

MY PLAYMATES.

The wind comes whispering to me of the country green and cool—
Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a reedy pool;
It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on the hill,
And I hear the thrush's evening song and the robin's morning trill;
So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used to know.

Where the sassafras and snakeroot and checkerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh who lived on Baker's hill?

And what's become of Noble Pratt whose father kept the mill?

And what's become of Lizzie Crum and Anastasia Snell,

And of Roxie Root, who tended school in Boston for a spell?

They were the boys and they the girls who shared my youthful play—

They do not answer to my call! My playmates—where are they?

What has become of Levi and his little brother Joe?

Who lived next door to where we lived some forty years ago?

I'd like to see the Newton boys and Quincy Adams Brown.

And Hepsey Hall and Ella Cowles who spelled the whole school down!

And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow and all

Who, I am sure, would answer could they only hear my call!

I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys again,

And talk about the times we used to wish that we were men!

And one—I shall not name her—could I see her gentle face

And hear her girlish trill in this distant, lonely place!

The flowers and hopes of springtime—they perished long ago,

And the garden where they blossomed is white with winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples, have you seen those girls and boys

That but a little while ago made, oh! such pleasant noise?

O trees, and hills, and brooks, and lanes, and meadows, do you know

Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?

You see I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;

I am looking for my playmates—I wonder where they are!

—Eugene Field, in *Chicago Record*.

THEY SAVED THE GUN

It is not quite fifty years since the close of our war with Mexico, yet the swift movement of modern life has nearly overlaid recollection of it among our people, the colossal tragedy of the civil war intervening between now and then, serving still further to dwarf the older and smaller event. In its day it was one of the most remarkable military events in history.

The battle of Buena Vista, on the 23d and 23d of February, 1847, was, after the opening fights of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the only considerable conflict of the war in which our forces stood on the defensive, if they may be said to have so stood in those opening battles. After the capitulation of Mantanzas, General Taylor had moved forward with a strong column, attacked and taken the fortified city of Monterey, had advanced to Saltillo, where he had been joined by the column commanded by General Wool, which had marched from Lava-va, Texas, by way of San Antonio, and was preparing to push forward toward the Mexican capital, and a meeting with the strong force which Santa Anna, the Mexican president, was collecting to "destroy the invaders," when he was overtaken by the order from General Scott, detaching the larger part of his force, including nearly all his "regulars" and the larger part of his seasoned volunteers. This was done to strengthen the column destined to invade Mexico from the southeast, landing at Vera Cruz.

The effect of this order was to reduce General Taylor's force to less than 5,000 men, made up of volunteers, much the larger number of whom had been soldiers little more than six months, and had hardly been "under fire" at all.

Most of them not at all. There were left to him two or three batteries of "flying artillery," commanded by regular army officers, but in large degree manned by men detailed from volunteer infantry regiments. There were one or two squadrons of regular cavalry, but other than this insignificant squad of trained soldiers his force was made up of green volunteers, mainly from Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Mississippi and Arkansas.

Before General Scott's orders had been carried into effect General Taylor had advanced to Agua Nueva, about twenty miles beyond Saltillo, but the exasperating depletion of his forces made further advance impossible; and here, too, he was met with intelligence that General Santa Anna had organized an army of more than 20,000 men, and was pushing northward with the purpose to destroy him, and then turn his victorious forces to meet Scott, wherever he might land. There was no ground at or near Agua Nueva where an inferior force could hope to stand, and General Wool was sent back to select a place where defense might be made.

Near Buena Vista, a dozen miles in the rear of Agua Nueva, the mountains on the left of the road along which Taylor had advanced approached more closely than elsewhere to a deep and impassable valley on the right of the road, the sharp foothills running toward the rugged ravine like the outspread fingers of a man's hand, until, at the Pass of Agustura, there were but a few yards between the point of the rocky spur and the brow of the deep valley.

This was the ground selected for defense, and the whole of the small army fell back to this point. Captain Washington's battery, in which the afterward famous General George H. Thom-

as was a Lieutenant, was posted immediately commanding the pass, supported by six companies of the First Illinois Infantry, commanded by Colonel John J. Hardin, who was killed near the close of the battle, and whose oldest son, General Martin D. Hardin, subsequently graduated from West Point, was desperately wounded at the second battle of Bull Run, where he lost an arm.

