

MATILDA ANN AND ME.

When the nights are getting longer,
And the frosts begin to fall,
While the early pippins ripen
By the mossy garden wall,
Then I take my easy rocker,
In the kitchen after tea,
And we're happy as two lovers,
Just Matilda Ann and me.

While she washes out the dishes,
In her delectable dainty way,
'Tis a pleasure just to watch her,
And I haven't much to say,
As she sets them in the cupboard,
And we both of us agree,
Not to light the parlor burner,
For Matilda Ann and me.

So we put our feet together
Closer to the glowing hearth,
And declare there ne'er existed
Such a home as ours on earth.
Then sometimes she lets me kiss her;
Shades are down and none can see,
Else I'm sure they'd stop to envy
My Matilda Ann and me.
—Lalia M. Mitchell, in Housekeeper.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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XVI.—CONTINUED.

Then, when May came round and Lambert asked for three days leave, Minor hummed and hawed and looked at his staff officer and finally requested that it be submitted to 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 Glose, 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—tenth. 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 caroling 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'n the wide wuhld 'd you come from?" was her nonchalant greeting. "Ah supposed you were day'd'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 Katesie 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 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.

"Fawnt! It's five weeks to-day since you were hyuh." Then, suddenly conscious: "Not that I say-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 say '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 wuhh 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 tuh 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 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 crunched 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.

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, fearful 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 uninhabited 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



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

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 a-glee. 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 huld 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 riders 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.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Their Own Language.

A good story is told of the late Archbishop Benson's coachman. On a certain day, getting into a tight block among some cabmen, he indulged in a hearty swear—a rather frequent habit with him. His master heard him, and putting his head out of the window sternly remonstrated. "Beg your pardon, my lord," the old reprobate replied, "but I heard you tell them 'ert gents as was ordained last Sunday that if you don't speak to people in their own natural tongue, you will never get 'em to understand you."—London Globe.

Pat's Strong Position.

Pat—I tell you the ould frinds are always the best, after all, and I can prove it.

Dennis—How?
"Where'll you find a new friend that has stood by you as long as the ould ones have?"—Cleveland Leader.

NEW LAW DOES WELL.

Increase of Revenue Under the Dingley Tariff.

Vast Importations Under the Wilson Law Being Absorbed and Fresh Imports Now Coming In.

[Special Washington Correspondence.]

The second month of the operations of the Dingley law proves extremely satisfactory to treasury officials and to the friends generally of the measure who have had an opportunity or occasion to examine the result of its operations. Treasury receipts in the second month of its existence, September, are greater than those of the second month of the Wilson law, despite the fact that the Wilson law found warehouses, docks and freight vessels waiting to pour in enormous stocks of foreign goods to add to its earnings, the moment it should come into operation, and that the Dingley law found conditions precisely reversed and the country already flooded with foreign importations. The receipts in September, 1897, the second month of the Dingley law, were \$21,319,644, while those of October, 1894, the second month of the Wilson law, were only \$19,139,240.

"I think we have ample reason to be gratified with the operations of the law thus far," said Assistant Secretary Howell, of the treasury department. "The receipts for September are gratifyingly large in view of the conditions under which the act went into effect. As everybody knows the country has been filled with foreign goods in the few months prior to the enactment of this law, yet the September receipts exceed \$21,000,000 and the deficit for September is but a trifle over \$3,000,000. Considering that the period which this covers is only a few weeks removed from the close of the long period of heavy anticipatory importations, I think that the showing is an extremely gratifying one."

"And justifies the belief which you have formerly expressed that the revenues under the law will in time prove sufficient to meet the running expenses of the government?"

"Undoubtedly. I think there is no question about it. I have believed that by the end of the calendar year conditions will be such as to bring the revenue of the government up to its expenditures and September's developments certainly strengthen that belief in my mind, and I think fully justify it."

Not only are the earnings of the Dingley law in its second month in excess of those of the Wilson law in the corresponding month of its operations, but the deficit is far less. The deficit in the second month of the Wilson law was \$13,573,800, while in the second month of the Dingley law it is but \$3,432,717, or less than 25 per cent. of that of the second month of the Wilson law. When the conditions under which the two laws went into operation are compared, this showing of the earnings of the new law proves very gratifying to those desiring to see it bring the treasury again in a condition in which its receipts will meet current expenditures and enable a sufficient accumulation to provide for the sinking fund which has been untouched during the entire period of the operations of the Wilson law.

The growth in receipts since the new law went into effect has been steady and gratifying. The receipts of the second month are 12½ per cent. in excess of the receipts of the first month. The earnings during the second half of the month of August were slightly in excess of \$9,000,000; those for the first half of September were a little above \$10,000,000, while those for the second half of September were over \$11,000,000. The figures in detail are as follows:

Second half August.....	\$9,245,692
First half September.....	10,309,399
Second half September.....	11,009,596

A study of the daily receipts during the second month of the new law, September, show a steady growth during that month. Indeed the receipts of the closing ten days of the month seem to have reached almost the normal figures of the corresponding dates under the Wilson law, being within a trifle during the last ten business days of September, 1897, of the earnings of the Wilson law in the last ten days of September, 1896. Here are the figures of the last ten business days of September, 1897, under the Dingley law compared with the last ten business days of September, 1896, under the Wilson law:

September	1896	1897
19	\$934,100	\$1,431,396
20	1,082,958	770,081
21	830,195	874,586
22	741,504	771,859
23	655,463	728,889
24	675,729	657,942
25	948,543	1,232,637
26	1,191,851	1,097,107
27	713,386	799,988
28	887,297	938,694
29		
30		
	\$8,802,036	\$8,732,109

While there is reason to believe that the earnings of the month of October will be an increase over those of September, it cannot be expected that they will be sufficient to meet the heavy expenses of this month, in which the quarterly interest payment of the government is made. The average deficit in the month of October during the three years' operation of the Wilson law was nearly \$10,000,000, being in October, 1894, as high as \$13,573,800.—C. D. King.