

INTERRUPTED.

I have sat for an hour at my table,  
And tried to get on with my work;  
There's a poem to finish—a fable  
About the unspeakable Turk.  
It ought to be pat to the minute,  
A fortunate mixture of fun,  
With a spice of the serious in it—  
But I can't get it done.

My thoughts are all thronging and fighting,  
I feel them at work in my brain,  
But as soon as I want to be writing  
Them down they are vanished again;  
Gone—hidden, like mites in a Siltton  
Or needles in trusses of hay;  
I wonder if Shakespeare or Milton  
Were bothered that way?

Oh, for one ray of light to illumine  
The fancy and warm it to life!  
Just a chat with a friend, and the gloom in  
My heart would be gone. As the life  
Urges on the young soldier to battle  
When he would be skulking, or worse,  
So Jones' agreeable rattle  
Compels me to verse.

There's a footstep! I wonder, now, is it  
The postman, a client, a dun,  
Or some fool come to pay me a visit,  
Just when I had fairly begun?  
"The my door he is thumping on, drat it!  
I suppose I must go. Sure as fate  
Here's Jones with his gossip. "Hard at it!"  
Well, verses must wait!"  
—Pall Mall Gazette.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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VI.—CONTINUED.

Again the sound of the cheap and despised tin. Lambert recalled it as a necessary concomitant of the street boy and straw rick about the Christmas holidays, and its summons, he thought, was never to prayer; it called for many a lively malediction.

"Send Sergt. Watts, if you think it advisable," said he, briefly. "I'm going up on the road a moment."

Again the blast of the horn, short, staccato, imperative, and then an impatient, querulous voice at the north end of the porch—a voice calling: "You, Elinor! you wuthless black gadabout! wh' ah you?"

And as Lambert scrambled up the steep path and reached the road another voice, low, tremulous, eager, close at hand, whispered: "Oh, I thought you'd never come! Hyuh! quick! Leave the money, shuah, and the pail, 'maw'ow night."

And then, with a rustle of feminine garments, bending low, a slender, girlish form shot across the beam of lamp-light falling from an east window. Another form, also feminine, scurried away from the hedgerow and something came rolling out into the roadway, clinking against the stones. There was sound of voluble reprimand and flustered explanation at the north end of the building, a quick, kitten-like patter of little feet up the rickety old steps in front and in an instant the girlish form seemed perched on the window sill. There a second or two it hovered, motionless, until a door slammed around at the north side of the house. Then in popped the slender figure, out went the light, and but for the sigh and complaint of the night wind in the rustling branches of the old trees about the veranda all was silence at Walton hall.

VII.

It was after ten when Capt. Glose returned, and barely 11 when he again set forth. This time a sergeant and ten picked men went with him, nobody but Glose knew whither. "I may be gone two days, lieutenant," said he, in the laborious use of the title which among regulars "to the manor born" had long been replaced by "Mr.," and had not Lambert asked for instructions none probably would have been given. Of his adventures during the day he said not a word. He brought back the mule, and that was enough. The first thing Lambert and Burns knew of his return was the sound of his voice at the wagon, informing the guard that he wanted coffee and something to eat. Then, paying only vague attention to Lambert's congratulations on his safe return, he told Burns to get a detachment ready at once, then disappeared within the dark interior of his tent, leaving Lambert standing in some embarrassment and chagrin outside. "Looking to see if his strong box is all safe," whispered the first sergeant, as he came up. "It's under the boards—under his cot—and he never lets anybody come in, not even the marshal."

It was full five minutes before the captain reappeared. He struck no light meantime, but could be heard fumbling around in the darkness. When he came forth he had some papers in his hands. "We'll go to your tent, sergeant," he said. "Your desk is handier. How've you got along, lieutenant?"

"Two men are out, sir; Riggs and Murphy—"

"Dam blackguards, both of 'em—specially Riggs; almost the oldest soldier in the company, too," said Glose, wrathfully, seating himself at the desk and beginning to arrange the papers for signature.

