

A FOOT-RACE FOR MONEY.

We make the following extract from the March installment of Edward Eggleston's serial "The Hoosier School-boy," now appearing in St. Nicholas.

Jack, the "Hoosier School-boy," has discovered some unnumbered property in Kentucky belonging to Mr. Francis Gray. This he intends to attach for a debt owed his father. His mother having declined an offer of compromise from Tinkham, Gray's lawyer, these latter are discussing the reason of her refusal.

"You think you can't do it, then?" asked Gray. "Gimme a little start and I reckon I'll fetch it. It's up-hill part of the way and he may lose his wind, for it's a good half-mile. You must make a row with him at the gang-plank, or do somethin' to kinder hold him back."

The wind's down stream to-day, and the boat's shore to swing in a little aft. I'll jump for it and you keep him back. To this, Gray assented. As the shabby young fellow had predicted, the boat did swing around in the wind, and have some trouble in bringing her bow to the wharf-boat. The captain stood on the hurricane-deck calling to the pilot to "back her," "go ahead on her," "go ahead on yer labberd," and "back on yer stabberd."

Now, just as the captain was backing the starboard wheel and going ahead on his larboard, so as to bring the boat around right, Mr. Gray turned on Jack. "What are you treading on my toes for, you impudent young rascal?" he broke out.

Jack colored and was about to reply sharply, when he caught sight of the shabby young fellow, who just then leaped from the gunwale of the boat amidships and barely reached the wharf. Jack guessed why Gray had tried to irritate him,—he saw that the well-known "wharf-rat" was to be his competitor. But what could he do? The wind held the bow of the boat out, the gang-plank which had been pushed out ready to reach the wharf-boat, was still firmly grasped by the deck-hands, and the farther end of it was six feet from the wharf, and much above it. It would be ten minutes before any one could leave the boat in the regular way. There was only one chance to defeat the rascally Gray. Jack concluded to take it.

He ran out upon the plank amidst the harsh cries of the deck-hands, who tried to stop him, and the oaths of the mate, who thundered at him, with the stern order of the captain from the upper deck, who called out to him to go back. But, luckily, the steady pulling ahead of the larboard engine, and the backing of the starboard, began just then to bring the boat around, the plank sank down a little under Jack's weight, and Jack made the leap to the wharf, hearing the confused cries, orders, oaths, and shouts from behind him, as he pushed through the crowd.

"Stop that thief!" cried Francis Gray to the people on the wharf-boat, but in vain. Jack glided swiftly through the people, and got on shore before anybody could check him. He charged up the hill after the shabby young fellow, who had a decided lead, while some of the men on the wharf-boat pursued them both, uncertain which was the thief. Such another pell-mell race Port William had never seen. Windows flew up and heads went out. Small boys joined the pursuing crowd, and dogs barked indiscriminately and uncertainly at the heels of everybody. There were cries of "Hurrah for Long Ben!" and "Hurrah for Hoosier Jack!" Some of Jack's old school-mates essayed to stop him to find out what it was all about, but he would not relax a muscle, and he had no time to answer any questions. He saw the faces of the people dimly; he heard the crowd crying after him, "Stop, thief," he caught a glimpse of his old teacher Mr. Niles, regarding him with curiosity as he darted by; he saw an anxious look in Judge Kane's face as he passed him on a street corner. But Jack held his eyes on Long Ben, whom he pursued as a dog does a fox. He had steadily gained on the fellow, but Ben had too much the start, and unless he should give out, there would be little chance for Jack to overtake him. One thinks quickly in such moments. Jack remembered that there were two ways of reaching the county clerk's office. To keep the street around the block was the natural way,—to take an alley through the square was neither longer nor shorter. But by running down the alley he would deprive Long Ben of the spur of seeing his pursuer, and he might even make him think that Jack had given out. Jack had played this trick when playing honnd and fox, and at any rate he would by this turn shake off the crowd. So into the alley he darted, and the bewildered pursuers kept on crying "stop thief" after Long Ben, whose reputation was none of the best. Somebody ahead tried to catch the shabby young fellow, and this forced Ben to make a slight curve, which gave Jack the advantage, so that just as Ben neared the office, Jack rounded a corner out of an alley, and entered ahead of him, dashed up to the clerk's desk and deposited the judgment.

"For record," he gasped. The next instant the shabby young fellow pushed forward the mortgage. "Mine first!" cried Long Ben. "I'll take yours when I get this entered," said the clerk, quietly, as became a public officer. "I got here first," said Long Ben. But the clerk looked at the clock and entered the date on the back of Jack's paper, putting "one o'clock and eighteen minutes" after the date. Then he wrote "one o'clock and nineteen minutes" on the paper which Long Ben handed him. The office was soon crowded with people discussing the result of the race, and a part of them were even now in favor of seizing one or the other of the runners for a theft, which some said had been committed on the packet, and others declared was committed on the wharf-boat. Francis Gray came in, and could not conceal his chagrin. "I meant to do the fair thing by you," he said to Jack, severely, "but now you'll never get a cent out of me."

