



TELLS OF CUSTER MASSACRE

Indians Acknowledge Bravery of General, But Butchered Up His Brother Horribly.

Passing the evening of his eventful life in peace and comfort at his orchard home in Klickitat county, Wash., southwest of Spokane, is Benjamin Gallentine, frontiersman and Indian fighter with the United States regulars in Dakota, Montana and Wyoming from 1870 to 1876. He enlisted at Wheeling, Va., in 1870, and with a company of recruits was sent to Camp Hancock, then located at Bismarck, N. D., being afterward shifted to Fort Lincoln, where General Custer was in command of the Seventh cavalry.

Gallentine was on the battlefield the day after the Custer massacre on June 25, 1876, and this is his version of the affair:

"When the Sioux broke over the limits of their reservation and were committing ravages in Wyoming and Montana, the government sent out a force of regulars from St. Paul under Generals Terry and Crook. There were 18 companies of infantry in the company. I was placed with the Seventeenth infantry.

"The Seventh cavalry and companies of infantry left Fort Lincoln in June, 1876, with General Terry in command, for the Little Big Horn country, where several thousand Indians, led by Sitting Bull, were on the warpath, and crowded back against the Big Horn mountains and river.

"We crossed the Yellowstone river on a steamboat at a point where the Northern Pacific is now bridged, and went into camp. There is where General Terry ordered Custer and Reno to go ahead with the cavalry and discover the rendezvous of the Indians. A day was set for the big battle.

"Being with Terry, I was not far from the scene of the Custer battle. Evidently Custer was led into a trap. After advancing nearly the entire length of the Indian camp, thousands of yelling Sioux and other tribes appeared from ambush and started their deadly work against the little band of cavalrymen. The battle lasted nearly two hours, and of Custer's command not a soul escaped death.

"While the battle was going on Reno and Bentine were fortifying on



the bluffs at the head of the Indian village. After wiping out Custer's band, the Indians, carrying Custer's battle flags, made a rush for the fortifications and killed all but fifteen or twenty cavalrymen in each company. "I was on the battleground with Terry the second day after the massacre, and was detailed to help bury the dead, which took us two days. We found every soldier stripped and mutilated in the most horrible manner. Custer evidently was not touched after he fell. We found a small riding whip laced across his nose, probably an acknowledgment of his bravery.

"However, his brother, Capt. Tom Custer, fared differently. His heart had been cut out and laid across his breast. It was the belief that this act was perpetrated by Rain-in-the-face, a Sioux chief.

"While I was stationed at Fort Lincoln in 1873 a man appeared who had successfully impersonated a woman for 20 years, and not until a year afterward was his identity discovered.

"Joseph Newman, quartermaster-sergeant of the Seventh cavalry, with his wife, Jane, arrived from Texas, having traveled the entire distance on horseback. Jane was an ordinary looking working woman, and was made laundress for the regiment, being also called upon when a nurse was required.

"Jane died in the hospital at Fort Lincoln in 1874. Before passing away she asked to be buried in the garments she wore. Custer, however, ordered the regulation burial, and was soon apprised of the fact that Jane was a man.

"Three days after this incident Newman was found dead in a stable. He had committed suicide by firing a bullet through his brain. He left nothing explaining his act, hence it could not be ascertained whether it was through shame or the loss of his companion that made life not worth the living."

RAM'S HORN BROWN

There are a thousand ways by which a man can make a fool of himself, and some men know them all.

It is the thing that is all wool and a yard wide that the world is always looking for.

Merit is as certain to be seen and recognized as sunshine is.

The tune the old cow died on used up everybody else in the neighborhood before it finished her.

The long hatpin has been called in, but the fellow who whistles on the street cars is still loose.

Plowing with a crooked stick is a prayer to be kept on a starvation diet.

It doesn't make much difference where you were born. The great question is, "Where are you now?"

Never give up, but keep on getting up.

The greatest promises in the Bible are for those who trust.

God wants us to have every joy that does not give a sting to some one else.

Honey was made for those who are not afraid of bee stings.

If we could hear better, God would tell us more.

Hell is where sin has its own way—whether in a heart or in a world.

God gives the best crop to the man who uses both his brains and his hoe.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some men and many phonographs have had records.

You can save yourself lots of trouble by not borrowing it.

Charity that expects a return on the investment isn't charity.

Many a woman holds her mirror up to art instead of to nature.

The flower of a flock of girls isn't a flower at all; she's a peach.

Ever notice how much better a sample is than the real thing?

