THE GLORY OF TEXAS.

CELEBRATION OF HER SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE.

Every Defender of the Alamo was Slain—Characteristic Message of Old General Houston to Mexican General Santa Ana.

The State of Texas, born some sixty years too late to assist in the revolutionary events of '76, has its own Independence day in addition to the national Fourth of July, which it shares, however, with its sister states. This patriotic state celebration occurred on April 21, the seventieth anniversary of the fight at the San Jacinto, where 800 Texans gave double their number of Mexicans one of the completest drubbings in military history.

Every schoolboy knows the story of San Jacinto as told in the books. But there is in the Southwest a fire-side tale about it which deserves to be better known. It is that the night before the battle, the Mexican general, Santa Ana, sent a flag of truce to the Texan camp with a summons to surrender and an offer of pardon. Grim old Sam Houston, the "father" of Texas, heard the message and said to one of his aids:

"Tell him to go to hell! Put that into Spanish." And the aid, translating the answer into the language of Spanish military diplomacy, made oration as it appears in the books:

"General Houston prays that you will have the kindness to present his compliments to General Santa Ana, inform him that General Houston regrets to be constrained to reply that if General Santa Ana desires our company it will be necessary for him to condescend to give himself the trouble of coming and getting us."

The biggest celebration of San Jacinto day was at San Antonio, for there is the Alamo, and there was the fight which came before San Jacinto and turned the blood of every Texan engaged to fire and his nerves to cold steel.

The defenders of the Alamo, though bound by no law like those of Thermopylae, disdained to surrender. They knew too well, from the fate of Nolan and his hunters a generation before and a score of later butcheries of prisoners, the character of their foes. For twelve days they held their post against thirty times their number and then they died, still fighting.

THE OLD ALAMO.

How they died—how Travis fell across the cannon—how Davie Crockett lay in the courtyard in a ring of foes—how the intrepid Bowie, the inventor of the terrible bowie knife, fought to the end on the bed from which he could not rise—how not one man, by the testimony of their enemies, even tried to escape—how the half dozen that were overpowered and disarmed were then cut down—is a tale with which the world still rings and will ring so long as dauntless courage is admired.

It was a deed from which no man among its Texan doers came to tell the tale. It is a tale whose truth is assured by the fact that it could be told only by the victors whose shame it was, and not by the vanquished whose glory it was. It ranks above Thermopylae in the annals of manly fortitude. As has been well said: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none!"

Texas is indeed fortunate that her history, as all the world knows it and as it lives in the hearts of her own and all the American people, began with the Alamo. As a battle, the Alamo was a defeat. As an inspiration to brave deed and patriotic achievement for generations of Americans yet unborn, it is the splendor and the glory of Texas.

WIFE LEADS BLIND CHAPLAIN.

One of the Touching Sights in the House of Representatives.

Few persons, who, on visits to the House of Representatives, see Mrs. Henry N. Couden, wife of the blind chaplain, fail to be impressed by her gentleness and dignity. With unfailing fidelity she accompanies her husband to the door of the House, and after resigning him into the hands of a page she waits in the lobby until the end of his prayer. Then she accompanies him home. Mr. Couden seldom lingers in the House after his prayer is finished, but few of the legislators, from the speaker down to the youngest recruit, fail to salute him and his gentle little wife. Mrs. Couden resembles a Dresden figure in her flowered silk and old-fashioned bonnet. She cares not for changing styles, but year after year she wears a simple gown of silk, with a black bonnet tied under her chin with flowered ribbons.

The Wise Rudyard.

If only myself could talk to myself
As I knew him a year ago,
I could tell him a lot
That would save him a lot
Of things he ought to know.
—Kipling.

There are 407 mountain peaks in Colorado of an altitude of more than 10,000 feet.

It is computed that the amount of water wasted in New York amounts to 80,000,000 gallons a day.

ORDERED BY GOVERNMENT.