"I had been told I should find some splendid old oaks among the rank and file," hazarded Lambert, after a pause,

and thinking his commander should give some directions in the case.

"Old oaks? Old soaks, most like," was the disdainful answer—"specially Riggs. He come from the cavalry. Why, I've had them two fellows tied up by the thumbs three times since last March; and it ain't hurt 'em no more'n if they were cast iron. Better keep a guard over the mules while I'm away, sergeant—or, rather, lieutenant; you see, I ain't use to havin' anybody but the sergeant. Oh! Now 'bout them mileage papers o' yours. You said not to send 'em. Why not?"

"You've made out a charge of some sixty-five dollars for transportation of a servant, sir; I brought no servant with me."

"What's the difference? The law 'lows it. Every officer's entitled to a servant. And if he does his own work he's entitled to what the servant would get. You didn't black your boots on the way, did you? You had a servant to do it. He was with you on the train—porter of the sleeping-car, wasn't he? I never go in the darn things myself, but you did, I'll warrant. Well, you paid him out of your pocket, every time you changed cars or boat."

"That may be, sir; but I can't sign any such claim as sixty dollars for transportation of servant when I paid no such sum."

"Then how're you to get your money back?—the dimes and dollars you've given to porters and waiters on the way? Every officer I know would sign that certificate without question, and every quartermaster would pay it. Capt. Warren came with you to headquarters, at least. What'd you bet he hasn't drawn servant's transportation? You think it over, lieutenant. There's no sense in you robbin' yourself this way. Write down to barracks, if you like, and see what they say at headquarters. They'll tell you just what I do."

"I'll sign the accounts without that, and get the mileage for myself," said Lambert. "I need the money. Then if it's allowable and proper I can collect for servant later."

"Not much you can't. There's where you show your ignorance. Then the government would make you fight ten years for it, even if you'd brought a servant with you. The way is to get it first and let them stop it if it's wrong. But here, I can't fool away time arguin' simple thing like that. I've got to be miles away before midnight, and no matter who comes and inquires, you don't know where we've gone. Now you won't need any commissary funds or anything while I'm away. Just pay cash and take receipts if you buy vegetables for the company."

"You forget, sir, that my money's gone."

"Sure you hadn't anything but what was in that pocketbook? Then, sergeant, you do it, and keep account."

"But, excuse me, captain," said Lambert, flushing, "I myself will need money. I must find some place to board. Keep those mileage accounts as security, if you like, but let me have twenty dollars—"

"But you hadn't signed them; they're no good."

"I'll settle that," said Lambert, sharply; and, taking a pen, he drew a line through the item for transportation for servant and altered the figures of the total accordingly, then, still standing and bending over the desk, slashed his signature with a spluttering pen upon the paper. Glose carefully scrutinized the sheet, compared it with its duplicate when that, too, was similarly finished, and stowed both away in a long envelope. "Sure you've got to have twenty?" he asked, as a soldier stuck his head inside the tent door, retired precipitately at sight of the junior lieutenant, and then, from without, announced that the captain was served. "Well, I guess I can get it for you—before I go." Slowly he finished, slowly signed, after close study of their contents, the papers placed before him, then slowly left the tent without another word. Not until he had buckled on his pistol belt—he carried no sword—and was about to start with his silent and yawning squad, did he seem to wake from his fit of abstraction, and then only when Lambert appealed to him for orders.

"Oh, yes. Well, just have an eye on them mules, will you, lieutenant? Everything else, almost, is under lock and key. The quartermaster sergeant is pretty solid."

"But in case of disturbance, or demands for more detachments, or men wanting to go away?"

"There won't be nuthin' now fur a week. Do's you like about givin' the men a little liberty. They've had a good deal. Everything around here will be quiet enough, and you'll hear what I'm after—well, when I've got it."

