THE LAFAYETTE GAZETTE.

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BRUDDAH JOHNSING'S SERMON.

I'se a-gwin' faw to take a tex' dis mornin' bright and fine,
'Bout a sutn leadin' princepul you wants ter keep in min'.
And I des will gib it to you in my motest solemn tones:
"When yoh all lives in glass houses, doan yoh git to frowin' stones."

Dah's a mitey sight of wickedness a gwyin to en frow,
And de debbie's alays on de watch faw sinnahs heah below,
So, keep yoh eye out foh yose'f, an' not foh Brudder Jones—
"When yoh all lives in glass houses, doan you git to frowin' stones."

When yoh meets a sistah comin' wif a ribbon in er hat,
Doan think the sistah's gittin' vain, faw, when it comes to dat,
Des gaze upon yoh speckled tie, an' say in humble tones:
"When yoh all lives in glass houses, dcan yoh git to frowin' stones."

If a membeh o' dis church ob mine goes strayin fum de way,
De Lawd'll sholy jedge him on de final jedgement day;
But de bred'rin all mus' he'p him faw to fin' de' straighter' path
An' scape de sutn turrers ob de Lawd's indignant wrath.

Religion is a cur'us thing in many ways an' one,
But dah's pittfalls lurkin' ebrywhah you sholy wants to shun.
If Sistah Wilson's 'sperience am told wif tears an' groans
Doan think yose'f much bettah—doan you git to frowin' stones.

Doan pestah young folks 'caze dey's young, but let 'em laugh an' smile,
Faw childen's laugh like flowahs come bright springin' fum de sile;
An' de sweetes' kind ob music is de vespahs dat am sung
In de hahts o' men and wimmin in de days when dey am young.

Keep charity faw ebery one—doan jedge yoh fellowmen,
But leab it all to dat one Pow'r who'll jedge de people when
We cross de shinin' ribbah in de mansions ob de blest,
Whah the wicked cease fum troublin', an' de weary am at rest.

So lissen what I'ze tellin' yoh, an' take it to yoh, haht,
An' make dis bressed tex' o' mine ob daily life a paht,
And softly say it in yoh prayers when on yoh marrer-bones:
"When you all lives in glass houses, doan yoh git to frowin' stones."

—Ernest McGaffey, in Chicago Times.

KILLING MAN EATERS.

FOR years Frank Leyburn has been known as the tiger slayer of Amoy. There is not a village along the coast of China, no matter how remote from the great centers of population, to which his fame has not extended. With him the killing of the great man eaters who infest the jungles is looked upon as a pastime, and he has shot them under almost all imaginable circumstances.

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. He wrote his name in big bold letters across the page of the register, and lost no time in plunging into a bath-tub. Later he emerged from his seclusion, looking ruddy and muscular. He looked more like the ordinary globe-trotter than a slayer of tigers whose name is known throughout the Orient. In appearance he is tall and robust, with closely trimmed white beard and keen gray eyes. A long loose-fitting sack coat of gray tweed was buttoned about him, and a brown derby hat was tilted back far enough upon his head to show that he is growing slightly bald. His feet were incased in shoes of russet leather, and he carried in his hand a heavy cane, which he clung to tenaciously as he strode rapidly along.

"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. With us, don't you know, it is merely a pastime, and we hunt the tigers for the sport there is in it. Why, bless my soul, I can see no reason why anyone should care to hear about tiger hunting. With us it is ordinary sport, just as deer stalking is in America.

"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. When one of them gets a taste of human blood he at once becomes ferocious, and is never satisfied with any other diet. They become transformed into what are known as man eaters, and they hunt human beings as a cat does mice.

"Take a big man eater, for instance, and he is pretty sure to make his lair in a jungle close to a native village, avoiding the larger towns, and always on the alert to make a victim of some luckless human being who may fall in his way. It is his habit to lurk about the outskirts of the settlement, concealed in the edges of the jungle, and await his opportunity to seize a victim. Moonlight nights suit him best. At such a time he is extremely vigilant. He prowls about until he sees some belated straggler in the streets. This is the opportunity for which he has waited for hours, perhaps for days. There is the flash of a heavy body in the moonlight, a cry of terror, a brief struggle and the man eater is off for his lair in the jungle, bearing the helpless body of a human being in his massive jaws. Months later, it may be, the bones are found in the dense undergrowth.

