

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 7, 1891.

THE PREACHER'S VACATION.

The old man went to meetin' for the day was bright and fair,
Though his limbs were very totterin' and
'twas hard to travel there;
But he hungered for the gospel, so he trudged
the weary way.
On the road so rough and dusty, 'neath the
summer's burning ray.

By and by he reached the building, to his soul
a holy place;
Then he passed and wiped the sweat drops off
his skin and wrinkled face.
But he looked around bewildered, for 'twas the
old bell did not toll;
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he did
not see a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches and he says
"What does it mean?"
And he looked this way and that, till it almost
seemed a dream;
He had walked the dusty highway and breath-
ed a heavy sigh
Just to come once more to meetin' ere the
summons came to die.

But he saw a little notice tacked upon the
meetin' door,
So he wiped along to read it, and read it o'er
and o'er.
Then he looked at the dusty glasses, and he read
it o'er again.
Till his limbs began to tremble and his eyes
began to pain.

As the old man read the notice how it made
his spirit reel,
'Twas "Pastor absent on vacation, church closed
till his return."
Then he staggered slowly backward, and he
sat him down to think.
For his soul was stirred within him, till he
thought his heart would sink.

So he mused aloud and wondered, to himself
soliloquized,
'I have lived to almost eighty, and was never
so surprised.
As I read the oddest notice, stickin' on the
meetin' door—
'Twas "Pastor off on a vacation"—never heard the like
before.

"Why, when I first joined the meetin' very many
years ago,
Preachers traveled on the circuit, in the heat
and through the snow;
If they got their clothes and wittals ('twas but
little cash) they got,
They said nothing 'bout vacation, but were
happy in their lot.

"Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the
shepherd leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or pro-
vide them food to eat?
So it strikes me very singular that a man of
holly hands
Thinks he needs to have vacation, and forsakes
his flock and lambs.

"Did St. Paul get such a notion? Did a Wesley
or a Knox
Did they in the heat of summer turn away
their needy flocks?
Did they shut their meetin' houses, just to go
and lounge about?
Why, they knew that if they did, Satan certain-
ly would shout.

"Do the taverns close their doors, just to take
a little rest?
Why, 'twould be the height of nonsense, for
their trade would be distressed.
Did they ever know it happen, or hear anyone
say,
'Satan takin' a vacation, shuttin' up the doors
of hell?"

"And shall preachers of the gospel pack their
trunks and go away,
Leavin' saints and sinners left along as best
they may?
Are the souls of saints and sinners valued less
(than selling their souls for sin?)
Or do preachers tire out quicker than the rest
of mortals here?"

"Why it is I cannot answer, but my feelin's
are stirred;
Here I've dragged my totterin' footsteps for
to hear gospel word.
But the preacher is a travellin', and the meet-
in' house is closed.
I confess it's very tryin', hard indeed to keep
composed.

"Tell me, when I tread the valley and go up
the shinin' height,
Will I hear no angels singin'—will I see no
gleamin' light?
Will the den thurs be silent—will I meet
no welcome there?
Why, the thought is most distractin', 'twould
be more than I could bear.

"Tell me, when I reach the city, over on the
other shore,
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the
golden door,
Tellin' me, 'mid a peaceful silence, writ in words
that out and burn—
'Jesus absent on vacation, Heaven closed till
His return'?"

CHLOE.

There was a great noise! Shouts—
hoarse, shrill, sweet, harsh! The deep
base of young men; the feeble quaver-
ing of old ones; the silvery tones of
women; the high falsetto of children;
all mingling in delight and exultation;
and without a shadow of pity for the
miserable wretches whose lives were
passing slowly out of their mangled
bodies through a score of wounds. The
late afternoon sun beat down hotly on
thousands of heads, save where on one
side friendly walls afforded a shelter
from its rays. In the great open arena
—the sky its only canopy—a haze of
dust, with the heavy vapors always at-
tendant upon a vast concourse of people,
made the atmosphere so hard to
breathe that the multitude gasped with
the effort between its shouts.

