTLER, PA.

G. F. KECK,

MERCANT TAILOR.

142 North Main St., Butler, Pa.

When we make you a garment—or a suit—you may be sure that every stitch in it is perfectly made. Our especial pride is in the quality of our tailoring, we pay high wages and employ first-class tailors, so we get the highest grade of garments and you know our prices are lower than others, and we keep the largest stock of goods to select from. Call and examine for yourself, FITS GUARANTEED, remember the place.

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,

142 N. MAIN St., BUTLER, PA.

J. S. YOUNG,

Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods.

Summer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one. But we've solved it; and for once economy, comfort and fashion go hand in haud. Our summer suits are finer in fabric, nobbier in pattern and more stylish in cut han ever before, they fit your curves and yet they're not sweat bath outfits. The prices may surprise you.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor.

101 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.

The Wise Grocer.

Will try to induce his customers to buy the very best groceries in the market, because by so doing he makes a sale that will give satisfaction, and it is the pleased and satisfied customer who builds up the grocer's business. We have some of the very best goods obtainable which we sell as close as any house in the county. Leave us your order and we guarantee satisfaction.

The Butler Produce Co.,

C L MOORE, Prop'r

130 W. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

IF YOU GET IT AT THE BUTLER PRODUCE IT'S FRESH.

WHILE YOU ARE WAITING

For your prescription don't fail to look over our line of perfumes, we have received some very fine ones lately, and will be pleased to have you examine them.

We also have a very large assortment of tooth brushes made expressly for us which bear our stamp, these brushes we guarantee and request the return of any that prove unsatisfactory.

You may need something for your chapped hands and face, and if so we recommend Cydonium Cream as a fine toilet preparation.

REDICK & GROHMAN

DRUGGISTS.

PEOPLES PHONE. 114. BUTLER PA

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

P. B. & L. E. R. R.

Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 30, 1897. Butler time

Trains leave Butler as follows: Conneaut Lake Express 7:25 a. m., Erie Mail 9:55 a. m. and Greenville Accommodation 5:05 p. m. Trains arrives as follows: Conneaut Lake Express 9:55 p. m., Erie Mail 2:50 p. m. and Greenville Accommodation 9:20 a. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Conneaut Lake Express leaves at 7:25 a. m. and arrives at 9:55 p. m.

Train leaving at 7:25 makes connection with Erie Ry. at Shenango, west; train leaving at 9:55 makes connection with N. Y. & P. at Mercer and with Erie at Shenango, east; train leaving at 5:05 makes connection with N. Y. & P. at Mercer, north and south.

A. B. CROUCH,
Ticket Agent.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway.

Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 16, 1897. BUTLER TIME.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Allegheny Accommodation	6 25 AM	9 17 AM
Allegheny "Flyer"	8 15 "	9 32 "
New Castle Accommodation	1 55 PM	9 17 "
Akron Mail	8 15 AM	7 03 PM
Allegheny Accommodation	10 05 "	12 18 "
Allegheny Express	3 05 PM	4 55 "
Allegheny "Flyer"	3 40 "	12 18 "
Chicago Express	5 40 "	8 00 "
Allegheny Mail	5 40 "	9 17 AM
Allegheny "Flyer"	5 40 "	7 03 "
Ellwood Accommodation	5 40 "	9 17 AM
Chicago Limited	9 32 AM	5 30 PM
Clarion Accommodation	5 15 PM	9 55 AM
Foxburg Accommodation	7 10 "	8 05 "
SUNDAY TRAINS.		
Allegheny Express	8 15 AM	9 32 "
Allegheny Accommodation	5 40 PM	4 55 PM
New Castle Accommodation	8 15 AM	7 03 "
Chicago Express	5 40 PM	4 55 "
Allegheny Accommodation		7 03 "

Trains going north at 9:32 a. m. and 3:15 p. m. make close connection at Foxburg for points on Allegheny Valley Ry.

For through tickets to all points in the west, northwest or southwest apply to

A. B. CROUCH, Agent, Butler, Pa.
R. B. REYNOLDS, Sup't, Foxburg, Pa. C. W. BASSETT, A. G. P. A., Allegheny, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WESTEN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 17, 1897.

