

THE RIGHT ROAD.

"I have lost the road to happiness— Does anyone know it, pray? I was dwelling there when the morn was fair, But somehow I wandered away.

"I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures, And ran to pursue them, when, lo! I had lost the path to happiness, And I know not whither to go.

"I have lost the way to happiness— Oh, who will lead me back? Turn off from the highway of selfishness To the right—up duty's track!

Keep straight along, and you can't go wrong, For as sure as you live, I say, The fair, lost fields of happiness Can only be found that way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Good Cheer.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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XIII.

Confined to her bed and room as was Madam Walton, and only vaguely alive to what might be going on in the household—for there were days when she lay dull and apathetic, yet mercifully spared from suffering—it was Esther's duty and fondest care to minister to her mother's needs even at a time when her heart was torn with anxiety on account of her husband, now a prisoner in the hands of the United States marshal at the capital, and of her brother, who, under the orders of the general in command of the department, had been sent under guard to New Orleans, there to await his trial by court-martial for the crime of desertion. The visits of the old family physician were frequent, for the invalid had had too much to suffer and seemed incapable of further struggle. Floyd was twice permitted to visit his mother during the two days that elapsed before telegraphic orders came in his case. She knew him, clung to him, yet seemed unable to realize that he was going from her. She once or twice asked if Judge Summers had been heard from, for Cousin Bart had written full details of Floyd's trouble, and the family united in urging him to make an appeal to certain influential friends of the ante bellum days, who had scandalized the Waltons by their loyalty to the old flag. Then Lambert wrote a letter which Glose signed and sent to the department headquarters, and the boy, remembering some kind words said to him by his father's old friend, ventured on a personal letter to the general himself, pleading Walton's case and portraying the family's distress. It was this letter that overcame Esther's objection to the advice of Mr. Potts to the effect that they take Mr. Lambert in as a day boarder. And within 48 hours of his initial appearance at their table Mrs. Scroggs, as he was the first to address his blushing hostess, was more than reconciled to the step.

But if she was, Miss Kate was not. The wrath and indignation of that young lady can hardly be described. It was one thing, she declared, for her to sell eggs and butter to a gentleman who was a friend of Floyd's, who told her he despised his captain as much as she did, who had enlisted only because he had been promised immediate promotion to a captaincy, and who never would have done so even then, had he known that soldiers could be used to persecute the people of the south. He was only waiting for his commission to come—or his discharge—to tell Capt. Glose what he thought of his conduct. It was all very well to make friends with a gentleman like Mr. Riggs, who had been dear brother Floyd's friend at Quitman before he fell in love with that horrid designing Yankee girl who had led him on to "cohtin'" her when she was all the time engaged to that rich ragpicker or whatever he might be. Mr. Riggs had behaved like a perfect gentleman. (She had forgotten the little bill he had been running up and was so long vainly importuned to pay. She also attached slight importance to Barton's statement that "Brother Floyd said Riggs was a fraud and liar, and responsible for much—though not all—of his trouble.") As between Mr. Riggs and this new Yankee lieutenant, who had dared to disguise himself and seek to make her acquaintance, she had but one opinion; Riggs was driven to drink and desertion by having had to serve under such brutes. She declared she would starve rather than eat under the same roof with Lieut. Lambert, insisted on staying in her mother's room and being served there, and was conspicuous by her absence from the table for the first 48 hours since Lambert's admittance, despite Esther's pleading and Barton's ridicule. "You may think it fine to take money from such people, Mrs. Scroggs," she declared, with high disdain; "but you never would if Moh was well enough to know what was going on." (Moh is the only alphabetical combination that I can think of which even approximately represents Miss Kate's pronunciation of the term by

which she was accustomed to refer to her mother). But if Miss Kate were indignant before, she was simply furious when her married sister responded, with exasperating calm:

"And yet you took Mr. Lambert's money in payment for your butter, Katesie."

"Ah didn't. How day-ah you say so, Esthuh? It was Mr. Riggs'."

"Floyd says it wasn't. Floyd says that man had not had a cent for three weeks. You know yourself it was Mr. Lambert there at the fence both nights, and you know why that wretch couldn't have been there."

