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THE BAD BOY.

He Galvanizes His Pa.

From Peck's Sun.

"See here, you coon, you get out of here," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store with his face black and shining, "I don't want any colored boys around here. White boys break me up bad enough."

"O, philopene," said the bad boy, as he put his hands on his knees and laughed so the candy jars rattled on the shelves. "You didn't know me. I am the same boy that comes in here and talks your arm off," and the boy opened the cheese box and cut off a piece of cheese so natural that the grocery man had no difficulty in recognizing him.

"What in the name of the seven sleeping sisters have you got on your hands and face," said the grocery man, as he took the boy by the ear and turned him around. "You would pass in a colored prayer meeting, and no one would think you were galvanized. What you got up in such an outlandish rig for?"

"Well, I'll tell you, if you will keep watch at the door. If you see a bald-headed colored man coming along the street with a club, you whistle, and I will fall down cellar. The bald-headed colored man will be pa. You see, we moved yesterday. Pa told me to get a vacation from the livery stable, and we would have fun moving. But I don't want any more fun. I know when I have got enough fun. Pa carried all the light things, and when it come to lifting he had a crick in his back. Gosh, I never was so tired as I was last night, and I hope we have got settled, only some of the goods haven't turned up yet. A drayman took one load over on the west side, and delivered them to a house that seemed to be expecting a load of household furniture. He thought it was all right, if everybody that was moving got a load of goods. Well, after we got moved pa said we must make garden, and he said we would go out and spade up the ground and sow peas, and radishes, and beets. There was some neighbors living in the next house to our new one, that was all wimmen, and pa didn't like to have them think he had to work, so he said it would be a good joke to disguise ourselves as tramps, and the neighbors would think we had hired some tramps to dig in the garden. I told pa of a boss scheme to fool them. I suggested that we take some of this shoe blacken that is put on with a sponge, and black our faces, and the neighbors would think we had hired an old colored man and his boy to work in the garden. Pa said it was immense, and he told me to go and black up, and if it worked he would black his self. So I went and put this burnt cork on my face, 'cause it would wash off, and pa looked at me and said it was a whack, and for me to fix him up too. So I got the bottle of shoe blacking and painted pa so he looked like a colored coal heaver. Actually, when ma saw him she ordered him off the premises, and when he laughed at her and acted sassy, she was going to throw boiling water on pa, but I told her the scheme, and she let up on pa. O, you'd a dide to seen us out in the garden. Pa looked like uncle Tom, and I looked like Tyler, only I didn't look that kind of a colored person. We worked till a boy throwed some tomato cans over the alley fence and hit me, and I piled over the fence after him, and left pa. It was my chum, and when I had caught him we put up a job to get pa to chase us. We throwed some more cans, and pa come out and my chum started and I after him, and pa after both of us. He chased us two blocks and then we got behind a policeman, and my chum told the policeman it was a crazy old colored man that wanted to kidnap us, and the policeman took pa by the neck and was going to club him, but pa said he would go home and behave. He was offul mad, and he went home and we looked through the alley fence and saw pa trying to wash off the blacking. You see that blacking won't wash off. You have to wear it off. Pa would wash his face with soap suds, and then look in the glass, and he was blacker every time he washed, and when ma laffed at him he said the offulest words, something like 'sweet spirit hear my prayer,' then he washed himself again. I am going to leave my burnt cork on, cause if I washed it off pa would know there had been some smouging somewhere. I asked the shoe store man how long it would take the blacking to wear off, and he said it ought to wear off in a week. I guess pa won't go out doors much, unless it is in the night. I am going to get him to let me go off in the country fishing, till mine wears off, and when I get out of town I will wash up. Say, you don't think a little blacking hurts a man's complexion do you, and you don't think a man ought to get mad because it won't wash off, do you?"

"O, probably it don't hurt the complexion," said the grocery man, as he sprinkled some fresh water on the wilted lettuce, so it would look fresh while the hired girl was buying some, "and yet it is mighty unpleasant, where a man has get an engagement to go to a card party as I know your pa has to-night. As to getting mad about it, if I was your pa I would take a barrel stave and shatter your castle scandaleus. What kind of a fate do you think awaits you when you die, anyway?"

