## THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat—
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down;
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Hidden in their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone,
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man."

—Somerville Journal

# CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyright, 1894, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

II.—CONTINUED.

"This," said Lambert to himself, "is possibly one of the scrub oaks. I assume he doesn't imagine me to be an officer, and, in any event, he could say so and I couldn't prove the contrary. Ergo, I'll let him into the secret without letting him imagine I'm nettled."

"They were made by my tailor, corporal," said he. "He also made the uniform which I, perhaps, should have put on before coming out to camp." ("That ought to fetch him," thought he.) "Where will I find Capt. Close?"

"He's over there," said the corporal, with a careless jerk of the head in the direction of the opposite wall tent. "Then I s'pose you're the new lieutenant the fellers have been talking about?"

"I am; and would you mind telling me how long you've been in service?"

"Me? Oh, I reckon about two months—longer 'n you have, anyhow. You ain't joined yet, have you?" And the corporal was nibbling at a twig now and looking up in good-humored interest. Then, as Lambert found no words for immediate reply, he went on: "Cap's awake, if you want to see him." And, amazed at this reception, yet not knowing whether to be indignant or amused, Lambert sprang down the pathway, crossed the open space between the tents, a dozen of the men starting up to stare at but none to salute him, and halted before the tent of his company commander.

Sitting just within the half-opened flap, a thick-set, burly man of middle age was holding in his left hand a coarse needle, while with his right he was making unsuccessful jabs with some black thread at the eye thereof. So intent was he upon this task that he never heard Lambert's footfall nor noted his coming, and the lieutenant, while pausing a moment irresolute, took quick observation of the stranger and his surroundings. He was clad in the gray shirt and light-blue trousers such as were worn by the rank and file. An ordinary soldier's blouse was thrown over the back of the camp-stool on which he sat, and his feet were encased in the coarse woolen socks and heavy brogans and leathern thongs, just exactly such as the soldier cook was wearing at the hissing fire a few paces away. His suspenders were hung about his waist, and in his lap seat uppermost and showing a rent three inches in length, were a pair of uniform trousers, with a narrow welt of dark blue along the outer seam. They were thin and shiny like bombazine, in places, and the patch which seemed destined to cover the rent was five shades too dark for the purpose. His hands were brown and knotted and hard. He wore a silver ring on the third finger of the left. His face was brown as his hands, and clean shaved (barring the stubble of two days' growth) everywhere, except the heavy "goatee," which, beginning at the corners of his broad, firm mouth, covered thickly his throat and chin. His eyes were large, clear, dark brown in hue, and heavily shaded. His hair, close cropped and sprinkled with gray, was almost black.

The morning air was keen, yet no fire blazed in the little camp stove behind him, and the fittings of the tent, so far as the visitor could see, were of the plainest description. Not caring to stand there longer, Lambert cleared his throat and began:

"I am looking for Capt. Close."

Whereupon the man engaged in threading the needle slowly opened the left eye he had screwed tight shut, and, as slowly raised his head, calmly looked his visitor over and at last slowly replied:

"That's my name."

III.

Newton Lambert has more than once in the course of his years of service been heard to say that of all the odd sensations he ever experienced that which possessed him on the occasion of his reporting for duty with his first company was the oddest. Accustomed during his four years of cadet life to behave with punctilious respect in the presence of officers, young or old, and accustomed also through his two months' detail at the academy that summer to be treated with even the exaggerated deference which the old non-commissioned officers seemed to delight in showing to young graduates, Lambert was unprepared for the hail-fellow-well-met nature of his reception by the enlisted men and the absolute impassiveness of his one brother officer. That it was utterly different from the customs obtaining elsewhere in the regular service he knew very well. In visiting classmates already on duty with their batteries among the New York and New England forts, as well as during his brief stay at the barracks, he had noted the scrupulous deference of the veteran sergeants when addressing their officers. He could understand awkwardness and clumsiness among the recruits, but the idea of a corporal chaffing him on the cut of his clothes and—the idea of a two months' recruit being a corporal, anyhow! Never in the tales told of the Fire zouaves of '61 had he heard of anything much more free-and-easy than the manners of this camp of regulars. Never in his wildest dream had he figured such a specimen of the commissioned officer as he found in Capt. Close. In the contemplation of this character the go-as-you-please style of the enlisted men sank into insignificance. Long years afterwards Lambert used to go over this meeting in his mind, and for two years, often importuned, he would convulse his brother officers by vivid description of it. But there came a time when they no longer laughed and he no longer told the story save to those he loved and trusted utterly.