Fans waved in a thousand bejeweled
hands, but the artificial current of air
thus created was hardly perceptible.
It was hot—strangely hot, and any-
thing but a Mexican audience, which
had just witnessed the slaughter of one
of the fiercest and gamest bulls that
ever put a matador in deadly peril,
would long ago have left the building.
"That matador is a brave fellow.
How neatly he found the heart with
one plunge below the shoulder. He
handles his sword like a master, eh,
senor?" said a dark visaged, power-
fully built Mexican, as he lanned himself
with his large sombrero, and looked in
the face of a quiet looking, well dressed
man his side.

"Yes, he is a skillful swordsman,
undoubtedly," was the reply of the well
dressed man, in unmistakable northern
accents.
And then the carcasses of the wretch-
ed horses killed under the picadors, to-
gether with that of the bull which had
furnished most of the entertainment,
having been dragged out of sight and
the sawdust raked over and smoothed
down, the picadors, banderillas, chulos
and matador, ready for another fray,
filed into the open space in their gaudy
trappings, and, with cloaks, darts,
spears and other accoutrements dis-
played, bowed to the spectators, took
up their respective positions and pre-
pared for the onslaught of the last bull
to be killed that day.

The sport went on. The picadors,
on their old, broken down horses, cir-
cled around the miserable bull brought

out to be baited, and teased him into a
rage, with the assistance of the ban-
derillos, who deftly planted their sharp
goads, ornamented with rosettes, in the
bull, until he was covered with flutter-
ing ribbons. The shulos, with their
gaudy cloaks, did their part in attract-
ing the bull's attention when the sport
waxed dangerously warm for its tor-
mentors. Then, at last, the dignified
matador, red cloak on arm and long,
cruel rapier ready for action, appeared,
gave the foaming, wearied bull his coup
de grace, received the plaudits of the
audience gracefully and retired as the
building slowly emptied itself.

The well dressed man, with the
northern accent, had sat through the
performance quietly and with the air
of one who had nothing particular to
do or he would not have been there.
Sunday bullfights evidently interested
him but slightly. His eyes were turned
toward the arena, because from his
seat it was easier to look in that direc-
tion than in any other, but any one
could have seen that his thoughts were
far away.

"Edward Payson," he was saying to
himself, as a scornful smile passed over
his handsome features, "what are you
doing here with that letter in your
pocket, showing you how foolish you
are in putting off your happiness? Be-
cause you have been an exile for ten
years, is it necessary for you to stay
away from home another ten years,
when the one girl you ever loved be-
seches you to return? If she did tell
you then that what you hoped could
never be, can you not believe that she
was mistaken in her own heart, and
that long absence has taught her that
she does care for you? What other
construction is to be put on the words
in her letter?"

Edward Payson drew a letter from
his pocket and looked at it earnestly,
just as the bull in the ring transfixed a
horse with one of its long horns, and
buried the other in the arm of the un-
lucky picador on his back. Through
all the hubbub of shouting that follow-
ed this incident, Edward Payson seemed
to witness a scene very different from
that spread before him. The letter, with
the supercription in a refined,
ladylike hand, had awakened a flood
of memories that swept everything pres-
ent away.

He saw a large, well kept lawn,
fringed by sycamore, maple and oak,
with the bright red of the sumach and
the delicate white of the syringa re-
lieving their somber shadows. He saw
the massive architecture of a stone
mansion, half hidden by the Virginia
creepers and ivy which clung lovingly
to its rugged walls. He saw the home
of a noble Virginia family, with the
simplicity of a republic enriched by the
lavish taste of a race still authorized
by the college of heraldry to display a
shield with sixteen quarters. He saw
in the distance the colored laborers
working in the fertile fields. He
saw the whole picture in a golden
frame of still summer weather, and he
could almost feel on his cheek the gen-
tle breeze from the Rappahannock as
it rolled slowly past on its way to the
sea.

The bull had broken away now and
was dashing wildly around on the blood
stained sawdust, with its hot eyes fixed
on a picador waiting for the attack,
while the multitude howled with excite-
ment.