Little Italy has two mysteries cleared up, and breathes more freely. One is why Angelino Pascalini worked so hard and spent so little, and the other is why Angelino Pascalini always insisted on seeing the papers that are printed in English, which language everybody knew Angelino could not read. Angelino is now married—and the two mysteries deal with this marriage.

In order that it may be known who Angelino is, let it be stated that he hailed from Genoa, in Big Italy—from Genoa where the sun shines brightly and the sky is tinted blue and red; where men work slowly and live easily, the money is very scarce. In the course of the eighteen years which had rolled over Angelino's head before a far-seeing padrone packed him into the steerage of a very uncertain ship and sent him sailing over the hilly water to America, it may be doubted if Angelino had seen altogether of his own as much money as the equivalent of five dollars. Nevertheless, he had been happy in Genoa until he met Nina—Nina, whose mother came from Spain.

After he met Nina, by his own account, Angelino was no longer happy. He realized then how very poor he was, and how far away was marriage with Nina. He worked as hard as he could, and ate even more sparingly than was the wont of his countrymen of the black bread and garlic, and drank less of the bitter red wine. Nevertheless, his hoard increased but slowly, and Angelino grew desperate. He sought Nina, and told her of the padrone. He would go to America. She looked at him wonderingly with her big black eyes, and promised to wait.

Angelino, having made his adieus and stuck one last candle under the portrait of his patron saint, went away to America.

His welcome in this country displeased Angelino. He liked ice and snow little, but the jeers of the people he liked even less. True, the land was discovered by one of his countrymen, named Columbus, four hundred years before. But Angelino did not know this, and it would not have made much difference if he had. Those who had profited by Columbus' discovery disliked Columbus' countrymen, and Angelino was made to suffer their dislike.

However, he worked on railroads, and in other ways, until his debt to the padrone was paid, and then he began to work for himself. Despite his utmost efforts and careful economy, he grew rich but slowly. Twice a year he wrote to Nina, bidding her wait. He had at length secured a bootblack stand of his own, and was a free man.

But Nina, in far-away Genoa, had no desire to wait. She had already waited too long, by her own calculation, and wanted to come to America and wed her Angelino. She wrote to Filadelphia, as the name is spelled in Genoa, and told Angelino that life was short, and that it was wise to make the most of it while it lasted. There is no real way to lengthen it out, though Nina didn't say so in those words; probably that is how she left.

At all events, Nina, who had become a lady's maid in Genoa, eventually had the opportunity to come to America with her patroness; and so she came. Angelino hadn't expected her, and when she arrived he had $49 in the savings bank, where the vaults are just bursting with money. Often when he went to deposit his dollar or two, Angelino looked longingl. at the vaults, and wondered why he, too, could not be an American millionaire and earn $7 or $8 a week, every week, and live in a large house and have just what he wanted to eat. Then he thought of Nina, and became patient and went back to work. And so when Nina arrived he had $49; and moreover, he had learned that in America that is not much money.

However, he was overjoyed to see Nina again, and she was radiant when she saw him. She remained in her place of employment, while Angelino was to save up his earnings. When the latter should have grown to $100 it was determined they should marry—not before. She, too, saved her wages, and Angelino blacked boots and dreamt of the $100 still far away. One day a big, red-faced American, who boarded in the hotel at the corner, sat down in Angelino's chair to have his boots blacked, and read the paper while Angelino worked. All at once the big, fat American began to laugh and then roar. Angelino looked up in surprise and gazed at him.

"That beats all," said the American aloud. "Binnick going to marry. Ha, ha. He's old enough to eat hay."

Angelino being interested in anything that related to marriage, asked in his broken way what was the cause of the merriment. The customer pointed to the list of marriage licenses in the paper and said:

"See that—that's Binnick—old Binnick, that keeps the paint store. And he's going to get married. You know old Binnick?"

Angelino knew old Binnick. "He got a hundred dollars?" he asked.

"A hundred dollars. Why, he's got a barrel of money—a barrel."

"How you know he get married—eh?" asked Angelino.

