

THE RE-ENFORCEMENT.

An Incident in the Siege of the Alamo.

BY EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.

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;
Fleet as flows the crested tide,
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.

Crash! Brave steed and rider fall
In that hot, accursed hail.
Ringing drops the nerveless sword;
Crumbling bends the advancing wall.
Death is guarding with his flail
Santa Anna's Mexic horde.

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

Like a froth the wind has torn,
Half to right and half to left,
Falls the Mexican array;
As a vessel, tempest-borne,
Dashing through the crimson cleft
The invaders held their way.

On the fort deep silence fell
O'er 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 pace.

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

Those who smiled, unmoved, at fate,
Dauntless in the face of death,
Men of iron—ran amain,
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 untroubled face.
"It was nobly done and great."
Then he added, smiling grave,
"All the prize for such a race,
Help from San Felipe comes late."

"Life or death, what odds?" they cried.
"We have ridden fast to-day
(Ask Almonte how we came)
Just to fight at Travis' side.
There is nothing more to say;
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 reminiscences 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 the 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 keepsake from his father. When some distance down the road he heard sleigh-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 swerved 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 sufficiently 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 vehicle, containing three men bent on having a hilarious time, traveling 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 went 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 incriminating clues. 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 skylark, 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 keepsake 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 over there. 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 ar-

rested 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. The case was called, the preliminaries were gone through, and then Chris was requested to identify the man who assaulted him. I watched him nervously, as I saw that the man he wanted had seated himself in a chair and had buried his head behind a paper. In fact, he was the least conspicuous person in the room. Chris glanced around and a look of disappointment overcame his features. Again he surveyed all present, and to my intense astonishment pointed to a man who somewhat resembled the accused, and said, 'There he is!' Clark then dropped the paper from his face. Chris threw his hands up excitedly and exclaimed, 'My God, I haf made mistake! It is he!'

"Then the 'Squire took a hand in the proceedings. 'That won't do,' he said to Chris. 'You have upon your oath identified this man (pointing to the innocent stranger) as your assailant. Now we shall see whether you have made a true identification.' At this point my friend and myself, as being witnesses in the case, were ordered from the court-room. Not knowing the law then, and thinking that a trap had been set for my man, we refused to go. Whereupon the 'Squire gave orders to the constable that if we remained in the room during the hearing he was to arrest us for contempt of court. We decided to retire, but fully expected to be called as witnesses. We left Chris, who could not understand English, to face a hostile crowd alone. An interpreter was provided, but he twisted the replies in the favor of the prisoners. The rulings of the 'Squire, too, were such that the evidence of my man was declared incompetent.

"Well, we had waited outside for an hour when Chris appeared with a very dejected countenance. 'Well,' I said to him, 'is it our turn now?' He shrugged his shoulders. 'It's over. Made me sign paper know nothing who robbed me. Gave me \$2.70, but my cane gone for ever.' We realized what they had done. Chris had signed a deposition absolving the prisoners of any complicity in the highway robbery, and he had received a paltry sum of money to compensate him for the amount taken from him. The 'Squire, whose duty it was to administer the law justly, had compounded a felony. A wilful perversion of justice had resulted, but I don't know but what our ignorance of the law was partly responsible therefor. The evidence should have been presented for the consideration of the Grand Jury, who, had it been sufficient, should have indicted the two men accused. The 'Squire really had no jurisdiction over the case.

"My man, however, thought that my friend and I were in league with the others, and all that we did was for the purpose of clearing the men of the grave charges of highway robbery and assault with intent to kill. Our desire was to befriend Chris. He never had the same faith in me, and very shortly left my service. Wilson became a prosperous hostelry proprietor nearby. As for Clark, two months later he was appointed a constable by the 'Squire. A number of burglaries which aroused the neighborhood were proved to the satisfaction of a few citizens to have been committed by Clark during his rounds in the performance of his duty. They knew, however, that his trial and conviction were impossible, as his friends were all-powerful, and that persecution would be the reward for any action they might take with that object in view. Not long ago Clark, who had remained constable, died a respected citizen, and at his funeral he was eulogized as a faithful public officer. But my faith in human justice received a mighty jar."

One Indian Family's Means.

Thirty-four of the Choctaw Indians who arrived at Ardmore from Meridian, Miss., are of one family. T. B. Griffin, eighty-four years old, was the father or grandfather of them all. Each one of them gets the equivalent of \$5000, including 320 acres of land.

Conversational Art.

The art of conversation is not knowing what one ought to say, but what one ought not to say.—New York Press.

