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A. R. POST, NO. 86. The Gen. John O'Neill Post, No. 86, Department of Neuralska G. A. R., will meet the first and third saturday evening of each month in Masonic hall O'Neill S. J. SMITH, Com.

ELKHORN VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.
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K. OF P.--HELMET LODGE, U. D. Convention every Monday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brethern ARTHUR COYKENDALI., C. C.

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NEIL BRENNAN, V. C. D. H. CRONIN, Clerk A. O. U. W. NO. 153, Meets second and fourth Tudsday of each month in Masonic hall.
C. Bright, Rec. S. B. Howard, M. W.

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Arrives Mon., Wed. and Fridays a ...1:30 p.m
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At ten o'clock that dark and gloomy Sunday night Mr. Lambert stood in front of his tent, leaning on his sword and listening in silence to the conference going on between his commander and the civil officers of the law. Close had come home in high dudgeon, and was, as usual, slow and cautious, but more than usually reluctant and suspicious. Fuming over the failure of the mission on which he had started so confidently, believing himself "tricked by the enemy," and now offered ample revenge and assured of success through the information tendered him, he nevertheless faltered. Lambert, returning from the round of his sentries, was taken unawares by the sudden question:

"This gentleman says the old lady knew just where we had gone and just when we would get back. What do you think of it?"

"It's a matter I know nothing about, sir," was the answer, "except that she did say she was writing a letter to be given you on your return this evening, and instantly corrected herself by saying on your return."
"Yes. Here's the letter, by Jove, and

it's a worse puzzle than before. And here's the deputy marshal back with increased powers, new orders, search-warrants, and God knows what all. I'm willing enough to back you in dealing with men, Mr. Parmelee," said the captain, turning again to the eager civilian, "but the lieutenant has had these sentries posted 40 minutes and there hasn't been a sound. I don't want any searching of a house that holds nothing but women, because you think some of your jail birds are there-

"I tell you, captain, there's no room for doubt. The negroes have seen them. They told Mr. Jarvis, here, and told him the mules were to be there before ten o'clock to carry 'em off out of harm's way. Your man Murphy admits he saw one last night—one of the Scroggses, sure, by the description, and his brother is with him there, I'll bet a hat."

"I don't believe it," sturdily answered Close. "Only last August she turned Walton Scroggs away from her door with such a tongue-lashing as I never heard; an' that's saying a good deal. She forbade him ever setting foot within her gates again. I heard her; so did half the men in this company."

"I know all about that. He has been

in love with his cousin, the elder of the Walton girls, as long as I can remember, and because of his shiftless habits the old lady wouldn't listen to it. Then they took to meeting by stealth, and Rasmus for no other reason than that he carried letters for them. I've tried to bribe him twice to tell where Wal Scroggs was hiding, but the old nigger's a damn fool-with a starving wife, too. They tell me he was seen round here a day or two since, asking for Riggs, and he's been carrying letters again. The old lady wouldn't have him there before, perhaps, but she would shelter him now, when the government demands his surrender. But, even if she wouldn't, Esther Walton would. I tell you they're there, captain, and they'll be off and out of our reach this night if you fail to take them now."

Close was pulling on a soldier's overcoat at the moment, and stopped to listen to some sound down the dark recesses of the "bottom" along the winding stream.

"It's the mules now!" began Parmelee, excitedly, but Close held up a warning hand.

"If it is, my men will nab 'em, that's all. Now you've been the means of my takin' the men on more'n one long wildgoose chase afoot-that telegram of yours was enough to give the whole scheme away-and of my bein' invited to be damn fool enough to fight two duels this afternoon. Both Col. Scroggs and Mr. Barton Potts, by thunder, want me to go out and be shot because I preferred to satisfy myself Mr. Wal Scroggs wasn't in the old Gibson place, 'stead of takin' their word of honor for it. There's a sick lady there who was scared of Yankee uniforms; but I'd rather search all Tugaloo and Quitman and hell together than rout out old Mis' Walton to-night. They can't get out past my sentries. They're sure to be nabbed if they try. Let 'em try, I say. It's the easiest way to settle the whole business. Then they can be arrested without disturbin' anybody in the house.

But Parmelee was dissatisfied. He had been chaffed, jeered at, maddened over the escape of his prisoners. Two of them-the worst of the lot, so far as he could judge-were here now, within his grasp, if he could but persuade Close to act. He had still a card to play, and it was a trump lead.

