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A Song of Work. A charming tale was that of old, For lay folks by poets told, That 'tis Love that makes the world go round— Round and round, With never a sound— Over and over, From Sydney to Dover— Here we go, there we go, till the brain reels; Now on our heads and now on our heels; But we know it is not Love at all That keeps a'going this cosmic ball; For oh! 'Tis Work that makes the world go round, And Love only oils the wheels! Then pray no more of a "primal curse," With Eden kept, things might have been worse; For 'tis Work that makes the world go round! So day by day We'll plow and sow, We'll reap and mow, Spinning and weaving and getting of meals, Forging and building and laying of keels; Slaves and prisoners labor; free men disdain A word so fraught with crime and pain! 'Tis hard to make the world go round, If love do not oil the wheels! What know they of rest who never work, But the duties of manhood and womanhood shirk! 'Tis work that makes the world go round! When work is done 'Tis time for fun— Father and mother, Sister and brother, Baby and all, with the merriest peals Greeting the joys home life reveals. Day's work brings peace and rest at night; For Work means Duty and Duty is right! And oh! 'Tis easy to make the world go round, If love will but oil the wheels! —F. W. Batchelder.

JUST IN TIME.

"Elma Griffin, died April 15, 1849, aged 19 years, 4 months and 6 days." The words were engraved upon a silver plate, but there was no coffin under them. Mrs. Purroy, an elderly lady, visiting friends living on Clinton avenue, Alameda, but whose home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., looked with an air of mingled pride and reverence upon the carving, for her name was once Elma Griffin, and the coffin was made to hold her remains. "On my nineteenth birthday," she said, "my mother invited a number of acquaintances to our house to celebrate the day. We lived some distance outside of Williamsburg, as it was then, and the ground was a little soft and boggy. One of my friends remembered this as she was about to start home with her brother, and she laughingly congratulated me on being housed already and having no occasion to brave the swamp. I was a wild young girl in those days, and I declared that once I would go with them and return alone. Everybody present tried to dissuade me except the girl's brother. We started, and when I reached my friend's house I was conscious that my feet were quite wet, and that a disagreeable chill had crept over me, but I declined an invitation to go in, and went away at once. Of course Rob—the brother, I mean—came with me, and somehow I forgot the cold and damp as I walked home. "I think we must have talked for a long time as we stood on my uncle's door-step," for Elma's face is very pale. Have I kept you standing here too long? He talked to me for ten minutes after that, and then wished me good-night and left me. I rang the bell, and when my mother opened the door I told her what I might have known an hour sooner, if I had given it a thought, that I was really ill. She hurried me to bed immediately, and when she came to call me the following morning she looked very anxious. By noon I was delirious, but I could hear the doctor tell my mother I had typhoid fever, and that he could not hold out much hope for my recovery. I knew that my mother was weeping, but I was always a selfish girl, and I could only cry out: "Robert, Robert! Where is Robert? and they told me, hardly thinking that I heard them, that Robert had been suddenly called upon to start for California early that morning, and had not even heard of my illness. He sent a letter to me, however, but I did not see it until many weeks later. "I grew rapidly worse, and gradually the knowledge of all outward things passed from me. I fancy that I had a certain consciousness, but not of matters around me. I was in another state of being, in which the person acting and speaking—always strangely speaking—was myself, and yet not myself. Then came an utter blank, from which I awoke after nearly three weeks of oblivion, to see my mother and the doctor standing by my bedside. The doctor said the crisis was past and I should probably recover, but I did not feel any interest in what he was talking about. "The quiet days of convalescence followed, and the doctor, seeing that I was very weak, regarded me seriously, and warned my mother that a relapse should be carefully guarded against. I used at that time, too, to fall into curious physical conditions that I suppose were