"Ah'll wulk every finguh to the bone, then, till it's paid back," cried Miss Walton. "An' it was mean an' contemptible an' cowhuldy in him to fawce it on me as he did—to listen to whut wasn't meant fo' his yuhs at all." By his "yuhs" Miss Walton meant those organs of hearing that lay so close under the brown curls on either side of Mr. Lambert's shapely head—ears which she could gladly have pinched, or tweaked, or even banged, in her wrath at that moment. The hard-earned, long-expected five dollars had been sent to town and expended before this sisterly conference took place, or beyond doubt Miss Katesie would have hurled it back at the donor when he came so springily up the walk that crisp December evening.

Two days later brought a long letter from Floyd, written from the barracks at New Orleans. He was not confined in the guardhouse, as he had feared and expected to be. The prisoners awaiting sentence were there, but those yet to be tried were kept in an old storehouse that was not uncomfortable, and on the evening of his arrival an officer, Lieut. Waring of the artillery, took him into a separate room, "treated me like a perfect gentleman," wrote poor Floyd leaving his readers to divine whether this lavish descriptive were to apply to the lieutenant or himself, listened to Floyd's story from beginning to end, and told him to keep up his spirits. "Lieut. Lambert had written urging him to do a job he could to help me, and had asked old Gen. Ducaannon to restore me to duty without trial, in view of the way I had been tricked. If he does, and will send me out against those infernal Indians in Texas, by heaven I'll show them I can fight as hard for the flag to-day as I did against it three and four years ago. All I ask is officers and gentlemen like him—or young Lambert—to serve under, and I'll earn my pardon."

They had been utterly blue and hopeless on Floyd's account since his transfer to New Orleans, and this letter was a revelation. Esther took it up to her mother's room and strove to make her understand its purport, "Katesie" sitting silently, and, at first, scornfully by. Mrs. Walton's faculties seemed too dazed to follow, and Esther had to reiterate and explain. Then the doctor came, and the hale old gentleman's eyes filled as he read. "That young fellow is a trump," said he, referring to Lambert; and he, too, bent over the gentle invalid and whispered hope and courage. Later, when Kate was wanted, it was found she had quitted the room. Esther discovered her after considerable search, shivering in a room upstairs. She wouldn't talk, but that evening came to tea.

For several days Miss Kate contrived to hold aloof from the general conversation, but it was a hard fight against every natural impulse. Before the end of the week her resolution had failed her utterly, and time and again her ready tongue had challenged Lambert to debate; and now, to her chagrin, it was he who declined. When formally presented to "My sister, Miss Walton," by Mrs. Scroggs, the young gentleman had bowed very low and had striven to be civil. As they sat facing each other, and only the width of the table apart, her downcast eyes and determined silence proved embarrassing, even though long, curving, sweeping lashes and flushed cheeks appeared, perhaps, to dangerous advantage. "Aw pshaw!" said Cousin Bart that evening, as he and Lambert were smoking the pipe of peace and the young fellow ventured a fear that he had offended the damsel in the butter business, "just you pay no attention to that child for a day or two, an' see how quick she'll come round. She just wants to be huffy. She'll be hawbly cut up when she finds you don't notice her." Potts had not a little worldly wisdom when he wasn't drinking, and since his installation as ex-officio head of the house he hadn't touched a drop. Lambert was beginning to like him very much, but couldn't induce him to come over to camp. "I can't stand that captain of yours," was his sole explanation.

From frigid silence on Katesie's part to occasional monosyllable and thence to brief and caustic comments on the remarks of her sister and cousin the transition was easy; but now that Lambert addressed no remarks whatever to her, yet chatted smilingly with the others, the girl's position became exasperating. She was willing enough, at the start, to keep at wide distance, but that anybody should presume to hold her there was a very different matter; in fact, simply intolerable. Esther noted in silent amusement how the girl began to display unaccustomed solicitude as to the fit of her gown, the effect of such poor little efforts at ornamentation as her simple store of lace or ribbon afforded. Such quaint, old-fashioned bows and flounces as came

forth, such queer combinations of shade and color! Esther caught her more than once glancing up shyly from under the long lashes and looking furtively at her vis-a-vis, for Lambert, with malice prepense and aforethought, began telling Mrs. Scroggs of the belles and beauties of last summer at the Point, and one evening when the verbal blockade had lasted perhaps three days he turned to Esther as they were rising from the table—and if it wasn't taking a mean advantage of a defenseless foe, what would be?

