

# UNCLE BILL

AND  
The Editor



**W**HAT about that meeting you folks had down at Shake Rag?" asked the editor of Uncle Bill.

"We was just talkin' over the comin' Fourth of July celebration," replied Uncle Bill.

"Going to celebrate this year, are you? When there is anything of that kind going on, I wish you would let me know, as I like to keep up to date, with all the news, all the time, for all of the people in this vicinity," said the editor.

"I guess yer can git the news now, if yer want it," retorted Uncle Bill. "We certainly had a warm time. We've got so many nationalities in our neighborhood that it's hard ter bring the importance uv Independence Day home to 'em. So we called a meetin' 'bout it ter take place last night, an' made Square Greenwood chairman uv it. He called the meetin' ter order an' then made a speech as chucked us all full uv enthusiasm."

"I never knew that Square could make a speech," replied the editor. "What did he say to so tubuse the audience?"

"After callin' the meetin' ter order, he said, 'Ahem! Fellow citizens, uv Shake Rag, an' then he cleared out his throat an' started over agin. 'Fellow citizens uv Shake Rag, we have assembled here for the purpose uv—Ahem!—assembling here in order that we may assemble together, for the purpose—the purpose—ah, uv meetin' in an assembly—to—ah—to—assemble here—Ahem! The purpose uv this assembly—to—ah—at this time is ter assemble together, as an assembly uv patriotic citizens, assembling for a patriotic purpose—Ahem! An' I feel myself inadequate ter express my feelin'."

"Just then O'Fallon interrupted with 'Send him freight, and thin we's 'll be prepared fer thin whin they comes.'"

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"It is only in recent years," said the physician quoted, "that the treatment of morphine cases has been properly taken up. Now such cases are of comparatively frequent occurrence in the practice of every medical man in the city."

**HAMPTON'S BODY SERVANT.**

**A Negro Slave's Fidelity to the Confederate General.**

Julian Ralph in New York Mail and Express: "When the civil war broke out and Wade Hampton went to the front he took a negro body servant with him. The man was a companion as well as a slave, and a loyal, great-hearted, loving worshiper of his master. Years went on and the war continued. On one day an officer bearing dispatches or going back on furlough stopped with General Hampton, who learned that the man was going to Columbia: "Here, Sam," said he to his body servant, "you got married the day before you left home, and it is now three years since you have seen your Dinah. This gentleman is going to our home, and I have asked him to take you along. Get ready, Sam, you lucky fellow; it's a long wild you."

The servant cast his eyes on the ground and great tears welled up into them.

"Are you tired of me, Massa Hampton?" he said. "Why do you want to get rid of me?"

The general again expressed his conviction that Sam must want to see his wife, and that this was a good chance.

"Well, slave, I don't go a step, massa," said he, "I use a gwine to stay along wid you."

"What for, Sam? Don't be foolish."

"What for?" the servant answered in sheer astonishment; "what for? Why, if I go and leave you, what you gwine to do, wid nobody to take keer of you? Who's gwine to take keer of you, and what you gwine to do widout me, massa?"

Sam died while the general was in the United States senate, and his master, having word of the loss by telegraph, packed his box and went home to Columbia to walk humbly behind the faithful servant's body at the funeral.

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"Well we got things quieted down, and Antonio DaNo arose an' said, 'Permit me mestral chairman to say cat I am een ze great favaire of ze exhibeshon of ze manly art, een iz not for me to say; but I am not een ze favaire of ze old zhentleman to exhibeshun of zemeselves, but eef we have ze match we mus' have won good won. By gar, I like to see ze fine sport, when zar I knock zem like zay waz dead."

"That started the prize fight talk an' everyone had their pets among the pugilistic fraternity, uv the past to talk about, an' finally Antonio had stood it as long as he could, an' he said, 'Ze zhentlemans speak of ze tough mans, I would ask, you know Joe Mu Frau of Montreal?'"

"By gar, zere ees ze won tough mans; kill two-mans weth ze won blow. By gar, he eez ze won good won. He got chest big, like Sullivan."

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# WHY BEEF IS DEAR.