"Well, I am mixed on the fate that awaits me when I die. If I should go off sudden, with all my sins on my head, and this burnt cork on my face, I should probably be a neighbor to you, way down below, and they would give me a job as fireman, and I should feel bad for you every time I chucked in a nuther chunk of brimstone, and thought of you trying to swim dog fashion in the lake of fire, and straining your eyes to find an iceberg that you could crawl up on to cool your parched hind legs. If I don't die slow, so I will have time to repent, and be saved, I shall be toasted brown. That's what the minister says, and they wouldn't pay him two thousand dollars a year and give him a vacation to tell anything that was not so. I tell you, it is painful to thing of that place that so many pretty fair average people here are going to when they die. Just think of it a man that swears just once, if he don't hedge, and take it back, will go to the bad place. If a person steal a pin, just a small, no account pin, he is as bad as if he stole all there was in a bank, and he stands the best chance of going to the bad place. You see, if a fellow steals a little thing like a pin, he forgets to repent, cause it don't seem to be worth while to make so much fuss about. But if a fellow robs a bank, or steals a whole lot of money from orphans, he knows it is a mighty serious matter, and he gets in his work repenting, too quick, and he is liable to get to the good place, while you, who have only stole a few potatoes out of a bushel that you sold to the orphan asylum, will forget to repent, and you will sizzle. I tell you, the more I read about being good, and going to Heaven, the more I think a feller can't be too careful, and from this out you won't find a better boy than I am. When I come in here after this and take a few dried peaches or crackers and cheese, you charge it right up to pa, and then I won't have it on my mind and have to answer for it at the great judgment day. I am going to shake my chum, cause he chews tobacco, which is wicked, though I don't see how that can be, when the minister smokes, but I want to be on the safe side. I am going to be good or bust a suspender, and hereafter you can point to me as a boy who has seen the folly of an ill-spent life, and if there is such a thing as a fifteen year old boy, who has been a terror, getting to heaven, I am the hairpin. I tell you, when I listen to the minister tell about the angels flying around there, and I see pictures of them purtier than any girl in this town, with chubby arms with dimples in the elbows and shoulders, and long golden hair, and think of myself here cleaning off horses in a livery stable and smelling like an old harness, it makes me tired, and I wouldn't miss going there for ten dollars. Say, you would make a healthy angel, for a back street of the new Jerusalem, but you would give the whole crowd away unless you washed up, and sent that shirt to the Chinese laundry. Yes, sir, hereafter you will find me as good as I know how to be. Now I am going to wash up and go and help the minister move."

As the boy went out the grocery man sat for several minutes thinking of the change that had come over the bad boy, and wondering what had brought it about, and then he went to the door to watch him as he wended his way across the street with his head down, as though in deep thought, and the grocery man said to himself, "that boy is not as bad as some people think he is," and then he looked around and saw a sign hanging up in front of the store, written on a piece of box cover, with blue pencil, "Spoiled canned ham and tongue, good enough for church pic nics," and he looked after the boy who was slipping down an alley and said, "The condemn little whelp. Wait till I catch him."

A Peculiar Funeral.

I heard the other day, says a Washington correspondent, of a most interesting case of feminine fortitude. A wife of a Washington public agitator prides herself upon her beautiful voice, although she can no more sing than a crow. One day her husband took sick and the physician said he could not live. The wife came in when he was dying and took her place in a theatrical position and sang in a loud yelling voice, "Nearer My God to Thee." If the poor dying man had not been reconciled to going before that, the song must have sweetened his parting with this earth. After the woman had finished this song she said to the doctor, "I will not wait to see my husband die. My artistic nature cannot endure painful sights. I will go away, so as to retain in memory the look of John's face when he is yet free from pain." Then this Roman matron went to bed and was sound asleep when her husband passed away. The next day the Roman matron remained in retirement. But that evening she lighted up her whole house as if for a reception. The visitors who came to pay calls of condolence almost fancied themselves at a general reception. "John" was not there. He was in a coffin up stairs, neatly stowed away in a small bedroom.

Said the Roman matron to her callers: "How many noble hearts have called to see me this evening? Yes, fully forty great hearts have come to me with their sympathy." Then again: "Bring me one of Shakspeare's tragedies. Let me read that; that alone can now comfort my mind." By a sudden transition: "By the way, would you like to see John?" Then, without waiting: "I do not think you would care to see John. The sight of him would only distress you. Let us remember him in our great hearts as he once was."

The next night "John" was carried to another friend's house—one of the best on K street—and at night the funeral was held. The dear, devoted wife fell across the coffin twice during the ceremonies in the most approved abandon. Once when she arose she brought away a large heap of shrubbery from the floral display on the coffin by its catching in her crape veil. This added special interest to the scene, and made some of her friends liken her to "poor Ophelia." Then the bereaved widow tried to sing at the funeral, and was only prevented after the hardest of work.