Aroused by some unusual chatter among the men, the first sergeant of company G, smoking a pipe while working over a ration-return, stuck his head out of his tent and saw a young gentleman in a light-colored suit, courteously raising a drab derby in his kid-gloved hand, while he stood erect with soldierly ease before the company commander. Sergt. Burns also noted that some of the men were tittering and all of them looking on. One glance was enough. The sergeant dropped pen and pipe and came out of his den with a single bound, buttoning his blouse and glaring about him as he did so. "Hush your d—d gab, you!" he fiercely growled at the nearest group. "Get into your coats, there!" he swore at another, while with menacing hand he motioned to others still, whose costume was even more primitive, to scramble back to their tents. In ten seconds silence reigned throughout the camp almost as complete as that which was maintained, for that time, at the tent of the commanding officer. Lambert actually did not know what to say in response to his superior's announcement. It was full ten seconds, or more, before he determined in what form to couch his next remark. He had intended to say: "I have the honor to report for duty, sir;" but a vague suspicion possessed him that this might be some game at his expense—some prank such as old cadets played upon "plebes." He compromised, therefore, between his preconception of a strictly soldierly report and his sense of what might be due his own dignity. "My name is Lambert," said he. "And I am here for duty as second lieutenant."

Slowly the man in the camp-chair laid down his work, sticking the needle into the flap of the tent and hanging the thread upon it. Then he heaved up out of the chair, hung the damaged trousers over its back and came ponderously forward. Not a vestige of a smile lightened his face. He looked the young gentleman earnestly in the eye and slowly extended his big, brown, hairy hand. Seeing that it was meant for him, Lambert shifted his hat into the left, leaning his sword against the tent-pole, and his dainty kid—a wild extravagance so soon after the war—was for an instant clasped, then slowly released. Capt. Close unquestionably had a powerful "grip."

"How'd you come?" he asked. "Kind of expected you Monday evenin'—out from Quitman."

"The general kept me over a day or two to let me see New Orleans. He told me that you would be notified, sir. I hope you got the letter?"

"Oh, yes. That was all right. There was no hurry. I didn't know as they could get passes over the Northern. I s'pose the chief quartermaster fixed it for you, though?" And the brown eyes searched questioningly the young officer's face.

"Passes? No, sir; I bought my ticket through—"

"No! Why, you needn't have done that. The Quitman road's biddin' for all the government freight it can get now. They'd have given you a pass in a minute. I suppose you want to be quartermaster and commissary?" And again the brown eyes looked almost wistfully into the blue.

"I? No, indeed, sir. I don't know anything but a little tactics. What I most want"—with a glance around and an apologetical laugh—"is a chance to wash off the cinders—and something to eat. I'm hungry as a wolf."

The captain looked troubled. "I've had my grub; so've the men, 'cept those that come back late in the night—been up to Buckatubbee with the marshal. Did you try over at Toog'loo?"

"Everybody was asleep over there. I left my trunk at the railway station and walked out."

"Why, I told the sergeant to send a mule in last night on the chance of your comin' by the 'Owl.' Didn't anybody meet you?"

"There was a mule, but no body," laughed Lambert, "except a darky asleep in a freight car. The mule was lying in the dirt, and snapped his headstall when I tried to raise him."

"What became of him? He didn't get away, did he?" asked Close, in great anxiety.

"He didn't try to," answered Lambert, in some amusement. "Like the eminent head of the late unpleasantness, all he asked was to be let alone. I left him browsing in the public square."

"And the bridle an' saddle, too? Great Peter! That's bad. Some lousy nigger's got him by this time, or his trappin's at least, an' he'll swear the Freedman's Bureau gave him the hull outfit, and it'll be stopped against my pay. Sergeant!" he called; "wish you'd go right down town an' catch up that mule an'—"

"I can't go, sir," promptly answered Sergt. Burns, his hand going up in unaccustomed salute in deference to the presence of the new officer. "I'm busy with them ration returns. Here, Finney, you go."