And then the man whose boots were blacked explained that old Binnick's name was on the list of marriage licenses issued at the City Hall.

"Then he get married," said Angelino.

Angelino asked no more. Here was a fresh complication. What if his name were to appear in the paper before he had $100? The thought caused him anxiety. Nevertheless he knew the Government was omnipotent, and that if it ordered him to marry, marry he must, money or no money.

So Angelino worked on and worried not a little over the possibility of his name appearing in the list of those doomed to marry whether they had money or not. On Sunday he visited Nina, who noticed his abstraction and asked the reason. Angelino would have concealed it, but with a woman's skill she extracted it from him. Then she consoled him and bade him have courage. Perhaps the Government, she suggested, did not even know of their existence. There were so many people in the great city, and how could the authorities keep track of them all, she said. Angelino took hope and went back to his work. Every day he sought the paper and read the list of marriage licenses, breathing freely when he found his name was not among them.

But Nina, whose mother came from Spain, thought of the list, too. Only, unlike Angelino, she sought an explanation from her employer, who was one of the Italian consular officials. He told her that in America people to get married must have licenses, and that to get licenses they must apply at the City Hall. Nina asked no more.

A short time afterward Nina, who had studied and asked questions, and learned that marriage licenses could be had at the great building by the railroad station, by any one old enough to marry who could convince the Government that all was right, arrayed herself in her most precious goods and raiment, all from Genoa, and with a friend who spoke English she went to the City Hall; and there she at length received the ornate document authorizing her and Angelino to be joined in matrimony.

Nina went back to her employer's house and her mistress and those others who saw her observed that she was radiant, but very silent and very thoughtful all that day.

It was late that evening that there came a timid knock at the back gate, and Nina, whose heart could not keep still, sent one of the other servants to open it. A flickering gas jet shed its uncertain yellow light over the rear wall; but, poor as the light was Nina observed, when Angelino entered, that his swarthy countenance was whiter than she had ever known it since the day he embarked for America. And she then knew he had read the list.

What if he had learned her perfidy? What if after all he was not deceived? Nina realized now, for the first time, that she had wagered everything on a single cast of the die, and might lose. There was a sudden pressure at her heart, as if it would burst. But in an instant she regained her self-control and went to meet her Angelino. She smiled and held out her arms. Angelino looked at her soberly and kissed her almost fearfully; but even as he bent forward she saw the white English newspaper in his pocket.

They sat on the bench on the back porch and talked, or rather Nina talked, for Angelino was silent and thoughtful. At last she, too, became silent and anxious.

At length Angelino unfolded her arms and with a deep sigh drew the paper from his pocket. "Do not blame me, Nina," he almost sobbed, "but—it has come!"

"You babe," cried Nina: "blame you, and for what am I to blame you, my child?"

Angelino slowly unfolded the paper and at length found the little list at the bottom. He laid it out on his hand before Nina. "There," he said, "there it is; read, my Nina."

"But," protested she sweetly. "You know, my babe, that I cannot read the English."

"You can read this," said Angelino. "Be brave."

"Your name," she said, "and mine. What can it mean?"

"Can you bear it, knowing we have so little money?" cried Angelino in torment. "It means that the Government has ordered us to marry."

Nina was silent. Then she arose, and, turning her eyes upon Angelino, looked into his eyes with the light of a conscious courage. "It is the will of the Heavenly Father," she cried. "We must submit."

It was still early the next day when Nina hastened to the church and handed the paper with the gorgeous print to the reverend father. And that very month, after the bans had all been said, Angelino and Nina were married, though they had far less than $100, and now have even less than they had then. But they are happy.—Philadelphia Record.

Heir to Russian Throne.

A portrait of the son and heir of the Czar of Russia recently made public seems to belie the statements issued from abroad that the infant Czarevitch is a deaf mute and an idot. The baby prince is unusually bright and has never had a day's illness in his 22 months of existence, though many papers have often reported him as being in an extremely critical condition. Czarevitch Alexis, as he is officially known, was born on August 12, 1904, at the very darkest moment of the fortunes of Russia during the war with Japan. Notwithstanding the trouble sometimes through which the Russian government has passed, the infant who will some day succeed to the throne of the Russian government, has thriven in adversity. The accompanying portrait was taken at the Russian Palace at the express wish of the Empress.

