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THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his strongest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill.

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Wotten.

THERE passed through the gates of Fort Sheridan the other day a man with a coal-black face and snow-white hair. His bearing was military to a degree, notwithstanding the fact that he limped painfully. His shoulders were well thrown back and his head erect and carried with a probably unconscious sort of pride. The limp in the gait, however, was so marked that an observer, if he gave the subject any thought at all, would know that this negro would never run a step in his life.

The name of this Fort Sheridan visitor was and is Henry Johnson, one time of Troop K, Ninth United States Cavalry. If certain of the older officers and enlisted men of this colored outfit of Uncle Sam had known that the thought that this limping ex-soldier would never run again had entered into an onlooker's mind, he would probably have said: "No, Johnson never will run again, but if he could have kept up the gait that he once showed these 100-yard sprinting records that we hear so much of in these

SUDDENLY STUMBLED AND WENT TO EARTH.

day of sports would be headed by another and the name of the holder would be Henry Johnson."

There isn't the slightest doubt among cavalry officers who have long memories that the world's champion sprinter was lost to track fame when Henry Johnson, colored trooper, went lame just twenty-two years ago this month. Johnson was in Fort Sheridan only as a casual visitor the other day. There are no colored troops at the post, but this negro visitor wore a little something pinned to his vest that makes any soldier, black or white, a welcome and honored guest at any place where tents are pitched or barracks are reared under the fluttering Stars and Stripes.

In the month of November, 1879, a [illegible] of Ute Indians surrounded a [illegible]ll command of United States regulars, composed for the greater part of Troop K, Ninth colored cavalry. There was for a while the heaviest kind of fighting and at close quarters. Finally the reds retreated a little way, [illegible] still held their cordon of braves [illegible]et. [illegible] temporary withdrawal for a short distance did not give the troops a breathing spell, for they set to work at once to entrench. They succeeded with their horses and impedimenta, and by vigorous use of the shovel in forming and in throwing up a fairly strong defense bulwark. After this had been done small parties under cover of the rifles of their comrades went out to a considerable distance from the entrenchment and there dug rifle pits at intervals in a circle about the inner and stronger defense. For some unknown reason the encircling savages allowed these precautions to be taken by the foe without much attempt at interference, perhaps thinking that as they had a sure thing of it anyway, they might better attack later under cover of darkness—for your true savage has ever a wholesome regard for his skin and scalp.

Into these well-covered rifle pits guards were dropped with a plentiful supply of amunition and such little water and provender as could be spared. There was one man in each pit. They were absolutely protected from the front, and they were put there to perform the usual duty expected where troops are thus besieged. Unless the Utes actually succeeded in getting into these pits, the men there were safer than were those behind the extemporized fortification in the centre. After the pickets had been placed in the pits and the fatigue and posting parties had returned to the central point of defense the Indians drew in. The red circle was drawn closer and closer, and the bullets from the Ute rifles tore through the frail parts of the barricade, and soldier after soldier was either killed or wounded.

Three times the Indians were driven off, only to return again. They had lost heavily, but seemed to be roused to a maddened pitch that made them heedless of caution. For the fourth time they were sent hurtling backward, and then there came the awful necessity of sending instructions to the men in the outlying pits. The space between the central defense and the outer guards was as level as a bowling alley. The Utes, when they had withdrawn for the fourth time, were still within easy range, though they had improvised cover for themselves. It came to be a question with the commanding officer as to whether or not communication was possible with the pits. He did not in his heart believe that any man could live to reach the first one of the guards, let alone the entire circuit.

The captain commanding was just about to give over all idea of attempting messenger communication because of the deadly nature of the errand, when Private Henry Johnson came up to him, saluted, and said that he would like to volunteer to make the round of the guards.

"You can't do it, Johnson," said his commanding officer. "It's death."

"Yes, I can, sah; I'm a sprinter. When they shoots at me running sideways 'round the ring they can't do nothing but cut daylight behind my back. I've beat everything in the regiment running, and I beat everything in my State before I 'listed."

The result of this dialogue and some thought on the captain's part was that a moment afterward a blue-clad figure was darting in zigzag lines straight away from the barricade toward the first rifle pit. How that negro did run, notwithstanding the fact that he took a course like the flight of a snipe when it is first flushed. He simply tore. He had not gone thirty yards before a hundred feathered heads were seen raised and the faces below showing doubtless in sheer amazement at the sight of that flying figure. Then rifle after rifle spoke viciously, but Johnson, the sprinter, sped on. He reached the first pit unscathed and fell into it by the side of the guard. There he stayed long enough to "breathe" himself and to turn over his orders, and then from the pit, jumping like a jack-in-the-box, came his stalwart figure. There was no time lost in scoring. Johnson was away for the next hole at the first start. This time his course was practically along the lines of fire. The bullets marked out his way, but, as it was said behind the barricade, "They'll have to hold a hundred yards ahead of that buck to get him."

