

## HOW PILOTS ARE MADE.

Ordeals Through Which They Must Pass Before Receiving a License.

Pilots do not grow, they are made; and a long, dreary task it is with some of them in the making. A man may have been an excellent seaman, a serviceable mate, or even a good sea captain, and then make a very bad pilot. This sea life, knowledge and instinct, other things being equal, make him a better pilot; but the intricacies of port navigation require brighter, quicker, keener comprehension than that necessary for handling a ship where there is abundant sea-room. The rights of innumerable interests, the vagaries of tide and current, the ever-changing character of obstruction or open ways, all require special training and years of most arduous acquirement. But the original pilot material is stumbled upon, not made. A "cub," or a "boy," as the apprentice is called, whether fourteen or forty years of age, may have come from any landwise calling with a cruise or two at sea to his advantage; he may have been the most excellent of ship's officers tired of long cruises, or with some other strong motive for compact life anchorage. But wise or ignorant, old or young, he must serve a rigorous apprenticeship of three years. This is arbitrary, even though he became a capable pilot in six months. Each boat's crew consists of a boat-keeper, six of these 'prentice pilots and a cook. The ambitious apprentice, as in any other vocation, is alert for every opportunity to advance himself in actual knowledge and skill, and the old heads in the business easily select the man who will first get his license in that man who is ready to endure any hardship, or assume any hazard in the line of duty, for pure gaining in knowledge or skill. For a while he may get nothing but his food for his services, though this is infrequent, the usual wages ranging from \$15 to \$18 per month. After the three years' term has expired, he may apply for his pilot license, or he may already have become a boat-keeper. If so, he has secured an advance in wages to about \$25 per month, and has got a long way toward a place in his vocation; for these boat-keepers are practically the sailing masters of the pilot-boats, and they are never expected to leave their craft day or night so long as they hold this responsible position. Previously, as one of the apprentice crew, he has only been required, on duty with the regular relays of two, to take his turn at rowing the pilot from the pilot-boat to the incoming or from the outgoing vessel, though this is no sinecure. Indeed this is at times really the most perilous of all duties he may ever be compelled to assume. In applying for his license as a pilot, he is "hung up on the blackboard," that is, his application is bulletined at the Commissioners' office for thirty days. Then he is under fire of scrutiny and objection as to fitness, and complaint as to character. If any of these faults exist. If he passes this trial safely, he then meets the ordeal of a regular examination by the full board of Pilot Commissioners, to which are added two old sea-dog pilots selected for their peculiar aptness in tripping up possibly unworthy applicants. Nor does he now become a full-fledged pilot. He still serves a probationary term of two years as a journeyman. All this time he is subjected to the strictest espionage and criticism upon his work, and is given charge of only vessels of the lightest draught. Indeed all licenses are based upon certain draught, and a journeyman's license will not entitle him to pilot a vessel drawing upwards of from sixteen to eighteen feet; so that at best his progress is painfully slow. After he becomes a full pilot any inefficiency or the slightest mishap is liable to cause his suspension or the withdrawal of his license altogether, while whether novice or pilot of a quarter century's actual service, his license must be renewed each year, and then only on absolutely unimpeachable good standing.—*Edgar L. Wakeman, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

## An Awful Big Spit.

"We want you to come over and look at our house," she said to the policeman on Crawford street the other day. "What's the matter of the house?" he asked.

"Some one has spit tobacco juice all over the stoop."

The officer went around on Crawford street and viewed the scene of disaster and said:

"Don't you know tobacco juice from ink?"

"No, sir; I—I don't chew," she humbly replied, "though I did think it was an awful big spit for one loafer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—They were five young ladies, all sisters, and known as the Misses Murphy. Harry Benton, a bashful young fellow, was very sweet on one of the girls, but hadn't the courage to propose. He had been invited to dinner one Sunday, and during the meal, the eldest daughter noticing that he had finished all his meat, said: "Will you have a little more meat, Harry?" "No, thanks," he replied; "but," he continued, "I don't mind taking a Murphy," and he cast his eye from the table to the idol of his affections. The wedding cards are out.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—I tell you, this fishing is no child's play," remarked Blossom, as he tipped up the bottle of bait and impaled about a pint of it. "Fish have a secret or two and don't you forget it." "That may be," responded Dumpey, "but if I am not mistaken we shall worm it out of them."—*Washington Oracle.*

## A PRETTY WAR STORY.

How a Charming Southern Girl Came to Meet a Federal Adjutant.

