

THE RE-ENFORCEMENT.

An Incident in the Siege of the Alamo.
BY EDGAR MATHW HADSON.

Travis, with his little company of Americans was holding the fortress against the army of Santa Anna, led by Castillon and Cos. A devoted band of young men, inspired by romantic courage, cut their way through the Mexican lines and gained the Alamo, only to die with its defenders. When the overwhelming force of the Mexicans finally overcame the little garrison only six of the Americans were alive to surrender, but they were afterward killed on Santa Anna's orders.

See! what gallant horsemen ride
From the poplar's dappled shade,
In a swift, unswerving rank,
Two as down the crescent slide,
Sun on belt and naked blade,
Empty scabbard at each flank!

Now, Castillon, hold your place
Lest that wave's relentless flow
Sweep you from the trembling plain,
Perjured Cos, what hope of grace?
Ye who keep the Alamo
Wonder and rejoice again.

Crawl! Brave steed and rider fall
In thick, hot, accursed hail,
Ringing drops the nervous sword;
Crumbling heads the advancing wall.
Death is yours, with his fall
Santa Anna's Mexican host!

Cheer! They raise their ragged line,
Cheer! Red spur to spur they ride,
Cheer! They meet the battle's brunt
And their own blades brightly burn,
As with long, unswerving stride,
Keep they still a steady front.

Like a froth the wind has torn,
Hail to right and hail to left,
Falls the Mexican army;
As a weed, beset, hee,
Drooping through the crimson cleft
The invaders hold their way.

On the fort deep silence fell
Over Travis's hero band,
No eye sought a neighbor's face;
Chained, as by a potent spell,
Panting stood they, steel in hand,
For a leaf-fall's tardy space.

Then rang out the plaudits deep
As upon the hither side,
Like a soughing after rain,
From that fearful narrow leap
Horse and horseman, stride to stride,
Coming down across the plain.

Those who smiled, unmoved, at fate,
Dumbless in the face of death,
Axe of iron—as a man,
Shouting, to the fortress gate,
Laughing, sobbing, in a breath,
When at length the troop drew rein.

From his post the leader came,
Met them with unshakable face,
"It was nobly done and great."
Then he added, smiling grave,
"All the praise for such a race,
Help from San Felipe comes late."

"Life or death, what odds?" they cried,
"We have ridden fast to-day
(Ask Alamo how we came)
As a weed, beset, hee,
Drooping through the crimson cleft
Room to die is all we claim."
—Youth's Companion.

A PERVERSION OF JUSTICE.

BY EDWARD DOBSON.

THE man was in a reminiscent mood. He was touched with gray, and his eventful life was filled with strange happenings that afforded many an interesting tale to those he honored with his reflections and confidences.

We were seated in the sitting-room waiting for the call to dinner. The occasion was a family reunion, or, at least, a gathering of as many relatives as could be present. All the family news had been told and discussed, and a silence prevailed. It was then that the man of reminiscence related one of his many unusual experiences.

"I do not believe much in justice," he began, cynically. "At least I have never seen it throughout my life. The law is on the side of the biggest pocket-book, and the poor, often ignorant, man who has the misfortune to have anything to do with either lawyers or the law pretty generally becomes the worse off for the connection. However, a case of the perversion of justice, in which I was mixed up, has just occurred to me.

"The time was about twenty years ago, the place was the village near New York where I had my farm. A heavy fall of snow had covered the roads, making them in some localities impassable. We had finished our week's work and were preparing for Sunday. Chris Johnson, an illiterate German, who could not speak English, my farmhand, was told to go to the village, about a mile and a half away, for some supplies. He received two dollars from me and set forth on his errand. It was about half-past nine when he left his house.

"He trudged along the middle of the road, where travel had packed the snow so that walking was not very difficult. He carried an old cane, a kepsake from his father. When some distance down the road he heard slight bells behind him, and side-stepped into deep snow for the vehicle to pass without turning aside. As the sleigh drew near, Chris, the driver, saw the horse toward him, and before he was aware of danger, the fellow in the front snatched the cane from my man's hand, grabbed him by the lapels of his overcoat, and belabored him about the head. He was stunned as a result of the assault, and his assailants went through his pockets, taking the two dollars and a few cents which were therein. They also took his hat and cane, and drove off, leaving him lying in the snow. Chris, however, got a good look at the wielder of the weapon. But it did not stand him in very good service, when it should have been of the greatest assistance in sending the fellows to jail.