trances, in which I knew all that was going on around me, but from which I did not seem to care to arouse myself by moving or speaking. These periods lasted longer and longer, but they were not observed, and as they were rather pleasant than otherwise I said nothing about them. "One morning I awoke from what seemed to be a natural sleep, and lay with my eyes closed listening to sounds that I could not at first interpret; but slowly the knowledge came to me that my mother was sobbing beside my bed. I tried to ask her why she was grieving, but I could not move or speak. The trance was upon me. I was sensitive, however, and knew that I was lying upon a hard substance and not upon the comfortable mattress of my bed. I could feel, too, very little covering over me, and despite my eyelids being down the gloomy darkness of the room could be detected. "Where in the world have they carried me to?" I thought. "Presently I heard my mother's voice, and I knew that she was speaking to my cousin Mary, who was staying in the house with us. "Poor Elma," she said. "I was so sure that God would spare her to me. She struggled through that dreadful illness only to die quietly in her sleep at last. It is very hard, Mary." I have often wondered since that I did not really die of horror at that moment, as I realized like a lightning flash that they thought I was dead and had put me in my coffin. They were going to bury me. I strove hard to speak, but the sphinx was not more dumb than I. I tried to stir, but the rock of Gibraltar might have moved as easily. My mother's life be smothered out in a grave for want of a little speech or action now? I thought. "It is hard, indeed, dear aunt," replied Mary, "but His will be done. You must arouse yourself. The undertaker will close the coffin in a few minutes. Do you think Robert—Mr. Purroy—will be here?" "I hardly think so now," answered my mother, wearily. "Something must have happened to delay him. He was to have arrived at home yesterday, but he did not come, and I postponed the burial until to-day. He had not heard of her death. Poor fellow! The news will nearly kill him. There is one person in the world, I think, who loved poor Elma as dearly as I did." "O, Robert, Robert," I cried, with a silent voice, "come quickly. If you look at me you will know I am not dead." "I heard a knock at the bedroom door. Was it Robert? No, it was only the undertaker. "May I close it now, ladies?" he asked in professionally mournful but very business-like tones. "Nobody but myself knew that my heart was beating, and even I hardly knew it as the undertaker spoke. A second afterward it seemed to me that it throbbed loudly enough for everybody to hear it, for somebody rang the door-bell and I knew as well that it was Robert as though my sealed eyes could have looked through brick, and wood, and mortar to see him standing outside. Softly and quietly he entered the room, gravely and calmly he asked my mother and my cousin to leave him for a few minutes alone with his dead. He closed the door after they had gone out, and, stooping over the coffin, gently kissed me. Then he started, I heard the quick nervous movement, and I knew that I was saved. "He hastily called my mother and the doctor was quickly summoned. He saw at once that life was not extinct, though he had been just as positive four days earlier that I was quite dead. "My husband declares that—an old woman may say it now—that I blushed and smiled when he kissed me. At all events I lived to marry him, and he would not part with that silver coffin plate for ten times its weight in gold. —[San Francisco Examiner.

Flight of the Albatross.

An instance of the powers of flight possessed by these untiring birds is afforded by the fact that the same individuals, distinguished by some peculiarity of plumage, may be observed accompanying the ship day after day. We have never seen them fly by night, and as a vessel in the Southern Ocean often makes twelve to thirteen knots an hour, these birds may have had to recover after daybreak as much as 150 knots, or 175 statute miles. Probably no power of wing wherewith a bird could be endowed would serve, without the faculty of sailing, for the albatross' journey of 10,000 leagues. During the transient time of breeding he repairs to land, but his home is the wide world. It is a trite remark that dancing is the poetry of motion. The valse is its languishing love lyric; quadrille, gavotte and minuet its comedy and stately drama. But let him who would behold what in the sphere of motion may be likened to the epopee of vocal language go to the Southern Sea and view the lordly progress of the albatross, while the tall ship, cradled on rolling billows, each three times its length, the swell of some exhausted gale, and circled by imminent, is lulled by dying murmers of Antarctic storm.—[St. James Gazette,

DR. MARY WALKER.