But Edward Payson paid no heed,
he saw coming out of the front door
of the mansion and surveying him with
a saucy smile, as she stood on the ver-
anda, a young girl in her teens, with a
wealth of chestnut brown hair glistening
in the morning sun. Her garden hat
was swung carelessly by the ribbons
from her hand, and the brown hair,
just stirred by the breeze, seemed to
ripple in harmony with the impulsive
good nature expressed in her sweet face.
The clear cut features, softened by an
utterly unselfish disposition, were those
of a natural aristocrat—the aristocracy
which holds itself above paltry action
and supercilious assumption, because
it cannot help it.

He saw the girl run laughingly
down the steps and accept his invita-
tion for a stroll through the trees and
shrubbery beyond the flowers beds and
lawn, and then—he saw her face as
she told him that sisterly regard was
all that she could ever feel for him, but
that Chloe Payson would never cease
to pray for his welfare as long as she
lived.

"I was a fool," he muttered impa-
tiently, as the noise accompanying the
slaughter of the bull in the arena
awoke him from his reverie. "If in-
stead of weakly despairing and leaving
everybody and everything in old Vir-
ginia to come here among a strange
people, I had staid and faced my fate
like a man, who knows?"

He moved out of the great, hot, am-
phitheater with the letter still in his
hand. The streets were at their gay-
est, with all the action and bright col-
or characteristic of a Mexican city on
Sunday afternoon. Richly dressed
ladies, with the lace mantilla thrown
over their dark hair; gentlemen in
American cut frock coats and broad
sombros; female beggars and flower
sellers, each with the inevitable baby
fastened to her back by a gay hued ro-
boto; policemen, workmen, dogs,
horses, carriages and the great mass of
the population crowded the main ave-
nues and rendered locomotion necessar-
ily deliberate.

Edward Payson made his way to his
room in a quiet street, and for the
twentieth time read the letter he had
received the day before.

GREENFIELD, Va., June—188—
MY DEAR—Why do you not come
back? Why do you stay away so long
from the old home? It is ten years
that you have been away, and I only
found out last week where you were.
What made you go away so suddenly
without saying good by to anybody?
I ought not to forgive you, but I do.
You should have thought that perhaps
the trouble which made you go might
not have been so bad after all, and
that people may not have meant all
they said. No one knows that I am
writing you this letter, and perhaps I

ought not to do it, but I am longing to
see my boy again and I do not care
what folks may say. Do not wait to
write, but come. CHLOE PAYSON.

A week later Edward Payson stood
in the grove of sycamores, oaks and
maples, looking at the stone mansion
of which he had been thinking so sad-
ly amid the heat, dust and noise of the
Mexican amphitheater. It was just
such a morning of which he had dream-
ed. The sun was shining brightly, and
the low hum of insects mingled with
the shiver of the leaves over his head,
as if trying to soothe him and quiet the
fierce beating of his heart.

"How natural the old house looks,
What a little change has been made
here in ten years. It looks the same
as it did yesterday. I wonder what
my uncle will say to me. I wish Chloe
had said something about him. We
had a rather serious quarrel, I remem-
ber, the day before I left him. Per-
haps he will tell me to go back again
and resume the vagrant life that I know
I have been leading. No, he
would hardly say that to the son of his
only brother, after his sacred promise
that brother to be as a father to me
as long as we both lived.

Besides he was always hot headed,
and no doubt forgave me almost before
I was out of the room. Ah, well, I
shall soon know, and what do I care,
so that Chloe has a welcome for me?
It was near this spot that she spoke to
me so kindly, and yet, oh, so coldly,
when she told me that we—us—
could never be lovers. Ah! There
she is surely."

His breath came short as he caught
sight of a white dress at one of the
open windows under the veranda roof.
He could not see the face of the wearer
because a tangled mass of creepers hung
in the way, but he knew it could be no
one else save the girl, as he loved still
to think her whom he had come thou-
sands of miles to see. The white dress
moved away, and he walked slowly
across the lawn, nothing on every hand
familiar objects that brought back his
youth in a flood of fragrance.