"My man soon recovered consciousness sufficient to grope his way home. He stumbled into the house with blood streaming down his face, and with lumps on his head almost as big as one's fist. It was with some difficulty that I got him to relate just what had befallen him. He told me that the sleigh had large runners, and that the horse was white. That was a good clue, as I had noticed such a sleigh, containing three men bent on having a hilarious time, travelling about the vicinity for the past three days. Moreover, I had recognized these men, and my suspicion was directed against them. But my man was positive that there were only two men engaged in the assault upon him.

"Securing a revolver apiece, we went over the trail made by the runners of the sleigh. They left a very wide track which we had no difficulty in following. We saw where the men turned in, where the horse stopped, where the scuffle occurred, where one got out and waded through my man's clothes, where they threw his body, and where they continued their journey. We then returned home, when I cleansed Chris's wounds and dressed his head, cautioning him to remain as silent as the Sphinx about the assault. I promised to do what I could for him on the morrow.

"Early on Sunday morning, a clear, crisp day, I began the search for the culminating clue. The trail was as

fresh as though it had been just made. While half way to the village I met an old acquaintance, who facetiously commented upon my being out so early. I told him the story of the assault, which brought from him the remark that he, too, had noticed the trail left by the wide runners of the sleigh. We compared notes and reached the conclusion that the two assailants were no less than the son of a nearby village hotel proprietor and the son of a local hostelry keeper. They were on a protracted, vicious skyrink, and it seemed, stopped at doing nothing that would supply them the wherewithal to keep it up. My friend, who was in a sleigh, agreed to join me in a hunt for evidence against them. So, taking a seat by his side, the horse's head was turned toward the village.

"The first place we visited was a resort we knew the men frequented. We were well known to the proprietor. My friend remarked in a casual way that the two men, mentioning them by name, appeared to be having a great time lately. The fellow replied affirmatively, and volunteered the information that they had dropped in on him last night and carried on somewhat. After an exchange of pleasantries, which would leave no other impression than that we had only an ordinary interest in the actions of the men who had become our quarry, we left the place and proceeded to another resort some distance off, which we knew to be, more or less, their headquarters. Entering, the usual friendly greetings were exchanged with the proprietor and the others there. Abiding the opportunity, I got mine host, with whom I was well acquainted, aside, and I laughingly remarked that that was a great game, to mention names. Wilson and Clark had played last night. He started quickly, then smiled and significantly said, 'So you were in it, too, eh?' I replied, 'Yes,' but I did not inform him just how I was in it. I then said that the stolen cane was a highly prized kepsake from the victim's father, and gave my hearer the impression that I would like to return it to the owner, who, I had found, was a farm-hand. 'Say,' I said, in a confidential tone, 'what did Clark do with the poor fellow's hat and cane?' The man hesitated a moment, then he replied, 'Clark broke the stick in pieces and burned it with the hat in that stove yonder. I saw him do it just before he and Wilson left here last night.' Cautioning the man to secrecy, my friend and I soon started for home, and on the way thither we decided on a plan of action.

"We told Chris the result of our sleuthing trip, and persuaded him to accompany us to the 'Squire and swear out a warrant charging Wilson and Clark with highway robbery and with assault with intent to kill, hoping that, by making the charge as strong as possible, we would secure the punishment of the accused men. We did not forget that their friends were all-powerful 'roundabouts. They were arrested on the following day, and at a hearing the 'Squire set a date when the trial was to be held. In the meantime we made out a perfect case against the men, and were confident that we could convict them. Alas, our faith in human nature and justice was to be rudely shaken!

"At last the day of the trial. My man was sure that he could identify the person who assaulted him. My friend and I were interested in the case only to get justice for Chris, whose confidence in us was almost child-like. We made the mistake of not hiring a lawyer to look after the interests of Chris. The accused were represented by well-known local lawyers, their friends packed the courtroom, and even the 'Squire was a close friend of the prisoners' families. Before the case was called, and while the accused men were within our sight, I got my man, unobserved by any one, to identify the man who dealt him the injuries. He made a perfect identification, and my belief that the prisoners would be convicted was strengthened.

OVERFEED PETS.

Dogs and Cats Spoiled by Appetite For Unnatural Foods.

Possibly the dog world might afford a better specimen of a living skeleton than one in the kennel next to the door of a boarding place for animals, but it would take a day's journey to find him.