The Noted Woman Who Masquerades in Man's Attire.

Stories by a Detroit Man Who Knows Her Very Well.

"Dr. Mary Walker? Oh, yes, I know Mary very well. I made her acquaintance way down in Texas shortly after the war." The speaker was Henry P. Sanger, who leaned back in his chair and puffed meditatively at his cigar. "I was on my way," he continued to a reporter of the Detroit Tribune, "to attend the first state fair held in Texas, in Houston. I took the steamer at Galveston—and a mighty fine steamer that was, too, with great broad decks and reclining chairs and commanded by officers who were perfect gentlemen—for Houston, and there was a mighty big crowd on board. There were some distinguished people, too, including Judge Jere Black, the noted Pennsylvanian. "About two minutes before the gang plank was hauled in and the order given to cast off," a carriage came rattling down the street and stopped on the wharf. Satchels, handboxes and shawls began to issue from the vehicle in endless profusion, and were followed by a mite of humanity dressed in the half male, half female garb which has advertised the name of Dr. Mary Walker throughout the land. She flew about on the wharf issuing peremptory orders to the porters, the ship's officers and, in fact, everybody within reach of her voice. She was accompanied by a tall, lank individual of uncertain age, with oiled locks which hung over his shirt collar, and a carefully waxed mustache, the ends of which were reduced to a point fine enough to thread a needle. He conducted the great Mary—or rather Mary conducted him—up the gangplank with considerable ceremony, and they disappeared from the view of the curious passengers. "When the dinner hour arrived I went down to the dining saloon with a friend. We found the room uncomfortably crowded, and concluded to go to the after deck and smoke until the crowd had thinned out. Smoking was not prohibited on the after deck, but we found a couple of ladies there, and so asked their permission before lighting our cigars. We smoked and chatted away there for several minutes when the rasping voice of Mary Walker fell upon our ears. "Throw those nasty cigars away!" "We smoked 'em, pretending not to have heard the command, when the voice sounded more emphatic. 'I want you men to throw those nasty cigars away at once. They are offensive.' "My companion bowed toward the two ladies near by and inquired, 'Is our smoking offensive, ladies?' "Oh, no, no," they expostulated, 'keep your cigars, gentlemen.' "We renewed our conversation and calmly smoked away. The doctor grew warm. 'Men don't smoke,' she exclaimed. 'Only brutes in the forms of men will defile their mouths with vile tobacco.' Any man with a mother, a wife, daughters, a sweetheart or any body whom he respects is a disgrace to her or them, and to his race if he smokes or chews tobacco.' "This was delivered with an attempt at oratorical effect that was really laughable. "Sir," began my friend. "Don't sir me," screamed the now-excited woman. "I am Dr. Mary Walker and you know it. Don't pretend that you don't know my sex." "Well, then, madame, I just want to say right here that I have a mother. I also have a wife and five children. Some of 'em are girls. I have a grandaunt and seven other aunts, and the last time I counted I had thirty-nine female cousins. My sweethearts are as numerous as the heavens, and I kiss 'em every chance I get. I have chewed tobacco like a veteran for forty-seven years and I smoke whenever I feel like it." "The doctor danced around like a bug on a hot griddle. At this juncture the ship's steward appeared upon the scene. She laid hand upon that official and demanded that 'those dirty loafers' be required to throw their cigars away. "But smoking is allowed on the after deck," expostulated the steward. "You are no gentleman, so there, now," replied the great Mary. "I'll send the captain," said the steward, alertly withdrawing from the doctor's grasp, "perhaps he'll fix matters to suit you." "Presently the captain appeared. He quietly listened to a repetition of Dr. Walker's tirade and the volunteer explanations of about fifty passengers who had by this time surrounded us, and then quietly laid his hand upon her shoulder. "I am captain of this ship," he said, "and my word here is law. If you don't go to your stateroom at once I'll put you in irons," and Mary went. "Then everybody smoked. "I never saw Dr. Walker but once after that. She was in New Orleans and was in custody of a police officer, who arrested her for 'masquerading in male attire.'"