When the Federals captured the little town of —, in Mississippi, they took Judge Strong's house for the headquarters. The old judge was mad. He decided at once to go into exile. He borrowed his own carriage and horses to convey him and his family to the river bank, where they would take skiffs.

It looked a trifle like a funeral procession as the women, veiled and weeping, filed solemnly down the steps and took their places in the waiting carriage. The judge followed them in unsmiling dignity. They were going into exile. Their borrowed driver slammed the carriage door upon them and mounted to the box with a solemn "Git up!" to his horses. Some one halted him from the interior of the house. The hurried step of a spurred boot along the big central hall, and then, standing there with barred head before them, was the young officer upon whose unwilling hands the odium of this ejection had been thrust. With a quick military salute to the veiled women, he turned his troubled eyes upon the judge, sitting sternly erect upon the front seat. He held in one hand a bird cage, in the other a basket of blooming hyacinths torn up by the roots. He knew they all hated him, and it was hard to say what he wanted just then to say to them. The hot blood mounted high up to the white temples that were in such sharp contrast to his sun-burned cheeks. He stammered out his errand presently awkwardly enough. "I brought these thinking the ladies might want to set them out somewhere else," indicating the hyacinths "and this"—the bird cage—"supposing it had been forgotten."

"Present them to the General in command with my respects," said the judge's wife in her most patriotic tones, "and tell him, if there is any thing more we can surrender for his comfort, we hope he will not be too modest to indicate it."

"Oh, mamma, that is cruel." A girl's veil was thrown back and a pair of little hands were held out for the hyacinths. "It was good of you to think of this. The bird would be in our way. I give it to you. These I will take, thank you." Then they were gone, and he had nothing but a memory left, and a very inconvenient piece of army baggage on hand. But never was bird or beast better cared for than the useless little yellow warbler.

At the end of the war the family returned. The condition in which they found the premises was a matter of more amazement to the Strongs than it had been to their neighbors. There was not one sign left of the enemy's occupation but the grassy welts on the lawn and the free sweep of exposure to the public road, which at first was a sore trial to the nerves of the whole family. The judge made it his business at once to begin sifting the mystery of this unfathered beneficence to him and his. A little bird gave him the right clue. They had been settled in the old house but a few days when two enormous tubs, each containing a thrifty rose-bush, and a glittering gilt Chinese pagoda of a bird's cage, containing a useless little yellow warbler, were added to their effects. These were dumped abruptly down upon the portico with no message of any sort. A tag was fastened to each rose-bush, on which was written: "Survival of the fittest." The bird gave them the clue.

"Why did you do all this for me?" the judge asked, sitting face to face with the new lawyer, whom he had unearthed as his benefactor.

"I don't know that I did do it for you," the ex-adjutant said, his eyes wandering from force of habit to where the bird's cage had swung and the rose trees had bloomed behind the little office.

"For whom, then?"

"For your daughter—the one that lifted her veil and remembered to be kind and just to her enemy, even in the sharp hours of her own misery. God does not make such a woman as that every day, and some of these days, when the soreness has worn itself out of her heart and yours, I mean to ask her to be my wife. Not yet, though, I hide my time."

It is safe to conclude that the soreness was worn out of everybody's heart before the day when that strolling photographer sprung his camera on the old Strong house, when the family were all grouped on the stuccoed steps, for among the blurry forms on the steps is the ex-adjutant's. He is sitting quite close to the judge's youngest daughter, and if you look at the picture through a magnifying glass, you can see that her fingers are clasped in his, though the petals of a handful of "sunset" roses almost hide them.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—The Poet's Dream.—Poet (reading a newspaper).—"On the wall of the house where Shakespeare lived a tablet has been placed." Friend—"O, yes, it frequently happens that a tablet marks the room where a great poet lived." Poet, sighing—"I hope that somebody will do as much for me when I am dead and gone." Friend—"I've no doubt of it." Poet—"Do you really think so?" Friend—"Indeed I do." Poet—"And what inscription do you suppose there will be on the tablet?" Friend—"Room to Rent."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Sheep eat so many different kinds of plants which cattle and horses refuse that the addition of a few sheep, by keeping down those plants which other stock refuse, really increases the product of the pasture.