SOUTH.	WEEK DAYS.							
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
BUTLER.....Leave	6 25	8 00	11 15	2 35	5 05		
Saxonburg.....Arrive	6 54	8 29	11 38	3 00	5 28		
Butler Junction.....“	7 27	8 48	12 02	3 23	5 53		
Butler Junction...Leave	7 30	8 48	12 17	3 25	5 53		
Natrona.....Arrive	7 38	8 56	12 25	3 33	6 02		
Tarentum.....	7 42	9 02	12 30	3 42	6 07		
Springdale.....	7 50	9 11	12 41	3 52			
Claremont.....		9 25	1 00	4 08	6 27		
Sharpsburg.....	8 00	9 31	1 09	4 15	6 32		
Allegheny.....	8 27	9 43	1 23	4 25	6 45		
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations at 7:35 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

NORTH.	WEEK DAYS.						
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Allegheny City....leave	7 00	9 00	11 25	2 50	6 10		
Sharpsburg.....	7 11	9 12	11 37	3 02			
Claremont.....		9 19	11 45	3 13			
Springdale.....		9 30	11 59	3 30	6 37		
Tarentum.....	7 34	9 39	12 08	3 45	6 46		
Natrona.....	7 39	9 43	12 13	3 51	6 51		
Butler Junction...arrive	7 46	9 50	12 23	4 05	7 00		
Butler Junction....leave	7 46	9 60	12 25	4 10	7 00		
Saxonburg.....	8 10	10 15	12 49	4 36	7 24		
BUTLER.....arrive	8 26	10 38	1 17	5 05	7 50		
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations at 7:25 a.m. and 9:30 p. m.

WEEK DAYS.	FOR THE EAST.		WEEK DAYS.
P. M.	A. M.		P. M. P. M.
2 25	6 25	lv BUTLER	ar 1 17
3 25	7 27	ar Butler Junction	lv 12 25
3 30	7 46	lv Butler Junction	ar 8 50 12 08
3 35	7 49	ar Freeport	lv 8 28 12 06
3 39	7 53	" Allegheny Junction	" 8 24 12 01
3 51	8 04	" Leechburg	" 8 09 11 49
4 09	8 21	" Paulton (Apollo)	" 7 53 11 32
4 35	8 51	" Saltsburg	" 7 30 11 09
5 09	9 22	" Blairsville	" 7 00 10 40
5 15	9 30	" Blairsville Intersection	" 5 20 10 15
8 30	11 25	" Altoona	" 8 00
1 00	3 10	" Harrisburg	" 5 10
4 00	6 25	" Philadelphia	" 11 20
P. M.	P. M.		A. M. P. M.

On Sunday, train leaving Butler 7:35 a. m., connects for Harrisburg, Altoona and Philadelphia.

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

Atlantic Express,	daily	3 30 AM
Pennsylvania Limited	"	7 15 "
Day Express,	"	7 30 "
Main Line Express,	"	8 00 "
Philadelphia Express,	"	4 30 PM
Eastern Express,	"	7 05 "
Fast Line,	"	8 10 "
Philad'a Mail, Sundays only		8 40 AM

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western Dist'rct, Corner Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. B. HUTCHISON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

The Place to Buy

GAS COOK ING AND HEATING STOVES, GAS BURNERS AND FIXTURES, HOSE, BATH TUBS, ENAMEL AND

IMPROVED WELSHBACH GAS BURNER,

W. H. O'BRIEN & ON

107 East Jefferson St.

BEE KEEPER'S SUPPLIES

—SUCH AS—

Hives, Smokers, Brood Frames, Sections, Section Boxes, Brood and Surplus Foundations.

The best goods at the lowest possible prices.

James B. Murphy,

Mercer St., West End, Butler, Pa.
Near Kamerer's Grocery Store.

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XVI.