Duels Among German Students.

The police authorities of the university towns, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat, make no earnest efforts to stop the duels if they are not brought under their notice directly, and the fights sometimes take place in beer halls in the towns even. Generally, however, the students go several miles away from the university, and the citizens discover that a 'mensus' has been going on only by seeing the next day a number of students with gashed and bandaged faces walking the streets. Serious injuries are very rare in duels with the schlaeger, and a student who is really bloodthirsty when he thinks he has been mortally offended resorts to the pistol or curved sword, like a Turkish cimeter. Only a few instances of fatal duels, even with these, have occurred at the universities. The schlaeger would be a weak weapon against a broadsword, or even a cavalry saber or a navy cutthas. Fighting with it, the duelist must not move from their positions, and there is, consequently, little display of activity of the body. The blow with the schlaeger is not a cut or a thrust. It is a cut with only about one foot of the end of the blade, which is all of the sword that is sharpened, and then a twist of the wrist. The wrist does all the fighting. There are only five cuts with these schlaegers for the student to learn. All the others are variations. The first cut is directly for the top of the head. If it hits, a piece of the flesh, and sometimes a part of the skull, comes out. A cut for the forehead and nose is another. If it reaches the flesh a serious wound and permanent disfigurement may follow. Duels have been known in which a nose was sliced off completely, and had to be sewed on again. Two more cuts are directed at the right and left sides of the face. These blows may lay open the cheek, cut out the teeth, cut the lips off or touch the nose, as the schlaeger is made of such thin steel that it bends around like a whip when a hit is made. Another, and the most difficult hit to make, is an under cut, aimed at the chin and mouth. It may do great mischief to all the lower part of the face, but it cannot touch the jugular vein, as that is protected. Altogether the schlaeger is a mere brutal weapon of offense, without any great power to kill, and dueling will continue as long as students at German universities regard the possession of strength and endurance as the only certificates of honor.

Snow-Sheds.

Snow-sheds, to cover the railway track, have been built at points on the Central Pacific Road where it crosses the Sierras. As the trains bound East leave Emigrant Gap they run through one continuous shed for thirty-nine miles. The purpose of the sheds is to prevent the track from being buried under falling and drifting snow. They secure this end, but are themselves the occasion of great inconveniences, such as the noise, the loss of view, and the confining of the smoke to the train. There is nothing peculiar in the construction of these sheds which have to support only the burden of the snow. But on the line of the Canadian Pacific Road, where the road crosses the Rocky Mountains, sheds of a different construction are needed. Before the road was completed, observations in the mountains showed that avalanches must be provided against. A single avalanche covered the track for a distance of one thousand three hundred feet, and to the depth of fifty feet. The result of these observations was that the company constructed four and a half miles of snow-sheds at an enormous expense. The sheds are constructed as follows: On the high side of the mountain slope a timber crib filled with stones is constructed. Along the entire length of the shed, and on the opposite side of the track, a timber trestle is erected, strong timber beams are laid from the top of the crib-work to the top of the trestle, four feet apart, and at an angle representing the slope of the mountain as nearly as possible. These are covered over with four-inch planking, and the beams are braced on either side from the trestle and from the crib. The covering is placed at such a height as to give twenty-one feet headway from the under side of the beam to the centre of the track. The longest of these sheds is thirty-seven hundred feet.

Is Butter Digestible?

