

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE TENTH.

[AN INCIDENT AT SANTIAGO.]

In the dusk-coming dusk of the tropical night,
What was it that barred the way?
The colonel, walking the lines of the Tenth,
Stooped down where a soldier lay.
Dead he lay, but he guarded still
A paper in his right hand,
And the colonel said: "This soldier fought
Today under my command."
"This is the man whose voice I heard
In the thick of the battle today:
'I've lost my regiment, sir—the Ninth,
'I'll fight with the Tenth, if I may!'"
"Men were falling to right and left,
The bullets around us flew:
I looked at him sharply; he simply said,
'My duty I'd like to do.'"
"Be it so," I answered, 'serve with the
Tenth—'
And he disappeared from sight.
They say he fought with a gallant will;
I saw him no more till tonight.

"One hour ago before me he stood,
His voice was steady and low;
'I'll find my regiment, now,' he said,
'If you'll give me leave to go.'
"But lest my captain should think I shirked,
Will you write him a line to say
I fought with the Tenth, under your com-
mand,
And have done my duty today?"
"Quickly I wrote (this paper would show
He had done his soldierly part);
But little I thought to find him here,
With a stray shot in his heart!"
"He served with us, with our dead let him
rest.
And give him a comrade's place."
The man who had fought with the Tenth
seemed to smile.
As he lay with his upturned face.
They slipped the paper he never would need
Into his hand again,
And the colonel passed slowly along the lines
To cheer his drooping men.
—Edith M. Thomas, in New York Sun.

A STORY BY THE JUDGE.

While several of the old court benchers were in the county court-house in New York city, the other day, discussing a famous poisoning case, the one called Judge inquired: "Should a lawyer defend a man charged with murder when he knows the man to be guilty?" This question led to an animated discussion, which, after some two hours, was brought to an end by the judge suddenly exclaiming: "Do you see that man?" The benchers turned their faces in the direction indicated by the speaker just in time to see a tall, lank man in shabby attire leave the building. Before a word was spoken by any of the curious benchers the judge said, as though musing to himself, though in a tone loud enough for the others to hear: "Strange that I should see that man just at this moment and when we were discussing a question that he could have answered. His life, like mine, has been a failure, but thank God! my regrets, though many, can never be as bitter as his are. He ruined his career as a lawyer by defending a man who had confessed that he was guilty of murder." "Tell us the story," exclaimed the one known as the proctor. "He was ruined," began the judge, "by his ambition." "Ambition," suggested the solicitor, with a genial smile on his kindly, clean-shaven face, "is responsible for much good and much evil. It is ambition that has made wrecks, legal driftwood, of many of us. We have dreamed of great deeds in our profession, we have builded fairy castles in the air, while others have by hard work succeeded. I for one—"

"The story! the story!" exclaimed several of the benchers. The judge, thus urged, told his story: "Some 40 years ago it was that I entered the small courthouse in a small town in the western section of New York. Court was in session, and the hush that had fallen upon the crowd in the room was oppressive. Nothing was heard at that time but the ticking of the clock and the breathing of the spectators. The presiding judge was looking up some legal question in the law books before him. The rapt attention of the jurors and the eagerness of the counsel caused me to realize that a trial of more than ordinary interest and importance was in progress. I asked a bystander what the cause on trial was. He gazed at me in surprise for a moment and then exclaimed: "You must be a stranger in these parts?" "I am," I replied. "I have just come here from New York city to file a complaint in an action of ejectment." "This," replied my informant, "is a murder trial, and there," he pointed in the direction I was to look, "is the man who will certainly hang."

"I looked at the prisoner at the bar. He was a good looking young fellow of about 25 years of age. There was something in the expression of his pale face that convinced me of his guilt."

"While the trial judge turned over page after page of the law books I learned the details of the crime.

"I learned that in his house on the outskirts of the town, one morning two months before the day of the trial, John Peterkin, a wealthy old man who had been, it was said, in the habit of keeping large sums of money in his house, was found murdered, shot in the back. The murdered man had been seated when he was shot, for his chair was overturned just as he had fallen from it. Peterkin, who was about 67 years old, lived alone with his niece, a pretty girl about 18 years old. She it was who discovered the murder. When she had sufficiently recovered from her alarm, the niece, Mary Peterkin, aroused the neighbors.

