

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs,  
Incased in scarlet hose;  
A pair of little stubby boots,  
With rather doubtful toes;  
A little kilt, a little coat—  
Cut as a mother can—  
And lo! before us stands in state  
The future's "coming man."  
His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,  
And search their unknown ways;  
Perchance the human heart and soul  
Will open to their gaze;  
Perchance their keen and flashing glance  
Will be a nation's light—  
Those eyes that now are wistful bent  
On some "big fellow's" kite.  
Those hands—those little, busy hands—  
So sticky, small and brown;  
Those hands whose only mission seems  
To pull all order down;  
Who knows what hidden strength may be  
Hidden in their clasp,  
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick  
In sturdy hold they grasp?  
Ah, blessings on those little hands,  
Whose work is yet undone,  
And blessings on those little feet,  
Whose race is yet unrun!  
And blessings on the little brain  
That has not learned to plan!  
Whate'er the future holds in store,  
God bless the "coming man."  
—Somerville Journal.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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II.—CONTINUED.

"This," said Lambert to himself, "is possibly one of the scrub oaks. I assume he doesn't imagine me to be an officer, and, in any event, he could say so and I couldn't prove the contrary. Ergo, I'll let him into the secret without letting him imagine I'm nettled."  
"They were made by my tailor, corporal," said he. "He also made the uniform which I, perhaps, should have put on before coming out to camp." ("That ought to fetch him," thought he.) "Where will I find Capt. Close?"  
"He's over there," said the corporal, with a careless jerk of the head in the direction of the opposite wall tent. "Then I s'pose you're the new lieutenant the fellows been talking about?"  
"I am; and would you mind telling me how long you've been in service?"  
"Me? Oh, I reckon about two months—longer 'n you have, anyhow. You ain't joined yet, have you?" And the corporal was nibbling at a twig now and looking up in good-humored interest. Then, as Lambert found no words for immediate reply, he went on: "Cap's awake, if you want to see him." And, amazed at this reception, yet not knowing whether to be indignant or amused, Lambert sprang down the pathway, crossed the open space between the tents, a dozen of the men starting up to stare at but none to salute him, and halted before the tent of his company commander.  
Sitting just within the half-opened flap, a thick-set, burly man of middle age was holding in his left hand a coarse needle, while with his right he was making unsuccessful jabs with some black thread at the eye thereof. So intent was he upon this task that he never heard Lambert's footfall nor noted his coming, and the lieutenant, while pausing a moment irresolute, took quick observation of the stranger and his surroundings. He was clad in the gray shirt and light-blue trousers such as were worn by the rank and file. An ordinary soldier's blouse was thrown over the back of the camp-stool on which he sat, and his feet were encased in the coarse woolen socks and heavy brogans and leathern thongs, just exactly such as the soldier cook was wearing at the hissing fire a few paces away. His suspenders were hung about his waist, and in his lap sat uppermost and showing a rent three inches in length, were a pair of uniform trousers, with a narrow welt of dark blue along the outer seam. They were thin and shiny like bombazine, in places, and the patch which seemed destined to cover the rent was five shades too dark for the purpose. His hands were brown and knotted and hard. He wore a silver ring on the third finger of the left. His face was brown as his hands, and clean shaved (barring the stubble of two days' growth) everywhere, except the heavy "goatee," which, beginning at the corners of his broad, firm mouth, covered thickly his throat and chin. His eyes were large, clear, dark brown in hue, and heavily shaded. His hair, close cropped and sprinkled with gray, was almost black.  
The morning air was keen, yet no fire blazed in the little camp stove behind him, and the fittings of the tent, so far as the visitor could see, were of the plainest description. Not caring to stand there longer, Lambert cleared his throat and began:  
"I am looking for Capt. Close."  
Whereupon the man engaged in threading the needle slowly opened the left eye he had screwed tight shut, and, as slowly raised his head, calmly looked his visitor over and at last slowly replied:  
"That's my name."  
III.  
Newton Lambert has more than once in the course of his years of service been