It is probable that no such funeral was ever before seen in Washington. To this absurd attempt at theatrical display is joined the fact that the husband died from absolute neglect upon the part of the wife to obey the doctor's directions and to properly nurse him, and thus the picture is made the more remarkable. It is a case that has made much talk, as the man was well known among public men and widely liked.

An Enterprising Chinaman.

New York Letter.

The Mongolians are rapidly getting civilized here. Tom Lee, who married a buxom Irish lass, took out naturalization papers, gave a feast in honor of the birth of a daughter, got appointed a deputy sheriff, and become by common consent the leading spirit in the Chinese colony, has proved an exceedingly apt scholar. He began poor; he became rich. His little cigar store grew into a manufactory. It is now found out that he has been levying tribute on the Chinese gambling houses in his official capacity, much the same as the police captains do on a larger scale. He has only charged $5 a week to protect each den, but his collections from this source are believed to have amounted to $20,000 annually, and it is charged that in many instances he has terrorized men who do not keep gambling houses, but simply played harmless games for their own amusement. His credentials as deputy sheriff have been taken away from him, but he has barricaded his place, armed his followers, and threatened dire vengeance against all who shall go before the grand jury on his account. After all, will it be consistent to make an example of Tom Lee and say nothing about Capt. Williams, for instance?

A LEPER IN PHILADELPHIA.

Discovers for the First Time His Awful Condition.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A few weeks ago a gentleman of pleasing address presented himself to the most eminent surgeon in America, Dr. Samuel D. Gross of Philadelphia, having letters of introduction from two physicians of the Sandwich islands. The man was well dressed, and evidently accustomed to good society, but, notwithstanding these advantages, the impression produced by his appearance was not agreeable. The skin of his face was of a dirty, sallow color, and oily and shiny. His eyes were heavy, the lids drooping and flabby, and his nose dark red in color. The evidences of a premature old age were too strongly stamped upon him to be mistaken. As a matter of fact—although he did not suspect it—this man was that most horrible of human beings, a victim of the dreaded disease of the tropics, scaly leprosy. The letters of introduction he bore were sealed. They informed Dr Gross that the patient, in the opinion of the doctors of Honolulu, from whence he came, was a leper. As they did not regard the disease as contagious, they had advised him to visit the United States and seek the best medical advice. The unfortunate victim is a gentleman of education, the son of American parents, who emigrated from New Hampshire to Honolulu, where he was born thirty-four years ago. Dr. Gross, after a careful examination of the case, referred the patient to Dr. John V. Shoemaker, and the unfortunate was taken to the hospital for skin disease, on Locust street. Here he told the story of his life. He is a planter of ample wealth, whose early manhood and much of his fortune were spent in excessive dissipation. He led a merry life for some years, especially among the women of easy virtue on the Island. Eight years ago he became sensible of a decided loss of health, and he now recalls a fact to which he paid no attention at the time. A dead spot of skin was beginning to make its appearance just above the knee. Six months later, when he had almost forgotten his former indisposition, he married a native lady of Honolulu, who was a woman in vigorous health.

"Within a year, a weakly, puny child was born, which lived but a few weeks. In the meantime, the spot of dead skin began to grow larger, and his fingers and toes became very sensitive. Sharp, shooting pains ran through them. Within a year, however, the pain was succeeded by a sensation of deadness in his extremities, and he was scarcely able to distinguish solid substances. This was followed by the appearance of blisters on his fingers and toes. Medical treatment failed to check the disease, and his presence in Philadelphia is the result. His condition is now horrible to contemplate.

His hands and toes have no sensation, and when needles were stuck into his extremities by Superintendent F. C. Waterman, the patient said he did not feel them. In short, the case was found to be well-defined leprosy, which had begun in the anæsthetic form and gradually passed into the more dreadful stages of the disease. Dr. Shoemaker prescribed remedies to tone up the digestive organs, and solutions to apply locally to the spots affected. Outdoor exercise, to occupy his mind as much as possible, was especially urged. In three days the patient returned to the hospital looking somewhat brighter, but that was all. Dr. Shoemaker invited a number of physicians and some of the students of the hospital to examine the unfortunate man. Only a few responded, but among them were D. S. Sutton, of Mendon, Pa., Dr. C. Young, of Chicago, D. Frederick de Craft, of Germany, and Dr. F. E. Stewart, of Philadelphia. It was explained to those present that the disease, according to the latest and best medical authorities, is not contagious, except by inoculation.