Some agricultural papers are discussing the comparative digestibility of butter. The old-fashioned idea taught in the books many years ago was that pure butter was wholly indigestible, that it large masses it was melted by the warmth of the stomach and operated as so much oil until it passed off with other food. That, however, was a purely theory. In practice it is found to be a piece of bread with butter is to most palates so much better relished than one without that it digests more quickly. The digestibility depends entirely on the increased saliva that good butter is supposed to create. The butter then is therefore most digestible that is best liked. Very bad butter fulfills the old idea, and is not digestible at all.—[Boston Cultivator.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Wrought-iron expands and contracts with a force of about 200 pounds to the square inch for each degree Fahrenheit. The Argentine Republic is soon to have a weather bureau equipped with forty-five observatories in different parts of the country. A sanitary engineer suggests the importance of building on streets running northwest and southeast, or northeast and southwest. Sunshine in all rooms at some time in the day can thus be insured, with a great gain in healthfulness. George H. Reynolds of Willimantic, Conn., has invented a pneumatic gun for throwing dynamite shells which explode when striking any desired spot. Shells weighing 1000 pounds are handled with as much ease as a revolver. Alum is found native in some places either effloresced on the surface of bituminous alum-schist, or united with the soil in the neighborhood of volcanoes, when it may be obtained by simple lixiviation and evaporation; a little potash being commonly added to convert the excess of sulphate of alumina present into alum. It is also found in certain mineral waters. Mr. W. A. Ashe of Quebec reports that the Eskimos living near Hudson Strait have a mean height for the men of 5 feet 3.9 inches; and for the women, about 5 feet. Their body temperature averaged 100.2 degrees for winter and 98.4 degrees for summer, that of the observing party being 98.1 degrees and 97.7 degrees respectively. Though it is claimed as one of the advantages of electricity that it does not raise the temperature of the atmosphere when used for lighting, it is nevertheless, says La Nature, capable, under certain conditions, of evolving heat. This property is about to be turned to profitable account by the Societe des Usines Electriques, of Berlin, who have announced that, in future, in addition to light, they will be prepared to furnish a supply of electricity for heating purposes. Prof. Delplno, who as early as the year 1873 announced the idea that most extra-floral nectar-glands in plants are useful to the plants that bear them, by attracting a body-guard of ants, has now published the first part of an elaborate memoir on the topic. The number of species recorded as having extra-nuptial glands is much larger than would have been expected. This term 'extra-nuptial' is coined to distinguish the glands under consideration from certain extra-floral glands, which, no less than those in the flower, are subservient to pollination. The service performed by the ants so attracted and fed is the keeping-off of caterpillars and other insects which prey upon the foliage, young fruits, etc.

Rapid Sight-Seeing.

Americans traveling abroad are often laughed at for their passion of rapid sight-seeing. But why may not the brain take impressions as swiftly and as easily as the photographer's chemically prepared plate? "How long will it take me to see the exhibition?" asked a lady of a gentleman who had just come from the world's fair at Philadelphia. "Fifteen minutes," was the response. The lady of course was astonished, and the respondent proceeded to explain. "To study all the details of the exhibition would require many months, but to obtain an impression of its magnitude, to seize upon its salient features, fifteen minutes would do wonders for you. A ride around the circuit of its connecting railway would give you a succession of pictures never to be forgotten." What is true of a great fair is true of a great city. It has been said that very few people really know London fully, but any one may obtain an idea of its physiognomy, of its characteristic features, in a half hour's drive through its streets. To discover all the qualities there are in a painting I must study it well, but a single glance gives me an idea of the composition and the scheme of color. In truth this first instantaneous impression in art is invaluable, and a painting should always be approached, if it is possible to do so, under conditions that enable the spectator to get a full view promptly. How often a painter turns his picture to the wall and there lets it remain long enough to allow him to obtain an unprejudiced and instantaneous impression when he sees it again. Study and analysis are of course indispensable factors in some things, but the flash, the revealing glance, the sudden insight, the instantaneous photograph on the sensitized brain, are things of value in life as well as in art.—[Home Journal.

Know Where He Stood.

"You'd better look out," said Johnny's big sister, "or I'll tell mother on you." "I don't care." "Oh, you naughty boy, I know better than that." "I don't care if ye do go tell 'er, 'cause ma's got the rheumatism to-day, and it won't be comfortable for her to turn me over her knee."—[Merchant Traveler.