The honorable acquittal of Capt. Close proved, as was to be expected, a thorn in the flesh of certain of his accusers, and stirred up trouble in the gallant —teenth. This was a matter Close didn't much mind. He was granted six months' leave on a surgeon's certificate of disability, which meant on full pay, and he took it very hard that some means were not devised to send him north under orders, so that he could draw mileage. He and Lambert went back to Tugaloo together and packed up, for "G" company was ordered relieved by another, and Close was there made the happy recipient of a pass to Chicago, while the old company, after seeing their ex-commander safely aboard the sleeper, went on down the road to New Orleans and took station once more with regimental headquarters.

Here Mr. Lambert found means of getting occasional brief leaves of absence and of employing his two or three days in visits to his erstwhile neighbors of Walton hall, now comfortably domiciled in a picturesque but somewhat dilapidated old cottage close to the tumbling waters of the [illegible] been the property of a near relative before the war, and was reclaimed and put in partial order for their use, apparently, through the efforts of their old physician and the energies of Mr. Barton Potts. Here the warm, soft, salty breezes seemed to bring new lease of life to the beloved invalid, though it was plain to one and all she could never be herself again. Scroggs, her kinsman son-in-law, was rapidly mending and eagerly casting about for employment. Floyd, restored to duty without trial, was serving patiently and faithfully with his regiment in Texas, bent evidently on making good his words. The two events which seemed to bring general cheer and rejoicing to the household were those which three months before would have been promptly derided as absurd and impossible; one was the weekly letter from a trooper in the union blue, the other a much rarer visit from a Yankee subaltern, whose profession was not to be disguised because he was in "cits'." On the occasion of his first appearance in that garb Miss Walton did him the honor to say: "Ah never did like you, but Ah do think those clothes wuhse than the others." This was rather hard, because, as the spring came on, Lambert's lot at the barracks was not as pleasant as it might have been, and his comfort consisted in running over to see how Madam Walton was doing.

Cram and his battery, with Waring, Pierce, and all, had been ordered away, and then for the first time Lambert realized, what his regimental comrades had marked for months, that he preferred the companionship of the battery men to that of the men who wore the bugle, the badge of the infantry in those benighted days. Old Brax concluded he had had enough of garrison life, and sought a long leave. Maj. Minor took command of the regiment and post, and the adjutant and quartermaster took command of Maj. Minor. It had neither been forgi—n nor forgotten by these staff officials that Lambert had been equally outspoken in defense of Close and denunciation of his accusers, and the further fact that he preferred to spend his leisure hours with his fellow-graduates of the artillery rather than his uncongenial brethren of the —teenth gave the offended ones abundant material to work on. Minor was a weakling—a bureau officer during the war days, a man who could muster and disburse, without a flaw, but never set a squadron in the field without a "fluke." Lambert was a capital drill-master and tactician, and "G" company, under his instruction, was rapidly overhauling every other in the regiment, even those of Kinsey and Lively, the two real soldiers among the captains. Minor hated the sight of a page of tactics, and never even held dress parade. Lambert had a clear, ringing voice, and Minor couldn't make himself heard. One morning the orderly came to Lambert at company drill with "the major's compliments, and please to take company 'G' outside the garrison, or make less noise." It was the adjutant's doing, as things turned out afterwards, but it angered Lambert against his commander. Then, when May came round and he asked for three days' leave, Minor hummed and hawed and looked at his staff officer and finally requested that it be submitted in writing; and "it" came back with a curt indorsement to the effect that Lieut. Lambert would be expected hereafter to show more interest in matters connected with his regimental duties; the application was disapproved.

All this time he had written every few weeks to Close, and got a very nice letter in reply, written by a young fellow who announced himself as the captain's brother, Wallace. The captain was getting better—very much better—but the eye doctor's bill was a big one, and he thought the government ought to pay it. He had bought some land up there six years before, and, what with schools and roads and bridges, the taxes were awful. What he wouldn't mind doing would be to come back to the regiment as quartermaster; but in those days there was no four-year limit to staff positions, and the incumbents, both adjutant and quartermaster, proposed to hang on as long as possible, and Lambert replied that he feared there would be no chance.

