

GHOST FAIRIES.

When the open fire is lit,
In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit
Where the fire can talk to me.

Fairy stories it can tell,
Tales of a forgotten race—
Of the fairy ghosts that dwell
In the ancient chimney place.

They are quite the strangest folk
Anybody ever knew,
Shapes of shadow and of smoke
Living in the chimney flue.

"Once," the fire said, "long ago,
With the wind they used to rove,
Gypsy fairies, to and fro,
Camping in the field and grove.

"Hither with the trees they came
Hiding in the logs; and here,
Hovering above the flame,
Often some of them appear."

So I watch, and, sure enough,
I can see the fairies! Then,
Suddenly there comes a puff—
Which—and they are gone again!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Youth's Companion.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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XII.

The Christmas holidays were coming on at Walton Hall, where, sore stricken, its mistress lay hovering between life and death. Two weeks had passed since the eventful night of the arrests, and, though no change had come over the landscape, and days of sunshine were few and far between, some odd alterations had taken place in and around the old homestead. Of these the most remarkable was the appearance three times a day of a young officer in Yankee uniform at the family board—a young officer who often prolonged his visit until late in the evening. Mr. Isaac Newton Lambert, though occupying his tent in camp, had become otherwise an inmate of the Walton establishment, for, unknown to the beloved invalid, her daughters were actually "taking boarders."

Another boarder, who had come and moved a modest bachelor kit into one of the upstairs rooms facing the east and overlooking the little camp, was Mr. Barton Potts, better known to all the inmates as "Cousin Bart." Indeed, it was due in great measure to his advice and influence that Mr. Lambert was admitted. Impoverished as were the Waltons—in dire need, as it turned out, now that the resolute woman who so many years had managed the family affairs was stricken down—nothing but prompt action and the helping hands of kinsfolk and friends stood between them and starvation. Squire Potts—"Old Man Potts," as he was generally called—had urged on Mrs. Walton in November the propriety of her abandoning the place entirely and taking shelter for herself and her daughters under his roof. Even though in desperate need, she had declined—for one reason, because that would bring Esther and Walton Scroggs together again; for another, because she could not bear to think of the old home becoming the abiding-place of all the houseless, shiftless negroes in the neighborhood. She had offered the house, garden and cotton-fields still remaining in her hands to any purchaser at almost any price; but who was there to invest in such unprofitable estate at such a time?

In the midst of these cares and troubles, which she could share with her daughters, were others which she could not. She durst not let them know on how slender a thread her life depended. That was one secret, held as yet by their old family physician and herself alone, because the knowledge of it would bring such grief to "the girls." There was another, which she prayed they might never know, because its very existence brought such grief and shame to her; Floyd, her youngest son, her darling, who had fought so bravely by his brother's side through the hottest battles of the war, had "abjured the faith of his fathers," as she bitterly expressed it—had become intimate with the federal officers and soldiers, instead of sticking closely to reading law in the office of her old friend Judge Summers at Quitman. And then, worse than all, she learned through his own desperate letter that he had enlisted in the cavalry. That within a week thereafter, repenting of his "mad folly," he should have deserted the service and fled the country, was in the poor stricken woman's eyes no crime whatever. That he should have enlisted, sworn to defend the flag which was to her the emblem of insolent triumph over the fallen fortunes of the land she loved, the only land she ever knew, the once happy, sunny south—that was infamy.