LAKE DISASTERS.

A Propeller and a Schooner Wrecked in Lake Michigan.

Nearly a Score of Lives Lost in a Heavy Storm.

A Mackinac City (Mich.) dispatch says that the propeller California, commanded by Capt. Trowell, left Chicago on Saturday night, bound for Montreal. She was laden with 30,000 bushels of corn and 700 barrels of pork, and carried a crew of twenty-two persons and three passengers. She encountered a heavy wind early on Monday morning off the Beavers, and at 4 P. M. the sea had increased so that it was impossible to steer her, and 300 barrels of pork were thrown overboard, but without helping her much. About 11 P. M., when just above St. Helena Island, the sea broke in the bows and she put out the fire. She then swung around in the trough of the sea and began breaking up. The Captain ordered the boats lowered, but she was so badly listed that it was impossible to lower but one. The boats were taken into the cabin to get the passengers out, but when he returned found that the first mate and several men had left with the boat. The steamer now began rapidly breaking up, and soon all hands were struggling in the water. The Captain and engineer succeeded in getting a boat from the wreck and taking up the second engineer, the cook, and one lady passenger. Their boat drifted down alongside the propeller A. Fulton, which was anchored under St. Helena, and was picked up and brought to Mackinac City. Another boat succeeded in getting ashore near Point La Poudre. The steamer Paxton picked up one man who was drifting down the straits on some wreckage. Captain Trowell says all were supplied with life preservers, and it is probable that all the bodies will be recovered. Seven of the crew reached Point La Poudre in the lifeboat in an almost lifeless condition. Later information places the number lost at fourteen and the saved thirteen. The wreck lies a few miles from shore, and is breaking over it, the masts gone, and the cabin stands on end. The survivors were tenderly cared for by farmers. Four of the sailors were unconscious when shore was reached and none could walk. Owen Hourie, a wheelman, says: "After all hope had been given up, the passengers and crew gathered in the cabin and put on life preservers. I was standing aft when an immense sea struck her and threw her over on her side. When she came down she appeared to strike bottom, and the whole cabin collapsed with a crash." Hourie says he packed himself into a life-boat and cut it loose. There were eight others in the boat with him. They drifted around the Straits four hours, and were full of water. A fireman and a passenger from Montreal, who were hanging on the side, were swept overboard and lost.

A Schooner Wrecked.

The schooner Havana, owned by Captain A. F. Reed, of the Kenosha, was sighted off St. Joseph, Mich., about 10 P. M., giving signals of distress. The vessel was in a sinking condition, and the crew were unable to keep her hold clear of water. Captain John Curran concluded to leave her, if possible, and headed for the shore. At 9 o'clock, when about three-fourths of a mile off shore, the vessel drove ashore and the crew was seen to climb into the main rigging and the others into the fore rigging. As the vessel gave a heavy lurch, the mainmast crashed overboard, carrying the three men into the breakers. They struck out for shore, and when last seen were breasting the waves. As nothing was seen of them since, they are probably drowned. The remaining four men clung to the crossbeams for nearly three hours, when a tug came to their rescue. It took nearly three-quarters of an hour to get the men from their perilous position.

VERY OLD PEOPLE.

