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The Colonel's Kid

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Among the batch of forty recruits received at Fort Rank one day from Jefferson Barracks was one who attracted attention immediately from his superior looks and bearing.

The colonel's kid stood holding her father's hand when the recruits were up for roll call. Her eyes roved along the line until they rested on Harker, and there they paused.

"I like you. Won't you shake hands?" Private Harker's face was all smiles as he took her hand and squeezed it.

"Private Harker," she began, "I am sorry to hear of reports of you. If you begin this way, where will you end?"

"I am not at all sorry," he replied, "but I am glad to hear of you. You are a good girl, and I am proud of you."

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Birds In The Bush

By JOHN L. GALLAGHER

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WHEN a regular army man who has seen service in the Philippines pulls out his watch, disengages it from its chain and looks at the face, he is not looking at a watch.

It was the day following the terrible typhoon which swept the China sea and devastated the greater portion of Luzon back in 1900.

Colonel Boyne had arisen early, and his orderly had occasion to note that the typhoon had also ruffled his temper.

"Send for Reilly," the colonel commanded as a last resort. "If anybody can reach Vigan with a whole skin, it's Reilly."

"Never fear for me, sir," Reilly assured him later in the day. "I was born to be a soldier."

"May all the saints in the calendar attend you, Reilly," said the colonel. "Take anything you need, not forgetting the birds and make the start as soon as possible."

It was almost two hours after sunset when Reilly was at last ready to report to the colonel for final instructions.

"Everything but the dispatches," answered Reilly. "You see, I am taking a long trip, and I need a good supply of provisions."

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Dewey ruminously devoured the scorched bacon Reilly laid out for him. He looked at the white cracker pigeons.

Reilly finally lay down to sleep, leaving Dewey to stand guard. At 11 o'clock the bearer of dispatches, who had never closed his eyes for a moment, arose to his feet and enacted a pantomime which was supposed to represent a tired trooper shaking off sound slumber.

"What about the head hunters, Dewey?" said Reilly when they were once more on the way after a hasty assault on the hard tack and bacon.

"Him touch," Dewey affirmed, pointing in a direction which would seem to indicate that they were traveling straight for the region of these picturesque savages.

"No more eat native," perished Dewey. "I had little hope of Dewey overtaking him, but banking on the mascot's proverbial luck, he hoped to pick him up somewhere on the return trip."

Reilly had just set about his preparations for the night when his ear caught the sound of snapping twigs. He looked up and saw the same light of his campfire fall upon a brown face peering at him through the undergrowth.

"Dewey!" he shouted joyfully, but at the same time a wicker cage fastened to his belt rattled as he stepped out from the leafy screen, and he discovered his mistake.

The messenger had evidently traveled long and hard and was weak from exhaustion. Sinking down on his knees, he bowed low before Reilly.

"Much good—make alive!" he wailed. "Black man no can—chief's son no live—kill black devil—white god come make both alive!"

"The truth of the situation dashed into Reilly's mind. The faithful Dewey had thrown himself into the breach and had fallen a victim to the barbarous natives. By sending the messenger back to the camp, Reilly was securing the life of his son.

not afraid to die, but I like to know when it is coming." "You no die, you no die," chattered Dewey. "Me fix. Me tell him you much good. You quick loose. Ride like breeze. Dewey come soon."

"Then, turning to the chief, Dewey resumed his soliloquy. "The white god alive. Let him depart. I too, am a great spirit. I will say a word in your son's ear, and he shall be restored."

With his own hands the aged chief unbound Reilly and motioned him to where his horse was nervously pawing the ground.

"What a time you girls take getting ready for the concert! Look at me, a bit of wadding in each ear and I'm all ready."

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A Famous Anachronism. There is a well known picture showing the embarkation of the pilgrim fathers which contains a world famous anachronism.

His Concert Teller. A musical director was talking about old fashioned concerts.

Lives After Ninety Foot Fall. N. E. Nelson, a member of a track gang, while waiting on a big trotting race, was struck by a train.

Unlucky Opal. Gyer-I see you are wearing an opal ring. Don't you know that the opal is an unlucky stone?

A Deep Dig. Cholly-Of course I admit I talked about myself, but they talked about me all the time, and of course that was worse.

How He Worked It. Would Be Purchaser—These cigars are smaller than usual.

Before the Battle. Mrs. Gasser-I was outstayed in my sentiments at the club this afternoon.

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