Two incidents of this extraordinary battle illustrate in a forceful way some of the peculiar qualities of the American soldier, and as general history makes no mention of them, being mere details, hidden in the general event, it may prove of some interest to recall them for the readers of this generation.

The first attack of the second day, by a Mexican column of some four thousand men, was delivered directly at the Pass of Agustura, and was beaten off almost, perhaps quite, altogether by the terribly destructive fire of Washington's guns. It was barely over, when a second column of five thousand or more, headed by a brilliant body of lancers, moved out to attack the American line nearer its center. Almost at the same moment a body of American troops, only a few hundred in number, moved out toward the front and advanced beyond supporting distance, as if challenging the whole Mexican army. It was composed of Colonel Bowles' Second Indiana Infantry, or a large part of it, with a section—two guns—of a light battery, under the command of Lieutenant O'Brien—regarded as one of the most brilliant and promising of the younger officers then in the army—and manned mainly by men selected from volunteer regiments of infantry.

Orders had been sent to Colonel Bowles to take up a designated position and aid in repelling what seemed the grand attack of the day. But the position to be taken was not clearly specified, or for some other reason he misunderstood it, and advanced his men

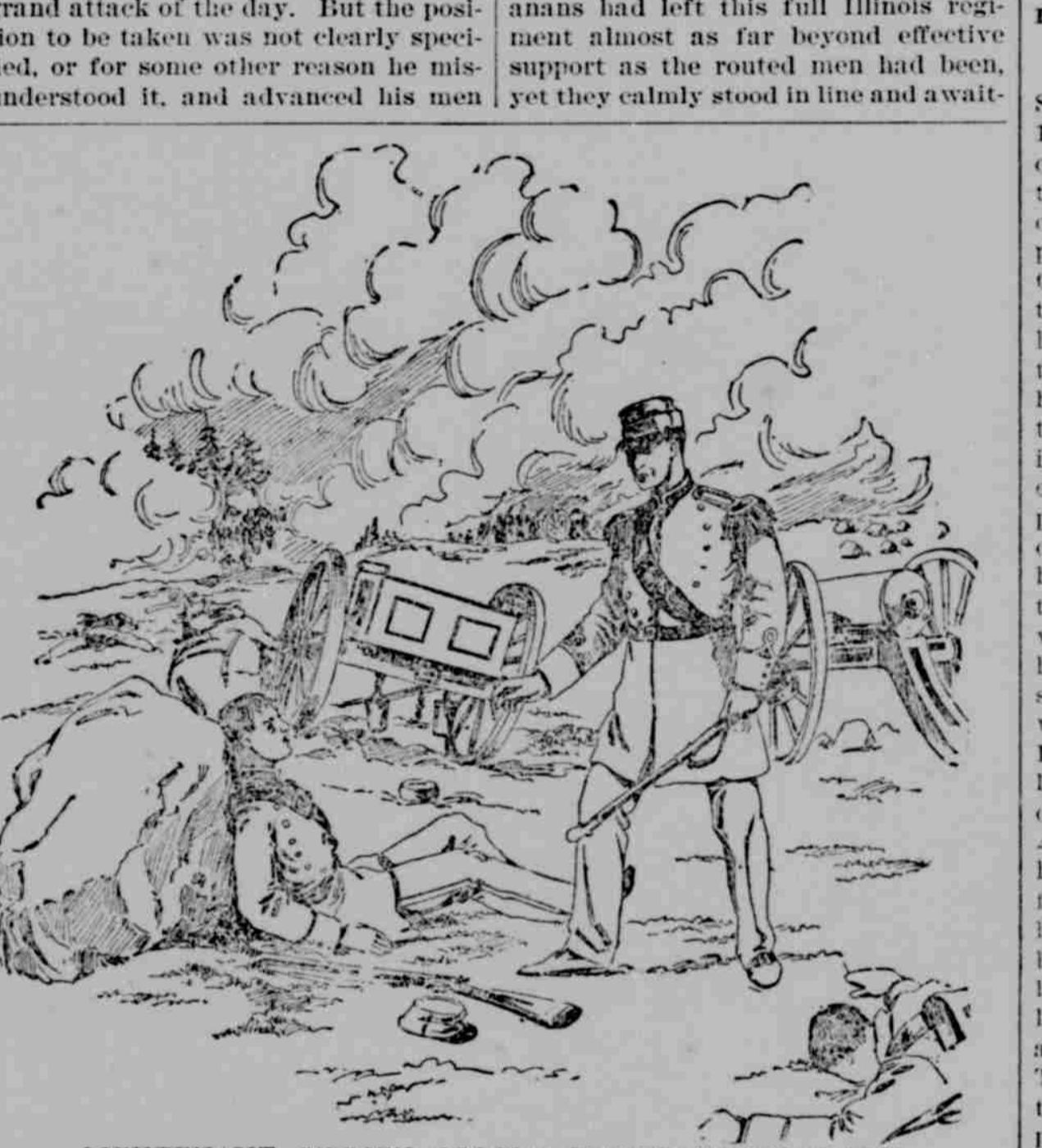
still hot and smoking gun, and shouted: "Hold tight, now, for I'm going off from here like hell!"