"Go where?" said a young soldier squatting at his tent door and greasing a pair of shoes with a bit of bacon-rind. He hardly deigned to look up.

"The captain wants you to go and get that saddle mule he sent up last night. Jake must have gone asleep and forgot him."

"Would it be possible to send a wagon for my trunk?" interposed Lambert at this juncture, appealing to his superior. Close hesitated and made no immediate reply. It was the sergeant who took the responsibility:

"I'll 'tend to it, if you please, sir. The wagon's going up in ten minutes to haul some grain. Be lively now, Finney. Drop them shoes and start." And Finney, conscious, possibly, of some change in the military atmosphere, gathered himself together and vanished.

Meantime, in his anxiety about the government property thus placed in jeopardy, the captain seemed lost to all thought of the newcomer's comfort. It was Sergt. Burns who came forward with a camp stool and proffer of further hospitality.

"If the lieutenant can put up with such rations, I'll send something from the cook-fire, sir," said he, doubtfully, looking at his commander very much as though he thought it high time for that official to suggest something better. Lambert said he should be most grateful if that could be done—and if there were no objections; and he, too, looked expectantly at the senior officer

"I guess that's about the best we can do," said Close, slowly. "Tain't what you've been accustomed to, but it's what I always eat. Send us up something, sergeant—enough for two; I'll take another snack with the lieutenant."

And in less than five minutes Lambert and his new comrade were seated by a little fire on which a tin coffeepot was hissing, and with a broad pine shelf upon their knees, from big tin mugs and broad tin plates, were discussing a smoking repast of pork and beans, to the accompaniment of bread and sirup and creamless coffee. "It's the way I always prefer to live when I'm in the field," said Close, "and it only costs you nine dollars a month."

Lambert was too hungry not to relish even such a breakfast. He fancied he heard something that sounded greatly like a suppressed chuckle on the part of the soldier cook at his senior's remark upon the cost of living in the field, but sensations and experiences were crowding thickly upon him and there was little time for trifles.

Through the good offices of Sergt. Burns, a wall tent was pitched that

Were seated by a little fire.

morning for "the new lieutenant" to the left of the domicile of the company commander; a wooden bunk was knocked up in an "A" tent in the back, and Lambert began unpacking his trunk and setting up housekeeping.

"I suppose I can get what furniture I want in town," said he to Close.

"Depends on what you want," replied the senior, warily, "and whether you care to throw away your money. What'd you want to get? They will skin the last cent out of you there at Cohen's."

"I merely wanted some cheap truck for camp, and some washstand fixings," Lambert answered, falling into the vernacular of his comrade with the ease of one just out of the national school, where every known American dialect can be heard—"things I can throw away when we leave."

Close was silent a moment. "I can let you have everything you need, if you ain't particular 'bout their bein' new. They're just as good as anything you can buy, and won't cost you near so much." Then, after a little hesitation: "They ain't mine to give, or I'd let you have them for nothing."

Lambert had precious little money left, even after drawing his November pay in New Orleans; but he had a big mileage account to collect, for in those days nothing was paid to the young graduate in advance, even though he had to find his way by the Isthmus to the mouth of the Columbia. He thanked his comrade, and by evening was put in possession of an odd lot of camp furniture, some items of which were in good repair and others valuable only as relics of the war. A camp mattress and some chairs bore the name of Tighe, and the soldier who carried them in remarked to his chum: "They didn't burn everything after the lieutenant died, after all, did they?" From which Lambert drew inference that the property in question had formerly belonged to an officer of that name who succumbed to the epidemic of the previous year.

But the principal question remaining unsolved was that of subsistence. Waring and Pierce had told him that in all probability he would find that Close was living on soldier fare and had no "mess arrangements" whatever. This, as we have seen, proved to be the case—and Lambert inquired if there were no possibility of finding board. "Yes," said Close; "Mr. Parmelee, the deputy marshal, lives up the road about half a mile, and he told me to say he'd be glad to accommodate you." Lambert lunched in camp at noon, and about three o'clock came forth from his tent buttoned to the throat in his handsomely fitting uniform, his forage-cap cocked jauntily over his right eye, and a pair of white gloves in his hand. A soldier slouching across the open space in front shifted to the opposite hand the bucket he was carrying and saluted. Close surveyed his trim subaltern without changing a muscle of his face.

