

## ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Celebrating the Sixty-third Anniversary of the Great Commander's Birth.

Gen. U. S. Grant was sixty-three years old on Monday, the 27th of April, and the anniversary of his birth was celebrated in many cities and informally observed throughout the country. Flags were displayed, and cannon boomed as when the people celebrated his great victories during



*U. S. Grant*

the war, or when they gathered in great crowds to welcome him on his return from his trip around the world. Thousands of congratulatory messages were sent to the old commander, and his name was on all lips. The event was quietly observed by the family of the stricken General at their home in New York.

### Gen. Grant's Family.

It is a curious fact that the General and his wife, formerly Miss Dent, never lost a child. Of the four that bless their union all are alive, and have been with him throughout his dangerous illness. They are Col. Fred Dent Grant, aged 34; U. S. Grant, Jr., commonly known as "Buck" Grant, 31; Nellie (Mrs. Sartoris), 28; and Jesse Grant, youngest, who is but 24. All of the children married, and all have children. Col. Fred Grant married Miss Ida Honore, of Chicago, in 1874 or 1875. They have two lovely children, a little girl of 5, Julia, and a little boy, who bears the name of his grandfather, U. S. Grant. Ulysses S. Jr., married, in 1881, Miss Chaffee, a daughter of the Senator. They have two children, one boy and the other a girl. Jesse R. Grant married Miss Chapman, of San Francisco, within three months of the marriage of his brother, U. S., Jr., to Miss Chaffee. Jesse has a charming little daughter about 3 years of age. Mrs. Sartoris has three children—the eldest, a boy of 9, is named Algernon after his father. The other children are a little girl of 5 and the "baby," a strong, healthy child, 2 years old. The vigorous blood of the Grants asserted itself in the third generation, for they all have the marked physical attributes of the General's family.

### Three Score and Three.

I.  
Three score and three!

Oh, God, to Thee  
We render in our gratitude  
Warm thanks, for truly Thou art good.  
Thou'st swept the clouds from out our skies;  
Thou'st wiped the tears from out our eyes;  
Thou'st set us to our Grant, the great;  
The good, the ornament of state.

II.

Three score and three!

Oh, God, to Thee  
We render in our gratitude  
Warm thanks, for truly Thou art good.  
Thou'st swept the clouds from out our skies;  
Thou'st wiped the tears from out our eyes;  
Thou'st set us to our Grant, the great;  
The good, the ornament of state.

III.

Three score and three!

Land of the free,  
Thy banner floats high on the breeze!  
High o'er all the land and the seas.  
Thy captain, thy savior doth live  
Who gave thee all. Now thou dost give  
Homage to the God who gave him  
And hast heard our prayers to save him.

Three score and three!

Behold, we see  
All wounds healed, and all gulls bridged o'er;  
All united from shore to shore;  
For the stone has been rolled away  
And the angel of love to-day  
Presses her white feet on the sod  
Redeemed by man and blessed of God.  
—G. W. Croft, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

### BURIED ALIVE.

Frightful Result of a Snow-Slide in Colorado.

[Denver Special.]

A telegram from Tennessee Pass says news reached there at midnight of a snow-slide near that place in which eleven miners are supposed to have perished. The men had been working in the Homestake Mine, and, nothing having been heard of them for a fortnight, Frank Sanderson started out to ascertain if any harm had come to them. On arriving at the flat, where two cabins had stood, in which the men lived, Sanderson found everything buried by a deep snow-slide, that evidently came down in the dead of night. Not a sign of life was to be seen in any direction.

A special train from Leadville carried a relief party. Arriving at the point nearest the mine the party was met by a crowd of excited miners, who informed them that it was useless to attempt to reach the mine through the wilderness of soft snow, even with snowshoes, at that time of day. The next day the searching party began work, and found ten bodies in the cabin. They had been crushed to death by the snow-slide. The victims are Martin Borden and his brother Sylvester, of Nova Scotia; Horace W. Matthews and brother Jesse, of Iowa; John Looe and John Burns, of England; Charles Richards, of Nova Scotia; Chris Harvey, of Leadville; Robert Campbell of Fred Cliff, and John Burns, of San Francisco.