And then one day there came a telegram to the commanding officer of Company "G" at the barracks with the brief announcement that a soldier serving in the Twenty-sixth infantry under the name of Roberts had been identified by Corporal Floyd Walton, Fourth cavalry, as Private Riggs, a deserter from the —teenth. Please send charges and descriptive list. Two weeks later Lieut. Lambert was summoned to Austin as a witness before the general court-martial appointed for his trial. The Morgan line steamer would not sail until Saturday night. There was time to run over and see if the Waltons had not something to send to their soldier boy in Texas, and Lambert sent his trunk to the Morgan wharf while the Mobile boat paddled him away through the Rigolets and out into Mississippi sound and landed him at the familiar pier at Pass Christian just at twilight of a lovely May evening. Ten minutes' walk along the shore brought him to an inclosure wherein the moonbeams were beginning to play among the leaves of the magnolia and to throw a huge black shadow, that of the grove of live oaks, over the veranda of an old, white-painted southern homestead bowered in vines and shrubbery at the end of the broad shell pathway leading from the gate. Somewhere among the foliage a mocking bird was carcling to the rising moon, and the music of soft, girlish voices and subdued laughter came drifting out on the evening air. Lambert's heart gave a quickened throb or two as he recognized Kate Walton's unmistakable tones. He had to traverse the length of the moonlit walk. She, with her unseen friend, was in shadow, so there was no possibility of trying the effect of surprise.

"Well, whayuh's the wide wuhld 'd you—[illegible]" was her nonchalant greeting. "Ah supposed you were dayd'n buried." (There is no such thing as spelling that word as pronounced by the rosiest, sauciest, and possibly sweetest little mouth in creation. He could not take his eyes from it, and she knew it.)—"Miss Awgden, this is Mr. Lambert. Ah think you've heard sister Esthuh speak of him.—Ah suppose you want to go right in to see huh. Ah'll call huh down."

So Lambert made his bow to Miss Ogden, who had her own womanly intuitions as to the extent of his eagerness to see sister Esther, and who presently declared she had to go home, and went without much delay over the leave-taking, in spite of Katesie's voluble remonstrance and well-feigned disappointment. Miss Walton, in fact, hung on to her all the way to the gate and made every proper and apparent effort to detain her there; but a wise head had Miss Bettie Ogden: she would not delay. She had heard sister Esther talk of Mr. Lambert time and again, and had read in Katesie's significant silence or simulated scorn a whole volume of information. She went tripping lightly, laughingly away, and Kateie watched her until she was out of sight, then came dawdling slowly back. She well knew it would be unlike Esther to come down inside of 20 minutes.

Lambert was seated in the big wicker chair, amusing himself with a kitten. He did not even look up when she finally returned.

"Hasn't Esthuh come down yet? Ah told huh you wuh hyuh, ten minutes ago."

"No. Possibly she didn't understand. I didn't hear her answer. Indeed, I could hardly hear you call."

"That's because you were listening to Bettie Awgden." (Pause for reply or denial: none offered.) "She doesn't like Yankees any better'n I did—do."

"Then it was on my account she left so suddenly. Where does she live? I'll run and call her back and tell her—what shall I tell her?—that I only wanted to say good-by to Mrs. Scroggs?"

"You haven't said how-de-do yet."

"I haven't? How utterly stupid of me! You see between Miss Ogden and the cat, you were so engrossed that I deferred that ceremony until you should have time to devote to me. Permit me." And carefully depositing pussy on the chair, he quickly bent low and seized Miss Katesie's hand, which he raised toward his lips: "Miss Walton, I am so glad to see you again. This fortnight has seemed a year."

Indignantly she snatched her hand away.

"Fawtnight! It's five weeks to-day since you were hyuh." Then, suddenly conscious: "Not that I cay-uh."

He started up in feigned astonishment. "Five weeks? You amaze me! and how sweet of you to keep count" (Something more than mere teasing and merriment now in the sparkle of his eyes and the twitching about the corners of his handsome, sensitive mouth.) "Those five weeks have been five years."

