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G ARFILLAND OF THURSDAY ON OF DEFORE THE FULL OF THE MOON.
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F. E. & M. V. B. R. -FROM THE EAST. Every day, Sunday included at..... 9: Very day, Sunday included at.....10:04 a

PACIFIC SHORT LINE, Passenger-leaves 10:05a. M. Arrives 11:55 P.M. Freight—leaves 9:07 P.M. Arrives 7:00 P.M.

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was comin' up to-night."

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

Captain Charles Ki [Copyright, 1894, by J. B. Lippincott Company.]

The conductor had eyed Lambert cu-

riously as he punched his ticket. He

held it for a moment and edged his lan-

tern 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 vet-

eran travelers remember as character-

istic 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 event-

ful war so recently closed. It had a

baggage car behind the wheezy old

wood-burner that drew the rickety pro-

cession 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 "smok-

er," 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 con-

suming 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 uphol-

stered in dingy red plush instead of blackened canvas, and that both its

lamps could be induced to burn, how-

ever 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

opulous station on a north and south

'trunk" line, it turned and twisted

through red clay cuttings, jolted over

mud-covered ties and moss-grown tres-

tles, whistling shrill to wake the watch-

ers at 'ercss-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 an-

other "great northern" route, and three

nights in the week, perhaps, gave it a

eleepy passenger or two to trundle away.

vestward 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 clank-

ing road, unresentful of comment on its

anything, of the fact that this way, at

cording to the American idea, with the

aggage instead of the ladies' car next

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 Quit-

man in time for the down express at

dawn. "You'd better puil out the min-

ute she gits hyuh," was his final in-

junction when at last her whistle was

A lithe, active young fellow in a trim

uit of tweed had sprung from the

sleeper before the incoming train had

rairly stopped, and, hailing the first man he saw, asked: "Train for Tuga-

loo 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 Quit-

man," it said, and, abandoning his ap-

parent purpose of repeating the ques-

tion in sharper tone, the young fellow

y-lighted platform in the direction of

"Quitman train?-Tugaloo?" he asked

of a dark form standing above the tail

"Quitman it is. Anybody else thar?"

And the interrogative went off in a

"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

"Any you gentlemen for Quitman?"

"Quitman? Hell, no! What's any

man want to go thar for night like this?

'nless you'll stop and take a cup

"Oh, that you, cap? Ain't you got

anybody for us? Thought the judge

light of the car.

shout. No answer.

turned and ran nimbly across the dim-

least, it ran "right end foremost,"

the struggling engine.

l:eard.

"Young feller 'n the sleeper all I know

"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 Lam bert, 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 filst off?" sung out the conductor, dis gustedly. "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, tirade he was composing for the benefit of the stationmaster and abruptly

asked: "Whuh's it goin'?"

loneliness and poverty, and proud, if "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 truck to fetch me back again, Hank? Dawg gawn 'f I eckon 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 evidenty 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 f'r us. Thanky, suh. Thanky." And the negro's eyes danced, for the douceur handed him by the young owner of the vagrant bagguge exceeded his hopes. He strove, indeed, to turn and renew his thanks at the rear door, but was collared and hustled unceremoni-

ously 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 niean "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 Lamert 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 in-All the same he did not intend to allow people to treat him with discourtesy-

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 instent 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 nhead 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 shoulderstraps, for army life so soon after the greatwar 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, himsel 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 a 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, At sight of which the conductor so it was alleged, had been defying the checked the half jocular, half resentful 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 licutenant," said he. "I don't know much about him-Brevet Capt. Close."

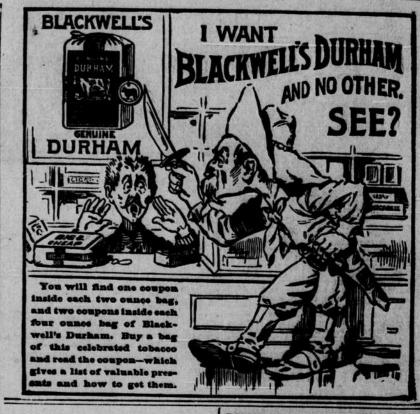
Whereupon Waring laid down his knife and fork. "Angels and ministers of grace!" he exclaimed. "Well, if that isn't the oddest contre-temps I ever heard of!" And then they all began to laugh.

"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 celeb-

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 junctions; and he meant to do both. could associate except, possibly, the "contract doctor."

Quitting New Orleans after a long certainly not a conductor of a public 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 lonesomehaps a trifle homesick. Twice had the conductor bustled through the train rousing sleeping passengers and seeing them safely off at dark and mys terious 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 em bers and piled on fresh fuel, whereas a young man who had got on at Coates ville 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 hop-ing not to be further questioned. He busied himself again with the fire, then, rising quickly, sought his seat.

But the young man with the flash 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 clatter-

ing to the floor, held out his hand.
"'Scuse me, suh," he stuttered. "! 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 Lam bert, 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 chamoisskin, had come 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



'You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this

know a gen'l'm'n-an' I'll stan' your frien'-I mean it. Missur-Missur-"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

"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 thiz?" 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 un til 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 1 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-fellun -Close-I'll see'm in 'ell first."

(To be continued.)

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