And leaping, like a fiend incarnate, on the back of one of the horses, with a defiant shout to the foe, in a hurtling rain of bullets, he did "go off like!"—he said he would. Twenty minutes later, from a new position with the nearest friends, his gun was again hurling grape into the still advancing column. And Flynn lived to tell the story long afterward at his home in Illinois.

The other gun, which O'Brien was forced to abandon, was one which had been captured from Santa Anna eleven years before by General "Sam" Houston on the bloody field of San Jacinto, where Texas independence was won. Had Santa Anna won at Buena Vista, how he would have vaunted the recapture! But he did not win, and after the battle was over the gun was found by some of our soldiers, spiked and thrown into a ravine. A few years later O'Brien died in Tampa, Fla., sincerely mourned by the whole army. Of such material have our American armies, North and South, been made up.

The other incident referred to, affecting more men, but illustrating similar soldierly qualities, followed on the heels of this.

The misfortune that overtook the Indians men was full of the presage of defeat. Another such disaster, and the destruction of the little army, outnumbered more than five to one from the first, could hardly be averted. The next force to feel the attack was the Second Illinois Infantry, commanded by Colonel William H. Bissell, subsequently Governor of Illinois, and also a member of Congress from that State, who, while holding this latter position, "gave pause" to a very Southerner who sought a duel. However, "that's another story." The fight of the Indians had left this full Illinois regiment almost as far beyond effective support as the routed men had been, yet they calmly stood in line and awaited



LIEUTENANT O'BRIEN ORDERS FLYNN TO HELP HIM.

entirely beyond support. The first shock of the attack by more than ten times their number fell on this little force, and they stood in peril of being literally trampled under foot. They were as good fighting material as there was in the army, and they fought desperately, until their officers, seeing too late, the error that had been made, without deliberation, gave a vague order to retire, and they did retire. There was no limit to the order and it might have meant "clear home to Indiana," as one of them subsequently said. Not to put too fine a point on it, they literally ran off the field, and though all, or nearly all, of them fell in with other troops or fought bravely through the day, they did not regain their own organization.

Before this disaster many had been killed and wounded, and the men of O'Brien's guns had more than shared their losses. The trained soldier knew into what a shamble he had been led, but he never wavered or grumbled, and he worked his guns with desperate energy, every discharge opening long lines in the advancing column and shaking it to the remotest ranks. At last all the men and horses of one gun were disabled, and all but the commander at the other gun were struck down, even part of the horses. And even as the supporting infantry were melting from the field, and O'Brien stood alone, within less than a hundred yards of the head of the advancing column, with his own hands, unaided, he charged his own active gun, double-shotted with grape and canister, and hurled its tempest of shot full in the faces of the foe with terrible effect.

Then, as the column reeled under the blow of his single gun, he glanced swiftly about him. Not a man of the little force was left on his feet, but he saw one man—a member of an Illinois regiment, Flynn by name—who was one of his command, half lying, half sitting against a small boulder. To him he spoke fiercely:

"Get up here, damn you! and help me limber up this gun!"

