

A SONG OF LABOR.

In days of old the sabbat
Gave honor to the hand,
And those that did not labor
Were princes in the land;

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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X.—CONTINUED.

Lambert stood speechless one instant. Then, simply raising his forage cap, he whirled about and left.
The boy was thinking of his own mother when he tripped so lightly up that worn old gravel path on his way to inquire how he could be of service to one whose dignity and sorrow and suffering had so impressed him. He had donned his best uniform for the mission, and little dreamed how in so doing he had rendered himself much the more persona non grata. He, who could not war upon women and children under any circumstances, had not begun to learn how bitterly the recent war had borne upon the women of the south, or how, even so long after, they suffered from its effects. He had gone to offer the aid and protection of a loyal heart and a strong arm, and had not realized that it was the very last succor a Walton would seek, so long as both heart and arm were draped by the union blue.
Not ten minutes after his return, discomfited and dismayed, there rode up the muddy, red bridge-path—for it was little more—a broad-faced young fellow who was attired in the clumsiest of "store clothing" and whose lean and long-necked steed looked dejection itself as his vigorous rider dismounted, slung the reins over the gate post, and, after one sharp and warning survey of the silent negroes still hovering about, swung cheerily up the walk. To him the old doors opened wide without a summons, and eager hands were thrust forth in welcome.
Lambert, hearing the first heavy drops come thumping on his canvas roof, thought it was the rain that so quickly thinned the group of darkeys on the road. He could hear the mule-hoofs spluttering away through the mud as the rain came quicker and faster, but not until several hours later did further explanation dawn upon him. Then he heard Burns and Watts in conversation at the first sergeant's tent.
"Did you see how the niggers kind o' lit out when he came?" asked Burns. "I haven't seen him around here since August. Reckon he knows captain's way. He hates him like poison ever since cap interfered in that row he had with Parmelee."
"Looks like a pleasant enough fellow. I'd rather back him than Parmelee: n'y day, 's far as looks go. What's he doing here?"
"He's some kin to the old lady—they're all related hereabouts—and she's sent for him to come, probably, after last night's row."
"But they're talking all over the company about Murphy's yarn—about there being some relative there—some man—last night. You heard it when he talked to the lieutenant."
"Oh, yes," answered Burns, evasively. "I heard what he had to say, but Riggs shut him up short as soon as he was sober enough to know what Murphy was saying. Wait till Riggs tells his side of the story to the lieutenant. Then perhaps we'll know what brought Mr. Barton Potts over here."
Lambert was up and at the door of his tent in a minute. "Did you say that Mr. Barton Potts was at the Walton place now, sergeant?"
"Yes, sir," answered Burns, whirling about in the mud and promptly saluting.
"Then have some man let me know when he comes out. I wish to speak to him. And if Riggs is sober enough now, send him here."
Presently, looking moist, bear-eyed, and dejected, the ex-trooper and sergeant was marched up through the pattering rain, and, with the big drops trickling down from the visor of his old war-pattern forage cap, stood suddenly at the tent of his young commander. The guarding sentry, after the fashion prevailing among some of the regular infantry at the time, allowed his rifle to topple forward from the "carry" into the grasp of the left hand, a foot or so in front of the right breast, and with this well-intended effort at the "rifle salute" of the '60's, Private Mulligan reported—
"Prisoner Riggs, sorr; to spake to the lieutenant."
It was the first time Lambert had conducted an investigation of the kind, and he had no precedent to guide him.
"Riggs," said he, "Murphy tells me your going to town last night was at the instance of some relative of Mrs. Walton's, who asked you to do them a service. Was that true?"
"It was, sir."
"Then he will doubtless be glad to come forward and exonerate you, or at least explain your conduct in the early evening. Your later conduct only a