But she had sprung to the doorway, wrathful at being so artfully trapped.

"Ah didn't keep count. It was Moh; 'n' Ah don't cay'uh how long you stay away, or how soon you go. Esthuh! ain't you ayvuh coming down? Mr. Lambert says he's got to go."

"You haven't told me how Mrs. Walton is, and Mr. Scroggs, Miss Katesie. And how's Cousin Bart?"

"Cousin Bart's up at Quitman; so's Walton; and Moh's 'bout the same. She'll nayvuh be any better so long's Floyd's whuh he is—weah-ing a Yankee jacket."

"That is queer, isn't it? The queerest thing about it is that he's just been made corporal in the very troop he charged into at Selma. A classmate of mine is second lieutenant in the same troop, and wrote me about it."

"Floyd ought to be the lieutenant."

"Miss Walton, you continually surprise, and now you delight me! This is really promising! A southern girl says her brother ought to be a Yankee officer."

But she flew at him from the doorstep, her eyes flashing fire. He seized the kitten and held the struggling quadruped, paws foremost, between him and the impending vengeance.

"Oh! Ah do despise an' hate you maw an' maw ev'y time you come. You're mean, spiteful, hateful! You know Ah nevuh meant any such thing. Ah'd sco'n him if he was! Ah'd tuhn mah back on him—as Ah do on you now an' Ah wish it was fo'evuh!"

And, suiting action to word, the tumbling, clustering ringlets which fell upon her pretty shoulders were flouted almost in his face as she whirled about and marched tragically back to the doorway.

"Well," said Lambert, mournfully, "it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good. Your wish bids fair to be granted. I think I won't disturb Mrs. Scroggs to-night, and if you'll tell me where to find Miss Ogden I'll bid her come back to you, so that you can resume the fun I interrupted. Kindly say to Mrs. Scroggs that if she has anything to send to Floyd and can get it ready before ten to-morrow morning I'll be glad to take it with my baggage. The hotel porter will come for it. Good-night, pussy. You don't seem to object to Yanks. Good-by, Miss Katesie. When your wishes are so promptly granted and you so easily get rid of a fellow you might shake hands with him, but pussy'll have to do."

With that he solemnly took the kitten by a furry paw and with ludicrous gravity gave it a formal shake, then turned deliberately away. He was down the steps and crunching along the shell walk before she started from the stupor which had seized her. Then she sprang to the edge of the veranda and he, treading lightly now and listening for the sounding of the summons for a parley, heard, as he expected, the half-tremulous, half-truculent hail:

"Aw, Mist' Lambert!"

"Yes?"

"Whuh you going?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm ordered to Texas."

Then he listened, wickedly, maliciously, and vouchsafed no further word. For a moment not a sound came from the shaded veranda. Slowly, therefore, he turned, and, treading as though on china teacups, went on towards the gate. Did he hope she would call again? Did he know or realize the deep-rooted, stubborn pride of the southern girl? Slowly, more slowly still, he faltered to the gate. Nearing it, still eagerly listening, he shortened step, only pretending to walk. Still no sound, no summons to return. His hand was on the latch, and there it waited, reluctant to open, but waiting was in vain. He glanced back over his shoulder, and, vague and shadowy, he could just distinguish the outline of the slender form he had grown to love with such longing and tenderness and passion. It clung there motionless. At least, then, she had not turned indifferently away. But the word, the whisper, he prayed for and craved to hear, and would so eagerly have obeyed, came not to recall him. Fifteen—twenty seconds he waited, then, in sudden pride, or pique, or resolution, threw open the white barrier, slammed it after him, and strode briskly away, startling the mocking birds into sudden silence with the lively whistling of an old West Point quickstep.

"Oh! Ah do despise an' hate you maw an' maw ev'y time."

But Esther, coming forth from the open doorway to greet and welcome their friend, saw the erect, soldierly figure marching off in the moonlight; saw her little sister standing as though rooted to the spot, heard the ostentatious spirit and swing and rhythm of "Buenas noches;" heard a faint, questioning, incredulous, tearful little voice piping: "Mr. Lambert! Mr. Lambert!" and the woman had learned in that instant what the lover would have given worlds to know.