"What do they charge you extra for them buttons?" he finally inquired. Lambert said he didn't know. They were on the coat when it came from the tailor's. Would the captain kindly direct him to Mr. Parmelee's and permit him to go thither? The captain gravely said he need not ask permission just to leave camp—even the men didn't do that—and gave him the needed instructions, winding up by saying: "Got your pistol?" Lambert answered that he never carried one.

"You'll have to, here," said Close, "or be out of fashion entirely. I ain't got one to lend, but if you've a mind to pay less than cost I've got one that will just suit you, strap and holster complete." In five minutes the trade was made, and Lambert had only eleven dollars left when he started to hunt up Mr. Parmelee.

Close watched the erect figure of the young fellow as he stepped briskly away. So did the first sergeant. Midway across the open space between the tents half a dozen of the men were squatting, in the bright sunshine, pipes in full blast, engaged in a game of cards that looked suspiciously like draw poker, a gray blanket being outspread and little piles of white field beans decorating its outer edge at different points. Surrounding the players were perhaps a dozen spectators, in various costumes more or less soldierly. At sight of Mr. Lambert in his trim frock coat some of the number faced half towards him; some, as though embarrassed, began to edge away. The gamblers calmly continued their game. If the young officer had looked as though he did not notice them, the chances are that, though he passed within ten feet of the group, no one of the party would, in proper and soldierly style, have noticed him, but Lambert had seen enough "slouching" for one day, and his youthful soul was up in arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## STORY OF AN OPAL.

**It Was Placed Beyond the Power of Working Mischief.**

"Talking about luck stones," said the jeweler, "I was an eye witness once to a most remarkable instance of superstition in regard to the opal, and I dislike to tell the story because it sounds hardly credible."

"Tell it, tell it," urged the company; "the bigger the yarn, the better we will like it."

"It is merely an incident of travel that came under my own observation. I was returning at the time from a trip abroad, and when we were one day out I made the acquaintance of two strangers in rather a peculiar way. A gentleman approached me and said he had learned who I was and wanted me to do him a favor. Then he pointed out a man who was pacing the steamer's deck and told me to notice the opal he wore in his scarf. I had already seen it and observed that it was a very fine stone.

"'Purchase it for me,' said my new acquaintance, and he told me his name, which represented uncounted wealth. But I objected, as the affair seemed a little peculiar.

"'Pay any price he asks—I must have it,' he urged.

"'May I inquire why you want it?' I asked. He hesitated, then said:

"'My wife is with me on the boat. She has seen the gem and set her heart on obtaining it. She is an invalid and I try to give her everything that she desires. She is not unreasonable, although this may appear so to strangers. My check will be ready for the price of that opal.'

"Well, I had become interested, and I made the acquaintance of the man who owned the opal, and after admiring the gem sufficiently and letting him know that I was in the business of buying and selling stones, I casually made him an offer. You see, I didn't want him to think I was after the opal. He was at first surprised, then seemed to consider the matter, and finally named the only price which would induce him to part with it. I really think he asked twice its value to prevent me from taking it. But I accepted his figures on the spot and, possessed of the opal, sought the millionaire, who insisted on adding a handsome commission to the original price."

"Well?" queried the crowd as he ceased speaking.

"The climax came an hour later when the new owner of the opal called me to the bow of the steamer and asked me to witness the burial of the gem in five fathoms of green water."

"Threw it overboard?"

"Exactly. He said his wife would not have known a moment of peace with that unlucky gem flashed in her eyes whenever she was on deck. I wished he had commissioned me to throw it overboard, but he made sure that it could never again act as a hoodoo."—Detroit Free Press.

**Pat's Password.**

The Irish soldier seems to furnish the story-teller with many an anecdote. The following incident is said to have occurred at the battle of Fontenoy, when the great Saxe was the marshal in command.

"The password is 'Saxe,'" said the officer of the guard, as he sent off an Irish trooper with a message; "don't forget the word."