"When I went to China twenty years ago I had already some experience in hunting big game, and I wanted to kill 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. This was just the opportunity I had been waiting for. Taking out a heavy express rifle which I had brought from London with me, I took the two natives to act as guides and started out. On reaching the village I found everything in an uproar. The natives, who are timid, were paralyzed with fear, and scarcely dared to venture out of their houses unless in the middle of the day.

"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. Having in the meantime located the exact position of the lair, I left my guide, who, by this time, was almost terror-stricken, behind me, and on my hands and knees crept through the jungle. By the cautious use of my lantern I found the lair. Turning on the light, I was a little startled to discover the huge beast curled up and sound asleep. His head was resting on his paws and squarely facing me. As I prepared to level my rifle at him he stirred uneasily. Turning the light full upon him, he raised his head, but before he was thoroughly aroused I sent a ball from my rifle crashing through his brain. By good fortune I had struck him squarely between the eyes. There was a feast of rejoicing in the village when I returned with the skin.

"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. Most unaccountably I missed him clean, and his eyes fairly blazed. Lashing the ground with his tail, he sprang toward me like a flash. As he was in the air I let go with the other barrel and struck him in the left shoulder, the heavy ball penetrating to his heart. He fell at my feet, and so close was he that before he died I could feel his hot breath upon me. It was the most

I LET GO WITH THE OTHER BARREL.

narrow escape that I ever had. When measured the tiger was found to be almost twelve feet in length, and his claws were one and three-quarter inches in length. I had the latter mounted and distributed them among my friends.

"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.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Cutting Remark.

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."

"Try mine," suggested the boy, producing his steel.

The father looked at his son's downy face and at the razorlet in his hand.

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

Haste Makes Waste.

Little Laura and her brother Ollie have been encouraged in the habit of racing at their toilet in the morning. Ollie always wins, for he has little else than a shirt waist and a pair of breeches to put on, while Laura's attire is a great deal more elaborate and plentiful than that. Nevertheless, Laura is ambitious, and she doesn't lose heart by frequent defeat.

One morning she played stratagem in order to win the race. She and her brother had just got out of bed and as they were getting ready to begin dressing she turned to him with an arch expression and said, coaxingly:

"Ollie, you know that haste makes waste, and if you hurry now you'll waste your time."

Ollie was victorious just the same.—Boston Herald.

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.

[Special Detroit (Mich.) Letter.]

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. Father Custer, as he was familiarly called by his townspeople at Monroe, Mich., has been a figure of interest for many years. It would have been bereavement enough to have

FATHER CUSTER RIDING DANDY.

lost the brave and gallant soldier George, but in that brief and terrible battle Mr. Custer lost three sons, a son-in-law and a grandson. With all this burden of sorrow the strong spirit of the father was not utterly crushed. In losing his son George, he lost the companion of his middle life, the boy who had inherited from him a marvelous intensity of purpose, a strong, passionate moral nature, and the fearlessness of a heroic spirit.

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. People who did not believe as he did in either way he would not even argue with, unless the argument was all on his side. His boys liked to stir their father up by predicting political disaster, in a spirit of fun, but they were soon compelled to show their true colors, or hear a convincing and forcible statement of the situation, given with the power and charm of a native orator. His positive character would brook no weakness of profession—he was outspoken himself and had the courage of his convictions, and he expected all the members of his family to be equally sincere.

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

MRS. ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER.

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. Yet this brave old man regarded the scene of carnage with a calm and stately courage that was truly wonderful. While he sat and watched the scene a man who wore the badge of a Michigan cavalryman touched him on the shoulder:

"Excuse me, comrade. You are Gen. Custer's father."

"Yes," said the fine old man, with a glow of pride at his hero's name, "he was my son."

"I was with Gen. Custer when he made that raid out of Winchester, and broke through Early's lines," said the cavalry man.

Then another came up:

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

"I remember that engagement," said Mr. Custer, as if repeating a matter of history. "Tom brought that necktie home, and I have it yet."

"Let me speak to Gen. Custer's father. My son fought under him," said an elderly woman in black, coming forward.