**NOT ALL DUE TO SQUEEZE BY SO CALLED TRUST.**

**A Condition Similar to That Which Is Being Created by the Destruction of Our Forests.**

Chicago letter: The matter of fact way in which the beef trust has gone to work in advancing prices has strongly enhanced the feeling against so-called business amalgamations. The feeling may or may not be right. It must be borne in mind, however, that whatever grievance persons individually may have against such organizations very cheap beef, like cheap lumber, is becoming daily more and more an impossibility.

The causes are identical, the result of a ruthless use and selfish exploitation, which sooner or later in a country even of almost boundless extent must become exhausted.

Some of our best authorities admit that the great prairies of the West and Southwest are very nearly exhausted as natural pastures, and upon these the country mainly depends for its meat supply, as also does Great Britain to a more or less extent and other European countries.

The question accentuated by our present beef famine is an important one.

It leads us to the point of considering that there may be a limit to our natural resources, and pins us down to that fact.

It appears, according to the reports of the department of agriculture, that the succulent grasses which formerly abounded in Texas, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona have been exterminated over large districts. From these records we find that several large counties in Arizona which have in the past supported large herds have disappeared and also the grasses upon which they fed. It is a peculiar fact that the grasses cannot be depended upon to reappear spontaneously when herds are taken away from them. When the herds become extinct it appears that the over-

pasture of the country has resulted so disastrously that there is an actual change in the nature of the country itself. With the disappearance of the grass covering the savanna there has come a washing away of the soil. Where the ground was once comparatively even there has occurred a surface disturbance that appears to have permanently erased all natural growth. Deep arroyos and coulees are seen where once the ground was an even and fruitful slope. It appears that the river beds cut more and more deeply into the soil, which by means of their deeper drainage deprive the upper soil of its natural sustenance. The consequence is that the foothills, once masses of green, have become deeply punctured beds of barren gravel.

This has been, as far as records can be gathered, the inevitable result of prodigal waste of natural resources.

It threatens to become a question of as much importance as the forestry one and therefore to form a vital issue in the future of this country.

Perhaps the question forced upon us by the advance in rates by the beef trust will lead to a serious consideration of the question of taking care of the bountiful grazing lands, with which nature has provided us, for unless there is a vast source for growth of cattle, prices must advance, even if there is no trust or temporary corner to consider.

That the case can be remedied is obvious from the fact that where a system of agricultural economy has been practiced good results have been obtained. Where grazing has been conducted on enclosed ranches upon well-understood lines the disastrous results of the free ranch system have been eliminated. The pastures have generally been restored by proper treatment. Another evidence of the natural fertility of the soil when not wastefully exhausted is shown in the railroad holdings which have never been tamed with and where the ground is still rich in nutritious grasses.

The sooner that steps are taken by the owners of pasture lands to remedy this abuse of natural resources the more sure will be of a supply of cheap beef—presuming that the trust, so-called, will not be allowed to take advantages that would not be taken by any one in the ordinary course of trade.

HAMILTON CLARKE.

**ROMAN TOMBSTONE.**

Several interesting relics of old Rome were recently unearthed at Cologne, in Germany, and among them was a fine piece of sculpture. It was found beside the grave of a Roman knight and is certainly a fitting memorial of his career.

A slave is represented as driving the warrior's favorite horse, and the warrior himself is represented as taking his ease, as doubtless he often did after a long day's fight. On the horse

are beautiful and costly trappings, but his master has laid aside all his ornaments and armor. Some surprise has been expressed that a knight should be sculptured in this fashion, but it is a fact that for some reason or other sculptors never represented Romans of high rank as arrayed in armor or robe of office except when they were riding or standing. Probably they wanted to be true to nature, and knew well that a man does not usually lie down with his armor or toga on him.

**CHAUNCEY AND THE TRAMP.**

**The Senator's Exchange of Information With "Weary Willie."**

Mitchell Chapple in the National: I cannot resist here telling a story concerning Chauncey Depew. It is too good to be original, but the senator must be in it, just as Lincoln was in all the stories of a past period. A tramp met the senator and asked him, in that easy, velvet-tongued way:

"Would you kindly assist a —" etc.

Chauncey, of course, is an easy mark, and as he fanned himself after extracting the quarter, the tramp inquired:

"And who may I say was so kind-hearted?"

"Oh, never mind. That's all right."