The result of the consultation was not favorable. It was agreed that the disease, by proper higienic measures, might be alleviated, but not cured. Dr. Shoemaker then advised his patient to seek some agricultural district, in a cold region in Minnesota or the mountains of Switzerland, to keep his mind and body both employed. With this advice he was asked to call again in two days. The man listened to what was said to him as one who hears the sentence of his doom. He trembled, and gasped for breath. For the first time he learned that his was to be a fate worse than death. His emotions overcame him, and burying his head in his hands he sat for a long time as if striving to shut out the terrible truth. When he had regained sufficient composure, he said that he had no idea that he was suffering from leprosy. All the way from Honolulu he had every hope of being cured. The thought that he was to be an outcast from society, that he was cursed with the most loathsome of diseases, that he was to be hunted down for isolation, appeared almost to have overtoppled his reason. He cried out that he now wished to die; no reasoning had the slightest effect upon his excited condition; finally, he went away. The next day he returned to the hospital, nervous, gloomy, prostrated; he begged that his condition would be kept secret. Every moment he would glance around, as if fearing he would be seized, and would repeat mournfully: "Hunted down for isolation." At last he consented to start on a hurried trip through the country, to divert his mind, and make arrangements to change his place of residence. He left the city two days ago.

Education.

Professor Huxley.

When a boy I was very fond of music, and I am so now and it so happened that I had the opportunity of hearing much good music. Among the other things I had abundant opportunities of hearing that great old master, Sebastian Bach. I remember perfectly well—though I knew nothing about music then, and, I may add, know nothing whatever about it now—the intense satisfaction and delight which I had in listening by the hour together to Bach's fugnez. It is a pleasure which remains with me, I am glad to think, but of late years I have tried to find out the why and wherefore, and it has often occurred to me that the pleasure in musical composition of this kind is essentially of the same nature as that which is derived from pursuits which are commonly regarded as purely intellectual. I mean that the source of pleasure is exactly the same as in most of my problems in mithology—that you have the theme in one of the old master's works followed out in all its endless variations, always appearing and always reminding you of unity in variety. So in painting; what is called truth to nature is the intellectual element coming in, and truth to nature depends entirely upon the intellectual culture of the person to whom it is addressed. If you are in Australia, you may get credit for being a good artist—I mean among the natives—if you can draw a kangaroo after fashion. But among men of higher civilization the intellectual knowledge we possess brings its criticism into our appreciation of works of art, and we are obliged to satisfy it as well as the mere sense of beauty in color and outline. And so the higher the culture and information of those whom art addresses, the more exact and precise must be what we call its "truth to nature." If we turn to literature the same thing is true, and you find works of literature which may be said to be pure art. A little song of Shakespeare or of Goethe is pure art, although its intellectual contents may be nothing. A series of pictures is made to pass before your minds by the meaning of words, and the effect is a melody of ideas. Nevertheless the great mass of the literature we esteem is valued not merely because of having artistic form, but because of its intellecthal contents, and the value is the higher the more precise, distinct, and true is that intellectual content. And if you will let me for a moment speak of the very highest forms of literature, do we not regard them as highest simply because the more we know the truer they seem, and the more competent we are to appreciate beauty the more beautiful they are? No man ever understands Shakespeare until he is old, though the youngest may admire him; the reason being that he satisfies the artistic sense of the youngest and harmonizes with the ripest and richest experiences of the oldest. I have said this much to draw your attention to what, to my mind, lies at the root of all this matter, and the understanding of one another by the men of science on one hand, and the men of literature and history and art on the other. It is not a question whether one order of study should predominate or that another should. It is a question of what topics of education you shall select which will combine all the needful elements in such due proportion as to give the greatest amount of food and support and encouragement to those faculties which enables us to appreciate truth, and to profit by those sources of innocent happiness which are open to us, and at the same time to avoid that which is bad and course and ugly, and to keep clear of the multitude of pitfalls and dangers which beset those who break through the natural or moral laws.

Why Jay Gould Dropped the World.