"At first it was thought that the motive of the crime had been robbery, but when the police discovered that the safe, the door of which was unlocked and halfway open, contained \$1750 and that the old man's watch had not been taken, that theory had to be abandoned. For several days the case was a mystery. Then it came to the knowledge of the chief of police that Hasdall Renidder, the only son of a widow, whose father had been postmaster of the little town, had been seen around the house and had spoken unkindly of old Peterkin. Renidder was arrested.

"When I had learned this much," said the judge, "the trial judge, whom we will call Blank, looked up from the legal books and said: 'I will admit the testimony objected to.'

"While Judge Blank was reviewing the law questions I looked at Mary Peterkin. She was seated in the rear

of the courtroom and was an exceedingly pretty young woman, the pallor of her refined face illuminated by large blue eyes. She was in deep mourning, which but enhanced her beauty.

"Proceed," exclaimed Judge Blank.

"The witness on the stand—a police officer—then testified that he had found a small revolver with an ivory handle in some bushes just outside of the window of the room where the crime had been committed.

"Were there any marks on that revolver?" asked Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner—the man I just pointed out to you.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"What were the marks?"

"The initials M. P.," replied the witness.

"Did you ascertain who owned that pistol?" asked Lawyer Dash.

"Yes—Mary Peterkin."

"An exclamation of surprise went around that little courtroom. Mary Peterkin started up in bewilderment and then fell back into her chair.

"Silence in the courtroom!" exclaimed Judge Blank.

"With a face paler than that of either the prisoner or the niece of the murdered man, Lawyer Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner, said to the witness, 'Step down.'

"The next witness called was a woman who had formerly been employed by old Peterkin as a housekeeper. She was exceedingly nervous, and her voice trembled when she swore to tell the truth. There was a malignant expression on the face of the counsel for the prisoner when he asked the witness:

"Do you know Mary Peterkin?"

"I do," was the reply.

"She is the niece of the murdered man?"

"She is," replied the woman in a whisper.

"You once lived with the dead man and his niece?"

"I did."

"Did uncle and niece ever quarrel?"

"Must I answer that?" asked the old woman, turning to Judge Blank.

"You must," sternly replied the judge.

"Yes. They quarrelled," faltered the witness.

"What about?" asked the counsel for the prisoner.

"She—Mary—wanted to marry a man her uncle did not approve of."

"All eyes were turned toward Mary Peterkin, who, with an expression of horror on her face, sat crouched up in her chair. Everyone in that courtroom seemed to realize that the testimony already adduced against the prisoner at the bar was as nothing compared with that just brought out against the girl. The prisoner at the bar was pale and trembling and, I thought, an object of abject misery. Then the thought flashed across my mind that he might be innocent. It was evident that Lawyer Dash was struggling with himself when he asked the next question.

"Did you ever hear Miss Peterkin threaten her uncle?"

"I heard her say once that she wished he was dead," replied the witness.

"With a moan of anguish Mary Peterkin fainted. The prisoner started forward and, despite the efforts of the bailiffs to restrain him, exclaimed: "This is a shame. I am guilty, and that man—pointing his finger at Lawyer Horace Dash—"knows that I am."

"What does this mean?" asked Judge Blank, addressing the prisoner's counsel, who was leaning on the table and seemed about to faint.

"I don't know, your honor," replied the lawyer, who was seen to press his hand to his heart.

"Let the trial proceed," said Judge Blank, "and don't let that woman," indicating Mary Peterkin, "leave this room."

"Stop!" exclaimed the prisoner. "I withdraw my plea of not guilty. I am guilty."

"For a moment silence, oppressive silence, reigned supreme. Finally the judge said: 'Do you appreciate your position? That I can pass sentence of death on you?'"

"I do," replied the prisoner, with a defiant look at his counsel, "but I would like to say a few words."

"Proceed, sir," said Judge Blank.

"I committed the crime, your honor, but not from desire for gain. It was done in a moment of anger, just anger, and for the sake of my dear old mother. Years ago my mother, so that she might pay some debts I contracted while in college, mortgaged her farm—the home where she was born, the home that she went to as a happy wife, the home where I was born—to old Peterkin. Each year

since then she paid to him usurious interest. Finally there came a day when he would not renew the mortgage. That was the day I killed him. I pleaded with him, but in vain. He insisted he would foreclose the mortgage. He called my mother a vile name. I saw the revolver on his desk, picked it up and aimed at him. He wheeled around in his chair toward his desk, and the bullet entered his back."

"While he was telling this story the prisoner several times pressed his hand to his left side and moaned as if in pain.