court-martial can properly consider. Where is this gentleman?"
"I don't know, sir."
"What is his name?"
"I can't tell, sir."
"You know it, do you not?"
"I suppose I do, sir, but—I can't tell it."
"In the event of your trial he is the only man who can help you, and the report I have to make of your misconduct is most serious. Drunkenness only aggravates housebreaking and attempted robbery, as well as assault."
"I broke no houses, sir, and attempted no robbery. As for assault, the lady herself will say I meant no harm."
"But your own comrade admits he found you in the cellar entrance at the foot of the steps, on premises you were forbidden to enter, to all appearances stealing wine, and he was striving to get you away when the noise brought Mrs. Walton upon you. The case is flagrant."
Riggs threw his hands forward in a despairing gesture, dropped them again by his side, and stood silent.
"Do you mean you have nothing to say for yourself?—that you cannot disprove the charges?"
"I have plenty to say for myself, sir, but nobody to say anything for me. The worst anyone can ever prove of me is that I've been a drinking man. I'm no thief; I'm no burglar; and I'd burn me hand off before I'd lay it to hurt a woman, old or young. I never knew what I was doing, if I grabbed the lady by the throat. But I'd be a worse man than the lieutenant thinks me if I'd do what he asks."
"This is nonsense, Riggs. What have I asked you to do that would be either criminal or wrong?"
"To defend myself at the expense of a friend, sir," said Riggs, with melodramatic gravity. "I'll never betray the man that's trusted me."
"Take him back to the guard tent, sentry," said Lambert, hardly knowing whether to be amused or disgusted. "The man isn't sober yet."
And then for the first time the young officer became aware of the presence of a horseman at the side of his tent. With his hat brim pulled down over his eyes and the rain dripping from bit and boot and bridle rein, there sat his acquaintance of the owl train—Mr. Barton Potts.
"One of your men said you wished to see me, lieutenant," said Mr. Potts, with a courteous wave of his hand. "I was coming anyhow, but rode round from the barn yawnduh and came in 'long the branch. Excuse me if I've stumbled on something I wasn't expected to hear."
"Certainly, Mr. Potts. Can you dismount and come in? I much want to talk with you."
"And I want to have a talk with you, lieutenant—ve'y much—and I'm coming for the purpose, but not just now. There are some matters I must 'tend to in town for my aunt, Mrs. Walton, at once. But let me add my thanks to hers—and much more than hers—for your prompt assistance last night. I know that man by sight. I've seen him around here befoh, and it's Gawd's mercy I wasn't there last night. I'd 'a' shot him dead."
"You can be sure he shall not escape justice, Mr. Potts, though your aunt seems to refuse to see me with regard to the matter."
"I'll explain all that later, sir," said Potts, lowering his voice. "I've simply got to go at once. But I'll see you tonight, and meantime let me repeat what I said. You shan't lack for a friend round heah, suh. You treated me like a gentleman when I was drunk and possibly offensive—though I hope not, suh—and you've behaved like a gentleman to my people, and by and by they'll see it. Just you wait. By the bye, you remember Col. Scroggs?"
"I don't think I do. Some of that name were among the prisoners who escaped yesterday, I'm told."
"Yes, suh. The same family, suh; Col. Scroggs' brothers. I can't discuss them just now, but if the colonel should come here to see you before Capt. Glose gets back, if you'll take my advice you'll listen to him. He wants to speak about that arrest and square things; and—well, I know a gentleman when I see one, just as I know a rough—like that soldier you were examining. The colonel was conductor of our train night before last. Now I've got to ride like hell. Good day, suh."
And, pulling off his hat and sticking spurs to his mud-covered steed, Mr. Potts galloped away along the Tugaloo road into the gathering darkness.
Soon after nightfall the rain ceased and the wind died away. For the first time since he had turned in the night before Lambert bethought him of the lantern he had purposed buying, even if he had to send to Cohen's on a Sunday. Burns sent some candles over from the company stores and the young German "striker" set two of them alight in his tent, with empty whisky bottles—off which he had deferentially washed the labels—as candlesticks.
One thought led to another. The proposed purchase reminded Lambert that all the money in his possession was now the \$20-bill borrowed of Glose, and this reminded him that he wanted five dollars in small currency—"shipplasters," as the miniature greenbacks were called at the time. Since hearing Murphy's story he better understood the straits to which his neighbors were reduced, and he had determined that the aid he had proffered in one way should, despite madame's high-spirited rejection, be rendered in another.
At eight o'clock he had secured the amount he needed through the good offices of the first sergeant, and he was wondering how soon he might expect the visit of Col. Scroggs and what could be its purpose, when all of a sudden the clatter at the other end of the camp told him of the return of the detachment sent out the previous night; but it was Sergt. McBride, not his company commander, who met him at the tent door.
"The captain's compliments, an' he'll be back by an' by, sir. He stopped