Not until weeks after her boy had taken the step that made him a fugitive from justice did she learn, or begin to imagine the chain of circumstances that led to it all. While occupying a desk in the office of Summers & Todd, attorneys and counselors at law, Floyd also occupied a seat at the table of a widowed relative who, left penniless at the close of the war, had to struggle

hard to keep body and soul together. The efforts of Judge Summers had been sufficient to save the house in which she dwelt, and "taking boarders" became her vocation. But paying boarders were scarce, and even when her table was crowded with homeless people her pockets were often empty. When Sweet's squadron of the—U. S. cavalry marched into town and took station there, the application of some of the officers for "rations and quarters" under her roof was coldly declined. They went to a hotel, and suffered, as they deserved, the pangs of indigestion. Later it transpired that two of them went to church, and this put an unlooked-for factor into the problem of how to treat these conquering but unpopular heroes. Rev. Mr. Pickett, of St. Paul's might condone his parishioners' refusal to supply them with bodily food, but it was impossible to refuse to minister to their spiritual necessities. Their religious faith was identical with that of his flock; it was in political faith that they differed. One might decline to sit at meat with them, but could hardly decline to sit with them at worship. They could be forbidden to eat with the elect, but the elect would not forbid them to pray. Even in the sanctuary, however, only hostile or averted looks were vouchsafed to Col. Sweet and Capt. Vinton when first they sought its doors; but in the course of a few months the women found that their soldiers—their husbands, brothers, or lovers, whom the war had spared—were actually fraternizing with the Yankee invaders, and that between those who had done hard and honest fighting on either side there was springing up firm and honest friendship. The irreconcilables were limited, apparently, to the noncombatants. When the squadron was ordered elsewhere after a six months' sojourn at Quitman, the populace was astonished to find how much the troopers were missed and really needed; for even Yankee custom had been acceptable in the stores and Yankee contributions welcome in the church. Business had brought Col. Sweet to Summers' office, and in the course of frequent visits cordial relations were established, and Floyd Walton could hardly treat with disdain a soldier and gentleman whom his patrons welcomed, even had he long retained the disposition to do so.

The command had not been gone a week before men were unaccountably wishing it back, and when it reappeared, with certain additions, it was actually welcomed by people who would have scouted the possibility of such a thing the year before. This time Col. Sweet announced to the rector that his wife and daughter would speedily follow, and were even then in New Orleans, awaiting his instructions to come. The hotel was no place for ladies in those rough days; the rector went to Mrs. Tower, and Mrs. Tower no longer resisted the inevitable. Floyd Walton, going to tea one hot June evening, was astonished to find himself in the presence of two ladies, one of them a pretty girl of perhaps 18, and to be presented to Mrs. and Miss Sweet. Within a week the young fellow was spending his evenings at the Towers', and within the month was hopelessly in love. Then came trouble. He hadn't a cent in the world. She was a soldier's daughter, and presumably poor. Whether she was poor or not, he, at least, had nothing to offer, and, having nothing, held his tongue, though he could not hold his peace. That was gone.

That was a wretched summer and autumn. The fire raged along the gulf, and cholera swooped upon the garrison. Sweet got his wife and child away to the mountains. They left suddenly, while Floyd was on a brief visit to his mother and sisters. It was December when they came back. Meantime Judge Summers had abandoned practice and gone to live at his old home at Sandbrook. Mr. Todd could offer young Walton no help; there was no money in law business just then. Matters at Tugaloo were going from bad to worse, and Walton found himself absolutely without money to pay his board. That made no difference to Mrs. Tower. She told him his mother's boy was as welcome as her own, and made him welcome where fascination all too strong already held him. Something in Jennie Sweet's gentle manner had changed. She was nervous, ill at ease, and sought to avoid him. Something in her mother's manner, too, was very different. And one day the truth came out. The frequency with which letters began chasing one another from the north explained the whole thing. Jenny had met her fate that fatal summer among the Virginia mountains, and was engaged to be married. Mrs. Sweet referred to the happy man as "a wealthy gentleman from Philadelphia, a few years older than Genevieve, but a most charming person." Genevieve herself said little or nothing, but looked none too radiant. Col. Sweet said less, but looked much at her.