It takes a sharp tongue to make cutting remarks.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Cottonseed or Cottonseed Meal?

There is much difference of opinion and consequent discussion among farmers who grow cotton as to the manner of feeding and relative value of cottonseed and cottonseed meal. The tendency always is to utilize for feed the products of the farm and this is generally a safe and desirable practice.

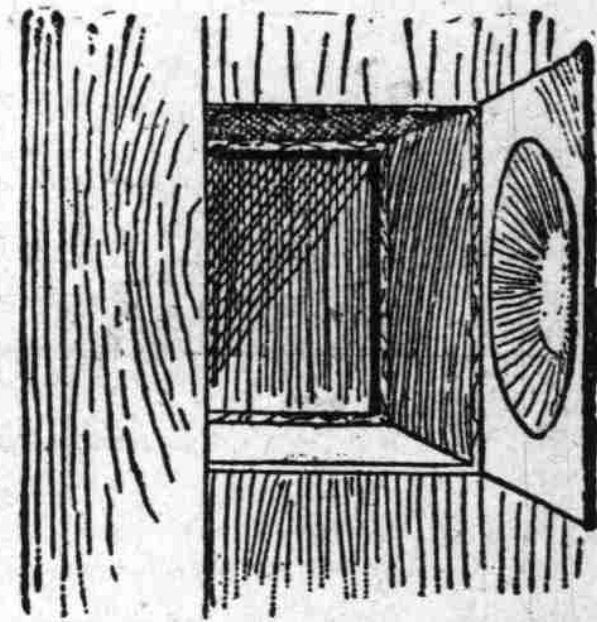
Cottonseed meal is one of the products resulting from the manufacture of oil from cottonseed. Oil, hulls and linters are the other products. The short cotton that sticks to the seed is first removed, then the hull is separated and the resulting hulled seed is ground, heated and pressed. After all of the oil obtainable by heavy pressure is secured the cakes from the presses are ground into the product known as cottonseed meal. It is not cottonseed meal in the same sense that ground corn is cornmeal or ground Kaffir corn is Kaffir meal. The cottonseed meal produced by the oil mills differs greatly from ground cottonseed, and this fact should be kept in mind when discussing the uses which may be made of this feed. The only difference between corn and cornmeal is that of digestibility. The chemical composition of each, if from the same lot of corn, is the same. But cottonseed and cottonseed meal are entirely different in composition. Cottonseed contains, in each 100 pounds twelve and one-half pounds of protein and nearly sixty-nine pounds of carbohydrates and fat, and has a nutritive ratio of 1.1.2. Cottonseed meal contains in each 100 pounds thirty-seven pounds of protein and forty-four pounds of carbohydrates and fat and has a nutritive ratio of 1.1.2. The term nutritive ratio means the proportion existing between the protein and the carbohydrates and fat in a feed or ration. For general purposes the grain ration which is fed should have a nutritive ratio somewhere between one to six and one to seven.

Thus neither cottonseed nor cottonseed meal is suitable to feed as an exclusive grain ration, but should be fed mixed with some grain richer in carbohydrates, such as corn, Kaffir corn, or wheat. If cottonseed is fed at least an equal amount of one of these other feeds should be mixed with it. Both of the feeds will then be utilized to better advantage than either alone. Cottonseed meal should never be fed alone except possibly to stock cattle that have plenty of roughage and are not receiving other grain. In general cottonseed meal should be mixed and fed with about three to five times as much corn, Kaffir corn or wheat.

Whether to feed cottonseed or cottonseed meal depends on the market prices of each and of corn, Kaffir corn, wheat and rough feed. These prices vary so greatly in different localities that no general statement which will apply in all cases can be made. The tendency appears to be toward feeding cottonseed without inquiring into the possible advantages of selling the seed and buying cottonseed meal. Pound for pound, when fed in connection with other grains, cottonseed meal possesses far greater feeding value than cottonseed and can be used to advantage where cottonseed cannot.

Lighted Lanterns in the Barn.

The safest kind of "safety" lantern is not sufficiently safe to carry into a barn in the night. Accidents will occur. The lantern may be set down on



BOX FOR LIGHTED LANTERN.