"I brought over these two to show you, Mrs. Scroggs," said he, producing some carte-de-visite photographs from an envelope. "This is Miss Fordham, who was considered the prettiest girl at Cozzens' this year, though that fashionable street suit is perhaps less becoming to her than evening dress. And this is Miss Torrance. I think I told you that our ladies are no longer wearing crinoline, and that these short dresses are worn even for calling in the daytime."

And Katie Walton was halted at the threshold as she would have left the room. What woman could resist a peep at these pictures of reigning belles garbed in the height of the fashion of the day—a fashion these fair southern sisters had never seen, and had only vaguely heard of! Cousin Bart could have laughed outright when he caught a glimpse of Katesie's face, but mercifully refrained. She flushed, stopped, bit her lip, turned and fairly ran upstairs, but came down five minutes later, as Lambert knew she would, "looking for a book;" and Esther, yearning over her, called her sister to her side. Looking at northern girls' pictures wasn't making friends with their friends anyhow! "Ah don't see anything pretty in that one," was Katesie's prompt comment. "And Ah couldn't be hi-uhd to weah a gown like that." But Lambert felt that he had won the day, and the next evening fetched over a whole album full. "Ce nest que le premier pas," etc. Miss Walton, having looked at two, concluded she might as well see the others, but she never meant to ask questions about them—as she had to when Esther went in to see what Moh would like for her tea. Cousin Bart had brought in a bag of plump and tempting "partridges" that evening, and was beginning to puzzle Esther very much, when she remembered how impetuous a person Bart had ever been, to account for the supplies which he began to fetch from town.

And so things were going a trifle better at the old homestead towards the



Formally presented to "my sister, Miss Walton."

end of December. Hopeful letters came from Walton. The Parmelee party were having difficulty in getting reliable evidence against him; his friends were making him entirely comfortable in his confinement, and his lawyer assured him that his release would be effected in a very few days. Floyd wrote that an aid-de-camp of the general commanding had come with Lieut. Waring to see him, and to say that his case was being investigated and that, as yet, no charges had been preferred by the commander of his troop. Little delicacies and luxuries in the way of tea, jellies, preserves and wine—things to which they had been strangers since early in the war—were finding their way in and greatly comforting the invalid mother, and, could their doctor but say the dear lady was really mending, the girls would have had hope and courage, but the doctor could not say.

"I've got to go to Quitman for two days on business, Esther," said Cousin Bart one keen morning, "and I reckon I'll ask Dr. Falconer to come back with me, if you don't mind, and have a day at the birds. They'll all be gone in a week if this weather keeps on."

"You have deeper reason than that, Barton. I saw you with Dr. Coleman when he went out last night. It's a consultation, is it not?"

"Why, of co'se I want Coleman to have a chance to talk it over with Falconer, and he'd like it, too. Falconer's more up to date, the old man says, and he thinks perhaps the new school knows something wuth tryin'. You see, Cousin Lou ain't pickin' up fast as she ought to."

"I see it all too plainly, Bart. What I don't see is where all the money is to come from to pay for doctors and consultations and—and—" Big tears began welling in her soft, sad eyes. "Bart, whers does it all come from now? How do we get all these dainties? You

can't spare it. It mustn't be Mr. Lambert's."

"Now just don't you bother 'bout that, Esther. I made a raise, I tell you. There's old Uncle Pete and that no-count nigger Frank been owin' your mother on last year's crop o' caw't'r all this time. I made them pony up, an' I told Hicks I'd sell out his mule an' cart 'f he didn't pay—made him bawwo the money—"

"That wouldn't begin to cover the cost of what you've been having sent up from New Orleans—the expressage; even—"

"Now just don't you bawwo trouble." (One r in a sentence wasn't too much for Potts. When they doubled up on him he confessed judgment.) "Lambert tends to all that. Uncle Sam, he says, pays freight on commissary stores. Just do's I say, and we'll fetch Cousin Lou round all right yet, and find somebody to rent the old place and send yo' all down to Biloxi for the winter. But I'll tell you what I do think, Esther; y'ought to have Lambert over to sleep in my room while I'm gone. He'll come."