Then Floyd Walton found another boarding place, and one where the influences were worse. He threw up his position in the law office and took a humble clerkship at a store. It paid him enough to board and lodge him, and here, from serving his customers with drink, he got to serving himself, and to associating with a regular set, some young townsmen, some soldiers. There were stories of gambling and quarrel even before Col. Sweet found that Jenny, the apple of his eye, was drooping in that southern climate, and

sent her, with her mother, north "for good." The next thing heard of Floyd Walton was that he had gone to New Orleans with a discharged soldier; and, even while grieving over her boy's infrequent letters and evident hopelessness and depression, Mrs. Walton received a missive one day that left her prostrate. She went alone to Quitman as soon as able to move, and came back within 48 hours looking years older, and both the girls soon knew that she had parted with the diamond earrings that were their father's last gift to her in the happy, prosperous days that preceded the war. Floyd had written that, starving, drunk or drugged, and desperate, he had been led by his associate before a recruiting officer, had been sent with others as reckless as himself to sober up at the quarters of a cavalry command near the city, and that, the next thing he knew, he with a squad of seven recruits was on his way to join a troop stationed within a few miles of his home, instead, as he had been assured would be the case, of being sent to the Fourth cavalry on frontier duty against the Indians in Texas. "They broke their contract," he said, "and I broke mine." He had deserted, and, if captured, would be sent to hard labor at Baton Rouge penitentiary or to the Dry Tortugas.

Such stories leak out despite every effort to conceal them, but not until just before Lambert's coming to join Company G did Mrs. Walton dream that Esther knew of her brother's peril. A sudden outcry in her garden one day brought her in haste to the spot, and there were a drunken soldier and her quadroon maid Elinor—he demanding liquor and she the return of a pitcher which he had evidently snatched from her hand. Madam Walton's stately presence and her imperious order that he leave the premises at once only partially sobered him. He gave her to understand that if she reported him he could bring shame upon her lead—he knew more about her affairs than she dreamed. His insolence tried her temper, but could not alter her tone and bearing. It was not until he was gone that Esther, trembling and in tears, came and begged her to lodge no



Kneeling by the bedside of her sleeping boy.

complaint against the man, as he indeed knew more than she supposed. And then, in reply to her mother's demand, Esther brokenly admitted that she had already heard of Floyd's enlistment and desertion through this very soldier. He had been at the house before. What she did not tell her mother was, that the news first reached her through Walton Scroggs.

And then, without warning, Floyd suddenly came home. So troubled had he been by the condition of his mother's health and affairs as confided in Esther's letters (sent under cover to an old family friend now serving as a surgeon in the Juarez army) that, having earned a little money in Vera Cruz, he hastened back and appeared there late at evening, worn and weary, before those loving yet terrified eyes. He had ridden miles on horseback that day, as he feared recognition by officers or soldiers still at Quitman if he came by rail that way, or by federal deputies if he came the other. Esther alone had received him on his arrival, for she, poor girl, was watching at the old altar near the south fence for the coming of her lover-husband, that day released from the clutches of the law. Then, after hearing her recital of their needs and sorrows, he had sent old Rasmus with a message into camp, while she had gone to prepare her mother for his coming.

Late that night, Mrs. Walton, kneeling by the bedside of her sleeping boy, became suddenly aware of a scuffle going on underneath the window, and, noiselessly descending the stairs, unfastened the side door and came at once upon the intruders, with the result already known. Not until aroused by the screams of Elinor and his sister Kate did Floyd know anything of the affair. Half asleep, and bewildered, he had jumped into boots and trousers and rushed to the rescue. One glance explained the whole thing, but it was Esther who in desperation seized and held him back when he would have sprung to release his mother from Riggs' drunken grasp—Esther who, hearing the coming rush of Lambert's footsteps, realized that what meant instant rescue for her mother meant equally instant peril for him—Esther who actually ordered his hurried re-

treating Lambert's appearance. Not until the following day did it occur to her mother to ask how it was or why it was she was up and dressed at that hour of the night. At any other time, perhaps, she would have found it far more difficult to frame plausible excuse, but almost anything would answer now. For hours she had been listening for the tap upon her window that should tell her Walton had not been spirited away to a place of safety until he had come to bless and comfort her with his love-words and caresses. To her, at least, despite the wild outbursts of his earlier days, her cousin-husband was all that was true and tender and fond. For him she had dared her mother's wrath, her younger sister's indignation, and Floyd alone was her supporter in the secret marriage that took place during her brief visit to the Claytons in the early spring.

