

SONG.

Had I the gold to please thee
And stocks and bonds and fame,
I then might dare to woo thee,
And offer thee my name;
But since I am a poor lad,
And you a lady great,
I still must go my own way,
And learn to honor fate.

Thy lot is far above me,
In beauty's ranks to shine;
To dazzle in the shimmer
Of jewels, light and wine;
To reap the songs of poets,
To win a prince's heart,
To raise the welcome plaudits
In no ignoble part.

'Tis mine to follow labor,
From rise to set of sun;
To see the goal forever
Of no ambition won;
To look upon thee passing,
As those who dream bright dreams,
And find when they awaken
But icy fields and streams.

Farewell to idle visions,
And welcome little cot;
And let the rose of glory
Forever be forgot.
A health to those around me,
Whose hearts are plain and true,
And in the cup of plenty,
To all vain dreams adieu.

—Joris Von Linden, in Chicago Record.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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III.—CONTINUED.

Lambert looked squarely at the two men nearest him as he rapidly approached, whereupon one of them nervously tugged at the sleeve of a third. Others, after one furtive glance, pretended they did not see the coming officer and became absorbed in the game. Ten strides and he was opposite the group and not a hand had been raised in salute, not a man was "standing attention." Then he halted short, saying not a word, but the two men nearest knew what was lacking, and, in a shamefaced, shambling way, brought their hands up to the capvisor. One of these was a corporal, and two other non-commissioned officers were among the players. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence. Then Lambert spoke—rather quietly, too, for him:

"Corporal, have these men never been taught the salute and when to use it?"

A sergeant among the players slowly found his feet. Others seemed to try to sink behind their fellows. The corporal turned red, looked foolish and only mumbled inarticulately.

"What say you, sergeant?" inquired Lambert.

"Why, yes, sir," said Sergt. McBride, uncomfortably. "So far as I'm concerned, I can honestly say I did not see the lieutenant coming; but, to tell the truth, sir, we've got out of the habit of it in the company."

"Then all these men who are still seated here know they should be up and standing attention?" asked Lambert, as coolly as he could, though his blue eyes were beginning to flash. He had heard some tittering among the gamblers, two more of whom were now getting up.

"Yes, sir; at least most of them do. Only, Capt. Close don't seem to mind, and—"

"That'll do—I am waiting for you two," said Lambert. And the two who, languing their heads, had been tittering into each other's faces, finding their time had come, slowly and awkwardly found their feet, but not the erect position of the soldier.

"So far so good," said Lambert, calmly. "Now, sergeant, explain the rest to them, as they seem to be uninstructed recruits."

There was a general titter at this. One of the two was an ex-sergeant of ten years' service—one of John Barleycorn's defeated wrestlers. His eyes snapped with wrath, but he knew the lieutenant "had the best of him."

"Don't make it necessary for me to repeat the lesson," said Lambert, before moving on; "especially you, sir." And the ex-sergeant was plainly the man indicated.

Up at the end of the row Sergt. Burns brought his broad palm down on his thigh with a whack of delight, then glanced over to see how the captain took it.

The captain was carefully counting over the "greenbacks" he had just received, and, with these in hand, turned into the dark recesses of his farther tent. The episode in front was of minor importance.

"You got a rakin' down, Riggs," laughed some of the men as the lieutenant was lost to sight beyond the wagon, while the victim of his brief reprimand glowered angrily after him.

"Dam young squirt!" snarled the fellow. "I'll learn him a lesson yet."

"No, you won't, Riggs," was the quick rejoinder of McBride. "He was perfectly right, as you ought to have sense enough to know. I'm glad, for one, to see it, for this company has simply been goin' to the dogs for the last six months."

IV.