But when Lambert came to tea that night half expecting to be welcomed to Cousin Bart's place in his absence, a surprise awaited him. Esther, with joy in her eyes, blushing told him that her husband would be with them before nine o'clock. A telegram had announced his release and speedy coming.

"There's no train over before morning, is there?" he asked.

"No—but—Mr. Scroggs took the stage at noon for Vernon, up north of here, and will get a horse there."

And, as it was evident that she looked any moment for that longed-for coming, Lambert decided to slip back to camp instead of spending an hour in chat or reading, as he usually did. At this Miss Katesie's big blue-gray eyes were opened wide with surprise, then lowered in confusion, for he turned to look at her.

"Oh! Good-night, Miss Walton," he laughingly exclaimed. "I had almost hoped you would ask me to stay."

"Ah don't know wh'a Ah should," was the prompt and pouting reply. "Sister Esthuh can if she likes."

"She doesn't like, to-night—as a matter of course. I couldn't expect her to. But as your good mother is sleeping and Mrs. Scroggs will be able to leave her to welcome her husband, and you will be—well—rather superfluous, I thought I might profit by the situation to the extent of having an hour's chat with you—about your fair compatriots up north, for example."

"Ah don't know of any subject that would interest me less. And they're not my compatriots, as you call them," answered Miss Kate, with fire in her eyes.

"Ah, true," said Lambert, with provoking coolness, and a mischievous smile twitching the corners of his mouth; "I recall your indifference to their photographs the other evening. Will you kindly say good-night to Mrs. Scroggs for me, and tell her—"

"Ah'll tell her you were simply hateful and Ah thought you'd never go!"

"Well, I won't, if you think I ought to stay," said Lambert, returning smilingly to the door and proceeding to hang his forage cap upon its accustomed peg. She promptly snatched it from his hand.

"Ah wish you and your photographs wuh freezing up nawth, wuh you b'long, 'stead of coming down hynh ty'annizing over people—"

"Now do you know I was wishing that, too? It's so much nicer freezing up north than being frozen here; and then next week's Christmas. Oh, you don't have any mistletoe here, do you?"

"We did, before you all came. You Yankees ruined everything nice you didn't carry off."

"Now, what am I to say, Miss Katesie? If I don't say you're nice you'll think I'm ungallant; and what Yankee would ever dare try to carry you off?"

"Lieut. Lambert, Ah think you're simply horrid, and Ah wish you'd go, 'stead of standing there pulling your mustache in that silly way."

"Now, Miss Katesie!—the idea of your being the first girl to set her face against this struggling mustache! I never should have thought of you. Or was 'it the mistletoe put you in mind—"

"Will you go?" she cried, with flaming cheeks and stamping foot. "How day-uh you stand there laughing at me? Oh, if I were a man—"

"If you were a man nobody would think of such a thing. As I'm one, I can't help it."

"Ah wish Ah could help you down those steps and back to camp," she retorted, trying hard to look furious.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Great Khan of Tartary.
The personal appearance of the great Khan, as described by Marco, is as follows: "He is of good stature, neither tall nor short, but of middle height. He has a becoming amount of flesh, and is very shapely in all his limbs. His complexion is white and red, and the eyes black and fine, the nose well formed and will set on." But the portrait of Kublai Khan, drawn by a Chinese artist, does not exactly correspond with the pen portrait given here by Marco. We know also, from Marco's own narrative, that the emperor was subject to gout in his later life, and we are led to infer that he was rather corpulent, as he is represented in the drawing given by the Chinese artist.—Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

RACE RECORD BROKEN.