Judge a man by his daily talk rather than by his Sunday prayers.

Many a man at the age of fifty wishes he was half as smart as he thought he was at the age of twenty-one.

And when a man meets a woman with genuine blonde hair he always wonders if it is genuine.

While it may not be lucky to have a rabbit's foot, every intelligent rabbit knows that it is unlucky to lose one.

Husbands, occasionally, are men who stay at home and earn money to pay the bills of wives who go away on vacations.—Chicago News.

SIDELIGHTS ON LIFE.

The surest way to shatter an idol is to marry it.

Blessed are the meek, for they generally get married.

Lots of us who are sure we are right never go ahead.

It is hard for a woman to conceal her faults in a décolleté gown.

A plain duty is like a plain person. It is always the least attractive.

The trouble with a bore is that when he gets wound up he doesn't go.

The ball player should always remember that a hit in time saves nine.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

Heaven ought to be ahead of women when man is behind her.

Experience costs so much it wouldn't pay if it was worth anything.

June roses leave plenty of their thorns in the path of the June brides.

There is hardly anybody who won't steal if he thinks he is doing it respectably.

Either a boy is brought up like a milkmaid to please his mother or like a savage to please his father.—New York Press.

SLEEP

It's good.

Take all you need.

If it is ten hours a day.

Different constitutions require different amounts.

What is sufficient for one is totally inadequate for another.

Only cynics and those troubled with insomnia presume to dictate how much others need.

PAVEMENT PHILOSOPHY

No man feels that he has a right to be left.

Many a girl's beauty is spoiled by an ugly frame of mind.

Of two evils it isn't always necessary to choose either.

The man with a hot temper doesn't always make a warm friend.

The fellow who is full of hot air doesn't always manage to get up steam.

One good swift kick will often accomplish more than a lot of kindness.

Trouble is the most obliging thing in the world. It will never dodge the people who are looking for it.

Some people can't even do their duty without patting themselves on the back.

Perhaps our clouds have a silver lining, but it generally takes other people to see it.

Lots of us never put off till tomorrow what we can have done for us today.

It's the things we don't get that we should sometimes be most thankful for.

Circumstances over which we have no control frequently take the form of wives.

Many a fellow's lofty ideals extend no further than highballs.

Some people are so tireless that they become positively tiresome.

The best man at a wedding is the fellow who isn't getting married.

To greet misfortune with a smile is decidedly a one-sided flirtation.

Lots of marriages merely demonstrate that misery loves company.

WEDDING DAY OMENS

The bride who dreams of fairies the night before her marriage will be twice blessed.

If the bridegroom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket he will always have luck.

Don't wear an opal. Some people declare that opals are lucky. History proves the contrary.

The bride who finds a spider in her wedding dress may consider herself lucky.

No bride, if she would have good luck, should bake her own wedding cake. To do so invites ill fortune.

Should a bride, perchance, see a funeral while being driven to the railway station prior to departing upon her wedding tour, she should order the driver to turn back and start over again, or else she will surely meet with bad luck.

No bride or bridegroom should be given a telegram while on the way to church. It is a sign of evil.

To try on the wedding ring before the day of the marriage is considered very unlucky. And for the bridegroom to drop it while placing it on the bride's finger is also held to be token misfortune.

To lose the ring—or even to remove it from the finger—is another unlucky sign.

QUIET THOUGHTS

A still tongue carries further.

The finger of scorn should be curved.

Some bad neighbors are so from example.

Many suburbs are paved with good intentions.

Man is known by the company he works.

Also dirt is a good friend, but a bad master.

Some folks keep up their appearances, but let their fences go.

Too much booze also makes the world go round.

It is better to get down to brass tacks than to sit on one.

Three rhyming words that are very closely related: "Boys," "toys" and "noise."

SCIENCE BRIEFS

Our ladies who sip peppermint essence will be horrified at the chemist's report, which shows that larger beer contains only 4 per cent of alcohol and peppermint essence 23 per cent.

The best way to get an increase of salary is to work so hard the boss can't get along without you—then quit.

The fashion for red barns is dying out in the country districts.

The shortest days in the year are holidays.

VANDERBILT WINS A BRITISH CUP



LONDON.—The many friends of Alfred G. Vanderbilt are congratulating the American on his achievement in winning the coaching Marathon held recently in connection with the International Horse show. This is the second time he has won the event and the cup now becomes his property. Mr. Vanderbilt, whose coaching service between London and Brighton is so well known drove a team of grays of American trotting breed. The distance was nearly ten miles and the time 41 minutes.