"But in after years, when I recall those whose tender hearts..."

"Never mind, my good fellow!"

"Then I cannot accept it, sir. I must let my friends know —"

"Well, tell 'em it was Grover Cleveland, and let it go at that."

The tramp put the quarter back in his pocket leisurely and shook his head.

"Now, my good fellow," said the senator, "may I ask your name?"

"A gentleman in distress is loath to confess."

"Yes, but if I have your name I may be able to help you."

"No, my pride will not permit."

"But allow me to know whom I have had the pleasure of meeting in this happy way."

"Oh, well, tell 'em it was Chauncey Depew, and let it go at that."

Chauncey fanned himself and let it go.

**Quizzical Dr. Talmage.**

After the last of Rev. Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn churches had been destroyed by fire he started to preach in the old Fourteenth Street Academy of Music. In that city, and there became well acquainted with "Ed" Gilmore, the manager. Mr. Gilmore's reverence is not his strongest characteristic, so it was quite like him to say:

"Look here, Talmage, tell me why it is that the Almighty permits your churches to burn up every little while, but never lets the flames get to a lot of dives and rum shops?"

"I'll answer that question after I get up there," replied Dr. Talmage, pointing solemnly heavenward.

"Oh," snapped Mr. Gilmore. "Well, it is not a 100-to-1 shot that you are going to get there."

Dr. Talmage made no reply, but meeting Mr. Gilmore the next Sunday, he smiled and asked:

"Say, Ed, have the odds changed yet?"—New York Times.

# A MARCONIGRAM.

I'm on a year's probation; We're both too young, they say, She's at her education. And I must go away. So here I'm on the holiday. 'Tis time for some horrid ops, Or burg remote and tiny. To please Pauline's papa, If I could drop a line each night— But not he said I mustn't write.

Today we're due at Queenstown; A short week old my vow; I wish it were Pauline's town. The time a year from now! Cheer up? I'm quite unable! I've tried—yet just to say: "I love you, dear," by cable. Would drive these blues away. But—always the obdurate sire— I promised her I wouldn't write.

Said she: "Be diplomatic. And all will come all right. My love won't grow erratic. Because you're not in sight." But oh, my heart is aching! And I must seek her aid. How can I without breaking my promise to my maid? Why, precious duffer that I am— I'll send her a Marconigram!

—Town Topics.

# The Message From Manila.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

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**A** FEW days after Gen. Funston had distinguished himself and before Aguinaldo had taken the oath a thoughtful student of human nature would, among the many strolling couples on the old wall at Manila, have noticed particularly two subalterns, evidently on furlough. That one was bored and the other bothered the student would have readily understood, for while the fair man smoked with a sullen indifference his companion puffed on impatiently for a few moments, only to forget his cigar entirely while he again pondered over that troublesome passage in his sweetheart's letter: "If you can get him to do something desperate and daring for her sake and then write home about it you will win my eternal gratitude, as you have already won my love. For now that these rumors of oil being struck on this barren land have begun to circulate around here, I honestly believe she is just crank enough to throw him over as soon as he comes home. Her idea is that he ought to be free to do better—as though he could! You know what a combination of fire and tow he is. In fact, dear boy, unless you and I can do something quick there will be two lives turned down."

"Duce take it!" he groaned inwardly. "What desperate thing for a woman's sake can a man do in this sleepy place?"

His companion stopped listlessly, and Ford turned to look at him.

"What's up Cranmere?"

"We are going east in three weeks."

"Yes; I know."

"Poorer than we came out."

"Serving your country isn't a big-paying business."

"Duce the country! I came out here in hopes of finding an opening. The Philippines offer such splendid opportunities—to a man with money. My word for it, Ford, I've a good mind to desert and turn gold prospector."

"A fellow was talking to me about gold the other day," Ford replied, absently.

"Who was it?" Cranmere asked, quickly.

"A fellow with a history," Ford returned, slowly. "A hundred and some odd years ago, before Vargo made tobacco a government monopoly, this man's grandfather was one of the rich men of Luzon. It seems he lived in one of the districts that had to go on growing tobacco whether it paid or not. It didn't pay. The family got poorer and poorer until when Mantal inherited the fragment of the fortune he moved north to Botanes in despair—went to raising horses. That didn't pay, either; then he tried pearl fishing. Now he has come back to Luzon with an alluring gold story."

