

Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, said on his recent voyage from Liverpool: "There are some men who can make a success even of failure. Thus there was a certain peer once who rose to make his maiden speech—a speech granting to all accused persons the right of counsel—and when he put his hand in his pocket for his notes they weren't there. The peer gulped. He looked about him wildly. Gulped again. Then he said: 'If I, my lords, who now rise only to give my opinion on this bill—if I am so confounded that I am unable to express what I had in mind, what must be the condition of that man who, without any assistance, has got to plead for his life?' Then the peer sat down to the cheers of a converted chamber, and his bill passed almost unanimously."—*Argonaut*.

Gov. Morrow recently told some interesting stories of the mountaineers in his State:

"I suppose you demand a feud story. Of course, there are no longer feuds in Kentucky and that feud thing was pretty much overdone by remancing beyond the borders of Kentucky. However, here is a feud story. I cannot vouch for it as I can the others, but this is it:

"Lige Parsons dropped into the court house one day and went to see his friend, the Probate Judge.

"'Howdy, Lige.'

"'Howdy, Judge.'

"'What's doing down Possum Trot, Lige?'

"'Nuthin' worth dividin' Judge, nuthin' wuth dividin'.

"There was no conversation for a few minutes, when Lige began:

"'Tother evening, I was a-settin' a-reading of my Bible, Judge, when shootin' began. One of the gals said 'twuz the Persons boys down by the fence.

"'Now, Judge, I didn't mind them Persons boys shootin', but I thought they might kill a calf critter or two or maybe hit the ol' woman, so I picked up my rifle and drapped a few shots down thar by the fence and went back a-reading' of my Bible.

"'Next mornin', Judge, I went down by the fence, an' they was all gone, 'cept four'—"*Post-Dispatch*.