"I'd rather have the law on men like you, than have a thousand of your sort of fair promises," said Jack. "I've a mind to strike you," said Gray. "The Kentucky law is hard on a man who strikes a minor," said Judge Kane, who had entered at that moment. Mr. Niles came in to learn what was the matter, and Judge Kane, after listening quietly to the talk of the people, until the excitement subsided, took Jack over to his house, whence the boy walked home that evening, full of hopefulness.

Gray's land realized as much as Mr. Beal expected, and Jack studied Latin hard, all summer, so as to get as far ahead as possible by the time school should begin in the autumn.

Marvals of The Human Body.

Popular Monthly.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on the sea, on land, in the valley, and on the mountain top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace doors can shut it out, no drawers so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, yet the eye is not blinded, because under the eye-lid there is incessantly emptying itself a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature, which spreads itself over the surface of the eye at every winking and washes every atom away. But this liquid, so mild and so well adapted to the eye, itself has some acidity, which under circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eye-lids, were it not that along the edge of them are little oil manufacteries, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-lids clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to breathe it unmixed with other air the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation, and while it hovered above us more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is fully exhibited every frosty morning.

But foul and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account its outward passage through the organs of the voice making of it the whispers of love, the softest words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle making the navel the centre will just take in the head, the finger ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe, is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times the length of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the edge of the chin is one-tenth the length of the whole structure.

Of the sixty-two primary elements in nature, only eighteen are known in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones and dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances of oxygen hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water saltpetre and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of earth!—a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of powder, an atom of charcoal.

A LITTLE girl read a composition before the minister. The subject was a "cow." She wove in this complimentary sentence: "A cow is the most useful animal in the world except religion."

A SYRACUSE man made a bet of \$50 that he could find six women in that city who would marry him, and he won it. Now he's ready to give the \$50 to anybody who will show him a way to get out of six engagements.—Boston Post.

"HOLD THE FORT."

THE STORY OF THAT FAMOUS MESSAGE AS TOLD BY THE HERO HIMSELF.

Correspondence Des Moines (Iowa) State Register.

I notice a number of newspapers giving, or attempting to give, a correct statement of the circumstances under which our lamented friend and brother, Judge J. W. McKenzie performed the signal act of heroism at Alatoona, none of which exactly coincide with a detailed statement of the case, as given to me by the "hero" himself. I had been especially intimate with him for many years. Not one word ever fallen from his lips relative to this matter to my knowledge. One day, learning incidentally from another of his connection with "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming," I took occasion soon to ask him about it. He seemed at first reluctant to tell me, but I pressed him, and this is substantially his own account of it. After describing the situation of the armies at Alatoona and Kenesaw he said:

"General Sherman's signal corps had been trying to send dispatches from Kenesaw to General Corse. We could read the dispatches with our telescopes, but could not receive or answer them back, because the rebel shots were so thick. The rebels had also a lot of sharpshooters posted watching our squad, and every time a man would show himself they would pick him off. At this time General Corse came up and said, addressing the signal corps: 'Who is in command here?' Our captain was absent, and I was in charge of the squad, and I replied, 'I am sir.' The general then asked if a message could be sent to General Sherman in answer to his 'To hold the fort for he was coming,' just read. I replied 'that it could be if it was absolutely necessary.' General Corse then wrote out the message and handed it to me. It read as follows:

"TO GENERAL SHERMAN: I am short a cheek-bone and one ear, but can whip hell out of them yet. GEN. CORSE."

"I took it and the signal flag and called for a volunteer from my little squad. No man responded. I then offered the flagstaff to each man and asked him if he would volunteer and each declined. I then thought I would detail one, but my brother Tom was in the squad, and the thought struck me if I detailed another than him they would say at once 'partiality.' If I detailed him and he was shot I could never forgive myself, and it seemed like certain death to any one to undertake it. At this moment of hesitation the general, seeing no man going forward, said to me firmly: 'Lieutenant, I thought you said this message could be sent?' I replied, 'It can,' and without further delay I mounted the signal station and commenced sending the message, expecting every moment to be shot. The flag was about eighteen feet long, and the wind was blowing some, and I found it very hard work, and felt as though I must give out before I was done. At this moment, when it seemed I could stand it no longer, a stranger, not a member of the signal corps, came up behind me, put his arms around me and along my arms, took hold of the flagstaff, and, standing behind me, helped me to wave the answer back to Sherman. I do not think I could have sent the whole message without help or rest."

An Oyster War in Washington.

