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The Weary World.

Far down the winding lane of years, The weary world is slowly wending; Grim walls of fate and gates of tears To trembling prayers no answer sending. Yet through it all sweet spirits call, Through lonely days of grief and aching; "Hope's roses blossom on the wall, To keep the world's great heart from breaking."

AN EAST WIND.

It was the east wind. Not a doubt about that. The amount of mischief that an east wind can work in the daily lives of its poor mortals is really astonishing. When you get up some morning with a sort of edgewise feeling toward the world, if things seem inclined to topple over and get out of place at the merest touch—in fact, everything goes wrong in a peculiarly expasperating manner, you have good reason to suspect that the wind is in the east. That is certainly where it was on this particular morning at the Deane's.

For several days the cook's tooth had given ominous threatenings. And when did an easterly wind ever propitiate the toothache?

In this case at least it aggravated the dull grumblings into what the sufferer termed the "jumpy" toothache, with the awful throbbings of which it was not to be expected that she would be over solicitous in regard to the quality of the coffee or the state of the beef-steak.

Now Father Deane himself had passed far from a comfortable night between twinges of neuralgia in his head and rheumatic aches down his back, to say nothing of the creaking of a certain blind which never made the least noise except when the wind was in this one direction. The breakfast, muddy coffee and weak at that, the cook having simply poured in more water upon the old grounds without so much as adding a grain of fresh coffee, and steak burnt in respect to outward appearance but raw in inward reality—no, the breakfast did not tend to soothe him into a better frame of mind. Generally he was a pretty jolly, good-natured man, but when he was down, as the cook said, "he was down indeed." He was down "indeed" this morning. So poor Mother Deane sighed very often. She was a sinister little body, keenly alive to her husband's moods.

Miss Winnie Deane's was the only bright face at the breakfast table. She scarcely noticed her father's frowns or her mother's sighs. The words which Charley Traver had whispered the evening before rang too loudly through her happy thoughts. He was to see her father at the office this very morning. And, knowing by actual experience that after a good breakfast Father Deane never had the heart to refuse his daughter anything, she had charged Charley to be sure and go early before business began. She felt very confident that it would be the most favorable of times to speak to her father, but then there wasn't the slightest doubt as to his answer any way; for, had not Charley Traver always been a great favorite of his?

Miss Winnie little realized what queer changes come about with a shifting wind as well as with a turn of the tide. Father Deane started off down town walking unusually fast on account of the disagreeable air. Therefore he was a trifle earlier as the office boy was a trifle later than common, the latter having run on an errand for his mother, who, being something of an invalid, could not go out in all kinds of weather. And consequently, Father Deane had his choice of the dust from the boy's vigorous sweeping or of a tramp up and down the draughty hall.

Nevertheless he plunged bravely to the point at once.

"I presume you have noticed, Mr Deane, that I have been quite a frequent visitor at your home lately."

Father Deane's bald head gave an almost imperceptible nod which was not very helpful to the young man.

"The fact is," said he, growing more and more nervous, "Miss Winnie has promised to be my wife with your consent, which I hope I have."

"Unlucky Charley! he did not know that, as he sat facing his visitor, a breath of that self-same wind having found a chink somewhere in the office window, was blowing directly upon the back of Father Deane's head, sending keen darts through it in every direction.

"Nonsense!" growled the old gentleman fiercely; "you are both too young. Neither of you know your own minds yet."

"We are willing to wait if that be your wish," replied Charley. "I only wanted your consent that it might take place some time."

"I'll not consent to anything. Never did believe in long engagements. You are now both older than you are now I'll consider the matter, not before. Good morning, sir."

Poor Charley! he had always supposed that Mr. Deane was rather partial to him. Poor Charley! who went out in a state of sore perplexity, wondering what in the world he could have done to so offend Mr. Deane. Poor Charley! who suddenly waked up to the fact that it was a horrid morning in particular and a most dismal world in general.

We may scoff about it as much as we please, but variable weather is a blessed thing sometimes, especially when it changes for the better.

Father Deane always lunched at a restaurant, dining at home after office hours. Now, it so happened that the wind took a sudden turn, and by the time he went out for his lunch there was the gentlest of breezes from the south with good hot sun, which, shining down upon his head and back, did wonders for the neuralgia and rheumatism. Then, at the restaurant whom should he meet but an old friend from New York, who said:

"Why, Deane, I don't believe you look a day older than you did ten years ago."

