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THE LATEST NEWS

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FIRST OF ALL

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THE bravest are the tenderest," sang the old poet. No braver man ever lived than Major Frederick Russell Burnham...

the real fighting man of whatever race. Don't let any one tell you that an Englishman can't be as reckless and foolhardy and game as the best Irishman that ever lived.

they had burned in a raid. I don't like to tell you everything we saw there, but it was awful. There had been women and children there, too, for we found children's toys and picture books in the ruins.



L.A. SHAFER

BY FREDERICK RUSSELL BURNHAM.

FIRST met 'Little Dillon' in 1893. There was a party of us trekking north through Mashonaland, with a hundred wagons, toward Victoria.

Some one—I don't remember who—brought us a rumor that the Matabeles had risen and were attacking Victoria. I hadn't been long in Africa, but I had been in Indian campaigns in America and I knew what that meant.

He was the telegraph operator. Yes, he had news, all right, and it was worse than the rumor we had heard. The brightest, happiest, devil-may-care little Irishman you ever saw, Dillon was.

The wagon was full of telegrams, and each one worse than the last. The Matabeles were out. Lobengula—we called him 'Low Ben'—had taken the field himself against the white men.

It was news, all right, for us, who had our families out there, and who knew there weren't a thousand able bodied men in all Mashonaland and no chance of getting troops there for weeks or months.

What are you going to do? I asked 'Little Dillon' after we had learned all the news there was.

Do? I'm going to stick right here, he replied. As hard as I can remember the nearest white settlement was about forty miles away—maybe it was fifty.

The real Irish spirit, one of our men said as we rode back to our wagons, but it was more the spirit of

day run into him again—and I did. Some one must have told Dr. Jameson about his gamehood, for when I went out to join the field force to which I had been attached as scout, by reason of my experience in the Southwest, who should I find there as signman but 'Little Dillon.

I don't think there was a man in the command who didn't love 'Little Dillon like a son or a brother. He was always the same—always light hearted and gay, always smiling and always cracking jokes.

We went along for several days without any trouble. Then I made one of the mistakes a scout is bound to make sooner or later. While I was trying to lead our little force away from an impi of about three thousand Matabeles in one direction I led them right slam-bang into an impi of four thousand coming from the other way.

What's the use of being gloomy, lads? he said. I've got a story book—let's listen to the fairy tales. He pulled the torn leaves out of his saddle bag and began to read aloud.

As Calmly as if the Bullets Were Not Flying About Him He Cut the Saddle Bags.

You may not believe it, but it brought the tears to the eyes of every one of us, rough adventurers though most of us were. It was the picture of home—the English homes they knew—that Alice's wonderful adventures brought up in the minds of my companions.

What's the use of being gloomy, lads? he said. I've got a story book—let's listen to the fairy tales. He pulled the torn leaves out of his saddle bag and began to read aloud.

Some of the men began to pray. All of us thought we would never see the sun rise again. I was trying my best to figure out a way of escape when Dillon spoke up.

About the Dormouse and the Duchess he read, and the Mad Hatter and the Queen of Hearts and the White Rabbit and the Walrus and the Carpenter—all that delightful nonsense that all the little children love and that every man who has a heart of a child

left in him loves yet. And those grown up men, rough settlers and pioneers and fighting men like myself, sat there on their horses and let the tears roll down their cheeks while 'Little Dillon' read the foolish story to them.

He finished the book, 'Little Dillon' did, with the sun getting lower and lower and the Matabeles beginning to creep in a little closer here and there in the back, menacing circle around us.

Who Killed Cock Robin?—that was 'Little Dillon's song. It was a boyhood memory, I suppose, brought up by the fairy tale he had been reading, but he didn't have to remember very far back at that.

Just about that time I saw the Matabeles were making preparations to attack, and I thought of a plan. It was simple enough—I'd seen it worked on the Indians in Arizona. If we could make a feint at the enemy's front and then, as they massed to meet us, double back quickly enough, we might find a weak spot in their line that we could get through.

We were facing death, you understand—sure death, we thought it was—and here was 'Little Dillon' singing that simple little old nursery rhyme and we sitting there, crying like children, not from fear, but because it made us think of the ones we loved whom we would never see again.

Nonchalance in Danger. We saw some lively skirmishing for a while. Then Dr. Jameson sent us out, under command of Major Forbes, to capture Lobengula. I have told you before the story of Wilson's last stand—how Major Wilson took thirty-seven of us and crossed the river right into Lobengula's camp and only three of us got out alive.

The Matabeles began to attack at daybreak. They forced us back, back into the bush before they had us surrounded. A horse fell as we were retreating.

That was the last I saw of 'Little Dillon, for it was just as we reached the bush that Major Wilson sent me out, with two others, on the forlorn hope of trying to reach the main column and bring them up. We reached them, but it was too late. It was six weeks before we could get back to where lay the bones of Major Wilson and his men—and 'Little Dillon.

He lies up on the mountain now, by the tomb of our great chief, Cecil Rhodes—'Little Dillon, the bravest boy I ever knew.

GOT THE 'HOOK' IN POMPEII.

We are accustomed to having accepted ideas about the freshness and originality of our slang held up to the scorn and mockery of the initiated," said a member of a group of amateur archaeologists and antiquarians which meets regularly in one of the New York clubs.

