

The Making of a Hero

Perhaps it would never have happened had a comrade given him a word of encouragement. But the men were too intent on the grim work before them, so in the hall of lead, when Private Cory dropped to the ground it was generally understood that a bullet had knocked him over. Such, however, was not the case, as the ambulance corps, following in the rear, soon discovered. He had merely fainted from fright.

The doctor turned over the shivering bit of humanity to look for the wound, found none, and smiled. Cases of this kind were not unknown to him. "Poor fellow," he murmured. "Let him remain with the rest."

"No, he is not hurt at all," he said to one of his assistants. "His wound will come afterwards when he recovers from that faint, and God help him then. There is no bullet wound that will give him the agony that is before him."

"Shall I throw a bucket of water over him, sir?" asked a man with a blood-stained bandage around his head, but sufficient of his face left uncovered to show his intense disgust at his comrade.

"No, you must not disturb him," was the curt answer, and he turned to give his attention to the burdens which the stretchers were now quickly depositing in the improvised hospital.

"Poor lad," he mused, as he bent over his work. "I must give him a word of encouragement when he comes round."

But when, later on, Private Cory staggered to his feet, the kindly doctor was too busy to notice him. He looked wonderingly around the tent. Then the remembrance of what he had done seemed to rise up and strike him full in the face. He sank down again with a choking sob. He clutched the earth with his hands, as men do when struck down in battle with a mortal wound. It was a burning hot day—the wounded were suffering terribly from the intense heat—but he shivered with cold. Outside the shells were screaming, while now and again came the subdued but harsh growl of the smaller arms. It seemed as if a thousand voices were shouting at him and reproaching him for his cowardice. Then a human voice joined in the wild orchestra.

"You bloomin' cur. Call yourself a man!"

It was the stern sergeant of his company, who had been brought in wounded in three places before he had given up. His face was gray with the pain he was enduring, but he must needs give vent to his disgust at such pusillanimity. A contemptuous smile played about his bloodless lips.

"I call it gettin' money under false pretenses. You're clothed and stuffed with the best of everything the country can send out, includin' a briar pipe and baccy, and then yer go and—'Pah!' and he broke off. "I couldn't believe it of any man in the whole bloomin' company."

He stopped because the pain of his wounds became so great, and he bit hard the piece of Cavendish he had in his mouth to stifle a groan, but other men took up the cue.

No agony of the battlefield could equal what Private Cory was now enduring. He quivered as if acted upon by some powerful electric current, but he made no answer to their taunts, and continued to lie with his face turned to the ground. He tried to reconstruct the wreck of his manhood, but his brain was still in a whirl, and those shrieking shells outside still seemed to be telling the world that he was a miserable coward.

A man was handing round some broth. He had been hours without food, and the savory odor caused a craving hunger to take possession of him. A pannikin full was being passed, from which men took a drink, their expectant comrades looking on with eager, wistful eyes. Cory raised his head, hoping his turn had come, but he was immediately greeted with a storm of curses that caused him to drop it again. Fool that he was to expect it. He might have known.

At that moment the doctor came up. "Give Cory some of that soup. Hold up, my lad," he said, unkindly; "you may make a soldier yet. Drink this," and he handed him the tin vessel.

"He is a beast of a boy," shouted a man, and this poor joke was greeted with laughter even by those who knew they had but a few hours to live.

Cory sat up. The soup seemed to put life into him, and he ceased to shiver. He was barely out of his teens, but his face, in his ashy grayness, looked more like that of a man who had passed his prime.

"Feelin' a bit better now?" began the sergeant.

"He'll run for it as soon as he's able," remarked the other. "What's listenin' he broke off, as a shell exploded just outside. They seem to have got the range of us now. Nice Christians, these Boers, firing on the Red Cross."

For a few seconds there was silence as the men realized their danger. The angry growl of the quick-firers was every now and then punctuated by the long, deep-sounded baying of the Boer's Long Tom.

"They are aiming at us, by God!" shouted a man, running into the tent with his right arm hanging helpless by his side.

Immediately there was a violent concussion; the air was filled with dust, smoke, and a pungent smell, and the end of the tent lit up with a tongue

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How a Portuguese Cook Got Even

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After he had superintended the preparation of the principal meat dishes and only waited for the formal order to "serve" Ebrantes sent his assistants out of the galley. Bound and gagged in two great floor bins where he had previously secreted them were Allen and Hedges. When the kitchen was closed he opened up the two bins and glared steadily at his two enemies. Both thought that, after taking this light revenge, he was about to let them go. But they were mistaken. Working himself into a frenzy of rage, he picked up a meat hatchet, and before they could attempt to struggle had blunted both of them like oxen with the blunt side of it.

Over what must have followed in the next 10 minutes it is not pleasant to dwell, but at the end of that time, when the assistants were admitted back into the galley, Ebrantes stood there smiling and as calm as ever. He told them he had been preparing the piece de resistance in secret, and gave orders for the immediate delivery of the first platter to the impatient captain and his guests. A young lad, proud of the honor, carried it in through the covered way astern, and walking round the long mess table placed it at the head before the skipper and waited at attention for the removal of the cover. Lifting his hand briskly with a smile of anticipation at his guests Capt. Boothby drew off the cover—and started back in horror. On the dish, staring at him with terrified and wide-open eyes, were the ghastly heads of his two petty officers.