FROGS FOR PROFIT

Marine Hospital Offers Market for Large Number of Croakers.

Fish Commissioner Meehan Enthusiastic Over Industry Gives Explicit Directions for Success in This Venture—Requires Much Care.

Lansdowne, Pa.—Frog farming has been carried on to some extent on many Pennsylvania estates in a small way for several years past. In some instances the presence of an inherited frog pond of goodly dimensions, where the croakers have heralded each spring for numberless years (and increased in numbers in their congenial quarters in marshy or swampy farm ponds), it has not been difficult to establish a profitable industry by simply catching quantities of the old frogs each year and allowing the others to increase.

In other instances the industry is followed as a fashionable fad, and owners of country seats have historic ponds and streams devoted to frog raising under the care of an expert, or new ponds are provided with this object in view. The principal hotels of our large cities have for some years past demanded a sufficient quantity of frogs to provide their guests with frequent treats to the toothsome frog-leg suppers and to keep up a sufficient demand to make the industry profitable.

Now there is a new incentive to frog-raising. Old Br'er Bullfrog, so notorious musician of our ponds, is found to be of special use for government experiments and he will now be in greater demand than ever. The marine hospital is planning to spend considerable money this fiscal year for frogs for use in testing medicinal preparations at the hygienic laboratory of the institution.

There are many things to consider in establishing profitable frog ponds. Fish Commissioner Meehan is enthusiastic over the industry and he has given explicit directions for success in this venture. He says those who decide to undertake frog farming may make up their minds beforehand that the days which will follow will not be free from care or anxiety. It will be speedily discovered that

Weeps for Broken Violin

Child Prodigy Leaves Audience After Ovation With Breaking Heart Over Accident.

St. Louis.—Although she scored a triumph before the Orpheus club in East St. Louis at its concert at the Broadway theater, Miss Mary McCausland, the fifteen-year-old St. Louis violin prodigy, left the theater with a broken heart. Her beloved violin, which she carried in its case under her arm, was broken and she is fearful that its wonderful tones may never be restored.

Just as she was leaving the stage after her final number, bowing and smiling in response to the enthusiastic applause that greeted her, she stumbled over a platform that had been used by the leader of the chorus and fell headlong.

She sprained her back and her left arm in the fall, but she did not think of that. She recovered composure quickly and smiled to the audience to assure them that she wasn't hurt, and then looked down at her instrument.

Miss McCausland picked it up tenderly and carried it off the stage, with difficulty holding back her tears.

The audience had not understood that the violin was broken, but a gesture by the girl told them and silence fell.

The instrument is a Lupot and is

it is not sufficient to build ponds after supposed best types, stock them and then stand aside and wait for the tadpoles to change to frogs and the frogs to money or into delicious morsels of food. Enough has been learned of frog culture, however, to stimulate a country gentleman or a progressive farmer with an untutilized portion of swampy land to undertake it. Fifty dollars will build the initial ponds and inclose them with a suitable fence. There is always a strong probability that within a comparatively brief period, by the exercise of care, unceasing effort, and experiment, the work will develop into a fair market industry.

Saved by a Feather Duster

Stenographer's Cluck and Dust Dispel Causes Shivering Chicks to Chirp Joyfully.

New York.—A batch of cold, motherless chickens was saved by the genius of Lawyer Edward B. Clark of Jamaica and the ability of a stenographer to cluck like a hen.

Clark's office is at No. 336 Fulton street, Jamaica, and he has an estate on Grand street. But as his hens broke all the eggs he got under them he bought five chicks and took them to the office in a shoe box.

The office was cold and the chicks peeped their discomfort, and as they grew colder their peepings grew weaker.

Clark called on Lawyer Robert G. Pattie to consult about the best means to save their lives, when his eye lighted upon a feather duster, owned in fee simple by Stephen H. Voris, a third attorney.

"The very thing," said he. A hole was made in the top of the shoe box, the handle was poked through it, and the feather duster, inverted, was closed down upon the chickens. But they continued to peep.

"'Twon't work," quoth Patrie. "Some one's got to cluck to give local color."

First Clark, then Patrie, then Voris clucked in their most persuasive style. The chickens, unlike the juries, declined to be swayed.

valued at \$1,200. It is 113 years old. She purchased it last winter and still is devoting the money from her concerts to finish paying for it.

SNAKE SWALLOWS TOY FROG

Child's Natural-Looking Plaything Proves Too Much for the Hungry Serpent.