## A PAUPER COLONY.

An Educational and Charitable Experiment of Exceptional Interest.

At Banstead, in Surrey, there is being worked out an experiment in the education and bringing up of pauper children which is of exceptional interest. An attempt is being made to combine effective control with the home advantages. On the highlands near the downs there are erected twenty-three houses, each standing in its own ground, together with schools, hospitals, a church, and the necessary administrative buildings, on the twenty-seven acres which form the little town. A street runs throughout the length of the site, and the houses and other buildings are arranged on each side in a roomy, tasteful manner. Ten of these houses are set apart for boys and the remaining thirteen for the girls. Over each of the boys' houses are a house-father and a house-mother, who are married. The father follows some trade or occupation which is of use to the village and its occupants. One is a carpenter, another is a tailor, while the others respectively follow their callings as smith, plumber, shoemaker, baker, gardener, and bandmaster. Over each of the girls' houses is a house-mother. Each of the boys' houses is occupied by thirty-eight boys, and each of the girls' houses by twenty-four girls. The house-mother performs the duties of the home in her own particular way. Every week she sends to the store and obtains her week's supply of groceries. She cooks for her children at her own fire, and is assisted by them. She does part of the washing for her large family. The children wash the floors, clean the dishes, sweep out the rooms, and perform the other household duties under her direction. On the ground floor is the kitchen, general room, lavatory and the house-mother's room. Upstairs are the bedrooms. The children sleep in two rooms, and each has a separate bed. The good old rule of "early to bed and early to rise" is strictly followed. When the children are out of school they are not made to sit on forms against a wall with their arms folded and their toes turned out, staring into vacancy, as used to be the case, but they are turned out into the house grounds, to scamper and play at their own games, and to shout and be boys and girls like other children. The house-fathers cut toys for their boys, repair their playthings, and assist them in their little enterprises, just as a real father does for his own boys. Some of the children have animals which they have purchased with the hoarded pennies they receive at chance times, and they are encouraged to tend them well and are given facilities for keeping them. Others of them have fenced off their little gardens, where they grow hardy annuals and shrubs. The home life is necessarily not so free as that enjoyed by children in more fortunate circumstances, but there can be no doubt that the main characteristics of it are there.

The education of these children is undertaken in a most praiseworthy spirit. The schools are examined every year by the inspectors of the education department, and have secured satisfactory reports as to the standard of efficiency and the thoroughness of the teaching. The greater part of the clothes are made on the site, and the whole of the bread baked there. The washing also is done in the village laundry or in the houses. It is practically a self-contained hamlet, with its own roads, sewers, and sewage farm within its own borders. As the children get up in years they are told off to assist the skilled fathers and mothers at their trades. During the three years ended 1884, one hundred and thirty of the children were placed in situations as apprentices or at service, and commenced an independent life on their own account. Of the fifty-nine boys some went as hairdressers and pages, and the others were divided over eleven other trades. Of the seventy-one girls, sixty-nine went as servants, one as a hairdresser, and one as a dressmaker. As far as the managers have been able to trace them in their subsequent life, they have conducted themselves with credit to their training.—*London Telegraph.*

## Pure Water for Horses.

For an animal so sensitive to cleanliness and sweetness as the horse, an abundant supply of wholesome water is quite as essential as good food. Troughs should be kept in a condition of scrupulous cleanliness and the water frequently changed. As a rule, farm horses are not sufficiently often supplied with water. There should be no stint of it in regard to quantity, except when the bodies are much heated, or after prolonged abstinence; a little food, and a few mouthfuls of chilled drink at short intervals upon such occasions should be given before the horse is allowed to completely assuage his thirst. I am entirely opposed to the practice of allowing horses to drink from the cattle-troughs provided for the purpose by many urban authorities, being persuaded that many outbreaks of contagious disease are due to infection thus contracted.—*Reynolds on Draught Horses.*

—A gout-beater of Soochow, China, violated an agreement of the union to which he belonged. His conduct infuriated the craft, and the word passed round: "Biting to death is not a capital offense." One hundred and twenty-three of them rushed on the miserable man, each taking a bite. Death soon relieved the victim of fiendish rancor. No one was allowed to quit the shop whose bloody lips and gums did not attest to his fidelity.

## WORN-OUT FARM LANDS.

The Simplest Way of Restoring Fertility to Overcropped Soils.

