



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 Benteen were fortifying on



The Battle Lasted Two Hours.

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 bad 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 decollete 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 respectfully.

Either a boy is brought up like a milksoop 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 a bad omen.

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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 slip peppermint essence will be horrified at the chemist's report, which shows that lager 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.

The instrument is a lupot and is

VANDERBILT WINS A BRITISH CUP



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."

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 congenital 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, 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

"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.

Saved by a Feather Duster

Miss Adelaide McDonald, Voris' stenographer, was called and asked to cluck for the chickens.

Bending over the box, she clucked in so inviting and persuasive a manner that every chick chirped joyously and snuggled under the duster. They soon became warm and the batch was saved.

PAYS HIS FARE WITH POETRY