"He fought under a good man, then," said Mr. Custer, in his quiet way.

As he passed out some men wearing the grand army badges gave him almost an ovation. I knew him, and as I saw his face paling I said:

"Oh, Mr. Custer! they are glad to see you—how pleased they are."

"It isn't for me," he said, and I noticed that his voice was husky; "they are thinking of *him*—and so am I."

He was very fond of his only daughter, Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, and Gen. Custer's widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Bacon Custer, and these ladies were with him when he died, Mrs. Calhoun going from Lansing, Mich., where she is state librarian, and Mrs. Custer from her home in New York. When the two lived temporarily here in Detroit Father Custer used to come to visit them, and it was amusing and pathetic to see the interesting trio engaged in the amusements of an evening.

However much they smiled or talked when their attention was concentrated on what was around them, there was always a sad preoccupation or a feverish restlessness when the attention was withdrawn. Then it was that those who knew bowed their heads and felt the infinite pity of it—and looked upon these as set apart and consecrated through a national loss and sorrow.

But they could be very jolly, too, at times, and perplex staid, practical Father Custer with their jokes at his expense, and even make merry over occasional reminiscences of greater jokes perpetrated by "Artie," their pet name for the general.

It is not generally known that two brothers of Gen. Custer were killed with him. One only is mentioned particularly, Tom, the younger brother. The other one was Boston Custer. The youthful Artie Reed was a grandson of Mrs. Custer by a former marriage. Boston Custer and Artie Reed were not in Gen. Custer's command, but were west for a visit, and for their health, and accompanied their gallant relative as volunteers, having entire confidence in his ability to engage safely in the con-

MRS. MARGARET CUSTER CALHOUN.

flict. Lieut. James Calhoun, the brilliant young officer, was the husband of Gen. Custer's sister Margaret, or Maggie, as her fond brother always called her. Thus five of the Custer family perished in that brief and bloody battle. It was then that the strong religious nature of Father Custer asserted itself most valiantly, and while he mourned for his boys it was not as one without hope. He loved to recount their noble deeds; to dwell on their home life, and the days of their boyhood. That he was proud of his "yellow-haired laddie," was not to be gainsaid, for he saw in him all his fondest hopes realized.

"George made himself what he was without anyone's assistance," he said once to the writer of this paper. "He asked me once to see Congressman Bingham about getting him an appointment at West Point. Bingham and I were opposed politically, and I didn't want to ask him to do anything for me or mine. But the first thing I knew George had the appointment—he stole a march on his father and asked Bingham himself. And I knew that Bingham was always glad and proud that he gave it to him. It makes me sad every time I look at this picture and think of my three boys who were killed in one day."

If Father Custer had lived until December 10, 1892, he would have completed his eighty-sixth year.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Are These the Old Aztec Mines?

According to advices received in Chihuahua during the last few days there is no abatement in the mining excitement near Ures, in the state of Sonora, over the rich gold finds that were made there a few weeks ago. It is estimated that the new camp now has a population of 15,000 people, mostly Mexicans, with a few American prospectors from the southern part of Arizona. Traces of old workings have recently been discovered, and this fact gives color to the belief that the long-lost mines of fabulous richness of the Aztecs are about to be rediscovered. There has been no trouble so far between the prospectors and the Yaqui Indians, although the latter view with sullen silence the encroachments upon their domain.

Bridging the Channel.

New plans have been made for the projected bridge across the English channel, and the promoters will apply to parliament this session for power to go ahead with its construction. The engineers are Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker. The length of the bridge has been reduced about three miles, and the number of piers has been reduced from 121 to 72. The cantilever system is proposed. The greatest span will be 1,640 feet. The masonry piers are to be 147 feet long and 66 feet broad. The cost is estimated at £32,750,000.

Reason in All Things.

Bingo (at breakfast)—Seems to me those waffles come up very slow.

Mrs. Bingo—My dear, the cook hasn't had her breakfast yet.—Judge.

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 presidential possibility within the republican party for eight years, and last summer declined the presidential nomination from a party which cast over a million votes. Mr. Gresham may or may not be popular with the republican editors, but certainly he is not "unknown."

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. He was in two conventions a possible candidate for president, and could no doubt have been chief justice had he desired the position.