"Have you anything else to say?" asked Judge Blank.

"Yes. I want to say," explained the prisoner in gasping tones, "that after I had retained that lawyer—pointing to Horace Dash—"I told him I was guilty; that I wanted to plead guilty. He forbade my doing so—said it was a splendid case. He would acquit me and cover himself with glory. He said he would ask no fee. I urged that I was guilty, but he said he could clear me. I consented to the plea of not guilty."

"Again the prisoner placed his hand to his heart and with an effort said: 'I could not save my life at the expense of an innocent person, and that person a woman. I am guilty.'

"He sank back into a chair, and Judge Blank turned to Horace Dash, the prisoner's counsel, and asked:

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"I did my duty—my plain duty," said the lawyer. "As I understand it, it is a lawyer's duty to defend his client and to acquit him as best he can—"

"Not at the expense of an innocent person," remarked Judge Blank.

"I maintain it is," replied the lawyer. "Although a prisoner may confess guilt he may be innocent. He might be insane when he confessed. He might be actuated by a desire to save, at the expense of his life, a guilty person. He might—"

"I am guilty!" shouted the prisoner. "I did it. I did it. I—"

"He fell backward on the counsel's table, gasped and, after a few convulsive movements, attempted to rise, fell back, twisted half around, and his soul passed to a higher tribunal. Judge Blank, after ascertaining that the prisoner at the bar was dead, said: 'I accept his plea of guilty.'

The teller of this story then added: "The man who so strangely passed before me today was the prisoner's lawyer. He never prospered at the bar. His career was ruined with the case which he hoped would earn him fame."

—L. P. C., in New York Evening Sun.

THE GAMBLER WINS ALWAYS.

Electrical Device for Winning at Dice Revealed by an Odd Table.

Among the battered flats and jet-sam that has accumulated in a second-hand store in New Orleans, says the Times-Democrat, is a shabby round table with a curious secret, and no doubt a still more curious history. The top was once covered with green billiard cloth, which is worn to tatters and discloses a steel plate set in the centre and perhaps ten inches square. The whole top is loose and can be removed, revealing an interior space containing a horseshoe magnet wound with wire and connected with an armature very much like that of an ordinary telegraph instrument. A close examination shows an insulated wire running down one of the legs to a small knob or button, protruding on the outside. When the top is in place the steel plate rests directly over the magnet.

This strange device is explained clearly enough by its present owner. "It is a dice table," he said, "on which a lot of money has been won. When it was in order there was a good sized battery inside connected with the magnet. When the knob on the leg was pressed the current was turned on, and that made the steel plate magnetic. The dice they used with it had small metal disks on one face, and as long as the current was on they naturally fell that side down. When the knob was released they would fall any way they chanced to come, so all that was necessary for the operator to do was to keep his knee on the button and he could absolutely control his play."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In Germany a clock has been made that is warranted to go for 9000 years.

The yellow silk spider of Ceylon is perhaps the largest of his species. His average weight is nine ounces.

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as B. C. 700. They were made by priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period four hundred thousand miles have been constructed.

In this country placing the thumb to the nose and extending the fingers is a sign of derision. Among certain hill tribes in India it is the most expressive manner of showing respect.

The first mode of public punishment in New York city was the whipping post, set up in 1635. Upon this offenders were hoisted up by the waist, and suspended for such length of time as their offense called for.

Pekin, China, has a tower in which is hung a large bell cast in the fifteenth century, and another tower containing a huge drum which is intended to be beaten in case a great danger should threaten the city. No one is allowed to enter these towers.

Fish Commissioner McGuire of Oregon declares in his 1899 report that up to the present time salmon to the value of about \$75,000,000 have been taken out of the Columbia river.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Leaf-green satin-faced cloth, effectively trimmed with applique of black satin folds in scoll design, with narrow soutache braiding, is illustrated in



A STYLISH GOWN.

this stylish gown. The draped vest and stock collar of crepe-de-chine are in the palest robin's-egg blue tint. Several stylish features are embroidered in the unique shaping of the waist, the scalloped fronts that join the shapely collar in shoulder seams and extend in fanciful epaulettes over the sleeves being new and attractive. Glove-fitting linings that close in centre front support the outer portions of the waist proper. Upward-turning

position without detracting from the stylish shaping or the length of front that is necessary to a handsome figure. The fullness at the waist line may be regulated by a draw tape. The fashionable sleeves are gathered top and bottom, link cuffs completing the wrists. The slashed openings are faced by overlaps and narrowly hemmed or faced on the under side. Waists in this style may be of silk, fine woolen or wash fabrics, foulard, taffeta and Japanese silks, lawn, dimity, gingham, plain and checked nainsook, pique and organdy being found among the newest materials.