Lambert's nerves were tingling a trifle and his thoughts were not the

most cheerful as he went away. That he should find his company commander a miser, a recluse, and something of a mystery, had all been foreshadowed. But that discipline should have been abandoned in "G" company was quite another thing. Farnham, the captain proper, was an officer who had held high command in the volunteers—too high, indeed, to serve with equanimity under the field officer now at the head of the regiment, who had had no war service whatever. Farnham was within a few files of promotion to majority, and therefore despised company duty. So long as his company had been stationed in the city, furnishing guards and orderlies for the various officers then quartered there, he remained with it, and occasionally saw a portion of it on Sunday morning. Then, after two years of this demoralizing service, came the months of detachment duty up in the interior, and Farnham's friends in court were glad to get him out of such a mire as that. Ever since June, therefore, Close had been alone with the men and they with him, and no one in authority had the faintest idea how things were going. Inspectors were also unknown in those days, and so long as reports and returns were regularly received at headquarters, and no complaints came in from the civil authorities of negligence or indifference on the part of their military backers, all went smoothly. Now, there had not been a few instances where civil and military officials had clashed, but "Capt. Close and his splendid company" had been the theme of more than one laudatory report from the marshal on the score of what he heard from his deputies. The general commanding, indeed, had been much elated by high commendation from the highest power in Washington, all due to services rendered in running down Ku Klux and breaking up moonshiners by Capt. Close, of company G, —th infantry. "It's just exactly what the old duffer's cut out for," said the adjutant general of the department; "but I'm sorry to have to see young Lambert sent into such exile."

He could hardly have been sorrier than Lambert was himself, as that young officer went briskly up the desolate road along the "branch." He had never seen a landscape so dismal in all his life. How on earth was he to employ his time? No drills, no roll calls, no duties except the sending forth of detachments at the call of this fellow Parmelee; no books except the few in his trunk; no companions except this heavy, illiterate, money-grabbing lout who did not know enough to offer him a seat or a cup of coffee after his long night ride; not a soul worth knowing nearer than Quitman—and only the inebriate Potts there! Certainly Mr. Newton Lambert felt at odds with fate this sunny December afternoon. He had tried to persuade himself that the laughable stories about Close were grossly exaggerated; but now that he had met that officer the indications were in favor of their entire truth.

It seems that Close had been on some detached service in connection with the freedmen's bureau, and had only joined his regiment late in the autumn of the memorable yellow fever year, when, had he so desired, he could have remained away. His appearance at the stricken garrison when the death rate averaged 20 a day, when the post was commanded by a lieutenant, and some of the companies by corporals, everybody else being either dead, down or convalescent—added to the halo which hung about his hitherto invisible head. There was no question as to his consummate bravery. Grant himself had stopped in the rear of his regiment and asked his name after its dash on the works at Donelson, and the unknown private was decorated with sergeant's chevrons on the spot. Before he had opportunity to learn much of his new duties, "the Johnnies jumped the picket" one night and stampeded everybody but Close, who was given up for lost until he came in two days later full of backshot and information. His colonel acted on the latter while the doctors were digging out the former, and Close got a commission as first lieutenant in a new regiment for his share of the resultant benefits. One bloody afternoon as they were scrambling back, unsuccessful, and under an awful fire from the works at Vicksburg, the colonel was left writhing on the lead-swept glacis with no shelter but the dead and dying around him, and Close headed the squad that rushed out and fetched him in. Everybody at McPherson's side could see that the reds were firing high, when once the daring survivors of the six who started reached their prostrate colonel, but the bullets sounded just as deadly to the four who got back alive, and McPherson sent for Close and wrung his hard brown hand and looked admiringly into the sember, impassive face with its deep-brown, almost dog-like eyes. Some of the Thirteenth regulars were the next to report on Close. And these fellows, being at Sherman's headquarters, had influence. In the midst of so rough a campaign, Close looked but little worse for wear than did his associates, and when he brought in ten prisoners with only two men at his back, turned them over to the Thirteenth, and went in for more before anybody could thank him, "Uncle Billy" swore that man was one of the right sort, and asked him what he could do for him that very night. And then—so the story ran—Close said he guessed he'd like to be either a sutler or a quartermaster—he didn't know

which—and for once in his life the popular general looked bewildered.