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's partner in Indianapolis, was 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. Elkins. 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	Carlisle.
3.	Wanamaker	Bissell.
4.	Noble	Smith.
5.	Tracy	Herbert.
6.	Miller	Olney.
7.	Rusk	Morton.
8.	Elkins	Lamont.

But more than this is shown by this comparison: the new cabinet brings into public life a new element; it represents a younger generation of men; it is made up, not of wornout party "hacks," but of vigorous, progressive, determined men; men of conviction, whose faces are turned to the future, not to the past. The cabinet is something of a surprise to our republican friends, but it is representative of the very elements which surprised the same gentlemen at the polls last November, and it is certain that it commands the entire approval of the people who elected Mr. Cleveland president, for it gives them full assurance that the promises of the platform are to become living realities.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

REPUBLICAN ROTTENNESS.

Some of the Unsavory Transactions of the Harrison Administration.

The final performances of the Harrison administration are well calculated to waft into the public nostrils a farewell puff of the peculiar flavor which has characterized its doings from the outset. Thus, 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 put upon it the unctuous label: "The first use of 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. Covering the Bible is the American flag—the emblem of freedom of sixty-five millions of happy people." Probably this is the last appearance in our national official life of this most unpleasant combination of piety, politics and bargain-counter literature—at least, let us hope it is. Nothing like it was ever seen before in this or any other country. While his postmaster general was rounding out his official term in this fitting manner, President Harrison was improving the shining hour at Washington in distributing as favors among his friends such public offices as he could get hold of before his successor came in. In order that his private secretary might not be left without a job after March 4, he appointed him a paymaster in the regular army, thereby committing an act of gross injustice to members of the army in line of promotion—being "just in time" with this as with his Chilian and Hawaiian messages, for there is a bill pending in congress forbidding such appointments. After doing this he heard of two editorial friends of his in Iowa who were intending to get married and wished to make foreign tours as bridal trips, but could not afford to do so at their own expense. Finding two consulships at his disposal, he gave each of them one, said: "Bless you my children!" and the two couples will sail away presently at the public expense. The fact that the new consuls will not reach their posts before April 1, and consequently only get there in time to return, was not considered in the matter. Public office will no longer be a public trust at Washington, and goodness knows it may be many a year before a Harrison gets a whack at the offices again. Let us make our hay while the sun shines, and wave the American flag vigorously while doing so.—N. Y. Post.

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

The Treasury After Four Years of Republican Misrule.

The republican organs that pretend to have discerned a weakening of Mr. Cleveland's purpose to secure a reform of the tariff probably do not deceive themselves. They certainly will not deceive the country. The man who risked defeat for an otherwise sure reelection to the presidency by forcing the issue of tariff reform because he believed it to be right, and who has adhered steadfastly to that issue ever since, is not at all likely to weaken in its support now that he has been sustained by the people and put in power to carry out his policy.

To the sneering inquiry whether Mr. Cleveland now thinks that "it is a condition that confronts us, not a theory," the reply is: "Yes, but, thanks to republican profligacy and misrule, the condition is different and more perilous."

When Mr. Cleveland spoke in 1887 the condition was this: "A surplus of $60,000,000 in the treasury and an annual revenue of $100,000,000 in excess of the needs of the government; a strong gold reserve; a silver coinage which the business of the country absorbed without serious consequences, and a war tariff after twenty-five years of peace.

To-day, after four more years of republican rule, the condition is this: An exhausted treasury; a revenue insufficient to meet the expenses of the government; the free gold reduced to $8,000,000, three-fourths of which has been loaned by the banks; a compulsory silver purchase and paper inflation which have driven gold out of the country and impaired public confidence, and a worse than war tariff that has been twice condemned by the country.—N. Y. World.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

——President Harrison's system of making appointments and promotions in the army is another thing that cannot be too speedily dispensed with.—N. Y. World.

——Mr. Cleveland struck a happy medium as to the age qualification in his cabinet. The members are neither too old for action nor too young for wise counsel.—Kansas City Star.

——The republicans have certainly on the average had hard luck with the new states they admitted with the expectation of making permanent their rule in the senate.—Denver Sun.

——Much as they would like to do it, the republican senators cannot overrule the action of the people of the country in placing the democratic party in sole control of the government.—Sioux City Tribune.