Jay Gould was asked what prompted him to dispose of the *World* newspaper. He said he got it almost by accident, almost against his desire; never interfered in its conduct, and had no use for a newspaper. Gorld then went on to say: "Its principles were invariably opposed to mine. I am a Republican; Mr. Hurlburt is a Democrat. I never interfered with its management. In fact the best evidence of this is that the paper, as a matter of fact, never did reflect either my sentiments or my interests, and it never interfered. Take for instance the tariff question. My every interest is in protection. Yet I did not interfere in the least when Mr. Hurlburt advocated free trade. I finally disposed of the paper for a number of reasons, but chiefly because I saw an apprehension in the public mind that the paper imperiled the liberty of the people. When I perceived the popular distrust I bowed to the will of the people, and long ago offered it for sale. I am glad that I have disposed of it. I have no new enterprises on hand, and am gradually getting out of business and concentrating all my affairs. I have been out of Wall street for the last two years, and never expect to go back again. I intend to take a good long rest and travel and study."

Mr. Gould thinks the Democratic party has a most excellent chance to obtain power, as the public mind seems inclined to give it a fair show, but the tariff question seems to be the only danger to Democratic success just now. He thinks the press has treated him pretty fair, as a whole. He learned long ago not to get mad, and takes their attacks good naturedly without complaining, like a man.

Charming Hospitality of the Dutch Boers.

When a traveler arrives at a habitation he alights from his horse, enters the house, shakes hands with the men, kisses the women, and sits down without further ceremony. When the table is served, he takes his place among the family without waiting for an invitation; this is never given, on the supposition that a traveler, in a country so thinly inhabited must always have an appetite for something. Accordingly, "What will you make use of?" is generally the first question. If there be a bed in the house, it is given to the stranger. If none, which is frequently the case among the graziers of Groar Reynet, he must take his chance for a form, or bench, or a heap of sheepskins, among the rest of the family. In the morning, after a solid breakfast, he takes his sopie, or glass of brandy, orders his slave, or Hottentot, to saddle the horses, again shakes hands with the men and kisses the woman, he wishes them health, and they wish him a good journey. In this manner a traveler might pass through the whole country.

An Old Proclamation of a Fair.

"Oh, yes! and that's ae time; Oh, yes! and that's twa times; Oh, yes! and that's third and last time. All manner of person or persons whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, wherein any hustrin, custrin, land-lopper, dubs-kouper, or gang-the-gate-swinger, that shall breed any hurdam, durdam, rabblement, babblement, or squabblement, shall hae his lugs tackled to the muckle throne, with a nail of twa-a-penny until he down on his hob-shanks, and up with his muckle doup, and pray to haen nine times 'God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton,' paying a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, bailey of the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation, and I'll gang hame to my denner."

Work in constructing the Virginia City reduction works has commenced.

A SINGULAR CAREER.

Romantic History of a Brooklyn School Teacher.

From the New York Sun.

Mrs. Mary L. Relyea, a public school teacher, with an unusual personal history, died at the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. Cogeshall, at 37 Sydney place, leaving an eight-year-old daughter. Mrs. Relyea was the sister of General Hugh McNeill, who won fame during the war. She was in her maidenhood the belle of Brooklyn, her beauty resembling that type of which Mrs. Scott-Siddons is a noteworthy example. She was married to Mr. Rockefeller, brother of J. S. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company, and went with him to live in Montana, where he held a State office and lived in luxury. They had a costly home and abundant means, and life was most happy with them until his health broke down. He felt that if he could breathe the air of his native place, Bound Brook, N. J., he would be better, and he and his wife started across the plains. He died in a stage. She carried his body for several days with her in the stage, but at length, at the request of the passengers, she left it to be shipped East. Her husband possessed a large estate when he died, but his Western agent is said to have despoiled the widow of it all and she was left so poor that she became a pupil in Peter Cooper's school of telegraphy.

When she was a girl she had a most ardent lover in Mr. Relyea, whose life was almost blighted by the disappointment occasioned by her first marriage and he broke up a prosperous career in New York to go into the stock-raising business in Montana. When he heard she was a widow he started East and renewed his suit, with poor success at first, but his persistence ended in her second marriage.

She experienced then a transition from poverty to affluence, and went again to Montana. She came East after a time for her health, and after the birth of her child her husband sold his ranch, pocketed the proceeds, amounting to over $20,000 in cash, and started East. He has never been heard from since, and she believes, as do her friends, that he was murdered and robbed on the way East. William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, became much interested in her and as she could telegraph herself, he placed all of the Western Union lines at her disposal and she searched by wire everywhere for some trace of her husband, but in vain. She was then given a position as a telegraph operator, and until William Orton's death he provided pleasant positions for her, but her health succumbed to arduous work when her protector died. At length, through John Williams, President of the Fulton Bank in Brooklyn, she secured a position as teacher in Public School No. 31, at President and Hoyt streets, where she taught until a few days ago. She finally died of pneumonia.