How weak he felt as he ascended the
steps to the veranda. Where was
Chloe? Would she come to the door?
He pulled the bell handle and heard
the clang that he remembered so well
resounding through the house. He
could see it in his mind's eye swinging
near the rear of the long hall that ran
straight through from the front door
to that opening on the yard at the back,
where the old cook's cabbages and to-
matos were carefully tended, and
where it was as much as one of the
kitchen girls' life would have been
worth to trespass. He remembered
how the old bell had, to his youthful
imagination, possessed ghostly attri-
butes, and how he used to fancy it
moved of itself in the dusk of the eve-
ning, shaking its head in mockery and
threatening to swallow him up into its
rusty throat.

Listen! There is a step in the hall.
Somebody is coming. The door open-
ed a little way, and the flutter of a
white dress caught his eye. Impatient-
ly he pushed the door wide open and
put out his hand to take that of Chloe.
"Why, Mas' Edvard! El I didn't
tink you'd come back to yo' pool o' un-
tie," and two black hands, in white
sleeves, were placed on Edward Pay-
son's shoulder, as a pair of horri-
ment spectacles fell with a crash to the
floor.

"Yes, auntie, I got a letter, and I
came right back to the old place. How
are you, and how is my uncle, and how
is—?"

His voice faltered, but the old wo-
man did not appear to notice it as she
answered:
"Der is all well, honey. Dere have
been few changes roun here. Come in
and let me give you somethin' to eat.
I've got some hot co'n cakes, like yer
usteger git when yo was a boy. Come
along, when yo's done gone away for
all day."

"Oh, Auntie, I want you to"—said a
child's voice, and a little girl with sun-
ny golden hair came running along the
hall just as Edward Payson used to
run some thirty years before. She
stopped when she saw him and clung
close to the flustered old woman while
she looked inquiringly at him.

"You know, Edvard, I did not know
where you had gone, but a colored man
what works for Mr. Sherwood, the
butcher, he was here and he tol me he
heard as ye was in Mexico. And I
thought you'd had a little quarrel with
yo' uncle, and 'praps you'd be too
proud to come back to me, so I wrote to
you, and so I got young Miss Mable, or
to Raleigh's place, who is just as good
as an angel to col'd folks and who
writes splendid, to write to you, and—"

"And was the letter from you?" gasped
Edward Payson, as he looked down at
the golden haired little girl, while a
terrible thought ran through his brain.
"Course it was, honey. Wa'n't it
signed Chloe Payson, and ain't dat my
name?"

"And—and—who is this little child?"
"That? Why, Miss Chloe's of course.
She was married five years ago to young
Mr. Willard, who, dey say, will be a
judge next year. He is away to-day
with yo' uncle. But come up stairs
and see Miss Chloe. What a fool I
is to keep yo here with my chatterin',
and yo' been away from her for ten years."

But Edward Payson, with some ex-
cuse—he never knew what—managed
to get away from the house and into
the sycamore and maple grove, where,
with the stones of the old house just
visible between the trees, and the ir-
radiance of the syringa hovering like
a half forgotten melody around his bowed
head, he threw himself on the ground
and nerved himself to bear such a heart
wringing as fortunately comes to but
a portion of poor humanity.

When, an hour later, he took her
hand he felt sure she understood, and
pitied him, though not a word on the
subject of his hopeless love has ever
passed her lips—or his.—George C.
Jenks in Pittsburg Bulletin.

—The peculiar enervating effect of
summer weather is driven off by Hood's
Sarsaparilla, which "makes the weak
strong."

A Romantic Journalistic Career.

The London Star is authority for the
statement that the career of Mr. John
Lovell, the editor-in-chief of the Liver-
pool Mercury is one of the most roman-
tic in the history of English journalism.
His father, a man of solid sense and im-
movable honesty, was a well known shoe-
maker at Guildford, and John, the eld-
est of seven children, never had more
than six months' schooling, and went
out to work at the age of ten. He tried
his hand, as a boy, at the grocery, bak-
ing, and drapery business, but felt early
in none of them. But when he was
about fifteen his employer purchased a
lot of waste paper from the establish-
ment of a London publisher, and John,
in rummaging about, was delighted to
discover fragments of Oliver Twist and
David Copperfield.