XVII.

"Lieutenant, there's no use trying. We're only twenty, and there must be two hundred of 'em. They've got that stage load long before now, escort and all. The whole thing's over with. If there were any women 'twould be different; every man of us would go then to try to rescue them; but there were only men. I'm as sorry for Col. Sweet as you can be; but we can get his body when the Indians have gone. We can't afford to lose any more of our people."

The speaker was the captain of a party of Texas frontiersmen—rangers they were afterwards called, when their organization was more complete; but these were the days when the Lone Star state was uninvaded by railways and when to its very heart—far as the capital — the savage Kiowas and Comanches often raided in full force, ravaging the scattered settlements far and wide. Lieut. Lambert, his duty finished with his testimony in the case of the deserter Riggs, had obtained permission to delay his return a few days and taken stage to Lampasas, where Floyd Walton was stationed with his troop. Lambert would not willingly return without seeing him and delivering in person the little packages so hurriedly prepared at the new home. Then, too, there was no man in the army in whom the young officer now felt so deep an interest. Was he not Katesie's brother, and might not that brother have some influence over that obdurate heart?

It was not the porter of the hotel who went for these packages. It was Lambert himself, hoping, of course, to see the young lady whom he had so successfully tormented the evening previous; but his scheme had been checkmated in most absurdly unromantic fashion. The New Orleans evening paper among its military items contained a brief paragraph to the effect that Lieut. Lambert was ordered over to Austin as a witness before a court-martial there in session, but would return to the barracks in a week or ten days, and this paper he had been careless enough to leave on the veranda. Katesie had gone miserably to her room, Esther had lit upon the paragraph, and in ten minutes Lambert's melodramatic scheme was exploded. Never would he forget the saucy merriment in her pretty face when he appeared upon the scene that morning, hoping and expecting to find her penitent, piteous, and mutely begging to be forgiven before he went away. He had come prepared to be grave, sorrowful, dignified, and then to be disarmed by her distress, to lead her away under the magnolias to the shaded recesses of the old southern garden, there to assure her that she was pardoned, and then to tell her how she was loved. A charming chateau en Espagne was that which the boy had builded; a sweet, sad, blissful, ecstatic parting was it all to be as a result of his skillful use of his sudden orders to Texas;" but, like many another well-laid plan, it went ludicrously aglee. She was there on the veranda, romping with her kitten, when he came and never made the slightest reference to his departure. He alluded gloomily to the fact that the boat would be along in less than an hour, and she cheerfully responded: "Yes; Ah thought Ah huhd its whistle just a moment ago," and raced pussy to the far end of the gallery. He tried other announcements with no better success, and was bewildered and defeated and stung by her apparent heartlessness and indifference when at last he had to go, and went away miserably jealous and wretchedly in love, fairly beaten at his own game.

So gloomy and unlike himself was Lambert that the two or three classmates who happened to be at Austin were much surprised, and so absorbed was he in his own woes and pangs that not until he reached Lampasas did he learn that the soldierly-looking man who rode all the way from the capital with him was no less a person than the Brevet Lieut. Col. Sweet of whom he had heard so much at Tugaloo, and who, promoted to the rank of major, was now on his way to report for duty at a frontier post. The stage with the colonel rumbled away on its journey for supper. Lambert went on out to camp, only to find that Corporal Walton with four men had gone as escort to that very stage, as there were rumors that the Comanches and Lipans were on the warpath again. It might be four days before they returned. It would be two before a stage went back to Austin, and it was now nine o'clock at night.