Cats on Shipboard.

All the Year Round.

Although pussy is the unrelenting enemy of rats and they stand in wholesome awe of her presence, she is not always victorious in her encounters with them. I have seen a cat rolled over and over by a patriarch on whom she had pounced, and retire from the fray discomfited, with a severe bite through the lip. In connection with cats and rats, I will mention two episodes that I could scarcely have believed possible had they not come under my immediate notice. On board the Elbe we had a grand, great yellow cat in the after part of the ship—for cats have their own well-defined homes afloat as ashore, and resent intrusion within their boundaries from feline rivals quite as conservatively as their brethren who enjoy the blessings of the land. Sandy, then, reigned over the saloon and quarter-deck, and was the most accomplished and gentlemanly cat I was ever acquainted with. One morning, while we were lying in the Scheldt abreast of Antwerp, Sandy was sitting on the rail watching the disembarking of the cargo and the various operations of the small craft which surrounded the steamer, with that responsible air of general superintendence which distinguishes him, when he suddenly caught sight of a rat in one of the lighters alongside. Without a second's hesitation he sprang down from the rail into the lighter's cargo-space, a descent of fully thirty feet, perhaps more! As may be expected, he was nearly killed by the fall, and lay for days almost insensible, but we nursed him round again with beef tea and brandy. The other accident was horrible. I had brought an old cat with me, on joining a certain rat-ridden ship, knowing him to be a good sporting animal; it was not mine, but one I had borrowed for the voyage on hearing the vessel's reputation for natural history. She was fairly overrun with vermin from stem to stern, but it appeared that there was an extraordinary concentration of the ratty element in the storerooms underneath the fore-peak. Nothing served to restrain their depredations, or to diminish their numbers and audacity; it was scarcely safe to venture down there, and the store-keeper was at his wits' end to know how to protect the articles under his charge. At length he asked me to allow him to put Tim down there at night, not so much in the hope of destroying the rats as of scaring them away. Tim was accordingly conducted thither before the gratings were put on, and left there with his saucer of bread and milk, his mat, and no lack of company. In the morning nothing remained of him but gnawed bones and some scraps of gray fur.

Gath on Parnell.

George Alfred Townsend, in his letter on the Philadelphia convention, said; I have just come back from the United Irish convention at Philadelphia. It was a fair looking body. The priests were fine-looking, discreet, yet kindly-impelled men. They and their useful influence made the convention a success. When Father Boyan spoke and said that England had been the treacherous assassin of America in the rebellion, and Ireland true to the republic and freedom, the applause was slight. That little negro orphan boy hung during the draft riots seems to have been on the platform with the rope around his neck, saying: "When I wanted freedom and ye could give it where did ye stand?" When the truth shall make the Irish free they will be free indeed. It was a proud thing for any man to see the incarnation of Parnell beside Washington. His face was everywhere. His name was something men would die for. His is the foremost in the British lands to-day, Gladstone not excepted. His spirit of prudence and his hard exposure between an impulsive race and grim Britain makes him the world's hero momentarily. His place to-day is nearly akin to that of William the Tactiturn in the Netherlands four centuries ago.

Americans generally are not enthusiastic for Irish rights. Yet rights are like the quality of mercy. I think it is always safe to give one's sympathies to the oppressed and those struggling to rescue from organic selfishness the seed of national life and self-development. The Irish may become better under the restraints of Independence. They begin to perceive the value of public opinion to every cause. They can not have the world's countenance till they discard assassins and all forms of treachery in the pursuit of liberty. By the best behavior they can not have complete liberty at once. Liberty is a bride only to be obtained through great merits and great probation. To expect to woo and get her with a dirk knife and a torpedo will ever be to prove unworthiness of her. England ought to be ashamed of herself for treating Ireland so unfeelingly. The attitude of Parnell is manly and winning. His greatest enemy is a poor brute like Rossa.

An Old Story of Dickens Retold.