over to have it out with somebody that fooled him."
"Stopped over where, sergeant? Not alone, I hope?"
"No, sir; the sheriff was along, an' two others. They were talking with Mr. Scroggs—or Col. Scroggs—and a young fellow they called Potts, who met us across the track on the Quitman road. The captain said you wasn't to worry about him, but we didn't get the parties the sheriff was after, and the captain thinks he knows who threw us off the scent."
Manifestly nothing was to be done but await the captain's return, and nine o'clock came without him. Lambert had determined to investigate the butter market, however, and time was not hanging heavily upon his hands by any means. Throwing a light-blue overcoat, such as was worn by the rank and file, over his uniform, he sallied forth just after nine o'clock, and made his way around the camp until he reached the road, and followed it to the gap among the rose-bushes whence had rolled the tin pail on the previous night. All was dark and still. Setting the pail just within the hedge, he patiently waited. Presently voices—feminine voices—became faintly audible. "Elinor" had evidently been pushed forward en reconnaissance, and, after her recent nerve-racking experiences, didn't like the detail.
"I tell yo' dey ain' no one 'bout, Mis' Katie. I done felt fur de pail, an' 'tain' day-h," was her protest. At this Lambert saw fit to give a low whistle, at sound of which Elinor, with prodigious rustle of skirts, bolted back towards the house, and her unseen companion, after emphatic and scornful reference to "bawn cowdus," came hurriedly forward, but paused at discreet distance.
"You're theh, ah you?" was the semi-assertive, semi-interrogative remark in disdainful and truculent tone. "Ah hope you've got that money at last."
For an answer Lambert reached in and shook the pail. The combination of "shipplasters" and small coin within gave a reassuring rattle. Eagerly the girl bounded to the hedge. He could just discern the slender little form and the tumbled head of hair as she dropped the enfolding shawl and stooped to take the prize—which the unprincipled young man had by this time cautiously withdrawn. He could hear her eager breathing and the patter of her hands among the rain-laden branches.
"Whuh on earth" (who on earth can spell the word as a real southern girl says it?) "did you hide that pail? Ah've no time fo' nawnsence."
Silence a moment.
"Look hyuh, Mr. Yankee! Ah'm not accustomed to being made a fool of, 'n Ah want that money. Ah've had to wait too long already."
A sound as of something shaking in a tin vessel, but further away, towards a broader gap in the dark hedge.
"Ah'm not going up thuh. Ah told you twice befoh. You bring that pail back



The rain dripping from bit and boot.

"Wh' ah you?" she panted. "That's not Sergt. Riggs." A window was suddenly raised back towards the house; the mournful toot of a tin horn began "Quick! Ah've got to go. Roll that pail through. Why didn't Mr. Riggs come?"
"He's detained—on duty, but it's all right. Where's the buttermilk?"
Through the trees behind the girl came Elinor at top speed; one could hear the rustle rods away. "F' Gawd's sake Mis' Katie, come quick. Mis' Walton's callin'."
But Kate was fumbling for something in her pocket and bending forward to the hedge. The next instant, with brilliant flash, the glare of a parlor match leaped out one second on the night and fell full on a laughing, handsome young face peering in from under the visor of an infantry forage cap. One second only, and down went the match, and with stifled cry bounded the youngest daughter of the household of Walton—even the precious pail forgotten.
Ten minutes later a horseman came galloping up the muddy road and inquiring for the lieutenant. Lambert recognized him as one of the deputies or assistants engaged in Saturday's affair at the jail. He handed a folded paper to the young officer, and, in low, excited tones, began some explanatory comments.
"Wait," said Lambert. "Let me read."
Tearing open the paper, by the dim light of Burns' lantern he made out the following:
"Lieut. Lambert: Post guard at once around Walton place, so as to prevent any man from getting in or out. Take half the company if you need it. I'll be there in half an hour."
CLOSE.
"E'v't. Capt. Com'd'g."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A THRIFTLESS GENIUS.