The dinner party broke up hastily. A guard was summoned to search for the murderer, but the marines had no need to hunt twice in the course of the forenoon's work. At noon she was unharnessed and sent to the stall for her feed. She is never hitched. At one o'clock when it was time for another trip to the station, she was not in the stable, and no trace of her was found until about three o'clock when she walked in unattended, and took her place in the stall, as if nothing had happened. Then it was noticed that she had been newly shod. Inquiry disclosed the fact that the sagacious mare, after eating her dinner, had gone to the blacksmith shop and waited her turn. Supposing that some stable hand had sent her in there, the blacksmith sharp-shod her. The name of the *Dawes mare* deserves a place in the annals of equine intelligence as that of a horse who knew what to do and did it.—Youth's Companion.

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FIRE ENGINE THRILLS.

There's Nothing Will Stir City People as Much as That.

The most exciting incident of everyday life in a city is the passing of a fire engine at full speed. After that a runaway horse creates the greatest hubbub, says the Pittsburgh News. Just why a runaway with its greater possibilities of smashing things does not rank first as a stirrer of the blood cannot be told definitely, unless it is because of the changing gong, the smoking machine, the magnificent, well-trained horses straining every muscle to gain speed, and the thought that comes at the sight that somewhere beyond a big conflagration may be raging, all combine to arouse the imagination. But it is true that while we may turn and look after a runaway our first impulse is to follow the fire engines.

It is such a common sight that the excitement ought to have long ago worn away, but he is a phlegmatic person who does not feel his blood quicken when the engine rushes by. A policeman who has been standing on corners for years says he has the same thrills now when he sees the engine coming as he had the first day he came to town and was dragged out of the way of a galloping team of fire horses just in time to avert a fatality. He ran after the engine that day and got lost and he feels like running after it every time it passes his corner. "I was born and reared in a city," an old-time newspaper man remarked as an engine went by, "and the fire engines are just as common to me as street cars. Yet there is nothing so thrilling to me as an engine going into action. Only my age and dignity prevent me from running after it. I have noticed, too, that it affects most men in the same way. The exciting sensation is more acute in some than in others. I have known men who would run after an engine in spite of themselves.

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NEARLY ALL HAVE DIED IN POVERTY.

John Morrissey Left His Widow in Want, Although Worth \$3,000,000 Once—Heenan and Yankee Sullivan Also Poor.

Prize ring champions rarely amount to much in the pugilistic business after they once suffer defeat. Like John L. Sullivan, who has been on the retired list ever since Corbett defeated him in 21 rounds at New Orleans in 1892, they are thereforward considered old men, though still so young that in most callings they would be spoken of as in the prime of life. Of late years nearly every pugilist "too old to fight" any more has "retired" to some sort of a retail drinking shop. This has become so common that the public expects nothing more nor less from any ex-champion, though it was by no means the invariable rule in the earlier, more brutal, days of bare-knuckle fighting. John Jackson, who was the British champion 100 years and more ago, taught boxing after he had retired from the ring, numbering among his pupils nearly all of the young sprigs of fashion and scions of aristocracy in England. He was 77 at his death, in 1845, and an expensive monument surmounted by a lion couchant, and guarded by a sculptured gladiator holding a wreath, was put up over his remains at Brompton cemetery. Few or no other British pugilists have died rich, though the last resting place of three others are marked by impressive monuments. They were Tom Cribb, Tom Spring and Tom Sayers.

Two prize ring champions have gone into politics, and amassed wealth after leaving the fistic arena, though neither had much money when death called. One of these was John Gully, the Englishman, and the other was John Morrissey, the American. Gully got into parliament, and for a while "enjoyed the respect and friendship of many of England's most exalted personages." He made a part of his wealth out of racing, and the remainder in various speculative enterprises, some of which turned out disastrously. In his later years he was in constant fear of the workhouse, but he didn't fall so low as that.

John Morrissey's post-prize ring days were far more spectacular than Gully's. Morrissey retired a champion, having defeated Heenan, and having sensibly refused to fight again. Morrissey numbered old Commodore Vanderbilt among his closest friends, and by following the commodore's advice was able to win heavily in Wall Street. Morrissey also made money in wads and rolls in the two gambling houses which he established—one in New York, in Broadway, and one in Saratoga. Morrissey's political rise began early in the '60s. For years he was so strong that he had a virtual monopoly as to gambling there, which he took advantage of by levying tribute on all the establishments of his fellow gamblers in town. He was sent to the house of representatives in 1866 by the Democrats and in the fight between Tweed, the Tammany boss, and Tilden, sided with the latter. At one time Morrissey's fortune was \$2,000,000, and he is said to have made \$600,000 in one deal in "Harlem," entered into on account of a tip from Commodore Vanderbilt. The death of the commodore was the beginning of bad luck for Morrissey. He tried speculation on his own hook, but without Vanderbilt to tip him off he found it impossible to buck up against Jay Gould and the other expert Wall Street operators of that day. Still Morrissey kept up a brave front as long as he lived, for till death he was supposed generally to have much wealth left. The late William R. Travers and Edward Murphy were his executors. On examination they found that his estate had dwindled practically to naught, and his widow, who had been a Hudson river steamboat captain's daughter when Morrissey was a deck hand, found herself plunged in poverty instead of rolling in wealth.