IRA CHAMBERLIN, of Bangor, Me., is 93 years of age, and well preserved. MRS. BARBARA McALLISTER, of Conestoga Centre, Pa., died lately in her 101st year. A. L. WILCOX, of Saragossa county, Ohio, is 98 years old, and delights in horseback exercise. At the age of 106 years Hannah Barber, of Alamogordo, N. C., is compelled to go to the poorhouse. WHEN ER BIDDLE died recently at Salem, N. J., he had enjoyed 93 years with scarcely a break in his prosperity. PETROVSKI, Count of Blackenberg, 39 years old, is bogging his herd at Lyons. He fought for Polish independence, and his fortune was lost by confiscation. FOR forty-eight years Francis Guiselin groomed it, ten miles from Lyons, and when he died he had been blessed with ninety-two years of comfort, if not of wealth. MRS. ELIZABETH L. PUTNAM, who died recently at Danvers, Mass., had lived in one house for eighty years, and twelve children were born to her in it. MR. AND MRS. JEREMIAH HOLLAND, of Paducah, Ill., have been married sixty-four years. Their children, fifty-five grandchildren, ninety great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. IN the Hill Top Church graveyard at Mendon, Massachusetts, N. J., stands an old-fashioned gravestone on which is inscribed: "William Hinchey, died 28th Jan., 1791, aged 122 years 3 months and 27 days." The oldest twins known in this country are living at Dehnam, Mass., in the persons of Mrs. Hephzibah Everett and Mrs. Sally Cole. They were ninety years old in May last. Mrs. Nabby Smith, a sister, is ninety-six, and a brother is ninety-two. MRS. LUCY LUTHER died at her home at Hadley, Conn., recently, aged 103 years and three months. She was born in Hadley, and always lived there. Her oldest child is sixty-three years old. She had twenty grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren. WEEK Narcissus Tucker, of American, Ga., rides on the railroad she is accommodated with a platform car. She weighs 430 pounds, and cannot enter a railroad car. She and her husband are close on to the nineties, and live happily, although he weighs less than 100 pounds. MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC. STRATTON's latest opera is called "Simplicius." EMMA THURNEY, the singer, is back from Europe, as determined as ever not to sing in opera. MARY ANDERSON is to follow "A Winter's Tale" with "As You Like It" at the London (England) Lyceum. LILLIAN OLCOTT has purchased the American rights to Sardou's new play which he has written for Bernhardt. MINNIE PALMER is about to return to her native land with a brand new play and \$50,000 worth of diamonds. LOUIS ALDRICH has purchased the American rights of the "Kaffir Diamond," an English melodrama success. JOHN A. STEVENS, the American actor, has been arrested in England for failing to pay \$250 alleged to be due to the manager of the Opera Comique. MILE RHEA, like other foreign actresses, has "declared her intentions" to become an American citizen, and has taken out her first naturalization papers.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