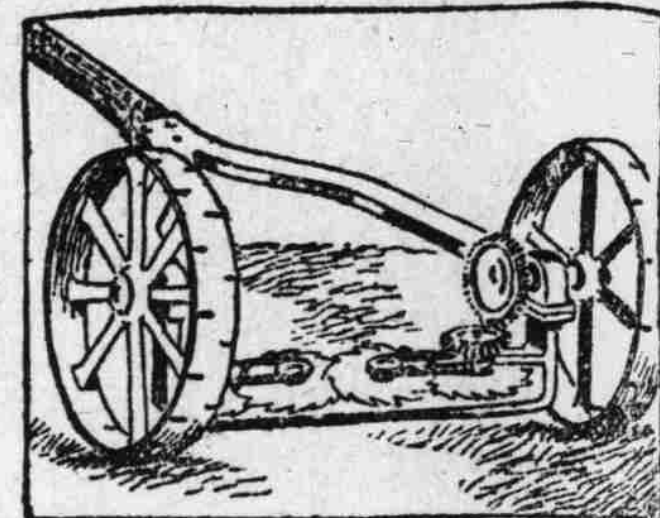
the floor for a moment and accidentally knocked over. It is a wise rule that keeps all lamps and lanterns out of the barn entirely. It is often necessary, however, to go into the feeding floor in the evening, or in the early morning, and a way of lighting the floor must be provided. The illustration shows how this can be accomplished. A box with its bottom replaced by a pane of glass is fastened against the boarding of the barn door, or elsewhere, and a hole cut through the boarding, so that a lantern can be set into the box from the outside, its light falling through the pane of glass onto the feeding floor.

If a reflector is attached to the little door, as shown, it will throw a stronger light into the barn. So easily is such an arrangement made that one could well be provided for the feeding floor and one for the door leading into the cattle stalls. The lantern then need

never be carried into the stable, but the interior lighted at any time without any danger. Where the position of the box would make it desirable to throw the light to both sides as well as straight ahead the two sides of the box, as well as the back of it, can be provided with panes of glass. This would be especially desirable when lighting a "tie-up" for milking time. The box could be arranged midway between the ends.—American Agriculturist.

Grass or Grain Cutter.

The man who cuts the grass will remember that every time he let the work go too long it was necessary to run the mower over some parts of the lawn several times before all the long blades were down, or else leave the lawn with a ragged appearance. The principal advantage of this new machine is that, no matter how long the grass gets, the first cutting will bring it all down to the common level; in fact, the longer the grass the better the



ROTARY KNIVES ON THE LAWN MOWER.

cutters will work. As will be seen, the cutters are circular, toothed wheels, revolving in horizontal planes and actuated by gear wheels set on the inner ends of the drive-wheel shafts. These cutters are in reality nothing but a set of circular saws, and their action is exactly the same, sawing the grass blades off as the mower is pushed over the lawn. The saw spindles are provided with ball bearings, thus reducing the friction to a minimum, and by doing away with the necessity for running the mower over high grass more than once this machine should save much labor for its owner. The inventor—Thomas F. McDonald—also applies the same principle to a machine for cutting grain or hay.

What Intensive Farming Is.

We sincerely wish that every reader of this paper would read with care the following article on intensive farming from the Indiana Farmer:

Intensive farming is a very plain, simple matter, and there is no reason why any one should not pursue it more and more. Sometimes the phraseology used in connection with this subject is "scientific farming," for that is intensive farming. Scientific, or intensive, simply means the observance of known laws of agriculture. The most primary definition of science is something ascertained, or a known truth. As a further application of the idea scientific, or intensive, farming consider what has been ascertained or accomplished in the growing of corn. By observation and experience it has been found that the corn plant as it advances in growth throws out numerous fibrous roots, a little below the surface of the ground, extending from row to row before the period of cultivation ceases. It was the old method to use the deep cultivator to the end. Later experience showed that it was a mistake to do that, and shallow cultivation, at least after the plant is advanced somewhat in growth, has become nearly universal, and has resulted in a greater yield of corn. Here was an ascertained fact, or truth, about growing corn, or in other words the application of science in agriculture, for it was found that the corn plant required soil nutrition gathered by these numerous fibrous roots to perfect it, and so deep cultivation has ceased as the plant advances in growth. That surely is a very plain matter, and yet very scientific in its application to corn growing. Again, by observation, experience and some experimentation, it has been found that careful selection and corn breeding for a series of years will produce a purer and more prolific seed, that whereas there is now a very considerable per cent. of barren stalks—stalks without ears—as a result of the old way of selecting seed corn. When the pure bred seed is used there are rarely found any barren stalks in the field. The concentration of soil nutrition is not wasted in growth of stalks without ears, but is used in ear-bearing stalks nearly universally, and so corn production has increased under this method twelve to fifteen bushels per acre, and in some instances reported at even twenty bushels more than when such care was used in the use of pure seed. This is simply another application of science in corn growing, or, if you please, more intensive farming.

Australia finds homes for more than 100,500 Germans.