To make this shirt waist for a miss fourteen years old will require two and five-eighths yards of thirty-inch material.

A Handsome Shirt Waist.

A pretty white shirt waist of lawn is a solid mass of narrow tucks back and front. The little flaring cuffs are tucked and the sleeve is plain, except at the top, where there are a dozen or more tucks running across. The standing collar is tucked, and so is the turned-down collar, which forms little lapels in front, allowing the tucking inside like a small, pointed vest.

Some Pretty Trimmings.

Fine nainsook embroideries with medallions of lace introduced here and there add pretty variety to the season's trimmings. Irish point and Venice point effects are also prettily reproduced in the cotton embroideries for trimming cotton summer gowns.

Lawn Ruffles for the Gowns.

Lawn ruffles in white and pale colors can be bought all hemstitched ready for use, and if you want to make your white lawn gown especially chic, scallop all the ruffles in hand embroidery.

Ribbons Much Sought After.

Taffeta ribbons in checks and plaids always find a ready sale, and the dotted styles are again sought after.



BEST TYPE OF MISSES' SHIRT WAIST.

pleats deftly arrange the fullness of the draped vest over a smooth plastron, that is secured to the right front lining and closes over on the left. The stock collar is closed in centre back, the Medici collar flaring prettily around at the sides. The sleeves are stylishly gathered in the arm's-eye, the wrists having a slight rounded flare. A black satin ribbon crush belt is worn at the waist. The skirt has the clinging, eel-like tendency at the top that characterizes the new modes, flaring below the knees and falling in soft folds. It is shaped with a narrow front gore and two wide circular portions, fitted at the top by small darts. Two backward-turning pleats meet over the placket that is formed at the top of the centre back seam. Braided ornaments are used in closing. Extremely charming will this design be found for gowns of broadcloth, Venetian, poplin, velvet, satin, chenille and silk, passementerie, ruffled or frilled ribbon, lace or irregular insertion providing suitable garniture.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require one and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide. To make the skirt will require three and one-half yards of same width material.

Costume for a Girl.

Light-gray chevrot trimmed with rows of narrow black braid is shown in this graceful skirt, which is circular in shape, with seam in centre back. The right front laps over the left, where the closing may be made, or the placket may be finished in centre back, if so preferred. The skirt is fitted with small darts at the top, which may be omitted, and the fullness held easy to the belt when sewing. Two backward turning pleats meet over the centre seam in back, and are held closely together by silk placket buttons, which are provided with cord loops for closing.

The skirt may form part of just such a costume as illustrated here, or be made separately to wear with fancy, silk or cotton shirt waists. Plain self-colored cloths are in good taste, cashmere, serge, chevrot, as well as pique and crash for midsummer

Evil Effect of the Cocktail.

If one goes to a dinner party of three or a banquet of three hundred, the first duty is held to be to pour a highly alcoholic "cocktail" into an empty stomach—an in-
ituit to the guests as a brutal as could be offered them, and for three hours these poor structures are stuffed with an excess of nitrogenous food and flooded with many kinds of alcoholic mixtures until in the early morning hours they are at last allowed some chance to repair their injuries. But what an idea of nutrition and of life it all presupposes! If a visitor from some other planet should stumble on our fashionable drinking habits he would surely be long in fathoming the mystery of why otherwise sensible and honest men make themselves such slaves to the drink fiend. And what the result of it is we all see and know. The reliance upon alcohol once established in youth, the tyranny becomes all the more furious in later years.



GRACEFUL CIRCULAR SKIRT.

wear, all being suitable materials for skirts in this style.

To make this skirt for a miss fourteen years old will require three and three-fourths yards of material forty-four inches wide.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Temperance Army—Drunkennes in France—Fear that the Whole Working Class Will Become Habitual Drunkards—A Vigorous Teetotal Campaign.

The Philippine Isles are taken By Dewey, wise and brave, And we are in the drink Our land from drink to save.

While Sampson's on the lookout, With ready feet and strong, We too, are in the army To battle against the wrong.

The Peril of France.