The Hand-to-Mouth Existence That Was Led by Leigh Hunt.
Leigh Hunt had no sense, either of time or money—a grave fault, perhaps an unpardonable vice in a man who had a wife and children dependent upon him. As long as he lived he was thriftless and needy, a lender and a borrower, so generous that he could never afford to be just, bringing upon those whom he loved sincerely a constant burden of debt and care. How reprehensible this was he seems never to have felt, though he blames himself freely and light-heartedly, and if the reader of his autobiography is disposed to feel sorry for Mrs. Hunt, it is not because her husband sets him the example. This was Leigh Hunt's one vice, never amended nor actively repented of. Yet he had had his warning. It is pathetic to compare with each other the two following passages and see how clearly Leigh Hunt foresaw his danger and how incapable he proved of escaping it:
"I have seen," he writes in 1808, "so much of the irritabilities or rather the miseries, accruing from want of a suitable income, and the best woman of her time was so worried and finally worn out with the early negligence of others in this respect, that if ever I was determined in anything, it is to be perfectly clear of the world and ready to meet the exigencies of a married life before I do marry, for I will not see a wife who loves me and is the comfort of my existence afraid to speak to me of money matters. She shall never tremble to hear a knock at the door or to meet a quarter-day."
And in 1832:
"I never heard a knock at the door * * * but I think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday I was sitting down to dinner * * * when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for 40 shillings."
—Temple Bar.
Pat in the Dock.
The other day an Irishman who was charged with being drunk and disorderly nearly drove a magistrate mad. The following colloquy took place between the two:
Magistrate—Will you sign a pledge if I let you off this time?
Prisoner—Shure, Oi can't write, yer honor.
Magistrate—But you can make a mark.
Prisoner—Phat koind av a mark, yer honor?
Magistrate (testily)—A cross, man—a cross.
Prisoner—Across phat, yer honor?
Magistrate (out of patience)—Ten shillings and costs, or seven days' hard labor!
Prisoner (aghast)—Tin shillin's 'n' costs! Shure, Oi haven't cost anywan anything, yer honor; Oi paid for all me drinks.
Magistrate (severely)—Stand down, sir—stand down!
Prisoner—Oi always stand up when Oi stand at all. Is it sit down yer honor names?
Then the jailer took the prisoner in hand, and the magistrate mopped his moist brow.—London Figaro.
Absent-Minded.
The palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a learned German, whom a Berlin comedy paper calls Prof. Dusel, of Bonn. One day the professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet at his desk. "What does that mean?" he asked.
"Why!" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"
"Ah, indeed, is it?" said the professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes round, and I will reciprocate the favor."—Tit-Bits.
Kleptomania.
"I am happily able to prove," remarked the counsel for the defense, "that my client is a kleptomaniac. To that end, if it please the court, I submit in evidence the deeds in her name: to \$100,000 worth of unencumbered real estate and gilt edged securities to the amount of another \$100,000. We rest."
The jury found a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats.—Detroit Tribune.

CURIOUS BEAR FEASTS.