With the dawn of Sunday, his signal at last was heard, and she stole out to meet him—to tell of Floyd's return, and to plan with him for their joint escape, for Floyd had told her that it would be folly to attempt to remain in hiding there. Already certain negroes of the neighborhood had seen him, and it could not be long before the military authorities were informed. Walton was all helpfulness and sympathy. His brother, the conductor, had planned to send his horse to the Walton barn at ten that night, and "Wal" was to ride across country to a friend's in Barksdale county, leave the horse there, and beat at the point where the railway crossed the country road at 11:30, when the "Owl" would stop and take him on the baggage car—unless some of Parmelee's spies or deputies were aboard. There would be no trouble at the capital, where the Owl often waited an hour for the express. The engineer would slow up just east of town. Walton would drop off in the darkness and make his way around to the west by a brisk tramp of a couple of miles, and there be taken on again about 1:30 a. m. and jostled away to the river. Once there, all the sheriff's posses in the south couldn't find him. Walton promptly urged that Floyd go with him. Rasmus was routed out from slumber in the barn and sent away with messages to Col. Scroggs and "Cousin Bart," and then the voice of Kate was heard, calling for her sister. Instead of being asleep, Mrs. Walton was painfully awake and planning a diplomatic letter to be sent to Capt. Close. For hours the only refuge they could offer Esther's husband was the cellar, for Mrs. Walton had insisted on being up and dressed to meet Cousin Bart, whom now she desired to send for and consult.

The letter which had so bewildered the company commander was brief enough. It bore neither date nor place, but went straight to business:

"Mrs. Walton presents her compliments to the officer in command of the federal troops here in camp and begs to say that she finds upon investigation that the two soldiers who visited her premises last night did so at the request of a member of her household, who sought their aid in bringing certain supplies from town whom her servants proved too ungrateful to be relied upon. Mrs. Walton deeply regrets that the soldiers referred to are now in danger of further punishment, and, while utterly disapproving of the action which led to their employment in violation of her express orders, she nevertheless accepts the entire responsibility and begs that no further steps may be taken against them, as she will not only positively refuse to appear as a witness in the case, but will prohibit any of her household from so appearing."

"Sunday morning."

And possibly the lady of Walton Hall felt quite assured that her mandate overruled any subpoena the federal authority could draft. One thing is certain, when Close read it over a second time he handed it to Lambert, saying: "So far as I am concerned, that blessed old lady shan't have any trouble on account of them two scallawags. She's got too much of her own. Unless you want to make an example of Riggs, you can release him in the morning. Murphy ought to be let off anyhow."

But when morning came it was found that Riggs had released himself. How he managed to cut his way out of that guard-tent without disturbing anybody, no one could explain. He was gone at daybreak, leaving no trace behind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Saved the French Republic.

It was often said of M. Adrien Leon, who has just died near Bayonne, France, that he saved the republic by a single vote. On February 27, 1875, when the remodeling of the constitution was debated, M. Wallon's amendment fixing the conditions for the election of the president was regarded as the crucial test on which the fate of France depended. Leon, sitting in the right center, hesitated, but was persuaded by Gambetta to support the republicans at the last moment and the amendment was carried by a majority of one.—San Francisco Argonaut.

She Was Too Young.

The other day a couple of little girls came to a physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained: "Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."—Twinkles.

TRYING TO BORROW CARS.