How often we have seized upon some newly coined phrase, some apparently unique product from the great popular language mint, and advanced it as a genuine invention of the day, only to discover that it was known to generations past in almost identical form and is truly an old coin restamped.

Everybody is familiar with the phrase 'get the hook.' It has been established in current speech as a slang expression of peculiar vigor and terseness. Almost any one could tell you that it originated in the amateur nights at popular vaudeville theatres where aspirants for fame are given a chance to try their powers upon an audience, and that it refers to the implement with which the stage manager brings about the actor's forcible exit when the audience can stand no more.

From this application the phrase has come into general use for all occasions when one is bored or weary of anything or anybody.

Now on the face of it this looks like a truly modern bit of slang. It can be traced, apparently, to a modern custom and a modern method of entertainment. You would say, off hand, that 'the hook' is a genuine Americanism if ever there was one.

INCIDENTS THAT BANISH DULL CARE.

WANTED TO DO THE RIGHT THING.

A WOMAN in Trenton, N. J., who has been having a lot of trouble with her domestic help, was obliged recently to accept the temporary service of a raw recruit in the shape of an Irish girl just landed in this country.

After a preliminary survey of the girl and a dejected sigh, the lady of the house asked:— "What can you do?" "Shure, most annything at all, mum," responded the newcomer.

The lady of the house glanced about the room. There was everything to be done. "Could you fill the lamps?" she finally ventured to ask.

"Shure, I kin fill the lamps!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Celt, as she grabbed one and started out. Then, with the air of one wishing above all things to suit the possible caprices of a new employer, she paused to query:— "An' is it gas or oil y'd be wantin' thim filled with?"

WHERE THE GOOD ONES WERE PUT.

ONE of Uncle Sam's bright young men attached to the Embassy at London tells of a cab driver he met in that town, who was evidently of the opin-

ENGLISH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A CLERGYMAN who has spent a good bit of his time in the mountains of Kentucky says that he was indebted to a native of those regions for the most ungrammatical sentence he ever heard. Here it is:— "Them three Miss Perkins is three of as pretty a gal as I ever see."

EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION.

A TEACHER in a New Jersey educational institution had been trying to make clear to her pupils the principle in physics that heat expands and cold contracts. The rule was discussed in its various aspects and bearings, and finally the teacher said:— "William Brown, suppose you give me a good example of the rule."

"Well, ma'am," answered William, "in summer, when it is hot, the days are longer, and in winter, when it is cold, the days are shorter."

ORDERS.

AS indicating with what exact obedience the Oriental servant obeys his master's orders, a distinguished British diplomatist, now serving his country at Washington, tells of an incident in India. It appears that an eminent British general during a

campaign in that country had ordered his man to prepare his bath at a certain hour. One day a fierce engagement was going on, but the servant made his way through a storm of bullets and appeared at the commander's side.

NOT YET FINISHED.

DURING a recent visit to a Southern town a Washington man was much interested in a small darky who had been told to administer to his wants.

One morning the stranger opened his eyes to find the diminutive coal black servant standing at his bedside with a tray bearing coffee and rolls.

BY WAY OF CONSOLATION.

THERE is such a thing as overdoing this 'bright side' business," recently observed a crusty old bachelor, "as was evidenced recently in the household of a friend of mine, whose wife has always prided herself on the circumstance that she looks on the bright side.

"The husband, an absent minded sort of chap, put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth as he sat reading one evening. Of course, he jumped up and made a dreadful racket for a moment. Then wife, anxious to live up to her reputation of being nice and cheerful and encouraging, smiled blandly and observed:— "At any rate, dear, it was most fortunate that you discovered it at once!"

WHAT THE SQUIRREL KNEW.

Y should ha' been half an hour earlier," remarked the great, gaunt Kerryman. With deep set, kindly eyes and the biggest heart in the world for babies and all tiny helpless things, he has authority over the two small city squares full of plover beds and trees, between which runs a broad paved thoroughfare with double trolley tracks.

Earlier," scoffed I. "It's not yet six. I've ten minutes to wait before the first car for Summerside comes along. Your friends must have been in a hurry."

They were that," chuckled Larry Mullane. "I'd never ha' believed it meself had I not been standing right here and seen it. An' I'd ha' been glad of a gentleman like yourself to back me up in the telling of it. Ye see, most o' the squirrels has been livin' over you in the east park. But yesterday's windstorm broke a lot of the branches there an' must ha' scared the mother o' that last young family the childer is so wild over.

Of course the grown ones is tame as anythin' ever since they were put here, two years ago, an' they're back an' forrard reckless as ye like. But I was rakin' some o' the twigs an' stuff an' happened to see the mother come leppin' across the street as they do.

But 'twas slower; an' when I looked to see why, there was a young one clingin' right to her body, along her breast—with his paws holdin' tight to her an' his head cuddled close under her neck. Over the tracks she came, careful like, an' 'cross the sidewalk an' the grass, an' up that elm forby there, where 'twas rather puttin' new boxes they were last week. An' there she left him, an' back, quicker a I could be after tellin' the story, an' a minute later over the tracks from the east park there she was comin' with a second-squir' baby hangin' on to her for dear life. An' if ye'll believe me, sor, 'twas never was wastin' till she'd the wh— in the west park. But scratchin' his grizzle to know 'twas too that 'twould be y'raps not late