heard to say that of all the odd sensations he ever experienced that which possessed him on the occasion of his reporting for duty with his first company was the oddest. Accustomed during his four years of cadet life to behave with punctilious respect in the presence of officers, young or old, and accustomed also through his two months' detail at the academy that summer to be treated with even the exaggerated deference which the old non-commissioned officers seemed to delight in showing to young graduates, Lambert was unprepared for the hail-fellow-well-met nature of his reception by the enlisted men and the absolute impassiveness of his one brother officer. That it was utterly different from the customs obtaining elsewhere in the regular service he knew very well. In visiting classmates already on duty with their batteries among the New York and New England forts, as well as during his brief stay at the barracks, he had noted the scrupulous deference of the veteran sergeants when addressing their officers. He could understand awkwardness and clumsiness among the recruits, but the idea of a corporal chafing him on the cut of his clothes and—the idea of a two months' recruit being a corporal, anyhow! Never in the tales told of the Fire Zouaves of '61 had he heard of anything much more free-and-easy than the manners of this camp of regulars. Never in his wildest dream had he figured such a specimen of the commissioned officer as he found in Capt. Close. In the contemplation of this character the go-as-you-please style of the enlisted men sank into insignificance. Long years afterwards Lambert used to go over this meeting in his mind, and for two years, often imperturbed, he would convulse his brother officers by vivid description of it. But there came a time when they no longer laughed and he no longer told the story save to those he loved and trusted utterly.  
Aroused by some unusual chatter among the men, the first sergeant of company G, smoking a pipe while working over a ration-return, stuck his head out of his tent and saw a young gentleman in a light-colored suit, courteously raising a drab derby in his kid-glover hand, while he stood erect with soldierly ease before the company commander. Sergt. Burns also noted that some of the men were tittering and all of them looking on. One glance was enough. The sergeant dropped pen and pipe and came out of his den with a single bound, buttoning his blouse and glaring about him as he did so. "Hush your d—d gab, you!" he fiercely growled at the nearest group. "Get into your coats, there!" he swore at another, while with menacing hand he motioned to others still, whose costume was even more primitive, to scramble back to their tents. In ten seconds silence reigned throughout the camp almost as complete as that which was maintained, for that time, at the tent of the commanding officer. Lambert actually did not know what to say in response to his superior's announcement. It was full ten seconds, or more, before he determined in what form to couch his next remark. He had intended to say: "I have the honor to report for duty, sir;" but a vague suspicion possessed him that this might be some game at his expense—some prank such as old cadets played upon "plebes." He compromised, therefore, between his preconception of a strictly soldierly report and his sense of what might be due his own dignity. "My name is Lambert," said he. "And I am here for duty as second lieutenant."  
Slowly the man in the camp-chair laid down his work, sticking the needle into the flap of the tent and hanging the thread upon it. Then he heaved up out of the chair, hung the damaged trousers over its back and came ponderously forward. Not a vestige of a smile lightened his face. He looked the young gentleman earnestly in the eye and slowly extended his big, brown, hairy hand. Seeing that it was meant for him, Lambert shifted his hat into the left, leaning his sword against the tent-pole, and his dainty kid—a wild extravagance so soon after the war—was for an instant clasped, then slowly released. Capt. Close unquestionably had a powerful "grip."  
"How'd you come?" he asked. "Kind of expected you Monday evenin'—out from Quitman."  
"The general kept me over a day or two to let me see New Orleans. He told me that you would be notified, sir. I hope you got the letter?"  
"Oh, yes. That was all right. There was no hurry. I didn't know as they could get passes over the Northern. I s'pose the chief quartermaster fixed it for you, though?" And the brown eyes searched questioningly the young officer's face.  
"Passes? No, sir; I bought my ticket through."  
"No! Why, you needn't have done that. The Quitman road's biddin' for all the government freight it can get now. They'd have given you a pass in a minute. I suppose you want to be quartermaster and commissary?" And again the brown eyes looked almost wistfully into the blue.  
"I? No, indeed, sir. I don't know anything but a little tactics. What I most want"—with a glance around and an apologetical laugh—"is a chance to wash off the cinders—and something to eat. I'm hungry as a wolf."  
The captain looked troubled. "I've