——The demand of the republican press to know who Hoke Smith is, is not becoming to a party which has elevated to cabinet positions so many unheard of men, and whose efforts proved that they were nobodies.—St. Paul Globe.

——When Harrison goes out he will not leave enough money in the treasury to pay pensions for a single quarter. He has done his best to leave the democrats a deficiency, accruing within a few weeks after he gets out.—St. Louis Republic.

——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. Indeed, ever since "reconstruction" days.—Hartford Times.

——The republican papers are pointing to the fact that a number of the great trusts have exploded as an indication of the greatness of the republican policy. The next thing they will be charging that the trusts were gotten up by the democratic party as a means of knocking the republican party out of power.—St. Paul Globe.

——Nothing so strikingly measures the force of the political revolution we have just passed through as this overturn of the senate. The republicans two years ago counted on holding that body for ten years, no matter what happened to their popular majorities in the congressional and presidential fields.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

——President Harrison has appointed Myron M. Parker to be a member of the board of commissioners of the District of Columbia. Myron M. Parker is a man who was removed from office by President Grant because of his connection with the Star-Route swindling. President Harrison is more fortunate in his appointments when he chooses democrats.—N. Y. World.

——Mr. Cleveland is pursuing steadily his policy of establishing from the first a business administration upon which, in all its parts, he and the country can depend. Senator Carlisle loses all that is attractive in his political career to accept the most arduous duties of government for the next four years. His department must bear the heaviest part of the tariff and financial policy and these two matters far outrank all others in gravity and difficulty. Mr. Bissell's name is criticized only in New York state, and no other reason is assigned except that he may be beyond the cajoleries of the machine. Since the democratic party has been impatient for the day to arrive when the New York machine would have less to do with national politics, this criticism is a fine recommendation of Mr. Bissell. So far Mr. Cleveland has not made a mistake.—Kansas City Times.

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."

—Ex-President Hayes invented an ingenious method of shaking hands with a crowd. He once made a short speech to 10,000 people in Columbus, regretting that he could not shake hands with everyone present. "But I have a plan," said Hayes. "I'll hold up my hand, and when I shake everyone shake." He did it, and it seemed as though 10,000 hands went up.

—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 genial, kindly face, an abundance of white hair, and she generally dresses in black. "A Nameless Nobleman" was the first book written by Mrs. Austin, and contained the story of her great grandfather's life.

—The Countess Louise Cianciana, 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. The count was also one of Garibaldi's most distinguished associates, mayor of Rome, etc., all of which is duly set forth upon a placard which the countess wears hung around her neck while having matches for sale.

—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. Among the speakers will be Mozoomdar, representing progressive Hinduism, and a scholar appointed by the Chinese government to represent Confucianism. Let all the religious world unite on all that is best for the purpose and press it for all that it is worth.—N. Y. Herald.

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's newest book, which is, indeed, a booklet of eighty 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. Mrs. Burnett explains that her new publisher is a relation by marriage, and that the son Vivian, who is but a lad, publishes a little paper, which is called The Moon, as a less ambitious title than The World, The Sun or The Star. Mrs. Burnett adds to her reputation as a woman of great literary genius the still more honorable fame of a wise and devoted mother.

HUMOROUS.

—Lady—"I don't exactly like the frieze 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 Wouver (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 Bad 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 chatelaine watches to go out."

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

—"You were gone a good while," said the invalid to her husband, who had been to the drug store; "it must have taken the clerk a good while to put up the prescription?" "I don't know; I think he must have spent a good deal of the time putting up the price."—Washington Star.

—"I don't know what has come over our son since he went to work in a shoestore," said Mrs. Blaggins. "He was looking at a calendar and he spoke of the figure '6' as '3' and '4' as '2.' His mind must be going." "Oh," replied her husband, "that's all right. They have put him to work selling shoes to the lady customers."—Washington Star.

—An Afterthought.—Before bidding her good-night he begged to be permitted to kiss her. "Oh, no," she said. "I could not permit such a thing. Besides, somebody might see us." "That's true," he said. There was a pause, after which she said, with a light laugh: "How quiet it is here. There appears to be nobody about."—N. Y. Press.