No question is so important to farmers as that of restoring worn-out soils. The raising of certain crops on the same land for several years in succession has a tendency to injure the soil by extracting from it certain mineral or vegetable fertilizers in an excess of others, thus leaving the soil in a poor condition for raising general crops. It is well known that wheat lands soon become deteriorated, the cause being that this plant robs the soil of large quantities of that most valuable of mineral fertilizers, phosphate of lime. Exhaustion of the soil follows as an inevitable consequence. Corn, on the contrary, does not require this fertilizer for its growth, but if it is well supplied with nitrogen or ammonia it will flourish on land which successful crops of wheat have robbed of nearly all phosphate of lime. Thus corn proves to be a good restorer of lost fertility caused by growing wheat on it.

Corn itself, however, will also exhaust the land in time, if raised uninterruptedly year after year on the same piece of ground. The nitrogen which it absorbs in large quantities is not the only cause, as this can be supplied artificially, and during warm weather it is developed rapidly on soils when supplied with vegetable matter. But corn does not give any thing to the soil in return for its nourishment, and in time the various mineral and vegetable ingredients which are so essential to plant life are dissipated by continued cultivation, and the soil becomes poor and exhausted.

An all round renewer of worn-out lands is generally recognized in clover by farmers. The benefits which this crop give to the soil are variously estimated in different localities, but where it is used moderately for restoring lost fertility it always gives good results. One great trouble with it is that many soils are so worn out that it is impossible or difficult to get a good catch of clover. The farmer tries it a season or two, and gives up the attempt in disgust. This is evidently provoking work, but when it is remembered that clover, as all other plants, can not spring from nothing, but must have some sort of nourishment for the good which it confers in return, a better understanding of the question may be obtained. Wheat requires considerable phosphate of lime for its growth, corn demands plenty of nitrogen and clover has its own peculiar needs.

Clover benefits two kinds of soils in different ways. Sandy soil is always deficient in mineral plant food, which leaches downward beyond the reach of the plant roots. This is drawn to the surface and mixed with the top-soil by the clover. Heavy soils are disintegrated by clover, especially when the clods are deep below the surface where other plants can not reach them. Thousands of acres of heavy soil are in such condition that clover will not grow freely on them, because the ground is too lumpy. Thorough cultivation, and continual working over until the lumps are pretty well pulverized will do more good toward fitting such land for a good crop of clover than any other work. Fall and spring plowing benefits such land very materially. If the land is plowed in the fall it is well to sow winter rye, for it makes a good foundation for clover, and often grows where clover will not catch well. It protects the soil in winter, if sowed early enough, and at the rate of two bushels of seed to the acre, and in the spring it provides green herbage which can be turned under to induce fermentation. In poor soil rye will not grow much, but when sown thickly it will catch enough to answer all purposes. After the rye has been turned under in the spring oats or barley should be sown, with a little clover seed mixed with it. If the land is still too poor to raise clover, the oats should be plowed under just before coming into head. The land will then be in a condition to raise not only clover, but other paying crops. As the preparations have been made for the purpose of getting a good catch of clover, it is better to sow this crop the first year and enrich the soil as much as possible before exhausting it again by other plants.

After land is once restored to fertility by the use of clover and other grasses it should not be deteriorated again by overcropping. If it is necessary to crop heavily, clover should be sown every third or fourth season. Cut and feed the clover to pay for the cultivation of the land and let the second crop go to manure. If the first crop is thus used, the second crop should not be taken off the field, but allowed to enrich the soil. The roots of the second crop strike deeper into the subsoil after moisture during June until September, when the ground is commonly parched by drouth. It loosens the soil below and extracts from it considerable plant food. If the clover is plowed under after the crop is cut, the farmer loses one of the greatest benefits which clover confers upon poor soil. The deeper that the roots of any plant penetrate into the subsoil the greater will be the good resulting from its growth. Most crops do not send their roots far down into the soil, and the plant food is taken from the surface, while lower down it may exist in abundance, even on the poorest land. To bring these to the surface, so that the roots of all plants can use it, is the great work of clover, especially when allowed to grow through the whole summer season.

On some lands clover does not catch well because the seed is destroyed by a small midge. There is really no remedy for this destroyer, and the farm land is unfortunate that possesses it.—*George E. Walsh, in Ohio Farmer.*

## LOSS ON SCRUB STOCK.

Why It Pays to Keep None But Well-Bred Farm Animals.

