AN ANXIOUS NIGHT IN AN ARMY CAMP.

It Was Caused by the Visit of a Couple of Civilians.

HOW THEY WERE CAUGHT.

Discovery that They Were Not Spies at All—Why They Were There—How the Gallows Were Cheated.

[New York Evening Sun.]

Retreat had sounded, bring the companies out of their tents and up from the corral into the little grass-green drill ground. The band had played the few patriotic notes which always end this closing event of a soldier's day. There was further a scattering of the voices of the sergeants as they advanced toward the officers' row shouting: "Company A reports all present;" and so on down the line until the last report was in, and the men broke ranks and moved quietly away. Then the captains returned their swords to their scabbards and went away, leaving the colonel and his staff standing alone on the hillock before his tent.

Night fell quickly then, for it was autumn, and soon the blue mist enveloped all the lowland, and to the few who were standing silently together the stars had never seemed so large and so cold. One by one the tents of the other camps began to glow, here and there the sound of a hammer on an anvil at the regimental smithies rang out on the still air, and on all sides campfires began to send their sparks up and spread up through the inky clear sky above. From behind the camps, where the hills rise ridge upon ridge dark and forbidding against the sky, came sounds of revelry at the canteen, and where all rose a voice singing a slow dirge of a song.

It was odd, monotonous almost, in such a place, but the voice was a rare one and the singer had put into his whole heart and soul into his song and the entire camp was listening. The colonel had not yet finally turned into his tent. He loved that time of night, and, though grizzled and hoarded and, as the men said bullet-proof, he felt the heart of a boy under his coat of a poet. The majors were silent as they listened and the colonel mused aloud:

"Yes, sir, that's it. I know it—

"— home on the boundless prairie,
For home on the boundless sea,
Will carry the lad to his mother,
For a darling little wife,
Still would I come home for me!"

He waited for the last refrain and was humming it, when his orderly came out of the gloom and saluted.

"To see me, Grimes?" inquired the colonel.

"Yes, sir. It be of importance, Colonel."

At a gesture from their superior the majors turned and went away.

"Well, Grimes," said the colonel, as soon as they had gone, "What is it? Out with it!"

"Colonel," said Grimes, saluting again, "it be a bit queer, but I do think there are something wrong hereabouts. Where it be I don't know, but sure I am there be somebodyre. Yesterday I send two fellows at the depot, an' heard 'em sayin' for our camp. I steps up an' asks 'em who they be, an' they give me a lookin' over an' says: 'Oh, nothing,' jes' talkin' 'bout the camp, that's all.' I didn't like that look, an' as they an' I starts up along of the same time—just about sundown—I walks my critter air' watches 'em. They keeps the main road till just the hospitile, an' turns in an' goes across the hills, an' then, jes' as I thought I had 'em here—you send me, colonel, an' you remember—I send 'em climb the big hill yonder, an' I be take, an' I climb on a stone there. Well, colonel, they set there till I couldn't see 'em no more, just starin' an' starin' right at the camp. I don't mean to say that they ain't got a right to set on a hill an' stare, but just' might they came down here an' Fritz an' the nigger rock seen 'em jess the sentry an go up an down the streets peepin' into all the tents. They didn't let a single one go, an' when they got through Fritz heard 'em say as somebody had evidently escaped. To mind the smoke over that way at daybreak this mornin'? Well, that was they. I went over, but they was gone, but Fritz found 'em back in Pat's Gully just now. They's campin' out with a lot o' grub they bought at the store today. I don't like to say as nobody is doin' smokest duty, but a sentry what stands still when he oughter be walkin' makes a mighty lonesome when he hears a whistle what he knows, an then sets a stubbger to the lines without even a Halt, Who Goes Thar!

Then Grimes saluted, and as the colonel seemed engrossed with his own thoughts the faithful fellow sought his quarters. It was indeed a serious offense which he had reported, and the colonel was visibly astounded. He knew Grimes thoroughly, and was confident that he was telling the truth.

After a few moments he summoned his adjutant and searched the books for the names of the sentries, and for an hour the two sat beside the solitary candle in the tent talking earnestly. As the night wore on the sounds at canteen decreased and at last the colonel arose, put on his cap and walked out along past the camp toward the ridge. He was quickly relieved by Grimes, and at a convenient distance well in the darkness the two passed.