"What makes him so thin?" was asked of the attendant.
"He won't eat," was the reply. "That is, he won't eat hospital food. He's been spoiled. Lots of dogs and cats that are brought here have been spoiled. Their owners think it a sign of high breeding to cultivate an appetite for a peculiar and an unnatural diet. They train animals to eat all kinds of food that they would never touch of their own volition. This emaciated fellow has been taught to like fruit. He is particularly fond of pears, but in case he can't get them, peaches, apples and bananas are a fairly satisfactory substitute. Unfortunately his present ailment makes a fruit diet extremely dangerous, and since he is deprived of his favorite food, he is literally starving himself to death.

The attendant passed on to a neighboring cage and poked his finger sportively into the side of a large gray cat that "meowed" plaintively in response to his cheery "Hello, there Caesar." The cat had such a healthy, wholesome appearance that the visitor inquired what meat he was fed upon. "Humph!" said the attendant. "You've missed it there. He doesn't feed upon meat. He's a vegetarian. He likes onions better than anything else, unless it's melons. A good many cats like melons, and most of them are also partial to raw asparagus. The fact is, you might run through a list of all the dishes that find a place on an up-to-date menu and you'd find that some of our patients have acquired a taste for them. This epicurean appetite may denote aristocratic tendencies on the part of my boarders, but I don't approve of it. Most of these acquired tastes are a perversion of natural animal appetite, and it is likely to prove harmful in the end. The trick is pretty expensive for us fellows that run cat-and-dog boarding houses, and I'd like to put a stop to it."

Messenger Boys' Queer Jobs.

"Jaggers" famous trip to the United States at the behest of Richard Harding Davis is recalled by the mission of another London messenger boy, who just has been sent off post haste to carry a bottle of medicine to Aix-les-Bains. Probably the uncle wasn't especially surprised by the novelty of his errand, for he and his kind have so many queer commissions that they must by this time have grown accustomed to them.

It was not so long ago that an English banker sent a messenger boy over to Paris to pay a bill. Another "Jaggers," as they are called now, was hurried out to buy toys for a foreign potentate, while still another had to send election results to a German Cabinet Minister. The Duke of Saxony hired a messenger boy to field his tennis balls. Other boys have taken Indian noblemen to the theatres, and helped ladies of title at fashionable banquets. When a boy gets a call he can never tell whether he is summoned merely to take a puppy out for a walk, or to embark for San Francisco. Occasionally he has to wheel a baby carriage containing a much-protesting infant or go to a railway junction to feed a pet cat which is on a journey and see that it makes its proper "connection."

Boys have to act as guides to foreigners, take children to board-school, chaperone women and wait at tables. There are cases on record where they have had to nurse sick people, lead the blind and even take charge of lunatics.—London Correspondence New York Press.

New Use For Electricity.

The workmen in the great electric power houses have a use for electricity to which the attention of physicians might be called. This use was exemplified in a striking way the other night in one of the uptown houses.

One of the workmen hobbled in on a crutch. The foot that he did not walk on was wrapped in a white towel.
"I got a needle in her," he explained. He went over to one of the big dynamos, sat down on the floor of concrete, bared his wounded foot and then extended it to the current.

"I ran this needle in this morning," he said, as he sat waiting. "It disappeared somewhere or other. I couldn't find it; the doctor couldn't find it; I thought I'd let the current see if it could find it, the same as the other fellows do when they get needles lost inside 'em."

The man waited. Five minutes ten minutes passed. Suddenly his foot twitched and he gave a grunt of pain. The last needle, drawn forth by the power of the current, protruded a half-inch from his instep. He readily drew it out the rest of the way with his fingers.—Philadelphia Record.

Mormon-Grows Cotton in Utah.

"Not only looks on Utah as a cotton-raising State, and yet there is a Mormon settlement in our State that has engaged in its production for at least a quarter of a century," said G. C. Townes, of Salt Lake City. "The scene of this industry is the extreme southwestern part of Utah, and not only do these Mormons produce the raw material, but they have for years been converting it into thread and cloth. Their factory is the quaintest thing in the shape of a mill I ever saw. It was built at a time when material was scarce, and its construction there is not a single nail. Wooden pegs alone were utilized, but so cleverly was the work done that the building is standing to-day in as solid condition as the day it was built."—Chicago Journal.

Smallpox and Jenner.

By C. E. A. Winslow.