We have been to the pains of collecting some reliable bottom facts from observation and experience, and here present them in as plain a way as we know how.

Common cattle, three and a half years old, average 1,400 pounds, and at current rates for such beef (four cents) sell for \$56. Grade cattle about half blood at three years old, average 1,600 pounds, and such beef at current rates (five cents) make them sell at \$80. Here it is seen that at a half a year less feeding and handling, the grades are worth \$24 per head more than the common. Now let us apply these facts to the situation in Indiana and see how much the farmers of the State are needlessly taxing themselves by keeping common cattle, which costs as much per head to keep as grades. There are in Indiana, on a low estimate, 1,356,148 cattle of all kinds. About 33 per cent of these, not over, are pure bred and grades. This would leave 904,099 common cattle. About one-fourth of these are young things, and that would leave about 678,000 mature animals. Of course a large part of these are cows, but they are producing common calves to go into the vortex of useless squandering, and should, therefore, be included in the estimate of waste. These facts show the following results: 339,037 pure and grades, worth, for beef, \$27,122,960; 678,000 common cattle, worth, for beef, \$37,972,060.

At the same price per head for grades, the common cattle would be worth \$54,240,000. Loss per year on common cattle, \$16,268,000. This loss represents the taxes which the growers of common cattle annually inflict on themselves directly, and indirectly the burden is felt by all, for it detracts so much from the wealth and property of the State.

But suppose, to make it look better, we subtract the cows from the common, and that would leave about 250,000 common heaves going on the market annually. If grades, they would sell for \$18,400,000, but as common cattle, only \$12,888,000. Actual loss, \$5,512,000.

This is not exceptional as to Indiana, for this State has about as high a per cent of pure-bred and grades to its total cattle as any other. But we use the facts as an easy illustration to show the great loss everywhere in the failure to grade up the common cattle by crossing them with pure breeds.—*Indiana Farmer.*

## LIME FOR POULTRY.

The Simplest and Best Way of Furnishing It to Laying Hens.

Where do hens get the lime of which they manufacture shells for their eggs? Where do the mollusks or bivalves, as snails, whelks and oysters, get the lime of which their shells are made? Are there not analogous questions in natural history which offer no troublesome, vexatious problems? Where do mankind get the lime of which their bones are made or the silica with which the teeth are so hard coated with the almost adamantine dentine? From the food, we reply. Must mineral lime be given to furnish this inorganic matter when our vegetable food contains a large quantity of it? The infant's bones, notwithstanding our alleged ignorance of their origin and manner of growth, we can not help but believe come from the mother's food, and mineral lime is no part of it. After birth the young animal is fed upon milk in which abundant bone material exists; but cows are not fed upon lime. Nor is it necessary. One thousand pounds of red clover hay contains nineteen and a quarter pounds of lime, so that in one winter's feeding nearly forty pounds of lime, precisely the same in every respect but appearance to the stone lime, passes through a cow. A dog fed upon bones soon contracts disease from an over supply of lime, and his joints enlarge until the creature is a cripple. No doubt in the effort to provide abundance of lime to our hens we overdo it and cause diseases of various kinds. If the hens are afforded a free range they will find all the lime they need without any effort on our part to give them old mortar or mineral lime in any form. The oyster is always taking in a stream of water, in every gallon of which there are ninety-three grains of sulphate of lime, and the coral insect in the same way builds up reefs large enough to form great islands upon which thousands of people may dwell. But when our hens are forbidden to gather what they seek instinctively when at large we must furnish lime in some way, and the simplest and best way is to give lime in an organic form, as burned bones or crushed fresh bones, which fowls eat voraciously, and thus approve our method and confirm its wisdom.—*N. Y. Times.*

## The Feather Industry.

The annual consumption of feathers in this country for bedding purposes is said to amount to 3,000,000 pounds, or 375 car-loads. To furnish this 3,000,000 healthy geese must give up their feathers in a year. The geese furnishing these downy pillows and beds of ease are to be found mainly in Southern Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. The climate is cold enough to cause the feathers to be fine and soft, and not too cold to make their care a matter of unprofitable labor to the farmers. Below this territory the feathers are quilly and free from down. Above the cold winters make geese-farming unprofitable, for when the goose can't find food for herself because of frozen land and water, she has to be fed, and she'll eat as much corn as a sheep.—*N. Y. Witness.*

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—In Pennsylvania, objection is made to the law offering a bounty for the destruction of hawks, because it is said that hawks keep game birds in good condition by killing those which are sickly and weak.