After Mission Ridge, where he got another bullet through him, and one that would have killed an ox, they simply had to put Close on quartermaster duty. He wanted it so much and had done such splendid fighting and so little talking for it. That was the end of him until near the end of the war. His train was captured by a dash of Forrest's cavalry, and, though most of the guards got away, Close went with his wagons. Andersonville was then his abiding place for a time, but in some way he turned up again during the march to the sea, which he made on muleback, and when congress authorized the organization of 16 regiments of infantry as a part of the regular army in '66 the great generals at the head of military affairs were reminded of Close. He wrote from somewhere far out west, saying modestly that they had told him to let them know if they could ever be of any use to him, and the time had come. He had concluded to continue soldiering, and wanted to be a quartermaster. He was offered a first lieutenantcy in the infantry and accepted, though the examining board shook their heads over his ill-written papers; was applied for by the colonel whose life he had saved at Vicksburg, and who was now on "bureau duty" in the south; and on that work Close remained, despite some rumors of his unfitness, until the fever cut its wide swath in his regiment. The adjutant and quartermaster were both down when Close arrived and reported for duty. In his calm, stolid, impassive way he proved vastly useful. Indeed, at a time when men were dying or deserting by scores, when even sentry duty had to be abandoned, and when government property was being loaded up and carried away and sold in the city, it is difficult to say what losses might not have been sustained but for his tireless vigilance. He exposed himself fearlessly among the dying. He said he had had a light attack of the fever at New Iberia earlier in the season and couldn't take it again. At all events, he did not. He was probably the only officer who remained longer than a week at the stricken post and escaped.

At last came the welcome frost, Yellow Jack's conqueror, followed by new



Close headed the squad that rushed out and fetched him in.

officers and recruits in plenty, and Close's occupation was gone. He had helped to bury the adjutant, but the quartermaster proved tough, and—to Close's keen disappointment, as the boys began to say with returning health, appetite, and cynicism—recovered from his desperate illness and resumed his duties. When December and the new colonel came, drills and dress uniforms were ordered, and Close got leave of absence and tried to get back to bureau duty, where they did not want him. Then he appealed to Farnham, and through him to Gen. Sherman. His wounds made him stiff and sore; he couldn't drill or parade. It transpired that he had no full uniform, and his first and only frock-coat had been let out to the last shred and was still too tight for him. Then some queer yarns began to be told. He was a quasi executor for three officers who had died intestate, and who had little to bequeath anyhow. He had nursed them in their last illness, and such items of their property as had not by medical orders been condemned and burned he had for sale. Under the regulations the major was the proper custodian of the effects of deceased officers, but the major was himself almost a victim and had been sent north to recuperate after a long and desperate struggle. On an occasion when he simply had to appear in full uniform, Close turned out in plumed felt hat, sash, and epaulets which, when questioned, he said were the late Capt. Stone's, and so was the coat. If nobody could be found to buy them, he would, but he did not mean to buy "such truck" until it was absolutely necessary.

Respect for his fighting ability in the field and his fearless service during the epidemic prevented any "crowding" of the old fellow, though there was no little talk about the habits he was disclosing. The bachelors and "grass widowers" of the infantry and battery started a mess, but Close declined to join. He explained that he preferred to board with a French creole family a short distance away, as he "wished to learn the language." They gave a big dance Christmas week and taxed every officer ten dollars. Close had

nursed Pierce through the fever, and Pierce was treasurer of the fund. Close was accounted for as "paid," both for the original ten and the subsequent assessment of five dollars that was found necessary, but it came out of Pierce's pocket, for Close begged off one and refused the other, and Pierce would not tell until it was dragged out of him by direct questioning months after. It transpired that Close went only once a day to the humble dwelling, four blocks away, where he preferred to board. He assiduously visited the kitchen of Company "G" at breakfast and dinner time to see that those meals were properly cooked and served, and there could be no question that he personally "sampled" everything they had. He wore the clothing issued to the men, until the colonel insisted on his appearing in proper uniform, and then had to rebuke him for the condition of the paper collar and frayed black bow that were attached to the neckband of his flannel shirt. He wore the soldier's shoe, and swore that no other kind suited his foot. He had to write letters occasionally, but when he did so he repaired to the company office or that of the post quartermaster, and not one cent did he spend for stamps.