Queer Ways of Some Interesting Savages in Northern Japan.
The queerest festival ever heard of is celebrated annually by certain savages who live on the island of Yezo, in the Japanese archipelago. They are the hairiest people in the world, some of the men being so covered with long fur that their bodies can hardly be seen. The bear is worshipped by them as a god, and it is the ceremonial pertaining to this cult that is described as so remarkable.
They have good reason to respect the bear of Yezo, which is a huge and ferocious animal, closely resembling the American grizzly. It does not hesitate to attack man, and when hungry it sometimes enters dwellings in search of food. On the other hand, the hairy people are brave hunters, and, though possessing no better weapons than bows and arrows, they do not hesitate to assail the brute. The arrows are poisoned, and a mere puncture of the skin is so fatal that bruin will surely fall dead before he can run 200 yards.
This poison is prepared from young roots of the aconite plant. Ordinarily the hairy people use it for set bows in the woods. When a bear comes along and steps on a cord, an arrow is released and enters the flesh of the animal. In parts of Yezo the forests are dangerous to travelers by reason of these set bows. Bears are extraordinarily numerous on the island, and they furnish clothing as well as food to the inhabitants. Bear gall, too, is greatly prized as a medicine.
Thus the hairy people regard bruin with the highest respect, giving him a place of honor in their pantheon. To propitiate him and to atone for having put his brothers and sisters to death, they hold periodical feasts, the most important feature of which, oddly enough, is the sacrifice of a young bear. There is eating and drinking and dancing for several days, at the end of which the bear is crushed to death under a big log, upon which the merry-makers mount. Finally, the animal is cut up and eaten, and its skull is placed on the sacred hedge which is found on the east side of every house.
It is a great honor to be the giver of a bear feast. Only a comparatively rich man can afford it, because the host must pay for everything, and immense quantities of rice, brandy, or sake, are consumed. At the end of winter a baby bear is caught and placed in a cage of logs. At first it is suckled by some woman, usually the wife of the captor, and later on it is fed with fish. The festival takes place in September or October, by which time the captive animal has grown so big and strong as to threaten to break out of its prison. The ceremonies are elaborate, but consist most importantly of drinking and dancing. For awhile the woman who served as wet nurse for the bear sits aside, sorrowful, having a quasi-parental feeling toward the victim.
At length young bruin is taken out of the cage by three or four strong young men, who lead him around for a time. Then he is made a target for arrows which, instead of pointed heads, have blunt wooden ends decorated with bits of red cloth. Next, the animal is taken before the sacred hedge, a log is laid upon him, and the men mount upon the log, crushing the poor beast to death. Meanwhile the women dance around, with lamentations, striking the men, to manifest their indignation at such cruelty. Finally the body of the victim is laid on a mat near the hedge, and the men proceed to get helplessly drunk.
On the following day the bear is cut up, its blood being caught in cups and greedily drunk. The liver is taken out, chopped into small pieces, and eaten raw, with salt. The flesh and entrails are put in the house, to be divided among the participants in the feast next day. An opening is made in the skull, through which the brains are removed, and the latter are passed around in cups, mixed with sake. Finally, the empty skull is filled with shavings and raised on a pole above the sacred hedge.
The men of this hairy race have such enormous mustaches that they are obliged to hold them up, when eating or drinking, by means of flat wooden implements shaped like paper cutters. Their hair and bushy beards are never combed or cut. These people are of small stature, though rather bigger than the Japanese. They are brown, but their exact shade is impossible to tell, inasmuch as they never bathe or wash. The girls are good looking, save for tattooing about the mouth. It begins when they are six years old, and as they grow older it is gradually extended until it forms a broad band all around the mouth. The tattooing is done by scarifying with knives and rubbing soot into the cuts.
The hairy people weave a coarse kind of cloth from the fiber of the bark of the mountain elm, and their principal garment is a long coat of this material. In winter their clothing is of skins, for the climate is cold, and they have waterproof shoes of fish skin for traveling over snow. Their houses are thatched with reeds or straw. The fireplace is a depression in the middle of the hut, and a hole in the roof affords an exit for the smoke. At night a primitive lamp, consisting of a large mussel shell, a wick and some fish oil, gives some light. The only musical instrument properly belonging to them, and not derived from the Japanese, is a species of jews-harp made of bamboo. Cakes of dried lily roots are a favorite edible. These savages marry early. Polygamy is permitted, but it is not much practiced. Sexual morality is not strictly enforced among the unmarried. Thieves are punished by beating with clubs. A murderer is bound to a cross for a week, and, being then released, takes his place as an honorable citizen.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