Some time ago a Frenchman compiled new statistics concerning the consumption of alcohol in the different countries of Europe. The statistician found himself compelled to assign the somewhat doubtful honor of first place on the list to his own countrymen, and, what is still worse, the "Grande Nation" was not closely followed by the drinkers of whiskey or schnapps, but by a racing team, simply worn in a canter. When these statistics were generally known the first impression in France was one of unbounded astonishment. Frenchmen had always been accustomed to look on drunkenness as a horrible vice essentially peculiar to their neighbors across the Channel and across the Rhine. The feeling of astonishment soon gave way to one of mingled panic and anger—panic on account of the future of the nation, and anger against the "mauvais patriotes" who had dared to tell his fellow-countrymen an unpleasant truth. However, now the truth has been recognized everything is to be done that can be done in order that the situation may be ameliorated.

We have already touched on one curious feature of the French teetotal campaign; the barracks have been placarded with pictures showing the results of drink, and a number of medical men have started a special crusade against the evil. It appears that drunkenness in France has been communicated to the people from above, that is to say, whereas in the laboring classes the examples are unfortunately frequent, the cases of alcoholism in the upper and middle classes have up to the present been relatively rare. The statistics before us show that the favorite beverage of the French workman is the horrible concoction known as absinthe, and its effects upon him are really disastrous. The harm done by the over-consumption of whiskey and by schnapps in Germany is small compared to that done by absinthe in France. Dr. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine, has affirmed in a brochure on this subject his conviction that, unless something is quickly done to remedy the present state of affairs, within a relatively small number of years the whole of the working classes will have become habitual drunkards. Special legislation on the subject has already been proposed, but as the "marchands de graine" are exceptionally influential electors, it is to be feared that the deputies will be slow to support any measures likely to decrease the consumption of alcohol in France.

English Authors and Abstinence.

Waller, one of the liveliest and wittiest poets of the Restoration period, was an inflexible abstainer from all intoxicating liquors.

Lord Byron confessed: "The effect of wine upon me is to make me gloomy and gloomy at the very moment it is taken; but it never makes me gay."

De Quincey wrote in eulogistic terms of the modern temperance movement: "It has attained, both at home and abroad, a national range of grandeur."

Doctor Samuel Johnson abstained for considerable periods from intoxicating drinks, with great advantage to his mind and feelings, and always absolutely contended for the wisdom of this course.

Lord Lytton wrote (in 1845): "I agree in the main in the principles of the temperance society, and heartily wish it success, as having already done much good, and being calculated to do much more."

Shakespeare, in several of his dramas, depicts the misery of indulgence in strong drink, and puts into Cassio's mouth the celebrated words: "Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine! If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—Devil!"

Sir Isaac Newton, John Locke and Robert Boyle were examples of remarkable abstinence, amounting almost to total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. When composing his treatise upon Optics, Sir Isaac used only water as a beverage; and Locke, in his writings, strongly recommended abstinence, especially in the physical training of the young.

William Cobbett wrote: "In the midst of a society where wine and spirits are considered of more value than water, I have lived two years with no other drink than water, except when I have found it convenient to obtain milk. Not an hour's illness, not a headache for an hour, not the smallest ailment, not a restless night, not a drowsy morning have I known during these two famous years of my life."

A Champion's Testimony.

A champion cyclist was asked: "Do you ever take spirits of any kind? I mean whiskey or brandy?"

"No; they cut the breath short. You can't race and take brandy. It may help a little but it leaves you worse. I believe that if five or six men were together in a race, say two miles from the tape, and one was handed a drink of brandy, it might let him break away and win easily; but if he had ten miles, or a long race before him, he would find great difficulty in riding. His breath would be cut short. The man who drinks brandy or whiskey will soon be broken-winded."

"So you don't believe in brandy?"

"No; it may help for short bursts, but it is no good for a long run. Only temperance men can be good racers."—Facile Ensign.

The Crusade in Paragony.

There are 3516 saloons in Missouri. The saloon was born of evil, but it exists because good men tolerate it.

Sixty thousand tons of corks are used for the bottled beer consumed in England.

In January, 1887, there were in St. Louis 4667 saloons. This year finds that number reduced by statutory regulation to 2629, a decrease of 2938. The Missouri law prohibits the adulteration of liquors.

Belgium spends \$242,600 a day on strong drinks.

Confirmed drunkards are shamed into reformation in many of the towns of the Argentine Republic by being compelled to sweep the streets for eight days each time they may be arrested for intoxication.

The saloon club may appear harmless, but it is a deadly weapon.