While a man may despise ordinary compliments, I am inclined to think he would find such a greeting preferable to "Why, how old and gray you've grown!"

Meeting thus pleasantly, the friends prolonged the lunch as long as possible and walked back as far as the office door together.

As soon as ever he had parted from his friend and stepped inside the office, Father Deane thought of Charley.

"I declare!" he said to himself. "I'm afraid I was a little hasty this morning. Let me see; no, it can't be; yes, that's so, as true as I'm alive Charley Traver must be twenty-three or four; has a good business, too. As for little Winnie—well, well, well. I suppose it's got to come some time. Charley said he'd wait awhile. He bore it better, too, than I should if I'd been in his shoes. But I dare say he's horribly vexed at me; wouldn't blame him a bit, either, if he were. I must have Winnie apologize for me, she'll make it all right. I can keep my word too. Lucky for me that I put that in; I hate to go back on my word. Of course they will both be older than they were this morning. I must have been a good deal out of sorts' to have acted that way, I always did like Charley."

Meanwhile mother Deane had exerted herself to cure the cook's toothache, and, having succeeded after a time, her patient, in her gratitude, did her very best in the matter of a dinner of which it may be said that after Father Deane had done ample justice to it, he was entirely his jolly, good natured self again. And when anxious Winnie perched herself on his knee to whisper, "Did Charley come to the office this morning?" he kissed her blushing cheeks and said a little confusedly, "Yes, dear; but I was somewhat out of sorts and shouldn't wonder if I answered the poor fellow rather shortly. When he calls you can explain it to him and tell him I said it was all right if he'd wait a couple of years before taking you away. I can't lose you just yet," this with another kiss, "but I don't know of any one I'd rather have for a son-in-law than Charley Traver."

A-very downcast, disconsolate-looking person was the Charley who came an hour later. But, when Winnie had explained and delivered her father's message he laughed with a sudden elevation of spirits. "It's all right now," he declared, "but I did feel most awfully cut up over it." However, like a wise young man, he refrained from entering into further particulars of the interview in her father's office. While within, with loving hearts, the two sat planning the beautiful future they were to spend together, outside, among the shorn branches of the one evergreen by the parlor window, the wind, no longer a mischievous east wind, but the sweetest of southern breezes—was softly whispering. But neither of the two listened to it for they did not know how it had mixed itself up with the day's doings, nor how closely the happy outcome of it

all was interwoven with the fickle caprice of an idle, shifting wind.—[Chicago Current.

Population of the World.

The human family now living on the earth consists of 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less than this number and probably more. They are so distributed over the earth's surface that there are now no parts of any size still uninhabited. In Asia, where there is little doubt the human race first existed, there are now approximately about 800,000,000, an average for the entire continent of 120 to the square mile. The cheerless and thinly populated steppes of Siberia reduce the average of population for this continent, which in some parts is the most closely packed quarter of the globe. Thus, throughout Hindostan an average of 173 persons to the square mile, and in China proper each square mile represents a population of 236. The population of Europe is about 350,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as in Asia, but everywhere dense, and overpopulated at all points. Africa has an estimated population of some 210,000,000, or about eighteen to the square mile. But this can be a mere approximation only, as so much of the continent is still unexplored. America has a population estimated at about 105,000,000, relatively thinly scattered, and averaging altogether not more than seven to the square mile. On all the islands of the oceans there are probably 10,000,000 of inhabitants. The white people of the human race are estimated at about 550,000,000, the blacks at some 250,000,000; the rest are of intermediate color. Of the entire race some 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is comfortably and entirely; 700,000,000 are partly clothed, and some 250,000,000 are practically naked. Some 500,000,000 may be said to live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization, 800,000,000 live in huts or caves with no attempt at furnishing them with any luxuries or scarcely conveniences, 200,000,000 and more have nothing that can be called a home. Fully three-fifths of the race, therefore, lie below the line which the "civilization of the Anglo-Saxon would fix as the lowest limit at which deprivation and discomfort can be endured. Of course the above is a division by races, and takes no account of the great needy class in cities of civilized countries.—[Inter-Ocean.