The following good story is told of Doorkeeper Brownlow.

Soon after his election a friend from the mountain fastnesses of Tennessee came here to pay him a visit, and was duly ushered into the gayeties of the Capital.

Among other good things that the rather raw and unsophisticated Tennesseean was made acquainted with was that rare Washingtonian product, steamed oysters. It happened in this way: It was Brownlow's treat. Brownlow called for a peck of steamed.

"My God, man!" shrieked the unsuspecting mountaineer, "we can't eat a peck of oysters. Order a dozen each." "Never mind," blandly replied the genial doorkeeper, "I'm doing this;" and in due time the peck was served and promptly dispatched.

A few days afterward they happened to be in the same neighborhood and the doorkeeper's friend suggested oysters, and the suggestion was forthwith acted upon. Brownlow being hungry, intimated that he would try his stewed. The mountaineer had not forgotten his lesson of a few days before, and called out, "Waiter! one peck of stewed."

The waiter looked at the man with amazement, and turned to the Doorkeeper inquiringly. Brownlow made no sign. Not a muscle of his face betrayed the laughter that was almost choking him within. He simply said, "You heard the gentleman's order, I believe—a peck stewed. Be quick about it; I'm hungry."

The waiter saw the point and went of grinning from ear to ear. The first thing he brought was a pound of butter and a tin box containing ten pounds of crackers. "What's this for?" gasped the countryman. "That's to go with the stew," said Brownlow; "the custom is to furnish ten crackers with each oyster," and with this he chipped off a block of butter, poised it dexterously on a cracker, and proceeded leisurely to munch it. The countryman, not to be out done, followed his example.

Then the stew came up. It took two large soup tureens to hold it. Brownlow passed one to his friend, filled his ladle full of oysters, and carried it to his mouth as though eating out of soup tureens with ladles for spoons had been his daily habit for years. His friend of course did likewise.

In the meantime the waiters had gathered in a knot and were heartily enjoying the spectacle. But not a quiver was to be seen on the imperturbable countenance of the Doorkeeper. When they had eaten enough the bill was called for. It was \$2.80. The countryman paid it without a murmur. When they got outside he said: "Look here, Brownlow, how do they serve roast beef here in Washington—do they bring it on whole?"

It was then and there only that the Doorkeeper's long pent-up mirth broke forth, and he laughed as never laughed man before.

He Looked Under the Bed.

The Hartford Evening Times reports this item: Night before last Mr. Northrop, Representative from Middletown, lost at his room at the Park Hotel his pocket book containing \$27. When he went to bed he bolted his door, but the next morning he discovered that his pocket book and money were missing. He looked at the door and found it was unbolted. Then he knew that he had been robbed by some one who was concealed in his room when he went to bed. No stir was made about the matter, and if it had not been for what occurred the following night in another room it would not have been made public. But last night the mystery was unraveled in an unexpected manner and to the astonishment of another member of the Legislature.

Mr. S. M. Bradley, a representative from the town of Canaan, stops at the Park Central; and when retiring at the usual hour, having been advised by Mr. Northrop to examine every possible hiding place in his room, he did what he never did before—began a search to see if any one was concealed in his room. He first went to the closet, and nothing but the bear walls greeted him; he then got down upon his knees and looked under the bed. He thought he saw "something" move, and he slipped to the door and bolted it, calculating that if it should prove to be a man he should not escape by making a sudden dash. Bradley is a powerful man, and he felt himself able to cope with the thief. He then reached under the bed and taking hold of the object concealed there unceremoniously sneaked out—not a man—but a well-dressed woman. Finding a woman under his bed was a find wholly unexpected, and Mr. Bradley was thunderstruck. Here was a predicament! Mr. B., still retaining his hold upon his captive, marched her across the room to the bell-pull, and sounded an alarm. The woman, seeing that she had been thwarted in her little game, coolly said to him: "When they come, tell them you want a glass of water."

Mr. Bradley replied: "I am going to tell them to hand you over to the police."

In response to the call the proprietor of the hotel and one of the clerks came up, and found the thief still in the clutches of Mr. Bradley, who was clear-headed enough not to let go of her and thus give her any chance, by whatever unexpected device on her part to compromise him in the aspect of the situation. As soon as they came into the room, the quick-witted woman undertook to turn the tables against her captor by saying: "We had a little flirtation at the table, and this gentleman gave me a note, asking me to come to his room."

Mr. Bradley answered "I'll give you \$100 if you can show the note," "Oh, I've lost it," she coolly answered.

"Hand her over to the police," said Mr. Bradley, and this ended the matter so far as the hotel was concerned.