That night, though worn and weary and downhearted, Lambert could hardly sleep. At 11 the little detachment had trudged away into the blackness of the night, and the tramp of their march was swallowed up in the rustle of the crisp brown foliage and the creak of overhanging branches. The men remaining in camp crawled back to their blankets; the cook fire smoldered away, only occasionally whirling forth a reluctant flight of sparks in response to some vigorous puff of the restless wind; the sentry yawned and dawdled about the wagon and the store tent; even the mules seemed so sympathetic with their recovered associate that no whisper of a bray came from their pen on the bank of the stream. Lambert had received

the assurance of his sergeant that the missing men would surely turn up before breakfast on the morrow, and had given permission to that harassed and evidently disgusted official to go to bed. Then, after a turn around his sleeping camp, the young fellow went to his lonely roost "to think things over."

In the first place, as he lighted his candle, there was the tin pail which had rolled out from the Walton hedge row, and which, on inspection, he had found to contain about two pounds of fresh butter, very neatly packed in lettuce leaves. That proved that the Waltons still had something of their old garden left. Lettuce could surely be raised only under glass at this inclement season. He had hitherto had no time for close inspection of the contents. Now as he turned over the leaves he found a little slip of paper on which, in a girlish and somewhat "scratchy" hand, were penned the words: "Please send small currency. It's hard to get change. You can have butter-milk to-morrow night if you'll bring a pitcher. Due, \$5.10. You must pay it this time. I must have it."

"Now, who on earth is this young lady's customer?" thought Lambert. "Surely not Glose. He never spends a cent on butter. Nobody else lives nearer than Parmelee's to the north or town to the south. Can it be that some of the sergeants have been buying supplies from this quarter and running up a butter bill?" Burns had spoken of trouble between the captain and the old lady, and of all hands being forbidden to enter the Walton grounds on any pretext whatever. That, of course, did not prohibit the men from buying what the Walton servants offered for sale outside the fence, and if they were so straitened in circumstances they might be glad to find a market for their surplus produce even among the Yankee invaders, provided Mme. Walton were kept in ignorance of the traffic. She was uncompromising. No intercourse with, no recognition of, the barbarians, was her rule to kith and kin, and the few negroes who still hung about the crumbling old place repeated her words with the fear born of long-continued discipline under her roof and rod in the days of their enforced and unquestioning servitude. These and other items of information as to his surroundings the young lieu-



Was torn from the ground.

tenant had obtained from Sergt. Burns in the course of their evening watch together. He had no other means of studying the situation, and was but one of many new and comparatively inexperienced officers thrown upon their own resources at isolated posts among "the states lately in rebellion." Not yet 24 hours on duty with his company, he had been ordered to proceed with an armed force to the succor of officers of law supposedly besieged by a rebellious mob, and now, at midnight, in the heart of a strange country and far from the heart of its people he was commanding officer of his company and camp, without definite instructions of any kind and only his native common sense to guide him.

Lambert has since told two women—his wife and his mother—how his thoughts wandered back to the peaceful old homestead in the far northland, and to the teachings of his boyhood days. He made a sturdy fight against the feeling of loneliness that oppressed him. He wished the wind did not blow so sulkily, in such spiteful, vicious puffs. It seemed as though nature had combined with old Lady Walton to give him ungracious welcome to this particularly shady side of the sunny south. The wind itself was whispering sarcastic and withering remarks to him, like those the sergeant repeated as coming from Madam Walton to the defenseless captain; and even Burns' sense of subordination could not down his impulse to chuckle over some of them. What would Lambert do or say if the prim and starchy dame were to call upon him, as she occasionally had on his superior, driving him at last to the refuge of the nethermost depths of his tent, whence, as Burns declared, "the captain couldn't be induced to come out till the old lady was back inside her own door?"