had my grub; so've the men, 'cept those that come back late in the night—been up to Buckatubbee with the marshal. Did you try over at Toog'loo?"  
"Everybody was asleep over there. I left my trunk at the railway station and walked out."  
"Why, I told the sergeant to send a mule in last night on the chance of your comin' by the 'Owl.' Didn't anybody meet you?"  
"There was a mule, but no body," laughed Lambert, "except a darky asleep in a freight car. The mule was lying in the dirt, and snapped his head-stall when I tried to raise him."  
"What became of him? He didn't get away, did he?" asked Close, in great anxiety.  
"He didn't try to," answered Lambert, in some amusement. "Like the eminent head of the late unpleasantness, all he asked was to be let alone. I left him browsing in the public square."  
"And the bridle an' saddle, too? Great Peter! That's bad. Some lousy nigger's got him by this time, or his trappin's at least, an' he'll swear the Freedman's Bureau gave him the hull outfit, and it'll be stopped against my pay. Sergeant!" he called; "wish you'd go right down town an' catch up that mule an'—"  
"I can't go, sir," promptly answered Sergt. Burns, his hand going up in unaccustomed salute in deference to the presence of the new officer. "I'm busy with them ration returns. Here, Finney, you go."  
"Go where?" said a young soldier squatting at his tent door and greasing a pair of shoes with a bit of bacon-rind. He hardly deigned to look up.  
"The captain wants you to go and get that saddle mule he sent up last night. Jake must have gone asleep and forgot him."  
"Would it be possible to send a wagon for my trunk?" interposed Lambert at this juncture, appealing to his superior. Close hesitated and made no immediate reply. It was the sergeant who took the responsibility:  
"I'll tend to it, if you please, sir. The wagon's going up in ten minutes to haul some grain. Be lively now, Finney. Drop them shoes and start." And Finney, conscious, possibly, of some change in the military atmosphere, gathered himself together and vanished.  
Meantime, in his anxiety about the government property thus placed in jeopardy, the captain seemed lost to all thought of the new comers' comfort. It was Sergt. Burns who came forward with a camp stool and proffer of further hospitality.  
"If the lieutenant can put up with such rations, I'll send something from the cook-fire, sir," said he, doubtfully, looking at his commander very much as though he thought it high time for that official to suggest something better. Lambert said he should be most grateful if that could be done—and if there were no objections; and he, too, looked expectantly at the senior officer.  
"I guess that's about the best we can do," said Close, slowly. "Tain't what you've been accustomed to, but it's what I always eat. Send us up something, sergeant—enough for two; I'll take another snack with the lieutenant."  
And in less than five minutes Lambert and his new comrade were seated by a little fire on which a tin coffee-pot was hissing, and with a broad pine shelf upon their knees, from big tin mugs and broad tin plates, were discussing a smoking repast of pork and beans, to the accompaniment of bread and sirup and creamless coffee. "It's the way I always prefer to live when I'm in the field," said Close, "and it only costs you nine dollars a month."  
Lambert was too hungry not to relish even such a breakfast. He fancied he heard something that sounded greatly like a suppressed chuckle on the part of the soldier cook at his senior's remark upon the cost of living in the field, but sensations and experiences were crowding thickly upon him and there was little time for trifles.  
Through the good offices of Sergt. Burns, a wall tent was pitched that morning for "the new lieutenant" to the left of the domicile of the company commander; a wooden bunk was knocked up in an "A" tent in the back, and Lambert began unpacking his trunk and setting up housekeeping.  
"I suppose I can get what furniture I want in town," said he to Close.  
"Depends on what you want," replied the senior, warily, "and whether you care to throw away your money. What'd you want to get? They will skin the last cent out of you there at Cohen's."



Were seated by a little fire.