Reading how David learnt shoethand,
young Lovell determined to acquire the
art himself. One of his uncles being a
stationer in Guildford, John obtained
from him Putnam's six-penny book.
By-and-by he made an effort to connect
himself with the press, and just when
he was giving up all hope, he received
a letter from the editor of the Surrey
Standard offering him the post of dis-
tinct reporter at a magnificent stipend
of five hundred a week, which he eagerly
accepted. At this time he was ad-
vised to read Addison's Spectator, and
acting on the advice, he copied out in
short-hand every paper in the eight vol-
umes, afterward transcribing them into
long hand, with punctuation. At
twenty-three he married and became
connected with the Sheffield Times.
Before his first year in Sheffield had ex-
pired the paper was boycotted by the
trade union of the town, and the busi-
ness burst up in a fortnight. In this
dilemma he existed for a time on the pro-
ceeds of sermon writing, but ultimately
obtained the post of third reporter on
the Birmingham Post, from which posi-
tion he rapidly rose to be assistant editor.

During this time he had educated
himself up to a point which would have
entitled him to a university degree, and
had ambitions in literature. This led
him in 1868 to accept the editorship of
Casell's Magazine, which he left short-
ly after to take the management of the
Press Association, which is truly Mr.
Lovell's own child. The establishment
of this association was a tremendous
piece of work, and ran into mountains
of figures and details. In 1880 Mr.
Lovell was offered the chair of the Liver-
pool Mercury, one of the plums of pro-
fessional journalism. Mr. Lovell is a
man with a lion heart and a big brain.
He is a faithful and generous friend,
a great collector of books, and an immense
smoker. In social life he is a brilliant
talker. His influence in Liverpool has
been very great. He is just fifty-four.

People Who Can't Get a Pass.

An interesting monthly publication
which can't be bought at any price, but
which makes mighty interesting reading
for a good many folks, has just reached
its fortieth number. It is issued "for
the exclusive use of those persons to
whom it is sent," and lest anybody else
should get hold of a copy and begin a
libel suit the publisher has omitted to
subscribe his name and address. This
publication is called the "Confidential
Memorandum," and it is issued by the
railroads for their own use. It contains
the names of persons blacklisted for
miss using pass privileges. Nineteen
of its pages are devoted to blacklisted in-
dividuals and seven pages to the names of
papers which have violated good faith
in the matter of passes. The papers on
the list are all weeklies, and include
many trade papers and one or two of
religious complexion.

The "Confidential Memorandum" is
certain not a mine words. It describes a
dozen theatrical agent as a "d. b. first
water," and boldly calls a citizen of
Houston "a fraud." There are numer-
ous clergymen on this black list. There
is one from St. Francis, Minn., who
got there because he altered and loaned
the half fare permits given him by a
railroad. Another clergyman, this one
from Santa Fe, is charged with altering
his permit so as to include his wife, and
a former member of congress got on
the list for loaning his pass, a fate shared
by a member of the Ohio legislature for
a similar reason. A Missouri clergy-
man transferred his pass to another, and
a business man of Wichita, Kan., is on
the list charged with trying to person-
ate a passholder. None of these gentle-
men will ever get more favors from any
railroad in the country.

Fighting an Official.

When M. Thiers, once president of
the French republic, revisited his native
town he found one or two old men
who had been the companions of his boy-
hood some sixty years ago, and whom
he had not seen since.

He asked one of them what he had
been doing to which the old man re-
plied, with evident satisfaction, that he
had been driving a flourishing trade in
the boot and shoe line.

"And what have you been about?" he
in his turn asked of M. Thiers.
The latter explained that he was the
ex-president of the republic.
"What," ejaculated his companion.
"Are you that Thiers? My poor friend,
how I pity you!"

Edwin Booth Dying.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., July 28.—
There is a well authenticated rumor
here that Edwin Booth is dying from
the effects of too much smoking.
Though he is aware that it is killing
him, he cannot shake off the habit. Ex-
President and Mrs. Cleveland and
Joseph Jefferson have striven to reform
Mr. Booth in this respect and for awhile
they partially succeeded, but the habit
had too strong a hold on him and his in-
dulgence became more unrestrained
than ever. It is because of this relapse
and because he knows he cannot recover
his health that he left here suddenly on
Saturday and went to Narragansett.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"My son," said
the venerable man, as he sent his boy
forth to do battle with the world, "select
your calling, stick to that one thing
alone, and you will succeed."
The boy selected the calling of village
lawyer, struck to it faithfully, and now
he is known for miles around as the best
checker player in Pike County.