The last time he "tied up Riggs"—a punishment much resorted to in the rough war days and those that closely followed them, especially by those officers who were themselves graduated from the ranks of the volunteers—it was for trespass on the Walton place. The fellow had climbed the fence and

was pilfering among the old fruit trees when caught by Madam Walton. That was bad enough, but he had been impudent to her, which was worse. The men themselves would probably have ducked him in the stream—the old, self-respecting soldiers, that is—had the captain not ordered his summary punishment. Lambert was wondering what steps he should take in the interests of discipline, when he finally blew out his candle, determined, if a possible thing, to get to sleep. It was just a quarter-past 12 when he wound his watch and stowed it under his rude pillow. His revolver, the day's purchase, lay, with some matches, close at hand. He had even placed his sword and belt at the foot of his cot. The last thing he thought of before closing his eyes was that he would have to get a lantern on the morrow, even if he bought it of Cohen; but it was also the last thing he thought of when the morrow came.

Was it the wind again, whispering ugly things, or the ghost of Lady Walton, with her acidulated tongue, that roused him, he knew not how many minutes—or hours—later? Something was whispering, surely. The wind had been doing a good deal of that sort of thing all the night long among the leaves, a good deal of snarling and growling at times, and there was muttered snarling going on around him now. That might be the wind; but the wind would not trip up over a tent-ropes and say such blasphemous things about it, even if it did nearly pull the flimsy structure down. In an instant Lambert was wide awake.

"Who's there?" he challenged, sternly.

No answer—not in words, at least—but there was sound as of stealthy, yet hurried movement, more straining at the ropes on the side nearest the captain's tent, and heavy, startled breathing.

"Who's there?" he repeated, reaching for the revolver. "Answer, or I fire."

Then came a mighty strain, a jerk, a stumble and plunge, the sound as of a heavy fall, followed by instant scramble and a rush of footfalls around the rear of camp. Lambert was out of bed and into his boots in half a minute; but in his haste he upset the chair on which lay the matches, and the box went rolling to the floor. Pistol in hand, he darted out in the night and found it black as Erebus. Quickly he ran to the first sergeant's tent, but Burns was hard to waken after the long day's work. Once roused, however, he was soon out, lantern in hand, while Lambert hastily dressed, and then together they scouted camp. A glance at their tent showed that Riggs and Murphy were still absent. A peep at the watch showed that it was almost two o'clock; a search around Lambert's tent revealed nothing beyond the fact that the corner peg to which the tently was guyed was torn from the ground, and the soft, sandy soil showed that heavy boot-heels had made their imprint. Then Burns, still lantern-bearing, went crouching low around the back of Glose's tent, while Lambert, with straining ears, stood stock still an instant in front, then, of a sudden, tore like mad through the rousing camp, out past the dim white canvas of the wagons, out past the startled sentry, up the steep pathway to the hard red road beyond, down which he ran on the wings of the wind till he reached the gateway to the forbidden ground, for a woman's agonized shriek had rung out upon the night, and the sound of blows, of crashing glass, of fierce and desperate struggle, of muttered oaths, of panting, pleading, half-stifled cries, of wild dismay and renewed screams for help, all came crowding on the ear from the heart of the Walton place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Timely Present.

Tom was a colored boy about five, in a southern town, and he was lazy and careless, but not so much so that he did not manage to get along somehow. And Tom fell in love, for Cupid is no respecter of color or condition, but he went up against his poverty at the first move, and then he began to think a way out. As an experiment, he went into the office of the clerk who presides over the marriage licenses.

"Colonel," he said, "if I've gwintergit married, would you give me a weddin' present?"

"Well, Tom," said the colonel, "I'm not in that business, but seeing that it is you, I think I might do something. What would you like to have? Something useful?"

"Deed, boss, I doan' want no udder kind of truck. I only wants what I needs, boss."

"All right. Tell me what you would like, and I'll see if I can stand it."

Tom hesitated, and then rushed in. "I reckon, boss," he said, "dat a marriage license wud do me more good dan mos' any udder present you could select."

Nothing venture, nothing have, and Tom passed over the first obstacle in triumph.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hard Egg.

"You don't mean to say that it was an egg which made this scalp wound?" said the physician who had been called to dress the lecturer's injuries.

"Yes," was the faint reply.

"Then it must have been an egg laid by a Plymouth Rock hen."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

CANOVAS SHOT DOWN.

