

Personal Talk With You.

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Siclone ..Clark

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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HERE goes a fellow that walks like Siclone Clark," exclaimed Middleton.

He was one of the black-listed strikers and runs an engine now down on the Santa Fe.

"Do you remember Siclone, Road?" asked Buck, calling to me in the private office.

"Remember him?" I echoed. "Did anybody who ever knew Siclone forget him?"

"I find passenger for Siclone twenty years ago," resumed Duck. "He walked just like that fellow, only he was quicker.

"When I was firing for Siclone the roadbed was just off the scrapers, the dumps were soft, pile bridges, paper culverts, fifty-six pound rails, not a fence west of Buffalo gap and the plain black with Texas steers.

"The first winter I came out was great for snow, and I was a toughfoot. The cuts made good windbreaks, and whenever there was a norther they were chuck full of cattle.

"The man that ran this engine was he would kill the man that took her out," said Neighbor, sort of incidentally as Fitz stood by waiting for her to steam.

"I suppose that means me," said Fitzpatrick.

"Whose engine is it?" "Siclone Clark's."

"Did he say what I would be doing while this was going on?"

"The man that ran this engine was he would kill the man that took her out," said Neighbor, sort of incidentally as Fitz stood by waiting for her to steam.

"I never had an idea steers could run so. You could have played checkers on my heels all the way back. If Siclone hadn't come out and jolled them, I'd never got back in the world. I just jumped the pilot and went clear over

against the boiler head. Siclone clanked. I tried to climb the smokestack, but he was excited. Any way, he stood out there with a shovel and kept the whole bunch of me. I thought they would kill him. But I never tried to chase

"Those were different days," mused the grizzled striker. "The old boys scattered away over this broad land. The strike did it, and you fellows have the snap. But what I wonder often and often is whether Siclone is really alive or not."

"Siclone Clark was one of the two cowboys who helped Harvey Reynolds and Ed Banks save 59 at Griffin the night the coal train ran down from Ogalalla. They were both taken into the service. Siclone after awhile went to helping Fitzpatrick and me.

"What's your full name?" asked Buck.

"S. Clark."

"I reckon I do," replied Buck. Dropping into Siclone's grammar, and without a quiver he registered the new name as Siclone Clark, and his checks always read that way.

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you'll let me know when it takes place, I'll try and be there."

"I don't jump on any man without fair warning. Any of the boys will tell you that," continued Siclone. "Maybe you didn't know my word was out."

Fitzpatrick hesitated. "I'm not looking for trouble with any man, he replied guardedly, 'but since you're disposed to be fair about notice it's only fair to you to say that I did know your word was out."

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went with the first to Otha. They got in front of Santiago just after the hard fighting of July 1, and Holmes was detailed for hospital work among Roosevelt's men, who had suffered severely the day before.

One of the wounded, a sergeant, had sustained a gunshot wound in the jaw and in the confusion had received acute attention. Kay took hold of him. He was a cowboy, like most of the rough riders, and after his jaw was dressed Kay made some remark about the hot fire they had been through before a hotter before I ever saw Cuba," answered the rough rider as well as he could through his bandages. The remark directed Kay's attention to the condition of his breast and neck, which were a mass of scars.

"Where are you from?" asked Holmes.

"Everywhere."

"Where did you get burned that way?"

"Out on the plains."

"How?"

"The poor fellow went off into a delirium and to the surgeon's amputation began repeating train orders, and he was paroled in the order he talked our liago and a cowboy. When he left the wounded man for the night he resolved to question him more closely the next day, but the next day orders came to rejoin his regiment at the trenches. The surrender shifted things about, and Kay, though he made repeated inquiry, never saw the man again.

"I myself believe that if Siclone Clark is still alive he will one day get come back to where he was born and in spite of his faults, best liked. They talk of him out there as they do of old man Sankey.

"I say I believe if he lives he will one day come back. The day he does will be a great day in McCloud. On that day Fitzpatrick will have to take down the little tablet which he placed in the brick facade of the hotel which now stands on the site of the old barracks, for that tablet now stands it is sacred to the memory of Siclone Clark.

The train's mistake. A train's mistake, recently discussed by the editor of a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra.

The widely advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—It has very sorry to disappoint you this evening. We are compelled to cease our management of this management because a new horse has been introduced. The one at present employed 'as he is not on top of his legs.' 'I did, and my bid takes it for a 'leg.' 'I did.

Large Boings. On Long Island a hundred and more years ago there was fox hunting for three days during the season, and the biography of Catherine Schuyler contains the following apt lines from the pen of a witty woman whose name remains unknown:

A fox is killed by twenty men. That fox perhaps had killed a man. A gallant set no doubt is here. All wicked—Sixty-eight to fear. The fox is killed by twenty men. Can kill a fox that killed a bear.

Ideal Justice. "Sammy," said a German town mother recently to her youngest born, "when you divided those seven pieces of candy with your brother did you give him four?"

"No, ma'am," replied Sammy. "I knew they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one before I began to divide."—Harper's Weekly.

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