"I can't, Lieutenant," replied Flynn. "I'm shot through both legs."

"Well," replied O'Brien, "you can lift a little," and so saying he seized the man, sat him down on the ground under the limber—prolong, perhaps, that call it—of the old-fashioned gun, cut loose the harness from the dead horse, and with superhuman strength rolled the body out of the way, and while Flynn lifted, despite the torture of his wounds, the gun was limbered. Then, followed my his aid, who carried his plumed hat in his hand, his fingers clutching it rigidly, the impulsive Col-

on galloped to the center and rear of his line, and his familiar voice rang in the line's ears: "bout face!" and the line turned in its track. "Forward! Quick time! Steady—men—steady—march!" and the line swung steadily toward what had been the rear, following the Colonel's uplifted sword and the aid with his crushed hat and his heart in his mouth, while men dropped in the ranks as they moved away, and some were caught and helped on by their wounded comrades.

The aid measured with excited eyes the distance from the foe and that to where Hardin's and McKee's panting men and Bragg's mad gunners pressed forward, and presently said, half under his breath:

"That will do!"

Instantly Bissell wheeled his horse, waved his sword, and swiftly rang out the commands: "Halt! Right dress! About face! On the right, commence firing!" and once more Bissell's guns poured in a storm that checked the cheer of the enemy even as it began.

"The battle's won, by God!" shouted the excited Bliss, as he clapped his battered hat on his head, and, dashing his spurs into his horse, rode swiftly away to report.

And, even as he spoke, Hardin's and McKee's men opened fire, and Bragg's mad gunners poured in, with incredible swiftness, a tempest of grape that broke up the enemy's column and shattered the grand charge of the day. These are some of the "little things"—the details—which general history cannot pause to record, but which vividly illustrate qualities of the American soldier, and, taken together, make up and are indispensable to the great things—the results—which history does record.

RATTLESNAKE WINE.

It Is a Favorite Medicine in the West Indies.

Benjamin Gooch, in his "Medical and Surgical Observations," published in 1771, gives a summary of different ancient therapeutic methods, based on the use of animal poisons. One of his observations relates to a case of severe pains, spasms, etc., of long duration. Gooch says, after speaking of the patient's sufferings: "Not to appear inhuman to so wretched a being, after telling him I could do nothing, I sent him a bottle of rattlesnake wine, to take a glass of frequently. This was in the West Indies drunk as the highest cordial. Three nights after the patient walked in. 'Sir,' said he, 'you cannot be so much amazed as I am, nor half so much pleased; I am come to thank you, and, if not criminal, to worship you!'" Gooch's account of how he learned the virtues of rattlesnake wine is as follows: "A very wealthy old gentleman in the West Indies had long been afflicted with leprosy to a high degree, which was deemed incurable by his physicians. Apparently in a dying state, he made his will, leaving a large legacy to a female servant, who had lived with him many years. This circumstance being known to the servant, she and her paramour studied and contrived how to make away with him in such a manner as to raise the least suspicion. They put the heads of rattlesnakes into the wine he drank, thinking it would prove an infallible poison; on the contrary, he grew better, and the criminals, imagining the poison was not strong enough, added more snake venom, whereby the gentleman was restored to perfect health. Conscience finally put this servant upon her knees before her master, confessing her crime. Forgiveness was granted, and the old gentleman gave her a sum of money, ordering her to depart and never see him more."

An Oregon Freak.

A curious physical freak has been discovered on the tongue of the infant child of Mrs. Carl F. Wagner, the wife of a railroad man of Albina, Ore. About a week ago, when the child was but a week old, the mother called the attention of the family physician to the fact that she experienced a peculiar feeling when the child was nursing.

She had not investigated for herself, but thought the babe's tongue was exceedingly rough for one so young. The doctor opened the child's mouth and was astonished to find its tongue covered with silken hair of short growth. This was somewhat extraordinary, and he could hardly believe that what he saw was a fact. The attention of some of the most prominent physicians there has been invited to this freak of nature. They say it is an unparalleled case. It is so extraordinary that a report of it will be furnished all the leading medical journals in the country and Europe. A local museum man has already made Wagner, who is a poor man, an offer for the use of the child as soon as it can be safely taken from the mother.