Fond Memories.

A hard-headed old Pittsburgh manufacturer who made his fortune, as he expresses it, "with his coat off," was induced by his daughters to accompany them to a Wagner concert, the first he had ever attended. The next day he happened to meet an acquaintance who had seen him the night before, who asked:

"I suppose you enjoyed the concert last night, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes: it took me back to the days of my youth," the old man said, with a reminiscent sigh.

"Ah, summer days in the country, girl in a lawn dress, birds singing and all that?"

"No, the days when I worked in a boiler shop in Scranton."—Success.

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LINGERIE FASHIONS IN LEAD.

Frivolous Coats of All Sorts Which are Considered Just the Thing.

By MARTHA DEAN.

Lingerie fashions have quite taken the world of fashion by storm and made the craft of the dress cleaner an important business of the day. It is due largely to the evolution of the original "tub" frock into most elaborate creations. Everything in the wardrobe may belong to this class except, perhaps, footwear and gloves.

The little French girl is finding her handiwork at the top of the scale just now, though little good it does her for it is the modiste, her employer, who profits by the fashion for hand embroidery. Handwork is the keynote of lingerie fashions, all costly garments being made by hand so that sewing machines play little part in the making of a gown. This means, to be sure, that fashionable gowns cost money—lingerie blouses alone selling at $40 and up when hand-made. With the thin materials in use, machine sewing is often out of the question.

Among the materials provided for lingerie frocks are handkerchief linen, batiste, embroidered Swisses, cotton chiffon voiles, and a host of others, while for trimming the Irish crochet and Valenciennes laces are still most popular. Besides these there are the Venetian lace galloons, the embroidered Swiss galloons, insertion and medallions, Irish crochet motives that may be bought separately, and a great variety of embroidered linen novelties which may be had to trim these gowns.

One of the most attractive uses to which these laces have been put is for the making of the little jackets of all sorts which are to garnish summer frocks and lingerie waists on nice occasions during the summer. These little jackets are for the most part of much abbreviated Eton length with flowing sleeves terminating above the elbow, or in long box or Pony shape. Such garments of lace and embroidery are very dressy little affairs costing anywhere from $8 to $100, while some simpler ones of lawn and Valenciennes come as low as $2.25. The latter may be tubbed like the lingerie blouse while the finer lace ones require the more careful handling of the expert cleaner.

Many of these jackets are so elaborate as to beggar description and especially is this true of the house jacket which would seem to be as important as the out-of-door wrap by its frequent appearance upon house and evening gowns. This garment runs the whole gamut of possible shapes. It is made usually without sleeves and resembles a jacket only in having armholes. In the short-waisted gowns which suggest the modes of the Empire, these little jackets often act as garnishment for girdle and waist and usually fasten at the back. They are made of silk daintily embroidered with metal and silk and bordered with velvet and lace. Shoulders are broad but not exaggerated. Many of the Etons, boleros and short, hip-length jackets are made up of frills, plaited or shirred; lapels straight or falling into ripples; embroidery, buttons, bows and lace all gathered into a harmonious and captivating whole. Then, too, there are little mantels of nameless variety and shape that just cover the shoulders, reaching barely to the elbow and mostly of cloth, for wear with smart silk gowns. Dressy cloth costumes demand jackets of silk.

Beats Carnegie's Spelling.

"Saylil," exclaimed the girl at the handkerchief counter.

"Wotsmatter now?" asked the girl at the ribbon counter.

"Aintchoogittin nuftoet?"

"Wojjaskin thatfur?"

"Yooralookinkina thin."

"Aintneether."

"Yartoo. Betterficksher back hair. Scummin down."

"Quitcherrubberin. Mine jeroan bis."

"Saylil."