The very next morning brought direful news. A big band of hostiles had swooped down on the stage station at the crossing of the Caliente, 50 miles to the northwest, massacred everybody, and run off the stock. The cavalry troop in camp at Lampasas was miles away by the time the tidings reached Lambert at the tavern in town. Then came worse news. A settler rode spurring in from the Concho trail to say that he had seen the Indians when they attacked the stage with overpowering numbers, and had just managed to escape with his own life. He believed that not one soul was left to tell the tale. There were many gallant spirits among the Texans of the frontier—men who were accustomed to fight at the drop of the hat, and who, in defense of home and friends, were indomitable. Yet even these well knew the hopelessness of the situation as described. They were far too few in number to undertake the pursuit and attack of such a band as this. Moreover, their own wives and children would be left in danger were they to take the field. It was even impossible to persuade two or three of their number to ride post-haste on the trail of the cavalry, who, at the first alarm and on receipt of tidings that the Indians had ridden away eastward towards the Brazos, had taken the road for Waco at dawn in hopes of heading them off or driving them should they attack the defenseless settlements. There were, therefore, absolutely no troops to go to the rescue of the stage party, if, as seemed beyond hope, any of them were still alive, and Lambert, burning with eagerness to do something and tormented with anxiety as to the fate of "Brother Floyd," found himself helpless.

A sergeant and some semi-invalided men had been left in charge of camp, and from these he gathered a little information, but not of an enlivening nature. The nearest posts to the westward from which help might come were McKavett and Concho, each over a hundred miles away; but Concho, being on the left bank of the Colorado, and doubtless warned by this time of the Indian raid, could be sending cavalry down the valley in pursuit. It was expectation of this, probably, that started the raiders eastward towards the Brazos, where there were no troops, and where, sweeping northward again in wide circle, they might confidently expect to get safely back to their wild fastnesses, leading the cavalry a stern chase all the way. Shrewdest tacticians of modern warfare as they are, they had indeed already divided, one party riding eastward as reported after swooping down on the Caliente station, and driving some of the stock ahead of them, for the sole purpose of drawing the Lampasas troop off in that direction, leaving the settlers along the Colorado to the mercies of the other and larger portion of the savage force. There was no use now in sending couriers after the troop. It had five hours' start. It would be evening before the fleetest horse could overtake the command. Lambert urged the sergeant to give him a horse and arms, mount three or four men, and let them go with him, if only to reconnoiter. Then some of the Texans who had no families to defend might volunteer. But the sergeant dared not take the responsibility of disregarding his instructions, and was wiser than Lambert in the wiles of Indian warfare. "I'd go myself gladly, lieutenant," he said, "but orders are orders, and a party of four or five would be surrounded and cut off and massacred before you fairly realized that an Indian was near you." Then Lambert had appealed to the Texans, and the captain had replied as above; and then, just when he was giving up in despair, a sergeant and two men, dust-covered and with horses in a lather of foam, rode furiously in from the Waco trail.

"Is it true?" cried the sergeant, as he saw the unusual gathering at camp. "We met a feller half-way over to Brazos riding like hell, warning folks the Indians were to the north, and he said they had jumped the stage this side of Cliente. It's true? And you haven't done anything? Mount every sound man you've got, and give us fresh horses."

"My orders were to take care—" began his comrade.

"Damn your orders! I bring later. The old man didn't believe it, and had a sure thing ahead of him, or he'd have turned back with the hull outfit. Why, man, that stage—or what's left of it—ain't thirty miles away, an' you fellers sitting here like so many damn women!" And the trooper flung himself from the saddle at the word, and then caught sight of Lambert's forage-cap and eager face.

"Get me a horse, too, sergeant; I'll go with you. I'm Lieut. Lambert, a classmate of your second lieutenant."

"You'll go in command, sir, and we're with you—six of us, anyhow. I've heard Corporal Walton speak of you, sir, often. How many of you fellers 'll go?" he demanded eagerly of the knot of Texans, while the few troopers hustled about saddling spare horses and levying on the list of invalid mounts, too sore or too feeble for a long chase, but good enough for a thirty-mile dash when it was life or death at the end of it. In an instant the whole atmosphere seemed changed—charged with ozone, electric force, magnetism—something—for the snap and spirit of the newcomer flashed from man to man. Lambert, a stranger and without authority in the premises, could effect nothing; Sergt. Dolan, a war veteran, a man they all knew, and clothed with power as coming direct from that military demi-god "the captain," had a dozen men armed, equipped, in saddle and ready for business, in ten minutes. Six were soldiers, six civilians who half laughingly ranged their raw-boned Texas ponies in line with the mounting troopers and Dolan sung out to Lambert, who had ridded his classmate's tent for extra boots and riding breeches: "We're ready, sir."