"Who was that singing tonight, Grimes?" asked the colonel.

"It were Larkins, sir," answered Grimes.

"He be a recruit, I believe."

"Yes, sir. He an' every one o' the rentrics left night but one been from Fort McDowell last fortnight."

"Larkins was on guard at the canal, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was it that the strangers entered the lines?"

"At the far end, behind the Company A mess tent. Box was there, sir."

"Are Box and Larkins friendly?"

"I never seed 'em pass a word, sir. Larkins an' Bills air pals. They hook together, and the strange part about it is that Bills now is one o' the boys, the other stays out with him at night."

"Do they mingle with the others at all?"

"Not a bit, colonel. I never seed 'em apart, sir! I never seed 'em with anybody else but just themselves."

The weather was plainly thickening and just as Grimes answered the last query a heavy cloud obscured the sky. Once more, which had just peered over the horizon. A rustling in the grass close by and the appearance of a shadowy figure on the top of the ridge caused the colonel to lower his voice. For a moment he lulled in a subdued tone to Grimes and then slowly retraced his footsteps, leaving the orderly alone. He purposely passed close to the canteen, and saw Larkins intoxicated and trying to pick a quarrel with a smaller man from another regiment. The others then had gone, but with drink his shock of blond hair fell over his forehead, and his eyes had a wild look that made the colonel pause and watch him. Behind stood Bills, dark and sinister, as if he were waiting the word to do even murder.

It was clear that trouble was brewing and the colonel hurried back to the camp. He stirred the sentries up and had ordered a squad to go over to the canteen and fetch Larkins and Bills, when a series of shouts and curses told him that the fight was on. The squad went off on a run, and soon the noise ceased and the lights in the canteen went out. Then the squad marched up with Larkins and Bills handcuff'd and bleeding. They had attacked the small man, the sergeant said. Larkins had tried to stab him, but the small man, who was sober, had beaten them both.

"Guard house!" said the colonel sternly, and the squad marched the pair away. Soon, however, a fight arose in the prison and the sentries had to be impounded for the two who had marauded.

"Bills called Larkins a murderer," the guard reported to the colonel, "and Larkins nearly choked him to death."

After that quiet reigned, and the colonel, although a light got out his candle, did not turn in, but sat waiting to hear from Grimes.

The news that something unusual had happened spread, for with no apparent reason the order of guard had been altered. Box had volunteered to relieve a fellow trooper who had been detailed for picket duty, but at the last moment reported sick and was sent to the post on the alert, one of the officers taking his place. Bills's remark to Larkins in the guard house and the subsequent fight had caused Grimes' friends was on the, and in the streets the general idea prevailed that the excited fellow had attempted to desert and was bent on thwarting it. By an odd chance a group of recruits, nothing loath to play a trick, had learned that plan and were even then carving among themselves over the new difficulty which confronted them. They had arranged with Box to pass the line, but borrowed a belt from a fisherman on the shore and their road crossed the very spot where Grimes he concealed behind a bowlder waiting the approach of the sentry. Box appeared in the ridge. The lone man had later been joined by a second, and in the two Grimes saw the suspects whose presence he had reported to the colonel an hour or two before. To the colonel the time dragged, but to Grimes, lying flat in the long grass with every nerve at its highest tension, it seemed to fly.

Soon not a star nor a moonbeam lighted the scene, the clouds completely covered the sky. From after a bugle in one of the camps sounded taps. Soon came a reply, then another and another, until at last the colonel's own bugler blew the sleepy notes as only he could do, and the last light went out, leaving in the shelter of a hillock, did not notice a few dark forms creep out of their tent under guard, and with darkened faces steal off into the darkness. Presently the call of the wild cracker drifted across the valley and was answered by an echoing call from somewhere in the rebel Headquarters; these preconcerted signals that all was well beyond, the colonel turned his night glass upon the top of the distant ridge and awaited developments. Just then a party of mounted troopers belonging to a neighboring volunteer regiment, belated and shouting, clattered past. At the noise they the colonel took notice of some odd sounds near him, but an intent was he upon seeing whatever might happen where lay the dark forms of the strangers crouched among the bowlders that he failed to detect the six deserters as they crept out of their tents and escaped through the line. Grimes, however, was alert. He heard the shuffling footsteps of the deserters and uttered his signal three times. No answer came from the frightened deserters, who passed and passed through, forward.