—A colored woman put ninety-four dollars in a Baltimore savings bank in 1837, and when it was drawn out by her descendants the other day it had increased a little over two thousand three hundred dollars.

—The old seaborne resort advertisements, which have been doing duty for several seasons, speak again of "invigorating sea air and all the benefits of an ocean voyage without any of the discomforts associated with a transatlantic trip."

—A reporter was recently challenged in Arkansas by an angry bridegroom because in describing the bridal festivities he wrote that "the youthful groom—a young jockey—seemed depressed by the responsibilities of his bride day."

—Daniel O'Connell, of Stamford, Vt., was attacked by a bear in the bushes, near North Adams, Mass., the other day, and was being badly worsted, when, by his dog's interference, he managed to escape. The dog has not been seen since.

—It is as difficult to catalogue books as it is to catalogue some other things. A librarian in a Boston library lately confessed that a work on "Greek Roots" was found entered under agriculture, and a book entitled "The Fountain of Life" under water.—*Christian Register.*

—The addition of oatmeal to drinking water makes it nutritive, satisfying and agreeable to the stomach. For laborers it makes a useful addition to the diet, costs but little and repays the small outlay in the form of increased ability to perform labor, either physical or mental.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Near Chico, Cal., the other day a cat attacked a nest of quails, and seizing the mother was carrying her off, when the male bird put in an appearance and made such a sharp attack with his beak and wings upon the cat that she was obliged to drop her prey and scamper. The two birds got upon the fence and witnessed her flight with evident pleasure.

—An ingenious visitor at a seashore resort occupied his leisure moments by catching jelly-fish. When he had over a hundred he strung them together, and with a round wooden ball with two glass eyes, having a light inside, he constructed a head. The hotel visitors who saw the phosphorescent monster moving through the water thought a sea serpent had arrived.

—Joseph Smith, of Chicago, dreamed the other night that he fell from a third-story window to the pavement. He got up and looked out of the window to see if the dream was true, and he found a burglar coming up a ladder to enter his rooms and rob him. He gave the ladder a push, the burglar got a hard fall, and Joseph returned to bed to see if he couldn't astonish the country some more.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Speaking of the changes in the climate of Nevada, the Virginia City *Enterprise* says: "About three thousand head of sheep are now finding abundant pasturage in the vicinity of this city, where twenty years ago a whip-poorwill could not fly over the country without carrying a sack of provisions. Gradually the summer season here has changed. We now have reasonable showers and grass where two decades ago all was drouth and barrenness."

—Fifty years ago Michael Schmidt, now a well-to-do farmer near St. Louis, came to this country. He was then twelve years old. When he came of age he began voting, and it was not until the other day that he learned that he ought to have taken out naturalization papers. He had thought that he was a citizen because he came to this country before he was eighteen years old. His vote was never challenged. He has now become a citizen according to law.

—Marshall, Miss., boasts of a baby eleven months old that whistles. Battle Creek has got a baby boy three years old that spends all his pennies for cigars, and has been known to smoke five in one day. He will steal a pipe and beg passers-by for smoking tobacco. The boy has a perfect mania for tobacco that developed itself before he could talk, when the youngster would crawl up to his father's clothes and steal cigars out of his pockets to smoke. He wears dresses and is small for his age.

—Mrs. Candelaria, although ninety-nine years old, is not only in full possession, but also the enjoyment, of all her faculties. She moves about her little house in Laredo street, San Antonio, as bright and as busy as a bee. She is held very dear by her townspeople on account of her romantic and heroic bearing during the siege of the Alamo in 1837 by the Mexicans, under Santa Anna. She nursed the wounded and saw one and all of the noble defenders of the Alamo die. Colonel Bowie died in her arms.

—Senorita Guadalupe Suinago, young, pretty and handsomely dressed, surprised the loungers in a barroom of a Kansas City hotel by standing at the bar and drinking a cocktail with apparent relish. She did not appear at all unused to the position, and was accompanied by her father, Senor Suinago, a tall, military looking man, who stood at her right, while at her left the Marquis De Vivanco toyed with his tumbler of liquor. They and a few others were on their way from Mexico to Europe, and belong to Mexico's first families.