Youngstown, O.—Several days ago a Park avenue child was playing with a rubber frog in Wick park. The toy disappeared mysteriously, and search as she might for the frog, the nurse was unable to find it. It was believed the frog, a bright, new and natural-looking product, had been stolen.

The mysterious disappearance was explained. A blacksnake was found by a caretaker, dead in the grass in the park. Its body was unnaturally distended and he decided to investigate.

The post-mortem disclosed the snake had swallowed the rubber frog.

In and Out.

Wigg—There seems to be quite a difference between a job and a situation.

Wagg—Oh, yes. For instance, when a fellow loses his job he often finds himself in an embarrassing situation.

RISKS LIFE TO RESCUE BIRD

Traveler in British Guiana Plunges Into Water to Save Specimen for London Zoo.

London.—An interesting addition to the birds on exhibition at the London zoological gardens is about to be made by Sir William Ingram from Georgetown, British Guiana.

His representative, Wilfrid Frost, has returned from an expedition into the interior of British Guiana with living specimens of the extremely rare bird, cock of the rock.

The birds, with only stuffed specimens of which the public is familiar, are about the size of pigeons.

The plumage is a beautiful bright red, though the tail and tips of the wings are dark brown, while the feathers on the head form a pretty arch.

Mr. Frost and his party had an adventurous journey. They were almost lost in a bush swamp and on two occasions disaster almost overtook them by water.

At one time their canoe collided with a submerged log and the man at the bow was precipitated into the river.

At another Mr. Frost, in his endeavor to save the cages containing the birds from toppling over, had a narrow escape from being drowned himself.

Before starting on this expedition Mr. Frost took a number of birds of paradise from New Guinea to Tobago for Sir William Ingram, who is experimenting with the breeding of these birds in the West Indies.

ADDER IN GIRL'S MILK PAIL

Six-Year-Old Tot Says, "See the Big Worm I Caught"—Bracelet Prevents Bite.

Waterbury, Conn.—George C. Densmore of Mount Tobe sent the six-year-old daughter of a New York butcher, George Holden, to the barnyard for a milk pail. The child got the pail and running to Densmore said: "See the big worm I caught."

In the pail was a red adder, the deadliest serpent of New England. It had struck the girl on the arm, but a bracelet stopped the blow. Densmore killed the reptile. Not 20 feet away he came upon the mate, rushing to the rescue, and killed it also. Densmore says: "It will soon get to where we Tobe folks must choose between adders and summer boarders. We shall certainly not be able to keep both happily."

PAYS HIS FARE WITH POETRY

Stowaway's Verse-Making Gift Saves Him From Service in Gallies on Pacific Liner.

Seattle, Wash.—George Parrott, poet and stowaway of Des Moines, Iowa, who has wandered over the earth, arrived here on the steamship Minnesota from Japan. Of all the queer human fotsam that have been landed here as stowaways on Pacific liners, Parrott is the first live poet to steal a ride. Instead of riding into the Seattle harbor in chains he was given a place of honor in the first cabin and since being dug out of the dirty hold has acquired enough money to pay a first-class passage to New York where he has been promised a good position on a weekly humorous publication. Long, lanky with raven black hair and a vacuous expression about his eyes he looked the poet he is. A water tender found him hiding in the paint room two days out of Yokohama.

Parrott immediately made an appeal in blank verse for mercy which induced the water tender to take him up to the galley for a meal. He was locked up but managed to send an appeal in verse to the captain who came down to see the poet. Parrott on seeing the master immediately began firing poetry through the iron bars. Captain Garbin brought the youthful poet on deck and introduced him to passengers. Parrott announced a benefit at which he would recite poetry and it was largely attended and more than \$200 was raised with which Parrott is going to New York.

CAT TAKES HEALTH VOYAGE

English \$600 Prize Winner Will Take Small Family Back on Return Trip.

New York.—Among the passengers arriving on the royal mail steam packet Oruba from the West Indies was a pedigree black and white Persian cat called Flossie, owned by Sir Archibald Baker of London. The cat was put on board the Oruba at Southampton to make the voyage for its health. This was by order of a cat specialist who had been consulted by Sir Archibald when his pet's spirits seemed to be rather low.

Flossie appeared to pine for three or four days after leaving port and on the fifth day gave birth to three beautiful kittens, two black and one gray, which are being cared for by the ship's stewardess. The mother won 100 guineas (\$600) prize at the Vauxhall cat show last summer.