Again came the call, ending in the orchid whistle with which a trooper calls his horse at night. His forces suddenly rose out of the deep grass and across the open the sharp order "Halt!" came to the colonel's ears. Six shots rang out, and for an instant all was still. Another flash and then another followed, and confused cries and shouts for the guard rang out. Instantly the camp was awake. The colonel had already run forward, and as soon as a quick roll-call he learned it was sent out to the ridge, and the colonel, surrounded by his officers awaited his return.

The sounds of conflict on the ridge could be plainly heard, and after a few moments of suspense the measured tread of a squad of men and the murmured mixed in Grimes's familiar voice told of the party's return. Men with lanterns came on ahead of the squad, carrying neither coats nor hats but carrying their swords unsheathed, pressed forward, but before them, all steady, the colonel, anxious and silent. As the men came up it was apparent that they were carrying several wounded, but the central figure was three of two civilians pale and sullen, marching in the center of the group. One white coat came to a halt near the guard, and Grimes advanced toward the colonel and saluted.

"What has happened?" asked the commander, anxiously.

"It be most uncommon strange to me, colonel," Grimes replied. "We were thinkin' by some be deserters, sir, an' when they wouldn't halt we fired, sir. Then we was fired on from behind by the two spies, sir, an' captured 'em all, sir.

At this the two civilians murmured and would have replied, but at the colonel motioned them to speak.

"By the light of the lanterns it was discovered that two of the deserters had been slightly wounded. The hospital corps was ordered out—to attend to them and detailed to take them up to the armed guard. Then and there an inquiry was instituted and Grimes who had become somewhat unlikely said:

"I had followed orders, colonel, and placed my men to wait for them spies. We could see 'em plain, sir, and I ordered to come down when those deserters come up. I gave 'em the call, an' when they didn't answer I called on them to halt. Two of 'em threw up their hands, but the rest of 'em made post for the ridge an' we fired. Well, sir, at two of 'em, an' I had told Jeff and Mark to chase the last two. Those here spies came chargin' down an' fired their pistols at us, an' one of the bullets went through my hat. The last two deserters cut and run back with their hands up, an' we got 'em. But those spies kept on shootin', and we returned their fire till they stops out. We ketched them in the bushes, sir, an' all in an' carried the wounded. The spies, sir, they can talk for themselves."

At the colonel's command, quietly, the colonel ordered the uninjured deserters put in separate tents under guard, and the wounded taken back to the hospital. Only the spies still under guard, Grimes and the staff, remained. The colonel turned back to the tafter of the two prisoners step forward and asked:

"What were you up to? You have been seen spying in this camp at night, and also you have fired on my men. What have you to say for yourself?"

The fellow was sullen, but answered:

"We are no spies, sir. Me and my partner are officers of the law. We meant no harm when we came just the same. We are here looking for two men who are wanted down out way in Georgia, an' we heard they were into some fuss in this camp.

"And you thought you'd get them to stealth, did you," asked the colonel angrily.

"We didn't know the ways of military, sir," the fellow answered, "an' thought it was better to come in where our men would desert and get away. We looked through the camp last night, and if we found 'em we was going to you to ask for 'em."

"Why did you fire on my men?"

"We shot at the deserters because we thought that they had killed somebody. We didn't shoot to kill, but just to scare 'em. We didn't know your men were after us, an' when we said all those men and heard the shots we didn't know what to do, an' we just shot in the air. Indeed, we didn't mean any harm, sir. We weren't shooting at your men on purpose."

It was on account that the detective was telling the truth that the colonel reminded a little and asked:

"What is your name?"

"Carver, sir, Anthony Carver, an' my partner is Jerome Bishop. We are deputy sheriffs of ——county, Georgia, sir.

"Whom do you want here?" the colonel asked.

"A sailor named Pulley. He killed the mate of the schooner he was on, sir, an' we heard that he had enlisted under the name of Larkins."

"He's got his chum with him, sir. He's named Bills, an' we understand at Fort McDowell that he enlisted under the name of Bills. He's wanted, too, for conspiring with the dead, sir."

The officers exchanged glances at the words. Grimes heard a sigh, and the guard let loose his prisoner to make a fresh grab on his cackles and quickened his eyes as he leaped back and forth, as two men ran out of the tent a sound half cry and half curse, for Larkins had heard the whole tale.