Oh, The Precious Babies.

Although Their Mothers Are Very Fond
They Are Sometimes Careless.

Oh, the precious babies! What is a
home without one? Yet, notwithstanding
they are so dear to the human heart
their fond mothers are at times very
careless of their dimpled little treasures.
This is shown every day in the week,
Sunday excepted, at some of the big re-
tail dry goods stores.

Perhaps mamma wishes to do some
shopping, and the servant has been given
"an afternoon off."

It is too fine a day to remain indoors,
so mamma puts her darling into its
wicker-work carriage and trudges it
down town to plunge herself into the
sea of bargains.
Of course she cannot take baby, cart
and all into the store. Baby must be
left outside, and there he lies in his
pambulator. Usually, however, baby
is asleep when mamma enters the store
and leaves her cherub in the big
arched roundabout doorway.

Mamma seldom seems to imagine that
there are kidnapers stalking through
the land and that her darling may be
stolen.
The other day a young mother entered
a large store in Fulton street, Brooklyn,
leaving her sleeping infant outside in its
carriage. She had not been gone more
than twenty minutes when baby awoke.
Scores of strange faces were around him
and he was frightened by the hum of
many voices. Up went his under lip
and the sensitive little fellow began to
sob. Soon his sob became an cry, which
quickly developed into an ear rasping
sawdust. Men got out of the range of
sound with alacrity, while women only
paused long enough to say, "Poor little
thing!" and then passed on.

Finally a sympathetic, maternally
looking woman stopped in front of the
wee but noisy boy. For a moment she
regarded him in silence and tenderly
lifted him in her arms and nestled his
plump form close to her bosom.

"Oo is somebody's little totsey totsey,
oo poor little flog, oo is," she said soothingly.
"Dere, dere, deary, don't oo
cry anymore. Mamma will come
back."

Instantly the crying ceased, but it was
for an instant only. Baby unscrewed
his eyelids, which before had been
tightly closed and gazed in speechless
wonder at the strange woman with an
untranslatable vocabulary.

One glance was enough for him. The
next moment he was making more noise
than before. With the most modern and
highly approved baby lingo the unfor-
tunate woman tried to comfort him, but
her every effort was in vain. Still the
baby squawled. The situation was be-
coming desperate, when suddenly the
child's mother hastened to the spot and
took the shrieking youngster from the
woman's grasp.

"Ruben, Ruben, my own sweet love,
what is the matter, matter, matter? Tell
your mamma, mamma dear. There,
there, there, t-h-e-e-o!"
The baby stopped crying, put his
thumb in his mouth, opened wide his
deep blue eyes, gazed with infinite satis-
faction and complacency at the crowd,
and calmly submitted to being returned
to his nest in the carriage.

Self Possession Is a Strong Trait.

There is nothing like self possession
in all emergencies. Not long ago a clever
woman was dining at a handsome
board in an interior city. She had never,
as it happened, seen lime juice offered
in the course of a meal. When the
bottle was handed around, some salad
had just been served to her, and without
giving the matter any thought she as-
sumed the liquid to be a sauce piquante
for the salad and dashed a few drops on
her lettuce hearts.

In an instant she became aware, by
that sort of intuition which is in the air
at such times, that she had done so
nothing wrong, and when she saw her
neighbor adding some of the contents of
the bottle to his glass of water, she di-
vided at once what her blunder had
been.

The meal progressed and she finished
her salad with apparent relish. Her
hostess pressed more upon her, and she
accepted a second serving. Then, with
a little air of not having everything
quite to her liking, she looked up and
down the table and signaled the waitress
"The lime juice, please," she said non-
chalantly, as if salad without lime
juice were an unpalatable dish. This bit
of adroitness at one set her in a niche
among the company as an epicure of oc-
cult and unquestioned knowledge.

A Woman With Sporting Blood.