Liverpool is the most densely populated city in Great Britain, having a population of 97.9 per acre, or 114 per acre excluding the docks and quays.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—A Change of Base.—Mrs. Benham—"You used to say that our life would be one grand sweet song." Benham—"That was before I had to sing it to the twins."—Truth.
—Her Preference.—Pater (to 12-year-old daughter)—"Nina, when you get married I'll have a bishop perform the ceremony." "No, papa. I'd rather have a cheap little clergyman and plenty of ice cream."—Life.
—Visitor (in Washington)—"Isn't it unusually dark this morning?" Democratic Congressman (with much ferocity)—"Yes. The sun is rising very reluctantly. It is afraid Speaker Reed won't recognize it!"—Chicago Record.
—Pittsburgh is acquiring quite a reputation as a convention city," remarked the Horse editor. "It is," assented the Fashion editor; "but, then, you know it has been a natural-gas city for a number of years."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.
—He (tremblingly)—"I have one last wish to ask you before we part in an-anger forever." She (sobbingly)—"Wha-what is it, Geo-George?" He—"Wi-will you me-meet me next Th-Thursday, as usual?" She—"I wi-will, George."—Tit-Bits.
—She (letting him down easy)—"I'm sure, Mr. Hardleigh, that you can find plenty of girls right here who can make you much happier than I could." He (mournfully)—"Yes, but you see, that's just the point. I've asked 'em all. You are my only chance."—Harlem Life.
—Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes. She stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No, nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."—Household Words.
THE WORLD'S POLICE.
Irish and Spanish Said to Be the Finest in the World.
An Englishman whose hobby is the study of policemen all over the world says that the Irish constabulary and the civil guard of Spain are the finest bodies of police in Europe. The Spanish civil guard was established in 1845, when highwaymen were numerous in Spain, and the duty of its members is still to patrol the high roads and practically to guard travelers. Their power is almost absolute, but they do not abuse it. They wear dark blue tunics and yellow belts, with knee breeches and old-fashioned gaiters.
The Italian police are divided into five sections, the first being the carabinieri, who wear dark blue tail coats, trousers with red bands, silver buttons and ornaments, cocked hats with tri-colored cockades, gloves and swords. The Neapolitan police are especially smart in appearance. The Berlin police were found rather disappointing, for, although a fine body of men as regards height, they have a decided tendency to stoutness.
Their methods of enforcing order are firm, but almost invariably polite. The policemen in Vienna are great dandies. Russian policemen are bigger than any in Europe, and are compared in this respect with those of New York, but it is stated that the "Broadway squad" can give inches in size to any body of men in Europe.
The Russian force is divided into three sections, urban, suburban and river police. Men of the urban division wear black, with yellow and red facings, those of the suburban section black with purple facings, and the river police black with white facings.
The Japanese police bear the palm for picturesqueness, especially in their summer costume. They wear white, with a sort of cape attached to their hats hanging down on their shoulders. The Fiji islands are kept in order by a body called the "armed native constabulary." Their tunics of dark blue with scarlet facings contrast strikingly with scolloped kilts of white linen. The uniform of the Madras policeman consists of a gayly-colored turban, dark jacket, white trousers and sandals.—Chicago News.
A New Source of Power.
A new and simple source of power is proposed for engines and is declared to be not only practicable, but advantageous in respect to the latter, it being claimed that the material producing the power can be used continuously without the necessity of renewal. According to this idea, originating with Hermann Poppe, of Hamburg, Germany, a mixture is employed of ammonia vapor and carbonic acid gas, eventually under access of steam, which, however, is not essential, and thus, by the expansion of the gas mixture, a cooling of the vapors in the cylinders of the engine is produced. In this way a salt of ammonia is formed by a smaller or larger part of the gas mixture, and this salt, as provided in the subsequent operation, is returned to a desintegrating apparatus, working under pressure, in order to be disintegrated by heat into its volatile components, which latter are again utilized for power purposes.—Philadelphia Press.
A Useful Boy.
Irate subscriber (in thunder tones)—Where's the editor of this sheet?
Smart Boy—He just stepped in next door. Come along and I'll show you. (Leads the way to a building occupied by several dentists.)
Irate Subscriber (stopping in hallway)—Ph? What's that yelling upstairs?
Boy—Guess the editor has caught the man he was after.
Subscriber (hurriedly)—I'll—I'll call again.—N. Y. Weekly.
A Sure Cure.
"I wonder why that deaf mute always walks with his hands behind him?"
"Guess he must be trying to quit the habit of talking to himself."—Philadelphia Press.