



SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1902

TELLING MOTHER.

When I was still an unborn child—
'Tis long ago—but I recall
My playmates oft lamented me.

TWO OF BRODIE'S WAR EXPERIENCES

BY DOCK SOFER.

'T WAS a strange coincidence,"
said Col. Brodie, now governor of
Arizona, and the second in command
of the celebrated rough riders,

"I was nothing but a kid then, and
had been stationed at Fort Grant. A
short time afterwards I was sent to
Fort Apache, during the outbreak in

"We had been cooped up at the fort
for over four months without any
mail; the men were restless—guess it
was enough to make them restless, too.

"We had been dodging hostile bands
for some time before we had a brush
with them. Coming up through a
draw, we jumped up a band of about

"The following day I wandered
around back of the firing trying to
help the poor fellows who were worse
off than I was, and I remember seeing
one of the Arizona boys coming down

"I suppose," said the learner in
politics, "that you would advise a
man to follow the old method and
go into a campaign with a barrel of
money?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum,
with emphasis; "a barrel of money
is no good. Nowadays you want a
hoghead of it at least."—Washington
Star.

"He's a good friend of yours, isn't
he?"
"Oh, only medium."
"What do you mean by medium?"

"Oh, he listens while I tell him all
of my troubles, but he also wants
me to listen while he tells me all of
his."—Chicago Post.

Sunday School Teachers—What did
Lob's wife become when she looked
back?
New Boy—A rubber neck.—Boston
Post.

"I declare," said the girl of doubtful
years, "modern art fosters the
most outrageously insulting practices."

"I know a man that never spoke a
cross word in his life," said Uncle
Ike. "I don't know exactly whether
it was 'cause of his beautiful nature
or because he was born deaf and
dumb."—Chicago Tribune.

splendid probability of the whole
bunch of us going the same way
before we got through, without any
one's being left to roll us in our blankets.

"After burying the troopers we
struck a trail up the canyon side and
camped in a clearing where we com-
manded a view of the surrounding
country, and doctored up our wounds
as best we could. Mine was painful,

"The same band came circling
around again that afternoon and we
exchanged a few long shots at them.
As soon as night came we broke camp
and struck out for Fort Grant as fast

"We stayed at the fort several days
until our wounds healed up before
making the return trip. The colonel
in command at the fort insisted on my
staying there, as there were over 2,000
hostile Indians on the warpath and

"I didn't know it at the time, but
found out afterward, that the Indians
I had the fight with belonged to a sub-
chief, and a relative of old Geronimo.

"Lieutenant, you don't think we
killed that hull outfit over there, do
you?"
"No, sergeant, I don't. What do
you think we'd better do?"

"Well, I think we had better build
up a big campfire so they can see it,
then drift and drift like hell over the
hills and out of this."

"And we did. We struck an old trail
and followed it all night. About day-
light we found ourselves on a hilltop
and right in the center of an old de-
serted village. It was that night's
trip that gave me my high appreciation

"The wound I got at Las Guasimas,
in Cuba, was another lucky thing, too.
A and B troops were lining up at the
foot of the hill, and we were getting
it from the trenches up on the hill.

"The words 'mouth' and 'silver,'
long supposed to have no words to
rhyme with them, have now been
found to possess one rhyme each.

"Have you a medicine that will
make hair grow on bald heads?"
"The best in the world," promptly
answered the druggist. "Here is an
article one of my clients has been
using for 25 years, and he won't use
any other."—Philadelphia North
American.

"This is a pretty live town, isn't
it?" remarked the eastern tourist.
"You bet it is," replied the native.
"We've got the biggest cemetery in
Arizona, and it's still a-growin'."—
Philadelphia Record.

"Were you a bull of a bear?" asked
the inquisitive friend.
"Neither," replied the speculator. "I
was a donkey, pure and simple."—Chi-
cago Daily News.

"Hat Clerk—This is a genuine Pan-
ama guaranteed to hold water.
"Col. Bluegrass—Take it away, sah,
and show me a plain straw."—Judge.

"The number of lepers in the Philip-
pine islands is estimated at about
12,000.

"Pity and Charity.
Pity does more than pity the needy.
—Sam's Horn.

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The "Black Gladstone."

An Irish correspondent sends us the
following: "A visitor to Roxborough
demense, at Moy, County Tyrone, Ire-
land, will notice on the front of the
castle a 'black head.' Looking more
closely at the grim stone figure he
will discern the well-known features
of Mr. Gladstone. Upward of 30 years
ago the late earl of Charlemont was
enlarging his demense, and in order
to do so found it necessary to ac-
quire the lands occupied by several of
his tenants. As was common in those
days with Irish landlords, he simply
turned the occupiers out with very
scanty compensation. Just before his
demense passed the Irish land act
of 1870, under which it became diffi-
cult to eject a tenant farmer without
giving compensation. So exasperated
was the earl with this legislation that
he determined to show his feelings
toward the distinguished author of it.
Climbing a ladder, he reached the
stone bust, and with his own hands
covered it with tar, and so had his
revenge. There it remains, a stand-
ing memorial of the nobleman's child-
ish folly, and a landmark of short-
sighted landlordism in this country."
—London News.