"That's what I want to hear about. I believe there is gold in Luzon."

"I don't. Not in paying quantities. If there had been, Spain would have found it out a hundred years ago."

"What is this man's yarn?" Cranmere persisted.

"You see that?" Ford asked pointing to a haze of smoke to the southward of the men.

"It is the volcano Taal, only 850 feet high, and it stands on an island in the Lake Bombon. It is about this lake that my friend Mantal spins his yarn. The lake he claims was once the site of an immense volcano that was blown out bodily in an eruption."

"I've heard that story often," Cranmere commented, impatiently.

"So have I. And that its waters used to be salt."

"Yes. Where does the gold come in?"

"This is Mantal's idea: Bombon has an outlet; therefore it must have subterranean sources, and he holds that it is fed by an underground river that flows from the heart of the island. He believes that he could enter this river by diving, and by its means go straight to the mountains, where he will find gold. The whole foundation for his theory is a blind fish found in Bombon."

"A blind fish! That means a good deal. Does he expect to try his experiments alone?"

"No; he is looking for some American fool enough to go with him. He is afraid to trust the natives."

"I'm his man!"

"I believe there is something in it."

"Death, most likely."

"You will send that fellow Mantal to me tonight?"

"See here, Cranmere, this is the craziest scheme ever started. That lake is a hundred fathoms deep and covers a hundred square miles."

The Washington Times says that a certain representative from rural Wisconsin, desiring a drink of water before going to bed the other night, found that the bellboy had neglected to leave the customary pitcher in his room. A little search, however, revealed two small buttons on the wall, under one of which was inscribed: "Push twice for water."

He pushed as directed, and when the bellboy arrived with the water the congressman was found holding a pitcher under the button.

According to Consul-General Barlow, Mexico is a bad place for a young inexperienced man without ample funds in any line he chooses to follow.

General Jacob Smith, on trial at Manila, is known among correspondents as "Hell Roaring Jake." He is living up to his nickname.

# He was a pearl fisher.

Cranmere continued, without noticing his friend's interruption, "and I dare say still has his diving rig. We would need a boat, but that can be managed. It is no use kicking, Ford. I'm going to give this thing a trial. I tell you, man, rather than ask that little girl to wait another six months for me I'd go to the infernal regions if there was a chance of making enough by the trip to get married on."

Ford's jaws snapped upon a vigorous protest. He could write to Lucy tonight. A beastly two weeks, but when he came back everybody would be talking oil.

"There is Mantal now. I'll send him to you," he muttered. "Good luck, old man."

They shook hands warmly, and the next day it was reported that Corporal Cranmere had gone to a neighboring village to spend his furlough.

Ford, writing to his sweetheart certain passages to be read aloud, drew a vivid description of the desperate undertaking. "He told me once," he concluded, "that for the sake of getting enough together to be married on he would cheerfully make a trip to hades. Well, he has struck something worse than hades this trip. Whoever his girl is, she must be almost as lovable as somebody else—he's awfully gone on her. Poor fellow, I hope he will come back alive, now that his hand promises so well."

"And I hope," he muttered, as he posted the letter, "that she will be so scared and miserable for the next six weeks she'll learn some sense. I've no patience with a girl that can't be satisfied when a man has told her that he loves her. Histrionics be hanged. I'm glad Lucy doesn't go in for that sort of thing, dear, sensible little soul that she is!"

This was how it happened that when Corporal Cranmere, none the worse for his wild goose chase to Lake Bombon and the long homeward voyage that had followed close upon it, dashed into the private parlor of a San Francisco hotel and found a worn-looking girl with big eyes and white cheeks, who had no high-flown profers of freedom to make. Only an eager whisper that she was glad, so glad he had not been killed in that horrid volcano.

"Never mind, sweetheart," he said, soothingly, "the Philippines are not so bad. But Texas is the place for us, isn't it?"

"Wherever you are, dear boy," she answered, contentedly.

# THOUGHT HIS LAST DAY NEAR.

**Laundry Manager Who Worked Christian Science Backwards.**

A well known young Davenport, who is manager of the local