Indeed it became a subject of unofficial investigation whether he spent a cent for anything. He bought nothing at Flukkein's, the sutler's, where, indeed, he was held in high disfavor, his war record and fever service to the contrary notwithstanding. He never touched a card, never played billiards, and never invited anybody to drink, even when his brother officers called upon him in squads of two or three to see if he would. That he had no prejudice against the practice, then as universal in the service as it is now rare, was apparent from the fact that he never refused to take a drink when invited, yet never seemed even faintly exhilarated. "You might as well pour whisky in a knot-hole," said the sore-headed squad of youngsters that with malice prepense had spent many hours and dollars one night in the attempt to get Old Close "loaded."

He had to go to town occasionally on board of survey or similar duty, and always bought a seat in somebody's ambulance to save the nickel for a six-mile ride in the tram car. When he had to take the car he would wait for some of the youngsters, well knowing they would pay his fare. Once when three of them "put up a job on him" by the declaration after they were well on their way, that not a man in the party had less than a five-dollar bill, he offered to change the five, but refused to lend a nickel unless they gave their word, on honor, that they were not striving to make a convenience of him.

But the "closest" figuring he had ever done was that which he carried out for several months at the expense of a certain bank. Most of the officers on getting their pay check towards the end of the month would take it to the nearest bank or broker and get it cashed. Those were easy-going days in the pay department. Many a time the impetuous subs would prevail on the major or his clerk to let them have their stipend a week before it became due, and it would be spent before it was fully earned. Close never spent a cent, that anyone could see or hear of, but he was on hand to draw it as early as any of the rest. He would take his check and vanish. The total footing up of his pay, rations, servant's allowance, "foggy," and all, was one hundred and some dollars and sixty-eight cents. They used no coin smaller than the "nickel" (five cents) in the south in those days, and it was the practice of the banks and money-changers generally to give the customer the benefit if the check called for more than half the value of the nickel, otherwise to hold it themselves. If the amount were 52 cents the customer got only 50; if it were 53 cents he was paid 55. Those officers who kept a bank account, and there were three or four, perhaps, who did so, simply deposited their check for its face value and had done with it. It was supposed that such was Close's custom; but he was wiser in his generation, as was learned later. Close took his check to the paying teller and got 100 and some dollars and 70 cents. Then he deposited this cash with the clerk at the receiving window and was two cents ahead by the transaction. When it was finally discovered and he was politely told that hereafter he would be credited only with the sum called for on the face of his check, Close got it cashed elsewhere and deposited his 70 cents regularly as before. "But what he does it for is a mystery," said the bank official who let this sizable eat out of the bag, "for he never has more than a few dollars on deposit more than a week. He checks it out through some concerns up north."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Remarkable Names.

Did you ever stop to think that there is anything remarkable in a name of 18 letters, where they compose both the given and the surname? Note the following remarkable list: Lucius Domitius Nero, Nicholas Copernicus, William Shakespeare, Emanuel Swedenborg, Napoleon Bonaparte and James Abraham Garfield. By spelling the name of the discoverer of America as the Italians do, Colombo, it, with the Christopher, makes another name of 18 letters. The above seven, each with 18-letter names, are among the best-known persons of history.—St. Louis Republic.

AN APPEAL FOR FREEDOM.

The Cuban League of New York Asks for Financial Aid.