The thought for the moment was over, and the two detectives were sent away under guard to be held until the next morning. The colonel retired to his tent and sat talking the affair over with his staff until the dawn was almost at hand.

Not a light shone in the whole encampment and the clouds had gradually broken and were drifting off to the northeast before a strong breeze. The bugler had sprung up, when a shot was heard in the direction of the guard house. The colonel ordered his staff back to their tents, carrying candles and lanterns. What had happened was plain enough. The dead body of Larkins stretched out on the guardhouse floor, a smoking army pistol grasped in his stiffening fingers, and in the side of his head hid the story. The guard was pale and almost in tears. It only to a query from the colonel, he said:

"God knows how he got it, colonel. I did my best to watch him."

Just then an orderly came up from the corral and reported:

"I just found Box's carbine stuck barrel down, in the sand at the coral, an' he's gone."

To the colonel it seemed that surprise as would never cease and he hastily acquired, "What is all —— is the matter?" when up came Grimes and saluted, "Well?" said the colonel.

"Pritz an' the nigger have got Bills down by the mess tent, colonel," he replied. "They caught him sneakin' away from the guard house an' they're sittin' on him waitin' for help. He cut the back of his hat up with a rifle butt so he couldn't make no fight, sir."

"What's become of Box?" asked the colonel.

"Gone, the power's man, and him, sir," replied Grimes. "He says the sheriffs said him to get through last night an' he promised to help them in return for a promise of getting court-martialed how it's known."

"Whose pistol is it?" asked the colonel next.

"Bills's, sir," said a captain who had been working an investigation on the one hand and the boy's evidently tried to rescue Larkins after getting out himself, for the canvas is cut here and there. I guess when he failed he gave him the gun."

There were no more interruptions then, and the colonel spoke so strangely that a gist, a d le to new sleeping in the little burial ground beneath a wooden cross bearing the name Pulley. The deputy sheriffs stared a day or two longer, and when at last they would be accompanied them to lines. Later Box went to an island prison for a time, the colonel took a long breath of relief, and since then the cases of the ——s have been peaceful.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Falsehood is cowardice.—Dalton.

Faith is the heroism of intellect.—Parkhurst.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—Shakespeare.

Even when a fool's advice is good it requires a wise man to carry it out.—Lessing.

If we never flattered ourselves we should have but small pleasure.—La Rochefoucauld.

Some persons are so determined they have not room for a bit of true religion in them.—Haliburton.

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PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICES.

Consult County Clerk or the Respective Papers for Further Information.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Estate of Christian Golden Kimball, Deceased.

The undersigned will sell at private sale the following described property, to-wit:

Commencing at the northeast corner of Lot 1, Block 8, Kimballs Addition, Plat "A," Salt Lake City Survey; thence south 8 rods; thence west one rod; thence north 8 rods; thence east one rod to beginning, situate in Salt Lake City and County, State of Utah; or so much thereof as may be sold to satisfy the Written bids will be received by said Executor at the office of Smith & Smith, Room 3, Mohr-Auerbach Block, corner of Main and First South Streets, Salt Lake City, Utah, on or after the date hereof, and before the sale, and will be considered by said Executor with the approbation of the court.

J. GOLDEN KIMBALL,
Executor.

Dated December 29, 1898.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Dalton-Hall Tunnel Company, Principal Place of Business, Salt Lake City, Utah, Room 3, Mohrs-Auerbach Block, City and County of Salt Lake, State of Utah.

NOTICE.—There are delinquent on the following described stock on account of assessment No. 1 of 5c cent per share levied on the 22nd day of November, 1898, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders as follows:

Name	No. Cert.	Shares	Amt
Beck, John	34	500	$1.10
Beck, John	35	500	1.10
Beck, John	36	500	1.10
Beck, John	37	500	1.10
Gallacher, J.	4	200	1.10
Gallacher, J.	5	200	1.10
Hamlin, H. T.	23	500	1.10
Lesch, Louis F.	28	500	1.10
Lesch, Louis F.	29	500	1.10
Lesch, Louis F.	30	500	1.10
Taylor, H. W., Trustee	20	500	1.10
Taylor, H. W., Trustee	21	500	1.10
Taylor, H. W., Trustee	22	500	1.10
Taylor, H. W., Trustee