BALTIMORE has 300 churches, chapels and synagogues. M. GREY, it is reported in Paris, will soon resign the presidency. THE \$10,000 station Oberlin recently dropped dead in harness at Youngstown, Ohio. The business of Louisville, Ky., increased \$22,000,000 in the first six months of the year. THE past peach season has been one of the worst for several years, the yield being very small. SHERIFF KENDALL's recent raid on Colorado is said to have cost the State of Colorado \$200,000. QUITE an amount of snow has fallen lately in the mountain districts of Maine and New Hampshire. THE German Government has forbidden the use of the Polish language in the Prussian-Poland schools. IN four wards of New York city there are 15,000 children who cannot be accommodated in school buildings at present. IT is said that the loss of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco by the disastrous wreck of which it engaged amounted to \$15,000,000. A STATE UNIVERSITY for colored people is to be built in Montgomery, Ala. The city has given \$5,000 and three acres of land to the institution. IT is stated that over 700,000 people from all parts of the country visited Philadelphia during the three days of the Constitution's Centennial Jubilee. A CLEMENCY of Westminster, Md., who bought forty-two acres of land near Omaha twenty-one years ago for \$600, has been offered \$100,000 for it. ACCORDING to Yonatan journals, that Russia has been visited by a fabulous number of bats, which have attacked the cattle, causing much destruction and making meat scarce. A WILMINGTON (Ohio) boy, nine years of age, expressing a determination to go around the world, stole \$30 a year ago and ran away from home. His first letter has just been received from Cape Town. RIVERS and creeks are multiplying in the West, and about \$25,000,000 is soon to be invested in plants and equipments to turn out boats. A \$5,000,000 plan is to be built at Alton, Ill., to construct ocean and river steamships. AMERICAN hogs and sheep are reaching the Mexican market in great numbers. The people there welcome a reduction in the price of meat, and urge the natives to breed better stock and cease raising their native swine and mules. ONE of Mr. CARSON'S sons claims to own a large tract of land in the suburbs of Los Angeles. His father homesteaded the same land in the fifties, and it was afterward sold for \$100,000. It is now owned by Mr. Young Carson has instituted suit for the recovery of the land. PROMINENT PEOPLE. COUNT VON MOLTKE is about to celebrate his eighty-seventh birthday in Berlin. SENATOR HEARST, of California, is worth \$15,000,000, and has an income of \$600,000. MANAGER THOMAS PUTTER, of the Union Pacific Railroad, gets \$70,000 a year salary. THE Duke of Buccleuch, said to be the richest man in Great Britain, has an income of a million and a half dollars a year. MOSES T. STEVENS, of Andover, Massachusetts, is said to be the largest individual woolen manufacturer in the United States. CHARLES DICKEY, the younger, is remarkably like the famous novelist in all his habits, and has not a little of his capacity. He is said to be George L. Dickey's only living member of the syndicate that built the yacht America, and won the cup from Great Britain in 1851. ISAAC JEANS, a Philadelphia Quaker, who has made a fortune of \$1,000,000 as a fruit importer, began his business career by selling oranges and apples at retail. KING KALANANUI, of the Sandwich Islands, has invited the yachtmen of San Francisco to come and help him celebrate his 80th birthday on November 1st. MISS OLGY KNABER, of Ogdensburg, Ill., a native Episcopalian from the eastern coast of Greenland, has been lecturing in Chicago. She is thirty years old and is only forty inches high. THE engagement of Senator Joseph H. Hawley and Miss Edith Homer, of Philadelphia, is announced. Miss Homer has been four years a nun, and has had a long career in an Alms-house, having had careful training as a nurse in England and practical experience in the care of the aged and wounded in the Zola and Egyptian wars. THE LABOR WORLD. THE Knights of Labor lost 150,000 members the past year. A move for working girls is being built at Philadelphia. SUNDAY factory labor in Germany is enforced by the sharp competition between employers, and an agitation which will arrest it is likely to ensue. AT New River, N. C., the Knights of Labor have induced the cotton mill to reduce the hours of labor from twelve to eleven, and pay wages in money instead of scrip. THERE are 850 Agricultural Wheels in Tennessee. Of those 715 were organized in the past year. ARKANSAS has over 1,000,000 last year they checked nearly three members of the Arkansas Legislature. JOSEPH BELLWOOD has made \$600,000 from his contract to take the ore out of an iron mine in Michigan. He started producing three years ago and now makes \$20,000 a year by sub-letting his ten-year contract. SCIENTIFIC HORNER of the Kansas State silk station thinks that the climate of the West is now admirably adapted to silk production, and that silk can be made in Kansas and Missouri which shall be superior to the imported article. THERE are now in New York City 113,780 buildings of all kinds. For the nine months ending with September 30 plans for 2,000 new buildings, to cost \$20,000,000, were filed. As compared with the same period last year this is an increase of 2,300 in buildings and \$9,255,180 in value. THE richest widow of Colorado was the wife of the late John W. Hiff, who was known some years ago as the cattle king of Colorado. Hiff left about 100,000 head of cattle, and it is said that his widow manages his estate as well as any business man could. She went to Colorado as a sewing-machine agent, though she came of a wealthy family and could have remained home doing nothing. She there met Hiff and married him, and we doubt not the experience she obtained in connection with the sewing-machine aids her in the management of her fortune. Speaking of cattle, there is a cattle queen in Texas, near Corpus Christi—Mrs. Rogers—said to be worth \$1,000,000, and who has many times as much stock as Job had in his most prosperous days. Her husband is a preacher, but Mrs. Rogers manages the business. She sells the stock herself, buys all the supplies, and can ride a horse as well as any of the many cowboys who she has in her employ.