John C. Heenan, who, though a victor over Sayers, was himself defeated by Morrissey, ran a gambling den for a while and for a time did fairly well; but the tide soon turned the wrong way, and Heenan died of consumption in Colorado, in great financial straits. Heenan was married to the erratic Adah Isaacs Menken. She died in France a year or two before her husband.

Yankee Sullivan, whose real name was Frank Ambrose Murray, counted in his day and generation the greatest fighter of his weight and inches in the United States, left the east and went to California to dig gold after his successive defeats by Tom Hyer and John Morrissey. Sullivan might have been a god thing as a miner, but in some manner he ran against the San Francisco vigilance committee in its palmyest days, and was by it thrown into prison. He was suspected of having been connected with a gang of burglars, and, though nothing was ever proved against him, he was put in jail and committed suicide.

Tom Hyer, Mike McCool and Joe Coburn, each an American champion in his day, died in poverty, and were buried with money raised by subscription papers passed around among prize ring supporters.

Several of those who have been prominent of late years are still well heeled financially, and some of them may succeed in making money of their present occupations. Most of them are now selling liquor, but there are exceptions. Frank P. Slavin is said to have been in the Klondike mines along with Joe Boyle for some time, and to have appeared in Seattle recently with \$20,000 in gold. McAuliffe is a book-maker and reputed to be prosperous. Jim Smith, the Englishman, is alternately making and losing money betting on the races. Charley Mitchell is a good saver, and so are Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

Sympathy.

Watts—I think I feel as bad as Mudge does over losing his job.

Potts—I feel worse. He's already touched me for ten.

PEDLER WAS A CHESS PLAYER.

Beat His Opponent on a Named Square in a Given Number of Moves.

In Austria-Hungary there is a marvelous chess player, whose name and residence are unknown, but who every now and then shows most remarkable skill in the game. The last story of him is told by James H. Hyatt, of Philadelphia, who has just returned from Budapest. "I was playing chess with a friend in a cafe," says Mr. Hyatt, "and plainly saw my defeat, when a little bit of a shriveled Pole with a tray of cheap jewelry stood in front of us and offered his wares in most persuasive tones. 'Go away,' I said. 'You can beat him,' answered the pedler, whose attention was on the game. 'What do you know about it?' I asked. 'May I tell him?' he inquired, looking at my opponent. 'Certainly,' crack away,' came the reply in a tone of assurance. 'Take his knight,' said my self-appointed instructor. I did so, to humor him, though I lost my queen by the operation; but, much to my surprise, I found that the very next move I made on my queen's fourth square in 22 moves if you can.' We started in, my friend keeping account of the moves, and moved rapidly. After about a dozen moves I had the advantage of a bishop and a pawn, and was assured I would defeat my aggressive little opponent. When he let a castle go by an apparently careless play I was sure of victory. Then came a sudden change in the situation, and I had to move my king out of check. I was on the defensive and in rapid retreat. 'Twenty-one moves,' said my friend, as the little pedler put me again in check with his knight. 'Mate,' cried my opponent, as he swung his queen across the board. My king was on the queen's fourth square. I gave him 10 florins, and he walked away shaking his head and hands with infinite satisfaction."—New York Herald.

SIoux CITY'S BOOM.

Phenomenal Growth of Business in the Iowa City.

Sioux City special to St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Such strides has Sioux City made during the last year that at the close of business April 20 reports show it stands among the first ten packing centers of the country, and that only one city's receipts of hogs exceeded its receipts; that city was Chicago and was only 2,000 hogs ahead of Sioux City. From a capacity in 1899 for killing 2,400 hogs per day the plants here now have a capacity for killing daily 8,000 hogs in winter when there is outside refrigeration, and 7,000 hogs daily in summer. This increase promises to continue, but in less agile jumps. The increase is largely due to the opening of the plant formerly used by the Silberhorn Packing Company, and long idle, by the International Packing Company, which received a bonus which will not soon be forgotten in packing circles, it being \$550,000. In April the receipts of hogs at the Sioux City stock yards were almost double those of the April of 1899, being 25,067 more than in 1899, the total being 59,243. For the four months of the year the increase of hog receipts here was 103,638, the total being 256,372. The increase in cattle and hog receipts has had the effect of swelling the bank clearings. The clearings for the first four months of 1900 were \$3,114,811 more than in 1899, the total for 1899 being \$18,090,168; for 1900, \$19,204,980. The increased business at the stock yards has had another effect, which may result in people having to live in tents during midsummer, the demand for houses for rent or purchase far exceeding the supply. Every house and store or office building in the city, which covers forty-nine square miles, has been rented, and building has begun with an impetus that has not been known here during the last ten years.

TUSCARORA IN