In the hot May sunshine, at high noon, they went loping northward over the lovely prairie, spangled with wildflowers, the Colorado twisting and turning like a silver serpent in its green bed to their left. Five miles out, a wretched, half-demented creature hailed them from a clump of willows by a little stream. "You're too late, you fellers. They ain't anything left alive from the Paloma to the Caliente, except Indians. The country's alive with them. Good-by to your scalps if you venture over that ridge." And he pointed to the long, low line of bluffs that spanned the horizon to the northwest. One man stopped to question, but speedily came galloping on in pursuit. "He's scared out of his wits. He can't prove what he says," was the brief report to Lambert and the sergeant, now riding side by side at the head of the little column.

Another hour, and, closer to the river, they were following the meanderings of the stage road, and the ridge loomed higher ahead. Two more settlers had been passed; and they were exaggerative beyond any semblance of probability. The Indians numbered thousands, the dead hundreds. The stage had been warned not to push on beyond Paloma bluffs last night, but persisted in an attempt to reach the Caliente. Col. Sweet and party had been butchered to a man—victims of his own rash effort to aid the poor fellows at the station, and of his criminal disregard of Texan warnings.

"We'll know the truth in an hour, lieutenant, so there's no use wasting time with those beggars. You can see the Paloma from yonder bluffs," was Dolan's only comment.

Just at one o'clock the foaming, panting horses were reined in, and the girths loosened, while Lambert, guided by the veteran Indian-fighter, crawled cautiously up the height in front of them. Half the men dismounted, were stationed with ready rifle or carbine where they could command every approach. Who could say whether Indians were not even then lurking in every ravine? A young Texan, following the road, pushed on cautiously to the point, so as to scout the trail beyond. With drooping heads and heaving flanks the motley herd were huddled in a little swale to the right of the road, their holders eagerly watching the young leader and saying few words. Warily Dolan reached and peered over the crest. They could see him pointing—could see both he and Lambert shading their eyes with their hands and staring away into space—could see Dolan suddenly clutch the officer's sleeve, and, crouching lower, point as though to some objects far out over the slopes beyond. Then down they came, eager, elastic, with gleaming eyes and glowing faces. "Mount, men, mount! There's a fight not five miles ahead!" sang out Dolan, and, swinging into saddle, with Lambert only a length in lead, struck spurs to his horse, the whole squad clattering at their heels. Young Texas, peering around the point, heard them coming, and threw a long, lean leg over his scraggy pony. "See anything?" he hailed.

"Yes; Indians attacking something or other 'bout a mile to the north of the road; looks like a dug-out o' some kind."

"'Tis a dug-out, by Gawd! I know the place. Witherell's herd used to graze around their last year, and he and his boys built that dug-out in case they were attacked; and maybe the stage managed to get back there. Some one's alive, else the Indians wouldn't be fighting."

A cheer went up from the foremost men. After all, then, there was vestige of hope. Lambert, eager and impetuous, was spurring off to the open prairie that lay beyond a sweeping bend of the stream, but Dolan hailed him:

"Not yet, lieutenant, not yet. There's some wild arroyos out yonder. Stick to the road, sir, till we can see the hut. It's up a long, shallow valley beyond that second divide. I know the place now."

"But they'll see us, sergeant," shouted Lambert, as he bent over the pommel, and drove his rowels wickedly at the torn flanks of his poor brute. "I hoped to surprise them and charge."

"Lord love you, sir, there's no surprising these beggars in broad daylight. They've been watching for some of us ever since sun-up, and they've seen us now. Lucky they haven't guns, 'cept old muzzle-loaders. They've mostly nothing but bows and lances."

The horses were panting furiously now, and some of the squad were stringing out far in the rear. Dolan, glancing back, saw two or three men vainly lashing their exhausted mounts long musket