"I merely wanted some cheap truck for camp, and some washstand fixings," Lambert answered, falling into the vernacular of his comrade with the ease of one just out of the national school, where every known American dialect can be heard—"things I can throw away when we leave."  
Close was silent a moment. "I can let you have everything you need, if you ain't particular 'bout their bein' new. They're just as good as anything you can buy, and won't cost you near so much." Then, after a little hesitation: "They ain't mine to give, or I'd let you have them for nothing."  
Lambert had precious little money left, even after drawing his November pay in New Orleans; but he had a big mileage account to collect, for in those days nothing was paid to the young graduate in advance, even though he had to find his way by the Isthmus to the mouth of the Columbia. He thanked his comrade, and by evening was put in possession of an odd lot of camp furniture, some items of which were in good repair and others valuable only as relics of the war. A camp mattress and some chairs bore the name of Tighe, and the soldier who carried them in remarked to his chum: "They didn't burn everything after the lieutenant died, after all, did they?" From which Lambert drew inference that the property in question had formerly belonged to an officer of that name who succumbed to the epidemic of the previous year.  
But the principal question remaining unsolved was that of subsistence. Warning and Pierce had told him that in all probability he would find that Close was living on soldier fare and had no "mess arrangements" whatever. This, as we have seen, proved to be the case—and Lambert inquired if there were no possibility of finding board. "Yes," said Close; "Mr. Parmelee, the deputy marshal, lives up the road about half a mile, and he told me to say he'd be glad to accommodate you." Lambert lunched in camp at noon, and about three o'clock came forth from his tent buttoned to the throat in his handsomely fitting uniform, his forage-cap cocked jauntily over his right eye, and a pair of white gloves in his hand. A soldier slouching across the open space in front shifted to the opposite hand the bucket he was carrying and saluted. Close surveyed his trim subaltern without changing a muscle of his face.  
"What do they charge you extra for them buttons?" he finally inquired. Lambert said he didn't know. They were on the coat when it came from the tailor's. Would the captain kindly direct him to Mr. Parmelee's and permit him to go thither? The captain gravely said he need not ask permission just to leave camp—even the men didn't do that—and gave him the needed instructions, winding up by saying: "Got your pistol?" Lambert answered that he never carried one.  
"You'll have to, here," said Close, "or be out of fashion entirely. I ain't got one to lend, but if you've a mind to pay less than cost I've got one that will just suit you, strap and holster complete." In five minutes the trade was made, and Lambert had only eleven dollars left when he started to hunt up Mr. Parmelee.  
Close watched the erect figure of the young fellow as he stepped briskly away. So did the first sergeant. Midway across the open space between the tents half a dozen of the men were squatting, in the bright sunshine, pipes in full blast, engaged in a game of cards that looked suspiciously like draw poker, a gray blanket being outspread and little piles of white field beans decorating its outer edge at different points. Surrounding the players were perhaps a dozen spectators, in various costumes more or less soldierly. At sight of Mr. Lambert in his trim frock coat some of the number faced half towards him; some, as though embarrassed, began to edge away. The gamblers calmly continued their game. If the young officer had looked as though he did not notice them, the chances are that, though he passed within ten feet of the group, no one of the party would, in proper and soldierly style, have noticed him, but Lambert had seen enough "slouching" for one day, and his youthful soul was up in arms.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pat's Password.

The Irish soldier seems to furnish the story-teller with many an anecdote. The following incident is said to have occurred at the battle of Fontenoy, when the great Saxe was the marshal in command.  
"The password is 'Saxe,'" said the officer of the guard, as he sent off an Irish trooper with a message; "don't forget the word."  
"Sure I won't, sir," was the reply. "Sacks—my father was a miller."  
When he came to the sentinel and was challenged, the Irishman looked wise, and whispered:  
"Bags, your spalpeen; let me through!"—Harper's Round Table.  
Looking Ahead.  
"Mamma," said little Ethel the other day, "I ain't going to marry." "You have time enough to think of that," said her mother, indulgently. "No, I ain't going to marry," persisted Ethel. "Are you going to be an old maid?" her mother asked. "No, I'm going to be a widow, like Aunt Mary, 'cause she always dresses in black, and looks so pretty and happy."—Washington Times.

THE HOT WAVE.