## GOOD MANNERS.

### Acquaintanceship.

Acquaintances are, in a general way, quite as desirable as friends. They are at their best and you are at your best when you meet, and there are no undress rehearsals. Far better the ceremonious caller, who sits decorously in the drawing-room and sends up his card to await your pleasure, than the friend who comes flying through the keyhole, catching you in a mental disabillity, or preoccupied at the moment with other matters. Nothing is so sure a safeguard for friendship as the observance of some of the ceremonies of mere acquaintanceship. The agreeable people who are responsive when you chance to meet, and who give you harmony that surrounds you like an atmosphere, and who can serenely drift away and forget your very existence till the next meeting, are very important factors in social life. They go their way and you go yours, and there is no jar or friction. A too intense and devoted affection is quite as apt to be a clog and weight as it is to be rest and inspiration.—*Lillian Whiting.*

### Turning a Happy Phrase.

The art of turning a "happy phrase" and of using words with more regard to picturesqueness than to mere thought-expression, has been forced to such a degree of nicety that it may well be doubted whether the fiber of literature is as good to-day as it was fifty or a hundred years ago. The right word and the well-wrought phrase have a value that we all prize; but the "yarn is worth more than the knitting," as our grandmothers used to say. Straining after humor is one serious hindrance to the development of good style. Genuine humor is so precious, and, therefore, so desirable an ingredient for seasoning literary dishes, that we are willing to overlook some evidence of nervousness in the style of those writers who feel the need of extra exertion on their part to show at least a modicum of this saving salt; but humor refuses to exhale from mere drollery of phrasing. One is safe in saying that wherever there is a show of struggling for expression on the surface of style, there is a very shallow spot of thought; the surf is noisy where it feathers out on the sand.—*Maurice Thompson.*

### Affectation.

Affectation is an artificial garb assumed by those who make pretensions to qualities which they do not possess. This evil propensity, for such we unhesitatingly designate it, has, alas! a deep and wide-spreading influence. From the sublime subject of religion down to the slightest punctilio of deportment, what is there in any way noble, "lovely, or of good report," that affectation is not impudent enough to counterfeit? But happily for the interests of simplicity and truth, the counterfeit is as different from the reality as the paltry tinsel from pure and solid gold, and though the one may glitter and dazzle for awhile, yet the other only will stand the test of time and trial. The triumph of hypocrisy is short, and even when at its highest glory the flimsy disguise reveals more than it conceals. But this is a fact of which those who wear the mask are probably not cognizant; for had they the power "to see themselves as others see them" they would cast the disguise aside. This idea is eminently suggestive of the source from which affection springs, namely, a heart that has never been subjected to the scrutinizing process of self-examination. Hence we shall find that an affected person is invariably a self-ignorant person, and one who possesses a mean mind.

### Assisted Each Other.

"Look here," said a white woman, entering the kitchen and addressing the colored lady who had just been employed to increase the grocery bill, "what are you doing with all these women here? I only hired you."

"Tibber sho yer did."

"Then why do you bring so many women with you?"

"Dis heah one, lady, is my daughter. She comes ter wait on me."

"Yes, but those others?"

"Wait, lady. Doan be petuous. Disudder one in my Cousin Frances."

"What is she doing here?"

"Come ter wait on my daughter."

"Great goodness, who is that?"

pointing to another one.

"Dat's Mrs. Napoleon."

"What right has she here?"

"W'y, she comes ter wait on Cousin Frances. Lady, I doan like de way yer's actin' ertall. White folks' place is de house, an' I neber coul' do my work when da come pokin' roun'."

"Get out, now, all of you."

"Tibber sho we will ef yer ain't pleased. Doan hanker airter workin' for cullar folks nohow. Good mawnin'."

—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

### A Rise in Temperature.

A wealthy and charitable lady, returning from a drive on a bitter cold day, calls for her steward and bids him send some wood instantly to a poor family that is almost freezing to death.

Then her ladyship throws off her wraps and wheels her easy chair up to the blazing fire, and soon is warm and comfortable.

Enter the steward to ask how much wood he shall send the sufferers.

"Well," says the lady, reflectively, "I don't know. Never mind—I'll think over it and let you know. There isn't really any hurry about it; you see, it has grown much warmer since I came in."—*Paris paper.*

**TOLERATION**—being wise enough to have no difference with those who differ from us.

## RUSSIA'S CURT REPLY.

### De Giers Refuses to Talk Further About the Penjeh Incident—Duplicity of Turkey.

[Cable dispatch from London.]

The Russian reply to the communication sent to M. de Giers through Sir Edward Thornton yesterday, after the receipt of Sir Peter Lumsden's supplementary report on the battle of March 30, has just been received. M. de Giers replies curtly that Russia declines to enter upon any further discussion of the Penjeh incident.