Reminiscences of old Major Throckmorton, who for years kept the Galt House in Louisville, are always in order. It was the Major who said that the turkey was a very inconvenient bird—too large for one and not large enough for two. When Charles Dickens visited this country in 1846, he meant to stay a day or two in Louisville, and, of course put up at the Galt House. He had been settled in his room in the second story only an hour or two, when the Major, a bosom friend of Henry Clay, and on terms of more or less intimacy with every notable man in the South, sent his name to the novelist, and followed it a moment after in person. "Mr. Dickens," he began, extending his hand, "we are glad to welcome you. We know you and admire you, and will consider it a great privilege for me to be allowed to extend to you the hospitalities of the metropolis of Kentucky. As your special host, I beg that you will command me for any service in my power to render." Mr. Dickens received this with a frigid stare. "When I need you, landlord," he said, pointing to the door, "I will ring." The Major was for an instant paralized. Then he rushed at his patron, caught him by one leg and shoulder and had him half way out of the open window before another visitor in the room could interfere and save the Englishman's life. Mr. Dickens left town the same day, and the only mention that he made in his "American Notes" of Louisville, was to refer to a casual pig that he saw rooting in the street as he was on his way to take the river steamer.

The Tragedy in Buchanan's Life.

The mention made by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis that the reason for Mr. Buchanan's obstinate bachelorhood would be made public upon the publication of Mr. Curtis' book is made in forgetfulness that numbers of persons already know that a tragedy occurred in Mr. Buchanan's early life from which few men could have entirely recovered. The circumstances of the death of Miss Coleman of Philadelphia, to whom Mr. Buchanan was to have been married, are known and authenticated. Her family opposed the marriage, and intercepted the letters written to Philadelphia when he met with a painful accident, and was detained for some weeks on the way; he made a last appeal to her, which remained unanswered. When he reached Philadelphia they met accidentally, and Mr. Buchanan did not speak to her. She went home and was found dead next morning. Her family declared that she died from a heart affection, under the intense pressure of grief and excitement, but it was commonly thought she had poisoned herself. Persons in Washington who remember Mr. Buchanan, say that he was anything but averse to the society of cultivated women, but he never got beyond the point of critical admiration.

"Call the Next Case, Sir."

Forty years ago Eatonton, Ga, was a fast town. Gambling of all kinds, cock-fighting and horse racing was the rule, as it is the exception now. Why, sir, at one term of the court—1845 or 1846—the grand jury returned one true bill against forty persons—John W. Ashurst, solicitor-general, and a number of prominent lawyers included—in one batch for gaming. In was in this case that it is said Judge Cone made himself famous. When the case was reached all of the defendants arose and pleaded guilty. Judge Cone fined each of them $10 and costs, and lectured them severely upon the uselessness and immorality of such habits and the viciousness of the example which they were setting for the youth of the country; then, commanding the defendants to take their seats, with a solemn face, but a merry twinkle in his eye, he turned to the clerk and said: "Now, Mr. Clerk, enter after these cases, "State of Georgia vs. Judge Cone; gaming—special information by his honor; plea of guilty, and fine him $100 and costs. Call the next case, sir."

Good Story of Thad Stevens.

Ex-Speaker Grow tells a good anecdote of Thaddeus Stevens, who once, defending the public schools that had with difficulty been legalized, said that the Pennsylvania Dutch cared nothing for educating their sons and daughters provided they could import and breed fine pigs and cattle and horses. This was made the most of by Stevens' enemies and he had to defend himself publicly when he went back to Gettysburg, and did it with the argumentum ad hominem. "Isn't it true?" he said. "You, Jake Snyder, have got a ram that cost you $1,000 and none of your daughters can read. You, Hans Deitman, paid $4,000 for a bull, but make all your sons work winter and summer. You, Jimmy Lootman, own Westphalia boars and brood sows, and can't read yourself. Don't you love your beasts better than your children and your minds?" The honest Dutchman began to confer: "That is right," they said; "he only told the truth." Stevens, instead of Muhlenberg, should have a monument in the capital.

CHRONICLE CULLINGS.

"Through one administration:" The star-route trials.

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." But if you knew she was in the habit of getting mad why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."

Farmer Furrow is now busy raising the roof of his seven-by-nine kitchen, putting an extension to the hennery, enlarging the duck pond, whitewashing the pigstye and repainting the mosquito nettings. His advertisement, under the head of "Boarders wanted," will soon appear in the city papers.

Said a self-satisfied young man: "Really, I don't know what I shall do, with the girls all after me so. A fellow can't be absolutely rude to them, you know, even if they do follow him up and constantly force opportunities to propose, you know. I really can't marry them all, you know, and what can I do, old boy?" "Easy enough; skip out to Utah and telegraph for the whole gang," answered his practical friend.