SMALLPOX has been so held in check by vaccination that its horror is forgotten, and the number of thoughtless and misguided persons who are to-day unvaccinated threatens a serious menace to the public health. Two hundred years ago every one had smallpox, first or last, as children have measles to-day, those who escaped in one epidemic being almost certain to sicken in the next. From palace to hotel none were safe but those who had gone through the disease and recovered.

It has been made evident by calculations from the Bills of Mortality of the City of London, removed for medical science, that at the beginning of the eighteenth century about one-fourteenth of the inhabitants died of smallpox, and during the last thirty years of that century, when the practice in smallpox was highly improved, the mortality of this disease had augmented to one-tenth.

Medical skill and sanitary science were of no avail, until a village doctor, Edward Jenner, suggested the practice of vaccination, which seemed at the middle of the last century to be "the greatest physical good ever yet given by science to the world." It had long been observed among the dairy folk of Gloucestershire that a mild eruptive disease of cattle, known as cowpox, could be communicated to human beings, and that those thus affected were protected from subsequent attacks of smallpox. Jenner conceived the idea of applying this preventive inoculation with the cowpox on a larger scale; he tested its efficacy by careful experiments, and finally succeeded in convincing scientific men and the intelligent public that the dread disease could at last be conquered. All over the civilized world the new prophylactic was eagerly adopted, and everywhere it was followed by an abrupt decline in the smallpox death rate.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Good Old Times---
No Complex Life Then

By J. T. Trowbridge.

O my parents set up their simple housekeeping, and passed, I have no doubt, their happiest days—days as happy, very likely, as any their children or numerous grandchildren or great-grandchildren have enjoyed, in the stress of a more complex civilization. She sang at her work; his axe resounded in the forest. He made a clearing, and planted corn and beans and potatoes among the stumps. Their first child was born in that hut. The clearing grew, and before long a larger, well-built house replaced the primitive cabin. This more substantial house had one large room on the ground floor, about twenty feet square, a low-roofed chamber, to which access was had by a ladder, and in the course of time a "linter" (lean-to) addition. The "linter" was framed, but the main part was built of logs. These were hewed on the inside, and the cracks between them filled with a plaster made of clay. The filling was liable to crack, and it was necessary to patch the broken places every fall. This was called "chinking up the house," and it made a happy time for the older children if they had not yet appeared on the scene, being always some of the most clay left over which they could use in making cups and saucers for their play-houses, and other ornaments. The floor was of dressed chestnut planks, the beautiful grain of which was kept scrupulously clean and smoothly polished. At one end of the room was a huge stone fireplace, with great iron andirons, and iron shovel and tongs in the corner. In the "linter" were the spare bed with its white counterpane, a tall brass-handled bureau, and our father's large oaken chest, with its complicated locks, always a marvel to the younger children, who would run and peep wonderingly whenever he went to open it.—January Atlantic.

Modern Ideals of Womanhood

By Edward Howard Griggs.

THE new ideal is the largest possible freedom for woman. Now, I do not mean that she is to rush in and do all the things that men are doing, but that it is believed that every arbitrary restriction and artificial limitation must be removed. If, then, she takes up what she finds she cannot do, she will learn her limitation in that direction and take up something else. In continuance of this belief and in the same spirit we demand equal pay for equal service for men and women.

It is a misfortune—it is an evil—that nine out of ten of our teachers are women. Not because they are not good teachers—for they are—but our children need the masculine influence just as much as they need the feminine influence. They need to associate with both men and women in getting their education. The qualities of each are necessary to the proper rounding of their character. The question is, Why do we get well trained and gifted women for our schools and not an equal number of equally well trained men? And the answer is that the former come for less money. So there will be no change in this situation until there is equal pay for equal service.

To achieve the highest, men and women must be of equal nobility of character, for that union is dependent upon the deepening of the content of the individual, of the personal spirit. In socialism this is often forgotten. Perfect union in marriage also demands this, and yet such deepening of the content gives an added susceptibility to suffering. But if the basis of union be strong enough to pull the two natures together, the larger the difference the stronger the union. So men who have progressed the farthest have gained certain of the gentler feminine qualities and demand a corresponding gain in masculine qualities in the women of their choice, the gain operating in the one case toward the more perfect manhood and in the other toward the more perfect womanhood, and thus increasing the differentiation.

The Advantage to a Girl of Having Brothers

By Marion F. Mowbray.

It is an indisputable fact that the girl who grows up with plenty of brothers has a great advantage in knowing and understanding men when she arrives at years of discretion.