There is a woman on the west side
whose husband wishes the races had been
run in Hindostan instead of Buffalo.
She has become an inveterate gambler.
Yesterday he came home to find his wife
discussing the price with a tramp who
wanted to bring in a cord of wood. It
seems that the price had been fixed at
thirty cents. The husband unseen lis-
tened to the conversation. "Now," said
his wife, "let's flip a coin to see whether
it shall be thirty cents or fifty cents."

The tramp won.
"Now," said he, growing in the confi-
dence that he had struck a snail, "let's
flip again to see whether it shall be a
dollar or a dollar and a half."

"Done," said the woman, too deeply
wrought in the gambling spirit to notice
that it was a case of "heads I win, tails
you lose."
Again the tramp won.
At this moment the husband, who
was beginning to see a mortgage sus-
pended over his house, interposed an
objection, to the great displeasure of the
tramp.

The story is told that while the
young German Kaiser was watching a
sham battle between some Russian
cavalry he asked the Czar for permission
to take charge of one side. It was
granted, and the Kaiser proposed to
show the Russians what a real soldier,
who was not a shopkeeper nor a tailor,
could do. While he was following
Rudow in his book on tactics the Rus-
sians surrounded his supposed army, and
he was captured. It is said he went to
his tent and would not come out for the
rest of the day.

Mrs. Custer.

I occasionally meet on the street Mrs.
Custer, wife of that great cavalry lead-
er, who was often called the "Marion"
of the civil war. She spends most
of her time in New York, earning her
living by writing for the newspapers.
Mrs. Custer is almost as much admired
as her illustrious husband was. After
she married the general she was nearly
always by his side. For two years she
virtually sat in Washington with her
valise in hand, waiting to go to the
front. She was always the first woman
in camp after a battle, and would have
delighted to have followed her gallant
husband in his impetuous onsets upon
the enemy. She never seemed to know
what fear was, and many times put her-
self in great peril. She was in Rich-
mond two days before her husband
reached there, and almost before the
sounds of the guns had ceased to rever-
berate about the confederate capital.
Just after the surrender, when her
husband came up from Nettaway
Court House to take up his headquarters,
he remarked "that it looked pretty
bad for a general to be beaten into
Richmond by his wife, after he had
been trying for four years to get there
first."

Of course, Custer, like all other sol-
diers, died poor, and his wife and fam-
ily are practically without resources,
except the pension of \$50 a month that
the government has granted.
Mrs. Custer has a great many relics of
the war, left her by her husband and
given to her by different officers of the
army. Besides possessing the first flag
of truce the confederates brought into
our line, at the beginning of Lee's sur-
render, she has the flag of truce carried
by her husband into the confederate
lines. She also has much valuable data
about the military arm of our service
that has never been given to the
public. It is really a pity that a fair
history of this branch of the service has
not yet been written, or even seriously
contemplated. I was pleased to learn
that she is getting a good income from
her books and other writings.—New
York Star.

Heathen Rites.

The corner of Jackson and Dupont
streets witnessed as heathenish a scene
recently as any four corners of Chin-
atown ever presented.

It was about 10.30 o'clock in the
forenoon, and the narrow thoroughfares
were crowded, but the crowd made no
difference to the Mongols who had gathered
there to perform their heathenish
rites. First a bonfire was built in the
middle of the street, then a big wooden
idol fully three feet tall was carried out
and placed in the center of the flames.
Twenty-four bowls of rice were laid out
in a circle about the fire; six bowls of
fat came next, and then four roasted
chickens.

A crowd of Chinese gathered with un-
covered heads. First one saluted the
idol, then another, then all together.
A shout was sounded until those in
the distance thought a boiler factory had
started up near by.

The big idol grinned and grinned and
grinned, and did nothing but grin, al-
beit the flames were fast consuming his
godly person. And as the idol grinned
the heathen worshipers grinned, until
it became a grinning match all around.

"Him bad luckee," said Tin Chum,
who was asked to explain the queer per-
formances. It seems that the family of
Bob Ding Lee were consuming an old
patron idol of the family because he
brought ill fortune on the house. Last
week Bob Chee was locked up as a va-
let, and on Wednesday Bob Ding
fell ill and died. So