"A tired bee," says Sir John Lubbock, "hums on E, and therefore vibrates its wings only 380 times in a second." A brisk little bee humming on A will, on the other hand, increase its vibration to 440 per second. And a very frisky little bee, with its stinger turned to the key of O, will cause the weary sojourner who happens to lay violent hands on him to imagine that its vibration is not less than 1,800,000 per second.

One of the latest lies is to the effect that the two most intelligent hens are owned by a Louisville lady, who keeps a grocery. One of them lays in the safe in the kitchen, so that the cook can always have a fresh egg for the cake; and the other lays in the grocery, so that customers may be supplied at once with a fresher article than can be got from the country. If any other ambitious amateur Ananias can do better than this let him shell out.

Another very funny story has just been told me: A well-known artist, who has been cultivating long hair in these short-hair days, went to his barber the other day to have these hyacinthe locks trimmed a little. The barber went into a long-winded Butler harangue over his work. The artist getting tired at last cried out: "Oh, cut it short; cut it short!" The barber applied this imperative ejaculation to his work in hand, and not to his word of mouth, and the artist rose from that chair shorn of his treasured locks, a sadder and a wiser man.

A Milwaukee hotel man having grown tired of numbering bedrooms, now names them. It is rather startling to hear the hotel clerk, with his quill toothpick in his mouth, call out: "Take the gentleman's baggage out of Ireland and send it up to Siberia," "Give the large gentleman and his bride the Mammoth Cave." "Give him Hard Luck." "Put him in the Chimney," "Put him in Salt Creek, or if you perfer you can go to Hades." Among the names are Showhegan, Sky Parlor, Gehenna, Vienna, Vaderland, Mayflower, Plymouth Rock.

Poor Yawcob: "You say your wife is trying to get a divorce?" said the lawyer. "Yaw," answered Hans Spreckendeutch. "Yaw, dot is so." "And now you want to sue Jacob Shneider for damages for alienating her affections?" "Yaw." "Was she a good wife?" "No, she vas a bad vomans." "Did you love her very much?" "No, I am petter midout her." "Well, if she is a bad woman and you are better without her, you are not much damaged if Jacob Schneider takes her off your hands." "Yaw, it looks like dot, ain't it? Mabbe it's better I don'd say nuttings about it. But, py shiminies, I pitties dot Yawcob Schneider.

A little awkward: Parson Whangdoodle Baxter noticed at the last prayer meeting in the Austin Blue Light Tabernacle that Gabe Snodgrass, who was working his lips like the rollers of a patent clothes-wringer as he read his Bible actually had the book upside down. "Why, Gabe, you am reading the sacred book upside down. How am dat possible?" "Dat am so, for a fac', parson. You see, parson, dis heah Bible b'longs to my wife, and I don't know how to handle it yet. Ef I jess had my own Bible heah wid me, dat I has done got de hang ob, I nebber would hab made dat mistake."

Not so very crazy: Mose Schaumburg had loaned Sam Bington $700. As Mose had not seen Sam on the streets of Austin for several days it occurred to him to call at Sam's house and find out how he was coming on. He did not see Sam, but Mrs. Bington was at home. She looked very sad and had black rings around her eyes. "I am in great distress, Mr. Schaumburg." "Vat vash de matter?" "Mr. Bingtom has lost his mind and has been taken out into the country." "Did he leave dot money mit you to pay dot note what comes due next week?" "Oh, no, Mr. Schaumburg, he is not crazy enough to do that. He has not lost his reasoning facilities entirely.

A good story is told of an old sea captain who keeps a little hotel in a northern village on the seashore, celebrated for its sands. His wife was very anxious to have a horse, an animal in which the old man took but little interest, and the old lady finally won her point, and got her horse. The steed was of a playful disposition, and used, on the least provocation, to tear madly along the shore, and succeed in "spilling" the old lady several times. At last the captain, who had never driven the animal, volunteered to break him of his vicious habits; so, getting another old "salt" to aid him, he procured a kedge anchor with a stout line attached. Fastening the end of the line around the axle, and putting the anchor into the phacton, the "fiery untamed" was harnessed, and the two men started for a drive along the shore. Soon the vicious animal espied something which gave him an excuse to run away, and immediately dashed off with frightful vivacity. The captain dropped the reins, and summoned all hands to "let go the anchor." The anchor was let go, and caught firmly in the sand. The unsuspecting quadruped pranced joyously along until he got to the end of the rope, and then he paused—paused so suddenly that the phaeton was demolished, and the two men shot up into the air like a couple of sky-rockets, coming down in a fearfully dilapidated condition.

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