Star Pointer, King of All Pacers, Makes a New Mark in Competition.
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 20.—The world's race record was broken here by Star Pointer in a match race with Joe Patchen. The weather was perfect for the contest between the two kings of the turf. There was but one heat of the race to be finished, each having taken heats on the afternoon previous, the race going over on account of darkness. The track was the best and the horses both fit for the race of their lives. In fact, every condition indicated that their record of 2:01½, held by Patchen and John R. Gentry, would be smashed. The vast crowd was not disappointed. They saw a mark that will, no doubt, stand for years—2:01. Had the black fellow not faltered a bit at the head of the stretch, even lower time would have been recorded, as Pointer finished strong with three open lengths of daylight between them.

KLONDIKERS MUST HALT.

A Heavy Snowstorm Puts an End to Further Travel Toward Yukon.
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20.—A special dated Juneau, September 13, says: The first snowstorm of the season swept over the mountains last night, which is one indication that the same thing is likely to recur at any time or continue steadily. Small boats which arrived from Skaguay bay report that the snow fell 1½ feet deep on the Skaguay trail. This means that further progress cannot be made on that trail by the staggering thousands. Already the indications begin to bear out the statement that the trails to Klondike would be marked by collapsed tents, blasted hopes and the skeletons of the unwary and venturesome.

AGAIN MICHAEL WINS.

He Rides 25 Miles in the Fastest Time the World Ever Saw.
BOSTON, Sept. 20.—Jimmy Michael Saturday won the greatest cycling event ever run on any New England track. It was the international 25-mile race on Charles River park and was run in the fastest cycling time the world ever saw. Michael's competitors were Lucien Lesna, of France, and Eddie McDuffie, of Cambridge. It was a superb day and 14,000 people witnessed the race. Michael swept over the finish line in 45:58 4-5, a winner, leading Lesna over a third of a mile and over two-thirds of a mile ahead of McDuffie.

THE STAFFLEBACK CASE.

Many Galena People Think Cora Staffleback's Story is Untrue.
GALENA, Kan., Sept. 20.—There have been no new developments in the Staffleback case for the past three days. It is believed by many that Cora Staffleback, Rosa Bayne and the McComb woman, who have been connected with the most notorious gang of cutthroats in existence, have told their stories only to gain notoriety. Yet they still positively state that time will prove their statements. Excitement is dying down, but if the bodies are found nothing can prevent a lynching.

MISS BEEM'S DEFENSE.

She Will Blame Another for the Embezzlement at the Hutchinson Post Office.
WICHITA, Kan., Sept. 20.—The attorneys for the defense in the Eva Beem embezzlement case from Hutchinson declared Saturday that they would try to prove that Will Mead, deputy postmaster at the time, got the missing money and that there was a shortage in the office after Miss Beem had been suspended. Miss Stratton, a post office clerk, swore that she had seen Miss Beem lend money to various persons and that she had seen persons pay her money and get credit on notes.

DERIDES FALSE PIETY.

Bishop Vincent Says Preachers Should Cycle and Play Baseball.
KALAMAZOO, Mich., Sept. 20.—In his remarks before the Michigan Methodist Episcopal conference Bishop Vincent said he had no sympathy with preachers who couldn't play a game of baseball or ride a bicycle. He said that was too much like piety run to seed. Some Christians said they are pious when they are only bilious. He scored revivals and revivalists of the "Cyclone Bill" order. The revival should go on all the time, he said.

MISSOURI EX-SLAVES WANT PENSIONS.

St. Louis, Sept. 20.—There is a movement on foot among the negroes of this city to organize a state association, with headquarters in St. Louis, for the purpose of agitating the question of pensioning ex-slaves for services performed during their enslavement. It is their intention to secure the reintroduction of what was known as the Thurston bill in congress and force it to a vote.

ENGLISH SOAP MAKERS TO MOVE TO AMERICA.

New York, Sept. 20.—The new protective tariff law will cause the loss to the United States treasury of all duties on at least two kinds of soap that have been imported in large quantities, as the manufacturers have decided to start a factory in this country, the customs dues having been doubled on some of their goods.

A SON BORN TO THE MARLBOROUGHS.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—The duchess of Marlborough, formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, became the mother of a son at three o'clock Saturday morning at Spencer house, the dual London residence. Both mother and son are doing well, according to the reports from the attending physicians.