It appears that the woman registered at the Park Central day before yesterday, under the name of "Mary Palmer," but at the court this morning she gave the name of "Mary Allen." She is represented as being about twenty-five years of age, with an unattractive face, and is quite small, not weighing but about ninety pounds. She refused to say where she came from or to give any clue to her past history. It was found that the key of the room she occupied unlocked both of the doors of the two rooms she had entered. A number of skeleton and false keys were found in her possession, showing that she is evidently a hotel thief. The police also have information of the fact that she was formerly the mistress of a well-known thief. Judging by the coolness with which she acted it is evident that she is an old hand at the business.

TOPNOODY made up his mind that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called out, imperiously, "Mrs. Topnoody! Mrs. Topnoody!" Mrs. T. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end of her nose, a dish-rag tied round her head a rolling-pin in her hand. "Well, sir," she said, "what'll you have?" Topnoody staggered, but braced up. "Mrs. Topnoody, I want you to understand, madam," and he tapped his breast dramatically, "I am the engineer of this establishment." "Oh, you are,

are you? Well, Topnoody, I want you to understand that I, and she looked dangerous, "I am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Topnoody?" Topnoody heard it and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the house-work.

The Black Bear's Cunning.

In The Century for March, Charles C. Ward has an entertaining illustrated article on "The Black Bear," in which he describes Bruin's haunts in Maine and New Brunswick, relates several hunting incidents, and depicts Bruin's peculiarities, in part as follows: I really think that Bruin possesses the sense of humor; at all events his actions point that way, and there is no doubt that he is extremely cunning and observing. I once had an English friend visiting me, who played the flute. He was in the habit of marching up and down, while playing, near a tame bear I had at the time. The bear had a piece of stick about two feet long, which he tossed about for amusement. After a time, he came to handle the stick very much as my friend did his flute. This annoyed my sensitive friend, and in revenge he teased the bear with uncouth noises. Bruin sniffed and whined, and waited his opportunity for delivering a tremendous blow with his paw at his enemy, whose tall hat was knocked completely over his eyes. He escaped being scalped by dropping flat and rolling out of the reach of the bear. This bear spent much of his time in the tree to which he was chained, and when climbing usually got his chain twisted over and under the branches in a most intricate manner, but never failed to take out every turn as he descended. A friend who owned a tame bear told me that, for a long time, he could not account for the mysterious way in which the poultry disappeared. Observing, at different times, a good many feathers around Bruin's pole, he began to suspect that the bear was the culprit. Close watching confirmed his suspicions. When Bruin thought he was unobserved, he would seize any unfortunate hen or chicken within his reach and devour it; but if any one approached before he could complete the meal, he would sit upon his prey until the danger of discovery had passed. He was betrayed, at last, by the cackling of an old hen, that he had failed to silence.

Singular Loss of Voice.

West Chester (Pa.) Record.

William H. Fitzsimmons, of West Chester, who met with such a singular accident to his voice last week by striking his thumb against the larynx while in the act of rubbing his neck with his hand just after singing a solo at the West Chester State Normal School, is slowly recovering, but is still unable to use his voice in conversation, and communicates altogether by signs and writing. He states that his thumb only struck the larynx in a slight manner, but as it did so it sent a sting through his throat like that of a bee, and from that instant he lost his voice and has been unable yet to recover it.

His physician has strictly warned him against making any attempt to speak for several weeks yet to come, when he expects that the organs that are now inflamed and swollen will again return to their natural condition, and he will thoroughly recover. The danger most feared from an effort to speak is that it will cause an uneven growth of the glands of the throat and thereby produce a screechy voice that would forever cling to him. Mr. Fitzsimmons's friends are very anxious to see him perfectly recover, as he has heretofore possessed one of the finest baritone voices to be found in this section, and had cultivated it to a high degree.

The Secret of Genius.

"They talk," said Tom Marshall to an intimate friend, "of my astonishing bursts of eloquence, and, doubtless imagine it is my genius bubbling over. It is nothing of the sort. I'll tell you how I do it: I select a subject, and study it from the ground up. When I have mastered it fully, I write a speech on it. Then I take a walk, and come back and revise and correct. In a few days I subject it to another pruning, and then recopy it. Next I add the finishing touches, round it off with graceful periods, and commit it to memory. Then I speak it in the fields, in my father's lawn and before my mirror, until gesture and delivery are perfect. It sometimes takes me six weeks or two months to get up a speech. When I have one prepared, I come to town. I generally select a court day, when there is sure to be a crowd. I am called on for a speech and am permitted to select my own subject. I speak my piece. It astonishes the people, as I intended it should, and they go away marvelling at my power of oratory. They call it genius, but it is the hardest kind of work."

A BOY who had been watching through a keyhole the antics of a couple of lovers, ran down into the kitchen to announce his discovery to his mother. "Oh, it's such fun!" he exclaimed. "What's such fun?" asked the old lady. "Why to see sister Mollie and Mr. Fipps play lunatic asylum."