"I did send you a telegram steering you to Gibson's, and I did it because the marshal himself so directed; for it was he who was sure that was where they had taken refuge. Scroggs and his precious kinsman, Potts, probably got warning in time to send their two refugees away, and now they've had the Gilligan when in need of paints. 45tf cheek to hide them here, right under

your nose. Talk about the record you've made as a preserver of the peace down here; how'll it read all over the north that, after being released from jail in the presence of Capt. Close's company, the worst of the gang-men un-der indictment for murderous assault on United States officers in discharge of their duties-came and took up their residences across the road from Capt. Close's camp and dared him to take them. That's the way it'll read, by God, if you don't act to-night."

For a moment Close simply stared at the man. Parmelee was no fighter, man to man, steel to steel; that the war veteran knew well; but the Yankee schoolmaster of ante-bellum days had learned to use his wits and his tongue. He could argue, if he couldn't face a bullet. The stalwart soldier who, single-handed, had captured a squad of astonished trench defenders before Vicksburg and had faced the blazing battle line with dauntless front a score of times, looked helplessly a moment into the face of this keen fencer, then turned appealingly to the young West Pointer, as though to ask: "Isn't there something in your education to answer this?" But Lambert was silent. From first to last the lesson taught him at the national academy was subordination of the military to the civil authority.

"Well, go ahead. You're boss, I s'pose I can only follow. What d'you want me to do?" said Close.

"I want you to search that house and get those men," was Parmelee's an-

And then there was another moment of oppressive silence; then sudden start and alarm.

Down the Tugaloo road to the south, at the farthest corner of the fence which surrounded the Walton place, there was a pathway leading through the brush to the level "bottom" below. Somewhere in this direction, but beyond the corner, only a few seconds before, had been heard a sound like that of a bray nipped suddenly in the budof a mule's essay at vocalism checked summarily with a club. At this point where road and pathway came together Lambert had posted Private Green, a reliable soldier of many years' experience, and when Green challenged there was reason for it. Low and stern his voice was heard distinctly at the listening camp: "Who comes there?" followed almost immediately by the sharp order: "Halt! Halt, or I fire."

Waiting for no order, Lambert was off like a dart. Burns following with a lantern. Again came the cry: "Halt!" but the promised shot was not heard. Even when running at speed past the gate of the Walton place, the young officer could not resist a quick glance at the dark facade of the old homestead. Already a light was dancing along the portico, another gleaming at an upper

"What's the matter, sentry?" he panted, as he came upon the dark figure at the turn of the road. Green, with his rifle at "ready," was peering into the gap in the tangle of shrubbery.

"Some one was coming up there, sir and ran the instant I challenged. ought to have let him get up to me and then halted him, but I had regulations instead of sense in my head," said Green, a New Englander with a propensity for talk. "He's out o' harm's But Lambert waited to hear no more

With Burns at his heels he sprang down the dim pathway, and had not gone 30 yards before he came upon some struggling object crashing into the brush towards the stream. "Halt!" he shouted, and, while something halted. other somethings, with muttered oaths, went plunging on. He heard a splash, hoofs clattering over gravel, the lashing of a whip, and then all was still across the dark open space through which flowed the sluggish "branch." But here among the bushes were two wondering quadrupeds, one a mulc with broken bridle-rein, the other, as Burns' lantern speedily showed, a Cherokee pony-both saddled. A cor poral came running to join them, and in a moment the beasts were led back to the road way, where Close and Parmelee by this time stood ready to receive them. One glance was all the latter needed.

"What did I tell you, captain?" said he, in triumph. "That is Wal Scroggs' own pony, and the master's hiding there at the Walton place."

Ten minutes more and a strange, solemn scene was being enacted at the head of the steps leading up to that broad, vine-covered old porch, whose dingy white columns loomed dim and ghostly in the glare of lantern and candle. The door was thrown wide open, and on the worn coping-stone, calm, dignified, erect, even though leaning heavily upon her cane, a lighted candle held high over the shimmering gray of her well-poised head, her stately, slender form garbed in some dark clinging robe, stood the mistress of the house the clear-cut, pallid face standing forth against the black background of the

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hallway like some exquisite cameo, the thin, sensitive lips quivering just a trifle at the drooping corners of her firmly-set, almost colorless mouth. In front of her, his brown head bared, his burly form nearly concealed in his lightblue overcoat, an almost pleading look in his soft brown eyes, was Close, the hero of a score of battles. On his right, folded and formidable-looking documents extended in an unsteady hand, also with uncovered head, stood Parmelee, representing the majesty of the law. To the left of the commander and a pace retired, buttoned to the throat in the uniform of his rank and girt with sash and belt, stood young Lambert, obedient to orders. Behind them, and almost at the top of the steps, armed and equipped, a sergeant and two soldiers of the guard. Back, farther down the steps, still others were grouped, the fixed bayonets gleaming in the light of the two lamps, one held by the amazed woman at the threshold, the other swinging from the gloved hand of the sergeant of the guard. "What you say, sir, is absurd-impos-

sible. At no time, under no circumstances," Mrs. Walton was saying, "could the gentleman you name be secreted in that room."