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Aluminum.

The production of aluminum in this country has increased from eighty-three

pounds in 1883 to \$50,000 pounds in 1895, and the estimate for 1896 is 3,600,000 pounds, the process for making it having been greatly improved. The price at the reduction works ranges from 50 cents to 55 cents a pound. Applied electricity explains the ease with which the light metal is now turned out.

Will Last a Lifetime.

Prof. A. C. Totten, of New Haven, has issued a calendar good for 67,713-250 years. It is said to have a very simple key, and is evolved on a cycle of 1,600,000 years.

A New York electrician has succeeded in sending messages over a telegraph wire at the rate of 1,714 words a minute.

Mamma—Willie, where are those apples gone that were in the storeroom? Willie—They are with the gingerbread that was in the cupboard.—Exchange

DUNKARDS IN EXODUS

TWENTY COLONIES GO FROM THE EAST TO THE WEST.

Members Are from Six Different States and They Pass Through Chicago on Their Way to Dakota—Britain to Recognize Cubans.

Seek New Homes.

Twenty colonies of Dunkards from six different States passed through Chicago on their way to new homes in North Dakota. The colonists, numbered 1,500, and they expect to settle along the line of the Great Northern Railroad in North Dakota.

The Dunkards arrived over the Baltic and Ohio, Wabash, Nickel Plate, Pan-Handle and Monon roads. They are from colonies in half a hundred towns in Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The special trains were slow in arriving. As fast as possible cars were on hand a new train was made up in the Wisconsin Central yards and started for the Northwest. In order to carry all the emigrants four trains were necessary. The composition of those trains was twenty passenger coaches and 102 freight cars.

In the freight cars were families moving their household goods, farm implements and live stock. In the coaches were families having sold out most of their goods, thinking it cheaper to pay cash for what will be needed in their new homes than to pay freight rates on the old. A number of women used the coaches while their husbands and older sons looked after the goods in the freight cars.

Their Second Exodus.

The present is the second exodus of Dunkards from the East to North Dakota in the last three years. They come from old-established colonies which have been sending out members to the West for half a century. Often children grow up, have families of their own, and leave the parent colony much after the nature of bees, which swarm when their quarters become too crowded. Such is the case in this instance. The fathers of large families have left their Eastern homes, where land is high, with a view to establishing large family estates in the West. These emigrants are not of the poorer class. Many are well-to-do and all are industrious, desirable citizens.

For some time the elders of the church have been investigating the desirability for settlement on North Dakota lands. The reports have been favorable and the present emigration is the result. The fate of the present colonists will decide the future action of several times as many who have staid at home and are watching the venture with a view to following should it prove successful.

The one great object of the movement is the desire to possess more land. In the country where they are going there remains a large tract of Government land open to settlement. This was not ready for such purposes until recently, when the Great Northern pushed its road through what is known as the Devil's Lake country. Within a few years many small towns have sprung up along the line and the country is rapidly being broken up into farms.

Each head of a Dunkard family will homestead on 160 acres of land. His sons and sons-in-law over 21 years old will take a like amount. In this way families will absorb entire sections of land. Each family will also be a nucleus around which other Dunkards will settle. In a few generations the big farms will be divided and subdivided among the children, until finally no more land will remain and another exodus will be necessary.

A MORTON RALLY.

Enthusiastic Gathering of Republicans in the Empire State.

Messrs. Depew, Miller, Platt and Lauterbach will be the four delegates-at-large to St. Louis from New York State, and they are instructed for Gov. Morton. The blot upon the endorsement which is to be made by New York to Gov. Morton consists of 169 votes out of a total of 740, against the election of Messrs. Platt and Lauterbach as delegates-at-large to St. Louis. A correspondent says: In reality this vote was a protest against the leadership of Mr. Platt rather than a protest against the candidacy of Gov. Morton, and in the convention those who at heart favored Major McKinley as second choice numbered at least 300.

In the platform no mention is made of State issues, and the expected fight over the Raines excise tax law did not therefore materialize. The resolutions declare for a protective tariff, are inequitable for a gold standard and against the free coinage of silver, and present Gov. Morton to the Republicans of the nation as New York's choice