San Worshipers in Hard Luck.
The following remarks were over-
heard on a Strand omnibus, says a
contemporary. A London sky was
overhead, the rain poured down un-
compromisingly, mud was underfoot.
A red-capped Parsee who had been
sitting near the dripping driver got
down as the conductor came up.
"Whar sort o' chap is that?" asked
the driver.
"Don't yer know that?" answered
the conductor. "Why, that's one o'
them Indians whar worships the
sun!"

"Worships the sun?" said the shiv-
ering driver. "I suppose 'e's come
over 'ere to 'ave a rest!"—London Ex-
press.

Fate of a Missionary.
News of the death of Rev. George
Linfield, a British missionary in
Tongaland, South Africa, has been
received at the English and American
mission headquarters. The mission-
ary was on his way to Durban to be
married. While he was crossing the
St. Lucia lake in a canoe he was at-
tacked by a crocodile. Both his hands
were torn off and he received a wound
in the abdomen, but he succeeded in
beating the crocodile off and in reach-
ing land. There he lay undiscovered
till the next day. Then a searching
party found him, but he died before he
could be moved.—N. Y. Sun.

The Devils of Walamo.
In the region of the upper Nile is a
district known as Walamo, which is
said to be infested with devils. An
American, Mr. Whitehouse, and an
Englishman, Lord Hindlip, have or-
ganized an expedition for the explora-
tion of that region and of Abyssinia,
and the American, with true Yankee
pluck, intends to spend some time in
Walamo, to see if he cannot find out
why the natives believe that the devils
are there, and, incidentally, his in-
vestigations may increase our knowl-
edge of geography and of anthropol-
ogy.—N. Y. Sun.

Measure Light's Pressure.
Recently Prof. Lebedew, of Moscow,
made an experimental demonstration
of the pressure of light. He employs
a radiometer, using a larger and
more completely exhausted bulb,
from which the heating effect, which
is the principal agent in moving the
Crookes vanes is excluded. When the
light falls upon the vanes they are
driven by it, and the intensity of the
pressure is thus revealed.—Science.

Help of the Poets.
The words "mouth" and "silver,"
long supposed to have no words to
rhyme with them, have now been
found to possess one rhyme each.
"Quoth," a term in mathematics, and
"chilver," a ewe lamb, supply the
former deficiency.—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

Good Recommendation.
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"The best in the world," promptly
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Big and Growing.
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it?" remarked the eastern tourist.
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Arizona, and it's still a-growin'."—
Philadelphia Record.

A Lover's Quarrel.
George—Why don't Jack and Laura
make up?
Kate—Sh! They'd like to, but un-
fortunately they can't remember
what they quarreled about.—Brook-
lyn Life.

After the Plunge.
"Were you a bull of a bear?" asked
the inquisitive friend.
"Neither," replied the speculator. "I
was a donkey, pure and simple."—Chi-
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Forethought.
"Right here," said the surveyor,
"will be a good place for your saw-
mill. The country here will run direct-
ly through the middle of it."

Mean't the Same Thing.
Lawyer—And what did the husband
say when you asked him about the
wife's mental condition?
Assistant—He said she was all
right but erratic.

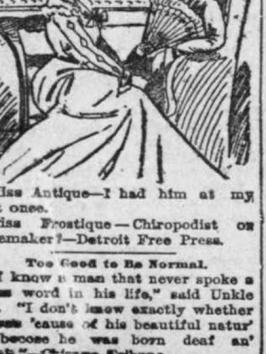
Restful Advice.
"Yes," said the summer boarder, as
he corked the bottle again. "I had to
have it every morning; you must have
a cocktail for an eye-opener, you
know."

Simply Impossible.
Physician—Madam, your husband
is suffering from overwork.
Mrs. W.—And will he have to give
up his place under the government?
Physician—What's that? Is he a
government official?
Mrs. W.—Yes, sir.

Look Out.
Young Fish—There's a hook with
a nice worm on it.
Old Fish—Keep away from that.
Young Fish—I've stolen lots of
worms off of hooks.
Old Fish—Yes, but there isn't any
fashion-plate reflected in the water
this time. That hook belongs to a
freckle-faced boy with a ragged
straw hat.—N. Y. Weekly.

Wanted Particulars.
Miss Antique—I had him at my
feet once.
Miss Frostique—Chiroprapist or
shoemaker?—Detroit Free Press.

Too Good to Be Normal.
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cross word in his life," said Uncle
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