"Madam," replied Close, his deep voice trembling, "nobody can feel more sorry about this than I do. I'd rather go through the whole war over again than be here on such an errand tonight, but-a soldier must obey his orders. I saw him, madam, at that window. These gentlemen saw-

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen, sir, never would connive at such an outrage. That is my daughter's room-Miss Esther Walton's."

Dead silence for a moment, solemn and impressive indeed, for Close turned helplessly to the supporters on his right, unable to face such majesty of confidence and conviction, unable to say the words that could sound only like insult intensified. It was i'armelee whose sense of duty rose superior to exalted sentiment.

"Madam," he began, stepping for-ward, "these papers are full warrant for my action. I know two men to be secreted here. I, too, saw one at that window, and the law must take its course.'

"Stop!" she cried. "I have said that was my daughter's room. One of your party, at least, has the appearance of a gentleman. Lieut. Lambert, is it possible that you—that any graduate of West Point—can stand here and permit such outrage as this? Would you allow your sister's room to be searched for-oh, my God! nothing we have had to bear was comparable to this. I give you my word of honor no such man is, or has been-"

But she got no further. Out from the dark hallway, with bounding step, tall, slender and athletic, sprang a young fellow with the warning cry: "Mother! not another word."

She strove to check him as he pushed his impetuous way past her. With a wail of anguish unspeakable she threw aside her cane and seized him by the arm. Down went the candle sputtering to the floor. "Floyd-Floyd! Oh, my boy, what have you done?" she moaned, and bowed her gray head upon the broad young shoulder.

And then, with just a touch of the melodramatic in his bearing, the youth folded his arms and stood erect before the astonished group of officials. "I reckou, gentlemen, I'm the man

vou want."

Close looked at him in bewilderment, then turned to Parmelee, whose face, whether through fear or excitement, was twitching nervously, and who stood staring blankly at the stranger. From the hallway came creeping hurriedly forth a girlish form, misery in the streaming eyes and disheveled hair. and Katherine Walton threw herself upon her brother's arm, sobbing convulsively. "Hush, Kate," he whispered, in almost stern reproach. "Hush, child. Go back to your room;" and though now he enfolded his mother in the embrace of his left arm, he strove to free the right. But Katherine would not go.

And still, though here apparently was the sought-for prisoner, no man stepped forward to claim him. Officers and men, the nocturnal visitors looked blankly at one another, at the stricken group upon the threshold, and were silent. Then with sudden gesture, as though he could no longer bear the strain, the young man broke loose from Katherine's clinging arms, and, gently unclasping his mother's hands, once again addressed himself to Close:

"I say, suh, I reckon you've come for me. I'm ready to go with you at

And then, with wonder and relief in their faces, with sudden check to sobs and tears, mother and sister lifted up their heads and stared at the embarrassed officer. Lambert gave vent to an audible gasp of delight, for Close, turning slowly upon the silent and astonished deputy, and with a world of sup-pressed wrath in his deep tones, growled

"You've got no warrant for this gentleman. I never saw him before in my life, and never heard of him as being mixed up in any trouble. This is young Mr. Walton, isn't it?" he suddenly inquired of the stranger, over whose pale face a look of bewilderment was creeping, and who for a moment seemed unable to reply. It was Mme. Walton who, with quivering, ashen lips and with hope, fear, yearning, anguish in her eyes, found voice to say:

"This is my youngest son, Floyd Walton.

"You say," she continued tremulous ly, "you have no warrant, no cause for his arrest. Then in God's name go, and leave us in peace. I am not well; and on my word of honor, no other man is hidden—"

"Mother! Hush!" A door hastily opened within-the door leading to the room to the left of the entrance, the room at whose window Close and Parmalec could swear they saw the dim figure of a man peering forth as they entered the gate. A heavy footfall resounded through the

(To be continued.)

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