An Italian Anarchist Ends the Life of Spain's Premier.

Greatest Excitement Prevailing Among All Classes—The Murder a Part of an Anarchist Conspiracy—Effect on the Cuban Struggle.

MADRID, Aug. 9.—Senor Canovas del Castillo, the prime minister of Spain, was assassinated yesterday at Santa Agueda by an anarchist. The murderer fired three shots, two of which struck the premier in the head and the other in the chest. The wounded statesman fell dying at the feet of his wife, who was with him, lingering in agony for an hour and then passing away with the cry of "long live Spain!" which were the last words upon his lips. The assassin was immediately arrested. He is a Neapolitan and gives the name of Rinaldi, but it is believed that this is an assumed name and that his real name is Michele Angino Golli. The assassin narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the waiters and attendants who rushed forward. Detectives and civil guards immediately secured him. He was very pale, trembled violently, and evidently feared that he would be killed on the spot. The murderer declares that he killed Senor Canovas "in accomplishment of a just vengeance," and that the deed is the outcome of a vast anarchist conspiracy. He is believed to have arrived at Santa Agueda the same day as the premier, and he was frequently seen lurking in the passage of the bathing establishment in a suspicious manner. The greatest excitement and indignation prevail among all classes. All the members of the diplomatic corps have expressed their sympathy with the government. As Americans View It.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—Secretary of State Sherman received the first news of the Canovas assassination through the Associated press. He expressed deep interest in the details. He said: "This deplorable event will have some effect, of course, on the political affairs of Spain, but to what extent I cannot say. The death of one man is not necessarily going to change the sentiment of the whole country. Spain is a very tenacious country. Her money is gone. Her resources have been exhausted. But she means, evidently, to hold on to Cuba. Just how she can do it, under these circumstances, I cannot see. Yet, she is opposed to yielding a point. As to the consequences of the conflict in Cuba, I do not care to talk.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, a member of the foreign affairs committee of the senate and the champion of Cuba in that body, predicted in an interview last night that the assassination might be the forerunner of a complete change of government, a republic replacing a monarchy. This, he thought, was the present tendency, and yesterday's event he regarded as an evidence of the disintegration of the Spanish government.

Means Freedom for Cuba.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—Col. A. A. Aguirre, who is stopping in Washington, said last night: "The assassination of Canovas will result in the dethronement of the Spanish monarchy and the freedom of Cuba. The people of Spain are ripe for a revolution, being discontented over the high taxation which grinds them down to poverty, and, in some cases, to starvation. This is the beginning of the revolutionary movement, and is connected with the recent attempt on the life of the queen."

GOLD FOR 500 MILES.

United States Government Geologists Have Traced the Alaska Belt That Distance.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The geological survey is about to publish a huge volume of exhaustive information on the subject of the Alaskan gold fields. A few months ago an expedition, headed by J. E. Spurr, returned from the Yukon with an astonishing collection of newly-gained facts respecting the resources of that region. The book will state that there is room enough for a vast army of miners in the freshly-discovered fields, the gulches and creeks which have shown good prospects being spread over an area of more than 700 square miles. The purpose of Geologist Spurr's expedition was to find the source from which the gold of the Yukon placers was derived. This problem was absolutely solved by the discovery of a gigantic belt of auriferous rocks at least 500 miles long and from 50 to 100 miles in width. The belt in question passes from British territory into American in the neighborhood of Forty-Mile creek. Specks of bright gold are seen occasionally on the surface of rocks, but the bulk of the precious metal is disguised in the form of sulphides and in combination with iron pyrite. Immense bodies of ore are in sight of unknown thickness. The authorities of the geological survey believe that the Alaskan gold deposits are destined to rival in productiveness those of South Africa. Naturally, the miners have struck first for the gravel deposits, because they are on the surface and easily accessible. At a future day, provided with proper machinery and the necessary capital, they will attack the virgin rocks from which the metal of the gravels is derived, and then the Yukon valley will become in all probability the greatest gold-producing region of the world.