No one thought in the strain of that awful time to 'hold a watch" on the sprinter. There never has been a doubt since that the world's records before and after were smashed. There were eight of the guard pits, and the race between each was but a repetition of the last, the Indians popping away all the while at the devoted messenger, while the soldiers, though with eyes and hearts only for their comrade, did their best by volleys to divert the savage fire. Johnson left the seventh pit and started for the eighth. His pace showed no sign of abating. Some of the Indians, in following the circling course of the black, had closed in from left to right along the circumference of their own circle in order to mark the messenger's course more perfectly with their sights and shots. The result was a concentration of fire, and Johnson, while speeding like a scared jack-rabbit, suddenly stumbled and went to earth. He was up again like a flash and on he passed, but his step was lagging a little now. Once more he went down, then up again, and once more haltingly and slowly for ten yards, then down again with his face in the sand, and then on for ten yards more, this time on his hands and knees, and then he rolled into the last rifle pit.

Everyone knows of the outcome of the Milk River Ute campaign. How the beleaguered men were relieved, and of the march that was necessary to relieve them. Before those men, almost dying of thirst, would one of them go from the barracks to the sparkling river, they went in mass to rifle pit No. 8 and there picked up Johnson and carried him to the water. Henry Johnson, colored private of Troop K, had only three holes in him, but his sprinting days have been over for nearly a quarter of a century. It is because the soldiers who saw Johnson run forgot to hold a watch on him that another man now claims the world's sprinting record.—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

England's Loss in Territory.

It is stated that every year England loses a tract of land the size of Gibraltar, and that on the East coast alone the annual loss equals in territory the Island of Heligoland. In the last 100 years an edge of England equal in area to the county of London has been submerged.

California's Orange Acreage.

The orange groves of California comprise in area over 85,000 acres.

Sleepy Time.

Hushaby, baby-doll, hushaby, dear,
Mother will watch you, she's sitting quite near,
Her foot on your cradle. Hush, do not weep,
But close your dear eyelids and fall fast asleep.

The snowbirds have twittered their loving good-night,
Jack Frost has fresh painted the panes,
The moonbeams are bathing the night world in light,
Hush, dolly; the Moon King now reigns.

—Detroit Free Press.

A Happy Meeting.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham, the author of those traveling experiences in the tropics which he calls "Thirteen Stories," says that in his South American journeying he one day rode to see a village where, report hinted, some valuable old books had been preserved. He adds:

"I got lost and passed the night in a small clearing, where a fat and handsome roan horse was tied. On seeing me the animal broke his picket rope, ran furiously round me four or five times in circles, and then, advancing, put his nostrils close to the nostrils of my horse and seemed to talk to him. His owner, an old Paraguayan, told me that the creature had been with him far into the interior, and for a year had never seen another horse.

"'But,' said he, 'God has given every animal speech after its kind, and he is glad to see your horse. No doubt he is asking him the news.'

"During the night I cannot say exactly what the two horses talked about, but in the morning my host rode with me a league upon the way, and when we parted his horse reared once or twice and plunged. It was a farewell."

Jack Horner.

Jack Horner was a little monkey who lived on shipboard. He wore a sailor's jacket of scarlet flannel and a cap to match and was very proud of his costume. He looked like a dwarf old man, for he was brown and wrinkled, and his black eyes peeped out beneath shaggy eyebrows and crinkly gray hair.

Sometimes, when the cook was out of sight, he would jump on the flour barrel and powder his head like a miller.

The cook scolded, and shook his rolling-pin at him. But in a twinkling Jack was up the mast. There he would sit in safety, grin and chatter and shake his head and paws to mimic poor old Cato, while the sailors roared.

Jack went where he pleased about the ship, but his own corner was a large dry goods box, turned on one side, and well supplied with clean straw for his bed. This was left to his own care, and Jack was a tidy little creature. He had watched the steward about his work until he knew just what to do. Every morning he shook up the straw with his tiny forepaws and made his bed to suit himself. He would stand off a little way, and look at it, shake it again, and pat it down. Then he would run for the broom and sweep out his cabin. He washed his face and hands in a basin, as the sailors did, and dried them on a towel.