"Saycherseff."

"Jevvergitcherforchun told?"

"Yeh—wunsertwice. Ever gitchoors?"

"Yeh. Cotole juh?"

"Erdkitsmith sayinse. Cumtroo?"

"Notchett."

"Thinkitwill?"

"Lykaznot. Letehoone fit does."

"Sayjen. Juno Kittenbills keepincumpny?"

"Awka moff."

"Troo sima stannineer."

"Howjeerit?"

"Sallright. Yooleerabout it soonuff. Sayjen, canchooketch on—"

"Say, there, you girls." interrupted the floorwalker, "Go back to your customers."

HINTS FOR YOUNG GARDENERS

Boston Public Library Trustees Issue a Valuable Free Pamphlet.

For the purpose of assisting amateur gardeners, and especially boys and girls who, at this season begin to feel an interest in plants and flowers, the trustees of the Boston Public Library have printed a little book for free distribution. It is called "A Brief List of Books About Gardening." Its contents are classified under the heads of "The Making and Care of a Garden," magazines that are to be seen in the library which are devoted especially to gardens: a collection of books containing descriptions by famous writers such as Homer's "Greek Garden," from "The Odyssey;" Pliny's "Tusculan Garden;" Sir Francis Bacon's "English and French Gardens;" Hawthorne's "American Gardens" and Thoreau's "Walden." There is also a list of books which give information about school gardens, outdoor art, agriculture for beginners, "nature study" and publications of the United States Department of Agriculture. Most of the publications of the department can be had free upon application to Secretary Wilson at Washington, and several of the school garden series are very interesting and attractive little documents.

Washington No Place To Die.

While in Washington on her last visit Sarah Bernhardt commented upon the tendency to run the nation's capital in the puritan blue law fashion that has gone out of style nearly everywhere else. She said that in many respects Washington is more beautiful than Paris. "But," said Sarah, "why do you make of your beautiful capital a country village? You have no amusements here—no gardens, no places where the workingmen can go on Sunday or in the evenings. At midnight everything is closed. It is then that Paris wakes. I would rather not die in Washington. It is not a place for even so hilarious an event."

The Bear and Thesis, ships used in the Greely polar relief expedition, are still in the service of the United States as revenue cutters.

"They say Mrs. Krankley makes regular dolls of her daughters."

"Well, it's true. She fairly stuffs them with breakfast food.

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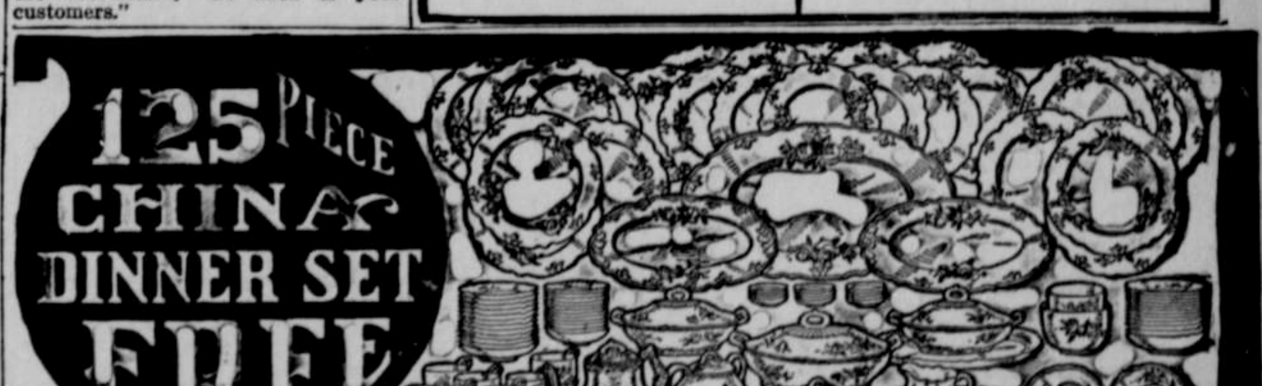

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