The Cuban League of New York, whose president is Ethan Allen, and vice presidents such men of national reputation and honor as Chauncey M. Depew, Roswell P. Flower, etc., has issued the following appeal asking for financial aid in its patriotic efforts in behalf of struggling Cuba:

"To the People of the United States: A brave and generous people will aid the oppressed. Cuba is under a brutal tyranny. Inspired by our history she freely bleeds for independence, and appeals to us for help. We must hear, and hearing, promptly act. An irrepressible conflict between republicanism and monarchy was inaugurated by Washington and his compatriots, and as trustees of the great political inheritance from them we must be in that conflict whether we will or not, whenever any intelligent people fires the opening gun for freedom. By an unparalleled career of courage and sacrifice the Cubans have proved their right to self-government. Our people, to keep untarnished the heroic crown of our fathers, which our government at Washington for three years has failed to do, must extend material support to the embattled heroes on Cuban soil. The passive policy of this administration, in emulation of the last, still repressed the nobler impulses of our people, while foul murder continues. To give now is more than to fight. He who supplies the weapon is brother in achievement to him who wields it.

"A plan for small subscriptions at local points, deposited there with banks or business firms, reaches all. Let those who will serve send addresses of themselves and bank to the Red, White and Blue League, New York.

"ETHAN ALLEN.

"President of the Cuban League."

DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.

Odd Tales of Physicians of the Old School in England.

A physician with a large practice sees strange sights—some humorous, some pitiful, and some irritating. Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, commenting on the fact that these singular sights tend to produce in the doctor's mind the feeling "All things are alike to all," says he once surprised a bishop by saying that the writer of Ecclesiastes must have been a doctor.

Once a woman who kept a fuel store brought her husband to Dr. Richardson in a little cart with his body covered with small coal, under the idea that by this means she was keeping him warm. Another woman, to whom he prescribed an ether mixture, therefore volatile, first made it warm, in order that it might be agreeable to take.

He was called in the early days of his London practice to visit a servant in a large house, and overheard the mistress ask the housekeeper: "What sort of a man is he, and how did he come? Did he drive?"

"I think you'll like him, ma'am," replied the housekeeper; "but, poor man! he is only a walking doctor yet."

People made a distinction between the walking and the driving doctor in former days. A physician with a large paying practice used to ride in a chariot which cost 300 guineas. Now people do not care if a doctor comes in a landau, or a brougham, or a cab, provided he comes quickly.

The old physician was known by everybody as a doctor. He wore a long, broad-tailed coat, knee breeches, Hessian boots, a frilled shirt with ruffles at the wrists, and a large white cravat of the finest lawn. He carried a cane with a perforated box at the top, which held camphor or some other smelling substance. When he was called to a consultation, he expected to find a table spread with wine glasses, a decanter of brandy and a bottle of wine.—Youth's Companion.

Popularity and a Slap.

One of the incidents that conducted to give the queen temporary popularity in Ireland was this: She and the prince, with the prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, were driven in their roomy carriage to Mr. Dargan's exhibition. The streets and windows were thronged. There were only bright faces, and the air was filled with cheers. She bowed very affably; the prince held his hat a little before his forehead, and hardly bowed. The prince of Wales took off a cap with a white band and held it rather gracefully, as if to show that he should have bowed were the queen not present. Prince Alfred looked a little sulky and kept his cap on his head. The queen did not appear to see him, but she did. She whipped the cap off his head with one hand, and with the other gave him such a slap in the face. It was done in an instant, and without any change of countenance. Thundering cheers marked the approval of the multitude.—Contemporary Review.

Did the Job Himself.

It is related of the late Duc d'Aumale that lack of decision is illustrated by the following incident: When about to enter a room at a reception in 1873 he was asked by the usher what name should be announced. "Gen. le Duc d'Aumale," he answered; and then, suddenly changing his mind, he said: "No; announce his royal highness, Duc d'Aumale." But, not feeling satisfied with this, he said: "Say merely Duc d'Aumale." Finally he said: "Say nothing," and walked in unannounced.—N. Y. Times.