Jack Horner was very fond of smoked herring and hard-boiled eggs. They were often given him for breakfast. But he was not as honest as he was tidy, and would sometimes snatch a herring or an egg, if no one were near and run off to his stateroom to eat it. One morning he burned his fingers with an egg, and for a long time afterward would not take one, even when offered him.

Twice a week there was sago pudding with cinnamon on it for dinner, and Jack was always on hand for his share. He would take his saucer in one paw, his spoon in the other, and eat as the sailors did. Sometimes there were raisins in his pudding, and then Jack was pleased. He would pull one out with his finger and thumb, hold it up, and chatter about it in great glee.

At Christmas the sailors filled a stocking for him with nuts and lumps of sugar, and he had mince pie and plum pudding. — Mary Johnson, in Home Journal.

Hippocrates is said to have greatly allayed the violence of the plague at Athens by a liberal use of perfume in the streets and houses.

WAITING

8.00.

Here in the parlor I sit;
"In a moment or two she'll be down;"
Of course, she must prink just a bit—
The prettiest girl in town!
I mark her light step overhead
As she gives at the glass a last touch—
Yet I'll wager, be cheeks ne'er so red,
She's guiltless of rouge jar, or such.

8.15.

Heigh-ho! 'Tis a quarter past, now!
She knew that I'd call sharp at eight;
It's a little vexatious, I vow.
I hope we're not doomed to be late!
But, then—tho' a goddess, a queen—
A woman, at best, is she, still,
Predestined to make, all serene,
Man wait or bestir, at her will.

8.30.

Eight-thirty! Great Caesar! Come on,
Young lady; we're missing the fun.
A round dozen garbs could I don
While you have been fussing with one.
And this is "a moment or two!"
Don't hurry, I beg—or deem that
I had other amusements in view
Than sitting here twirling my hat!

8.45.

A quarter to nine! Faith and love!
It's more than I'll stand, I declare!
I—Ah! There's a rustle above,
A froufrou of silk on the stair
She's coming—a quarter to nine!
I must smile and pretend, I suppose,
But I'll never—By Jove! She's divine!
God bless her! As sweet as a rose!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

The Millionaire—"After all, my money hasn't brought us happiness." His Wife—"But it has made us objects of envy."—Life.

Who does not fear to tell the truth
Is pretty brave, but, my!
More brave is he who's not, forsooth,
Afraid to tell a lie.

—Philadelphia Press.

She—"Mr. Niblack is a very skillful golfer, isn't he?" He—"I don't know about that, but he certainly is a very fluent golfer."—Philadelphia Press.

Hewitt—"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Jewett—"I think you overestimate the number of people who mind their own business."—Brooklyn Life.

"I wonder who this man is who wants to know whether or not life is worth living?" "Oh, probably some fellow who has more money than he knows what to do with."—Life.

Laura—"Yes, you see she told him her father had lost all his wealth, just to test his love for her." Ada—"And then?" Laura—"Well, she will know better next time."—The Smart Set.

Mrs. A.—"I sent my daughter to a cooking school to fit her for marriage." Mrs. B.—"Was the experiment a success?" Mrs. A.—"No; the man she was engaged to found it out."—Judge.

If Miss Minerva learned to play
Football, 'midst other studious cares,
These bargain rushes, shopmen say,
Would soon be serious affairs.

—Washington Star.

Miss Gushlere—"How torturing, how fearful the thought must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice!" Mr. Praclere—"It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it."—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Rangle—"I've advertised for a servant for a whole week with no result." Mrs. Cumso—"Well, I advertised for a good-looking, lady-help, and had thirty-four to select from the first day."—Tit-Bits.

Her Father—"Aha! I caught you kissing my daughter, sir. What do you mean by that sort of business?" He—"I don't consider business at all, sir, but pleasure, purely pleasure."—Philadelphia Press.

Softly (who fell overboard and was dramatically rescued)—"Did—you—aw—faint, when you heard them yell, 'Man overboard?'" Helen (sobbing)—"No—no, Cholly. I never once suspected they could mean you."—Tit-Bits.

The Visitor—"Horrors! The lightning express wrecked and totally destroyed by fire!" Young Artist—"Hurrah! Good!" "Are you crazy?" "No, but I expressed a drawing on that train and I valued it at $50. Now the express company will have to pay for it."—Life.

Backstop—"I'm glad to see that you are making a name for yourself as an author, old man." Scriblet (modestly)—"Yes. Honors are being heaped on me. Why, it was only yesterday that I learned that my latest book had been thrown out of the Boston library."—Harper's Bazar.