It is reported at St. Petersburg that the general staff are in favor of allowing Gen. Komaroff to act at his own discretion, not even M. de Giers to interfere.

A letter from Baku confirms the first account of the battle of Penjeh, and states that the Afghan force consisted of 4,000 men. The writer, who had been with Sir Peter Lumsden, but who left him before the battle was fought, states the Russians throughout the winter had been trying to excite and irritate the Afghans, and that only Sir Peter Lumsden's influence prevented bloodshed long ago. Col. Alikhanoff advanced to Ak-Tapa at about the end of November, before the boundary commission had arrived, and a battle with the Afghans was narrowly avoided then. News has also been received that in the battle at Penjeh the Afghan General was throughout in the fore front of the fighting and was twice wounded. It is reported that Col. Alikhanoff offered a reward of 100 tomas (about \$300) for the head of either of the British officers with the Afghan force.

A dispatch from Constantinople puts a new light on the diplomatic mission to England of Hassan Fehmi Pasha, the special Turkish Envoy, and Hobart Pasha, Marshal of the Turkish Empire. In order to avoid the censorship of press dispatches at Constantinople this message was sent by mail to Athens and transmitted thence by telegraph to London. It says that the sole mission of Fehmi Pasha, who has been here constantly since January last, was to fool the British Government into a belief that Turkey was disposed to be on friendly terms with England and to seek and follow her advice in all international complications. Hobart Pasha, whose former reputation as a gallant Admiral of the British navy made him an admirable tool for this purpose, was sent with Fehmi Pasha to strengthen the blind. Hobart Pasha was intrusted only with the delivery of certain presents to the Queen and Prince of Wales, accompanied by the customary assurances of distinguished consideration, etc., which may mean a great deal or nothing. All the fine work of diplomatic intrigue was to be done and has been done from first to last by Fehmi Pasha.

### ABDURRAHMAN KHAN.

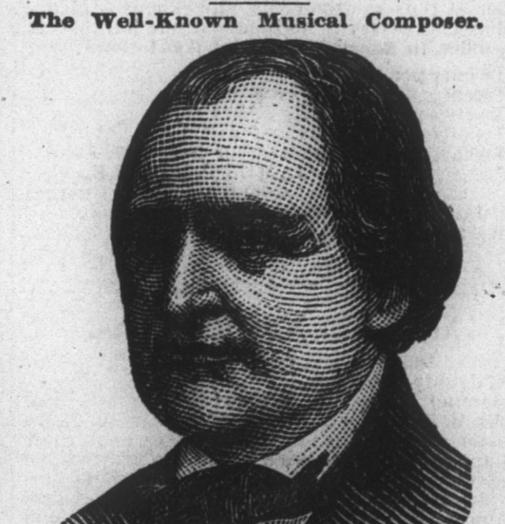
### The Ameer of Afghanistan.



Ameer Abdurrahman Khan was born in 1830. He is the eldest son of Afzul Khan, and is thus a grandson of Dost Mahomed, who ruled Afghanistan till his death in 1863, and nephew to the late Shere Ali, who was deposed and expelled by the British invasion of 1879, and who died soon afterward in exile. When Shere Ali was recognized by the English, Abdurrahman, who had married a daughter of the Turkish Ameer of Bokhara, took refuge in those countries north of Afghanistan beyond the Oxus, which had then not yet been subjected to Russian control. He was pursued, however, by the persecuting spirit of Shere Ali and Yakoub, who had seized his mother, wife, and sister, and detained them many years prisoner at Candahar, and who compelled the Ameer of Bokhara to deny him an abode in that state. Abdurrahman was fain to put himself under the protection of the Russians, then gradually advancing their conquests in Turkestan, and was received by Gen. Kaufmann, who procured him, in his poverty, a Russian pension of 25,000 rubles a year, and afterward permitted him to reside at Samarcand. After innumerable intrigues and internal dissensions the throne was again vacated, and the present Ameer was chosen in 1880, and has been very substantially supported by the British Government of India, under Lord Ripon, receiving from it a regular subsidy of £160,000 a year, with large gifts of artillery, rifles, and ammunition to improve his military force.

### FRANZ ABT.

### The Well-Known Musical Composer.



Franz Abt, whose death was recently announced by a cable dispatch, was born in 1819, and was, therefore, 66 years old. His parents intended him for the ministry, but, having a passion for music, he chose that vocation. He was a prolific composer of songs, his compositions numbering between four and five hundred, the most popular of which is "When the Swallows Homeward Fly."

