

BRUDDAH JOHNSING'S SERMON.

I see a gwain' faw to take a tex' dis morain' bright and fine. 'Bout a suta leadin' principol you wants me keep in min'.

KILLING MAN EATERS.

OR years Frank Clonson, looking ruddy and muscular. He looked more like the ordinary globe-trotter than a slayer of tigers.

He arrived in this city on the steamer Gaelic, en route for London, and it was early in the forenoon that he strode into the California Hotel.

"Oh, yes," he said, in a gruff tone, when asked about his experiences as a tiger hunter, "I have bagged a good many of the beasts in my day, but there is nothing remarkable about that.

"After all," he continued, as he grasped his cane more firmly and planted his feet very wide apart, "the tigers of China are not nearly as ferocious as those of India, but they give a good deal of trouble to the natives at times.

"Hello, pop," inquired the youth, "what's the disturbance?" "Confound this razor," was the reply, "it's so dull that it pulls things out by the roots."

"I remember that engagement," said another with him in the first cavalry, "I was with him in the first cavalry."

a tiger. One day while in the counting house of our firm at Amoy two natives came in in an excited frame of mind to tell that a man had been carried off from a neighboring village the night before by a man eater.

"I had already learned something about the habits of the man eater and knew just how to go at it. From inquiry among the natives I ascertained the exact location of the lair of the tiger, and for a small compensation I succeeded in securing the services of a coolie to guide me to the place.

"Starting late in the afternoon, we made our way slowly through the jungle, and just about dusk reached the spot. Now, the night is the best time to bag a man eater, for he is then asleep, and may be shot before he is aroused. Knowing this, I had brought with me a bull's-eye lantern. Before night had set in fully I got everything in readiness and waited until it grew pitch dark.

"Just before I left China on my present trip I struck a man eater who proved to be a tough customer. He was an old fellow and had a record of about twenty victims. They sent for me and I went after him. I had with me a double-barreled rifle of large caliber. I found no difficulty in tracing him to his lair, but he gave me a narrow call before I succeeded in finishing him. The trouble was that when I found him he was awake and ferocious, apparently from the effects of hunger. I had shot so many that I thought nothing of it and gave my tiger one barrel out of my gun.

"I could tell you a great many stories if I had the time, but they have grown old to me and would be of no interest to the public," and the tiger slayer hastened away to his dinner.

A Cass avenue man with a son whose mustache and whiskers are just beginning to exert themselves, was trying to shave himself the other evening. His language on that occasion was so forcible as to attract his son's attention.

"Hello, pop," inquired the youth, "what's the disturbance?" "Confound this razor," was the reply, "it's so dull that it pulls things out by the roots."

"My boy," he said, with gentle pity, "take it away. I want something that's accustomed to cutting whiskers."

"I remember that engagement," said another with him in the first cavalry, "I was with him in the first cavalry."

GEN. CUSTER'S FATHER.

Memories of the Venerable Parent of a Gallant Soldier.

He Was a Man of Strong Prejudices, But Lovable Just the Same—Members of the Custer Family Who Perished With the General.

The recent death of Emanuel Henry Custer, father of Gen. George A. Custer, the hero of the battle of the Little Big Horn, brings vividly to the public mind the conspicuous events of that memorable year 1876.

In after years no more pathetic picture could be seen than that presented by the venerable man who, with indomitable will, proudly rode his son's war horse, Dandy, wearing the spurs and gauntlets of the unconquered, while the wide band of black crape on the hat which rested on his white head was his only outward semblance of grief.

For many years Father Custer has been content to remain within the limits of home, as comprised by the boundaries of Monroe, where he has lived since 1842. He was a native of Maryland, but lived many years in Ohio, where his son George was born at New Rumley in 1839.

Mr. Custer had for some years made his home with his son, Nevin J. Custer, and it was there that he died peacefully on November 27, 1892. His wife had preceded him, her death occurring twelve or fifteen years ago, it being hastened by grief at the death of her sons.

Mr. Custer had two persistent theories, religion and politics. He was intensely, passionately religious, and he was intensely, passionately political. There was no hesitation in either attribute. He was an ardent, impulsive Methodist, and a staunch, uncompromising democrat.

He cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, and his last for Mr. Cleveland, riding a distance of five miles in the cold bleak weather for that purpose, saying he could not die happy if his party did not elect its candidate. His death was consistent with his life, and he felt sure in his last hours that his actions were the result of an honest belief that the course he pursued was the right one.

When Father Custer was seen away from home, there was always some one to point him out and say: "There is the father of Gen. Custer." I remember seeing him at the Cyclorama of the Little Big Horn when it was here in Detroit. That terribly real semblance of the battle field had so overcome ordinary spectators that they had fainted from the effect.

"I was with him in the first cavalry," said another, "when his brother Tom was wounded in the neck."

CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

Selections Which Reflect Credit on Democracy's Choice.

Judge Gresham was a member of the cabinet of President Arthur, and there won the respect of the country. Appointed to the bench, he has there maintained the reputation gained in the cabinet. He has been a president.

John G. Carlisle has been lieutenant governor of Kentucky, speaker of the national house of representatives and senator. In the great contest for tariff reform he was from the first the most conspicuous figure in political life.

Mr. Herbert, secretary of the navy, has for years been a member of congress, and during the reconstruction of the navy has been at the head of the house committee on naval affairs. Certainly he is as well known to the country as was his predecessor four years ago.