"Sure I won't, sir," was the reply. "Sacks—my father was a miller."

When he came to the sentinel and was challenged, the Irishman looked wise, and whispered:

"'Bags,' you spalpeen; let me through!"—Harper's Round Table.

—The man who keeps his mouth shut never has to eat any crow.

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## FALLS HEIR TO A FORTUNE.

**Projector of the Union Pacific Road Is Left Four Millions.**

News was received at Ocala, Fla., the other day that John G. Reardon, ex-mayor and one of the leading attorneys in the state, was leading heir in an estate worth many millions. It is a queer story, but Reardon states that he is satisfied of the truth of the matter.

Mr. Reardon's mother's maiden name was Caroline Reinhardt. Her father was David Reinhardt, of Lincolnton, N. C. The Reinhardts, as their name implies, were Hollanders. David early settled in North Carolina and was the first person in the United States to suggest the building of the great Union Pacific railway across the continent. His letters on the subject attracted wide attention and are still preserved in the archives at Washington. He was also first to suggest the construction of the Nicaraguan canal. He became so enthusiastic on the two subjects that his mind became unbalanced, and while ascending the steps of the state capitol at Raleigh he fell and was killed.

While David was working out his long schemes in America his brother Philip had established and was carrying on a shipping traffic with Japan. The business grew to immense size, and he died possessed of many millions. The estate has been tied up by the claims of many litigants and false heirs, but the end is now in sight. The estate is valued at about $29,000,000. The ex-mayor's portion will be something over $4,000,000.

The heirs to this big fortune reside in Florida, Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina.

Few Appreciate the DANGER to which the Expectant Mother is exposed and the foreboding with which she looks forward to the hour of woman's severest trial. All effort should be made to smooth these rugged places in life's pathway for her.

"Mother's Friend"

allays Nervousness, and so assists Nature that the change goes forward in an easy manner, without such violent protest in the way of Nausea, Headache, Etc. Gloomy forebodings, yield to cheerful and hopeful anticipations—she passes through the ordeal quickly and without pain—is left strong and vigorous and enabled to joyously perform the high and holy duties now devolved upon her. Safety to life of both is assured by the use of "Mother's Friend," and the time of recovery shortened.

"I know one lady, the mother of three children, who suffered greatly in the birth of each, who obtained a bottle of 'Mother's Friend' of me before her fourth confinement, and was relieved quickly. All agree that their labor was shorter and less painful." JOHN G. POLHILL, Macon, Ga.

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## WELLINGTON MARKETS.

Prices paid for Produce in General in this city.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Hay and Seed.** | |
| Hay per ton | 7 00 @ 8 00 |
| Clover seed per bu | 3 00 @ 4 80 |
| Corn in ear, " " | |
| Corn shelled, 56 lbs | 28 30 |
| Oats per bu | 18 20 |
| Rye per bu | 40 |
| Wheat per bu | 70 |
| **Flour and Feed, Selling Prices.** | |
| Flour, per sack of 49 lbs | 1 20 |
| Corn Meal, per cwt | 80 |
| Chop, " " | 80 |
| Middlings, " " | 70 |
| Bran " " | 65 |
| Oil Meal " " | 1 20 |
| **Hides.** | |
| No. 1 green " " | 05 |
| No. 2 " " " | 04 |
| Horse hides, each | 1 75 |
| Tallow | 02 |
| Deacon, each | 20 |
| Wool | 8 @ 18 |
| **Meats.** | |
| Beef dressed, per lb | 05 @ 06 |
| Chicken, " " | 06½ @ 07 |
| Lamb " | 04½ |
| Mutton " " | 03 |
| Pork " " | 4 |
| **Provisions.** | |
| Beans, " " | 1 25 |
| Butter, dairy, per lb | 08 |
| Butter, creamery lb | 20 |
| Cheese, Ohio Standard | |
| Cheese, Family Favorite | 7½ |
| Eggs, per doz | 10 |
| Honey " lb | 10 |
| Lard " lb | 09 |
| Potatoes, " " | 75 |

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Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food that takes the place of coffee. All who drink it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1-2 the price of coffee. 15 and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.


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