## HELL DO!

### Minister Phelps' Sagacious Admonitions to a New Congressman.

The Middlebury (Vt.) correspondent of the Boston *Globe* sends that paper the following letter, written in December, 1883, by Mr. Edward J. Phelps, our new Minister to England, to Mr. John W. Stewart, who represents the First Vermont District in Congress:

1. Always vote in favor of a motion to adjourn, and if the period of adjournment is in question vote for the longest time and the earliest day.

2. Vote steadily against all other propositions whatsoever. There is already legislation enough for the next 500 years. No honest man wants any more. Even unconstitutional bills for the further enlargement of the negro should form no exception to this rule.

3. Make no speeches. Nobody attends to Congressional oratory when delivered; when printed nobody reads it, and it is a nuisance to the mails. I have had more than four millions of such speeches sent me and never read one in my life.

4. Do not allow yourself to be drawn into aspersions upon the memory of Guy Fawkes. He has been much censured by men. History will in the end do him justice. Before you have been long in Congress you will perceive that one such man nowadays, with better luck, might do the country more service than a hundred Presidential candidates or Christian statesmen.

5. Do not be seen much in public in the company of Republicans. Outside of New England they are not as a rule savory.

6. Practice rigid economy. The experience of the average Congressman shows that it is possible by judicious frugality to save about \$100,000 each session out of the salary. Thus, the truest patriot in standing by his country makes his country stand by him.

7. Cultivate assiduously all newspaper correspondents. All there is of public life is what the papers say, and they will say anything that is made worth their while.

8. Do not become a candidate for the Presidency. The idea that the country is anxious to elect you to that office is chimera, nor has the country anything to do with it except to vote as it is told.

9. In case of doubt, take the trick. Keep your nostrils open, your mouth shut, your head cool and your feet warm. Avoid Congressional whisky, Bob Ingersoll, the game of poker and the courts of the District of Columbia.

10. Beware of statesmen with great moral ideas. You will find immoral ideas more honest as well as more interesting.

11. Whatever happens do not relinquish hope. As Cicero observes, *Nil desperandum*—do not despair. You have once been a respected member of the Addison County bar; resolve to regain that position. Live for the future and live down the present.

### Secretary Bayard and the Colored Man.

For several weeks past the Republican papers have been circulating all sorts of stories concerning the treatment of the colored race by Secretary Bayard, and his hostile attitude toward prominent colored men. No longer ago than Thursday the reckless Washington correspondent of a Cincinnati paper raked all these stories together and sent them to the paper as a special dispatch. It was all headed up in sensational garb and gush, as if some new points had been discovered. The headlines, however, were all that was new about it; the remainder was the same old wash that has been circulating in the Republican organs for weeks.

An intelligent colored man of New York City (Oswald R. Smith) had his attention called to the matter several days ago, and, being a prominent colored Democrat, he resolved to write to Secretary Bayard, which he did, as follows:

NEW YORK, April 7.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State:

DEAR SIR—I send you the inclosed with regrets, and would be pleased if you would honor me with a reply as to whether there is any truth in this statement. I am and have been a faithful worker among the very best of many people, and was very faithful in my efforts in Mr. Cleveland's behalf at the loss of my personal and valuable friends, who, since Mr. Cleveland's election, fail to recognize me in any way. Still, I am proud to be, as I have promised satisfactory proofs.

Very truly yours, OSMOND R. SMITH.

Among the matters that Mr. Smith called the Secretary's attention to, more especially, was one alleging that while he was a Senator, Mr. Bayard took special pains to avoid any social or personal recognition of his fellow-Senator, B. K. Bruce, and that in other ways he displayed his dislike for the race. The letter was written from New York on the 7th of April, and on the 9th Mr. Bayard answered promptly as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9.

To OSMOND R. SMITH, New York City:

DEAR SIR—I have your letter of the 7th inst., inclosing a cutting from the *Irish World*, which purports to be an extract from the correspondence of the *Cleveland Leader*, and is entitled "Bayard and the Negro."

Your inquiry as to the truth of the statements contained in this article is eminently proper and just, and I readily answer that the alleged correspondence does not contain one word of truth, but it is a tissue of malice and silly falsehood from beginning to end. It is vain, however, for me to insist in public station to expect immunity from the assaults of the class who insert such slanders, or the