Mr. Morton has lived in a republican state, but he has not lived in obscurity. A believer in free trade, he has preached this gospel with such effect as to make him known throughout the west, as well known certainly as Mr. Harrison's attorney general or secretary of the interior.

Mr. Bissell has been known chiefly as the partner of Mr. Cleveland, just as Mr. Miller, Mr. Harrison and Mr. McKinley were known. He has preferred law to public life, but he certainly has not lived in obscurity, and he is well enough known to make it reasonably certain that four years hence he will retire from office with a reputation at least equal to that earned during the past four years by the old law partner of the retiring president.

The new secretary of war is Mr. Lamont, succeeding Mr. Ellkins. Mr. Lamont was for four years the secretary of the president, and retiring from office he has won a high position in commercial life, and certainly cannot be classed among the unknown.

Two members remain: Mr. Smith, secretary of the interior, and Mr. Olney, attorney general. Neither of these gentlemen has been conspicuous in national affairs, but each is a man of influence in his own state. Mr. Smith is a lawyer and the editor of an influential journal and had a following strong enough to secure the voice of Georgia for Cleveland in the national convention. Mr. Olney has twice declined judicial appointments, and brings to his office a higher professional reputation than that which Judge Miller carried to Washington four years ago.

This review shows that the new cabinet is by no means an unknown cabinet; on the contrary, compared with that of Mr. Harrison's retiring ministers, it is an extremely well-known body of men. This may be illustrated by this comparison:

1. Foster Gresham. 2. Foster Bissell. 3. Wanamaker Smith. 4. Noble Herbert. 5. Tracy Olney. 6. Miller Morton. 7. Rusk Laumont. 8. Ellkins

REPUBLICAN ROTTENNESS.

Some of the Unsavory Transactions of the Harrison Administration.

The final performances of the Harrison administration have been flung far and wide into the public nostrils, a farewell puff of the peculiar variety which has characterized its doings from the outset.

Mr. Wanamaker, in opening formally the pneumatic postal system recently completed in Philadelphia, selected as the first parcel to be sent through the tubes a Bible wrapped in the American flag, and upon it the numerous labels which had been upon it the first pneumatic postal tube in the United States is to send through it a copy of the Holy Scriptures—the greatest message ever given to the world.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—John Ireland, who may succeed Gov. Hogg of Texas, in case the latter should go to the senate two years hence, is the man who was afraid that immigration to Texas would become so great as to elbow the old settlers into the sea.

—Ex-Gov. Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee is something of a philosopher. When asked about his defeat for the United States senatorship by Gen. Bate he said: "I will not cry over spilt milk nor quarrel with the cow that kicked over the pail. But I shall always believe that the pail ought not to have been kicked over."

—Mrs. Jane G. Austin, the novelist, spends her winters in Boston. Her health is not robust, but she contrives to accomplish a good amount of literary work. She has a gentle, kindly face, an abundance of white hair, and she generally dresses in black.

—The Countess Louise Cianianna, it is stated, now sells matches on the steps of the palace of Monte Citorio, where the Italian legislature meets, a body over which her husband presided as speaker some years ago.

—There will be a world's parliament of religions at the World's fair, beginning September 11. Preceding this will be a Catholic congress, which will begin September 5, and contemporaneous with it Protestant denominational congresses.

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's newest book, which is, indeed, a booklet of eight pages about "The Drury Lane Boys' Club," of London, bears the interesting inscription: "Copyright by Vivian Burnett," and is printed at the press of The Moon.

—The demand of the republican press to know who John Smith is, is becoming to a party which has elevated to cabinet positions so many unheard of men, and whose efforts proved that they were nobodies.

—The democrats are going to control the senate. Yet it was to prevent such a possibility that the new states were admitted—only three or four years ago. The millstones have done some fine grinding during the last two or three years.

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HUMOROUS.

—Lady—"I don't exactly like the frize in this room; it—" Landlady—"Mercy, the heat isn't turned on full yet."—"Inter-Ocean."

—He (about to travel)—"Do you really want me to come back soon?" She—"Well, perhaps you had better. You see, I have promised not to forget you."

—Absence of Mind—Miss Van Wouwer (benevolently)—"I haven't a cent of change, my poor man. I am so sorry! Could you change a five-dollar bill?"—Judge.

—Mother (putting the boy out of the pantry)—"How many more times will I have to tell you to keep out of that preserve jar?" Small Boy (sobbing)—"No more, mamma. They're all gone!"

—A Had Diet.—Mrs. Giddy (to her physician, who has recommended rest)—"But, you know, doctor, that variety is the spice of life." Dr. Bluff—"Maybe, madam; but people can't subsist on seasonings."—Truth.

—Harry—"Darling! I love you." Darling—"Yes, I know it, Harry; but I was in hopes you'd have some news to tell me to-night. I haven't seen a soul to-day, and I'm just dying for news."—Boston Transcript.

—Lexicographers Please Note.—Whipple—"Can you tell me just what a 'variety actress' is supposed to do?" Snapper—"I think by that name one usually refers to a person whose acting varies between bad and worse."—Puck.

—Elder Berry—"I had a long talk today with a pickpocket. He said he would reform a little later, but couldn't think of it just now." Mrs. Berry—"What is he waiting for now?" Elder Berry—"For chateleine watches to go by."

—"Something in a Name.—Little Willie—"Say, honest, are you a mulatto?" Crossheart (the artist)—"No, indeed. What gave you that idea?" "Why, Sir said you was one of the best-known black-and-white men in the country."—Truth.