Excessive Heat Causing a Great Number of Deaths and Prostrations.  
St. Louis, July 8.—St. Louis broke the country's heat record yesterday morning with a temperature of 83 at seven o'clock. Four hours later it was 86 degrees. On the streets it averaged 102 degrees. At midnight it was 90. This is the tenth day of intense heat in St. Louis and the effects are beginning to show. Sleep indoors has been almost impossible. Henry Durling, a city employe, crazed by the heat and lack of sleep, killed himself yesterday. Albert Weiser was prostrated in Forest park, where he went to escape the heat. His condition is serious. Five prostrations occurred in East St. Louis and 13 here. An unknown man was found dead in a stable. Five of the cases are expected to be fatal in St. Louis. Reports from Missouri and southern Illinois show this to be the hottest day of the year. Work was suspended in many places, as horses and men were dropping in the fields.  
THREE MORE DEATHS AT CHICAGO.  
CHICAGO, July 8.—The excessive heat continued yesterday and three more deaths were caused by it. There were seven prostrations which are likely to result fatally and 12 are not so serious. There were 125 deaths in Chicago on July 5, the largest number that ever occurred in the city in one day. Health Commissioner Reynolds attributes the large number to the great heat and the noise made by youthful patriots.  
TERRIBLE HEAT AT EVANSVILLE.  
EVANSVILLE, Ind., July 8.—The weather yesterday was something awful, and the mercury went to 104. A number of prostrations and three fatalities were reported. Michael Schaeffer, cashier of the People's savings bank is just alive and has been lying on ice for the past 24 hours in an attempt to save him.  
TWO DEATHS AT LOUISVILLE.  
LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 8.—Although there has been a drop in the temperature, the heat is still oppressive, and is made doubly so on account of the long hot spell. Adam Grau, 40 years of age, and Eli Burt, 80 years of age, died yesterday of the heat.  
FIVE WOMEN INSANE AT ALBANY.  
ALBANY, N. Y., July 8.—Charles Searles, of Albany, was sunstruck on Broadway yesterday and now lies in a hospital. There were several other prostrations. Five women have gone insane since the hot weather set in from its effects.  
FIVE FATALITIES IN NEW YORK.  
NEW YORK, July 8.—Following is a list of persons killed in New York by the heat yesterday: Mrs. Rose Cohen, aged 57, Williamsburg; Adam Heilman; Victor Lambert, a baby; Joseph Veith, a grain dealer; Fred Kinkoski, aged 47.  
CINCINNATI DEATH LIST.  
CINCINNATI, July 8.—Eight deaths yesterday from sunstroke swells the number of fatalities in the last five days to 44. There was a corresponding number of serious prostrations.  
PITTSBURGH FATALITIES.  
PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 8.—Three deaths and five prostrations are reported as the result of yesterday's heat, although the mercury did not go above 89.  
IOWA GOLD DEMOCRATS.  
Judge Cliggett, of Mason City, Nominated for Governor.  
DES MOINES, Ia., July 8.—The gold standard democrats yesterday brought 341 delegates to the city for their state convention. The meeting was one of harmony along the lines of the gold standard for finances and tariff for revenue, together with denunciation of state liquor laws enacted by the republican party, an issue which the silver democrats at their recent convention omitted. A full state ticket was nominated as follows:  
For governor, John Cliggett, Mason City; for lieutenant-governor, S. H. Mallory, Chariton; for judge supreme court, W. I. Babb, Mount Pleasant; for railroad commissioner, Peter A. Doy, Iowa City; for superintendent public instruction, J. B. Knoefler, Lansing.  
The nomination of candidates was made by acclamation, there being no contests for the offices. The platform adopted heartily indorses the one adopted by the national democrats at Indianapolis last year, which states at length the fundamental principles of government and says:  
The doctrines of paternalism, class legislation and debased coinage, of which each of the three contracting parties, making up the free silver-populist triple alliance in this state, have recently pledged themselves in their several platforms, are as abhorrent to every true democrat, when advocated by populists under the name of democracy, as when taught by republicans. Democracy is a necessary foe of each, and we repudiate them as unworthy of the support of every true democrat.  
New Political Party.  
St. Louis, July 8.—A convention will be held here August 25 for the organization of a new political party. A call has been issued by Col. E. H. Sellers, a prominent official of the American Protective association. The call is authorized by a committee consisting of one or more members from every state and territory in the union. It sets forth that the old parties are dominated by corporations and trusts, and urges the immediate formation of an American party divested from all primitive and barbarous conditions that have conspired in the past to enslave the conscience of mankind.