Western Railroad Lines Wholly Unable to Handle the Traffic Offered Them.
CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road is trying to borrow 5,000 cars from some of the southern roads to allow it to handle all of the traffic that is offered it. Unless it is able to get cars it will have to lose considerable business. The situation is becoming very serious not only with the St. Paul, but with the Northwestern, the Burlington, the Rock Island, the Atchison and all of the other western and northwestern roads. They are simply unable to handle all of the traffic that is offered them. All of the roads report that not only are they deluged with the amount of grain traffic, but that westbound merchandise is offered them in great volume, doing away with the necessity for the handling of empties on the return trip. Notwithstanding that the amount of traffic in sight for the western roads is the greatest they have had in a number of years it is a fact that freight rates are in a condition far from stable.

A. O. U. W. MATTERS.

Missouri Lodges to Vote on Changing Plan of Assessment—Oklahoma Trouble.
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 13.—The special meeting of the supreme officers of the A. O. U. W. and the grand officers of Missouri lodge adjourned Saturday. The officers of Missouri lodge asked advice from the supreme officers in regard to the changing of their manner of assessment from the level rate to the classified plan, and it was agreed to circulate statistics bearing on the classified plan among the members of the grand lodge, and let them vote on it at the annual meeting next February. The most important business was the disposition to be made of the recalcitrant Oklahoma members. The Oklahoma members were formerly under the Texas jurisdiction, but organized a separate lodge in defiance of the wishes of the supreme officers, for which offense they were suspended. Ex-Gov. Riddle, of Kansas, was authorized to go to Oklahoma and organize legal bodies. The present organization will be ignored.

CHEROKEE FREEDMEN BARRED.

Citizenship of Five Thousand Questioned by the Dawes Commission.
SILOAM SPRINGS, Ark., Sept. 13.—The Dawes commission, which is now at Fort Gibson, preparing the final citizenship rolls to be used in the proposed per capita distribution of Cherokee lands, has promulgated a ruling which, in effect, as far as the commission is concerned, denies Indian citizenship to 5,000 or more freedmen of the Cherokee nation, and indirectly affects the validity of the claim of several thousand whites who have married Cherokees. The ruling is that the commission will not enroll any negroes and that they must go into the courts and establish their claim to Indian citizenship before the government will recognize them.

UPCHURCH EXPELLED.

M. E. Church South Rejects a Preacher Who is a Disciple of Sanctification.
WACO, Tex., Sept. 13.—J. T. Upchurch was tried by an ecclesiastical court of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, and a verdict of guilty was returned. He is a disciple of Dr. Carradine, of St. Louis, in the sanctification faith. The charge against him was contumacious conduct and insubordination to church discipline in assisting in the maintenance of an independent holiness movement not authorized by the Methodist conference and reprobated by the bishops. The trial committee recommended the expulsion of Upchurch from membership, and his name was stricken from the church rolls. He appealed the case.

Post Office Receipts.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The post office receipts during August in the principal cities of the country show an increase over the receipts of last year. This is considered remarkable, when the fact is considered that last year there was a national campaign on and the mails were being flooded with political literature of all sorts. At St. Louis the receipts for the month were \$126,225, an increase of \$6,443. At Kansas City they were \$16,397, an increase of \$5,602.

The Last Spike Driven.

BEAUMONT, Tex., Sept. 13.—Saturday afternoon the last spike was driven on the main line of the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf railway, which completes that road from Kansas City to the gulf. The track-laying forces met at a point 14 miles northeast of Beaumont, where the last spike was driven with appropriate ceremonies, in which the Beaumont board of trade and the Port Arthur commercial club participated.

Free Silver Camp-Meeting.

SPRINGFIELD, Ia., Sept. 13.—The first session of the silver camp-meeting will be held Wednesday at the fair grounds. Allen G. Thurman will be chairman. W. J. Bryan, Horace J. Chapman, democratic candidate for governor, John Clark Ridpath, the historian, and Congressman DeArmond, of Missouri, are announced for speeches before the camp-meeting closes, September 22.

Gov. Drake a Sick Man.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 13.—Gov. E. M. Drake, after a few days in the city, returned yesterday to Excelsior Springs, Mo., where he is taking treatment. His condition when he left was not nearly so good as when he came to the city. He is suffering intensely from diabetes, which has been chronic with him for many years.