Domestic Brawls in London Streets.

The way domestic brawls are carried on in the streets of London cannot be matched, I am certain, in any other city in the world, says T. C. Crawford in the New York World. The common people who walk the streets regard these quarrels as their own private theatricals and sternly resent any interference of the police. As a general thing the police do not touch the brawlers unless they make too much of a disturbance and block up the streets. The police then simply order them to move on, and make arrests only where the disturbing party resists. During my stay in London I have seen more street fights than I had ever seen before in my life. The actors in these street fights or domestic brawls appear to take great pride in the parts which they are called upon to play. They are stimulated by the cheers and roars of approval from the audience and do their best to maintain their reputations for courage, ferocity and skill in retort. The women are especially excitable and active in a street fight. The man generally looks sulky and sheepish when engaged in a fight with his wife in public. But the women never give them a chance to back out. They are much more vindictive and active than the men. After the man has been kicked three or four times and has had his face scratched up to a proper state of rawness, he becomes excited and then strikes out brutally and cruelly, unless a policeman happens to be too near. The women are generally the victors in these street fights. The fighting women generally have babies in their arms. I have seen a number of costermonger viragos bounding from the ground like hyenas, rushing up and down with great leaps, howling insults and epithets, then sweeping down towards the hated object of their wrath for a blow or a kick, and when the man strikes out the baby never seems to be regarded as anything more than a buffer. The costermonger female uses her baby as a shield. The poor, wretched rarely, if ever, howls or cries. I have never heard a costermonger baby even peep during the most exciting phases of a street fight, although the mother may be howling like a panther in her rage and excitement.

An Enormous Boom.

"Yes," said the man from Biggsville, "we are having an old-fashioned boom. Four railways heading our way, street car company organized, new stock yards—"

A Line of Study.

Editor (to young Assistant)—"Mr. Greathhead, I want to map out a line of journalistic study for you!" Young Assistant (dubiously)—"I am pretty well up to newspaper snuff, as it is, sir."

The Idler.

Parent—"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?" Johnny—"I dunno."

Editor.

Editor—"I am aware of that, Mr. Greathhead; but you know too much. I would suggest that you devote one hour each day to forgetting something."

A TURK'S PLEASURES.

The Favorite Amusement of an Oriental People.

The Three Public Recreations Which They Prefer.

The traits of a people may often be judged as correctly from their pleasures and recreations, as from their history and serious conduct. In the freedom of the idle, pleasure-seeking hours, a people will betray whether they are imaginative or matter-of-fact, whether they are gentle or rough, whether they are sober or buoyant of spirit.

It is usual to find that a people who dwell in rugged, inhospitable lands, in regions of storm and gloomy skies prefer amusements which are hardy and active; while those who dwell in softer, sunnier climes enjoy themselves in milder recreations. The old French chronicler, Froissart, observed, when in England, that the English "took their pleasures very sadly." The English, and especially the Scotch, dwelling as they do in a capricious climate, are noted for the ruggedness and hardihood of their sports. The buoyancy and gaiety of the French character, on the other hand, are strikingly reflected in the lightness and sparkle which appear in all their favorite pastimes.

The recreations of Oriental people are more interesting, because less familiar to us than those of the Western people, and afford quite as reliable a key to national character.

A recent sojourner in Turkey has given a very entertaining account of the ways in which the subjects of the Sultan beguile their many idle hours. The Turks are an indolent people. The languor of their beautiful climate renders them prone to take the world easily, to have frequent holidays, and to enjoy pleasures which soothe rather than excite.

The principal public recreations of the Turks are three. One is, to witness the burlesque acting of a company of men who do not use any stage for their performances, but issue forth from behind a single screen. These players go about from place to place, erect their screen in the open air and give their performances before the motley crowd of the turbaned idlers who gather around them.

Another favorite amusement is what the writer referred to calls the "Turkish Punch and Judy." This show, however given by means of shadows cast upon a white sheet. The effect of this is very weird and striking.

The third public recreation is the gathering in the streets, or on the open spaces, to listen to the thrilling tales of the "meddahs," or professional story-tellers. The meddahs take the place, in Turkey, of lecturers in America. They relate the most exciting stories, with many emphatic gestures, contortions of the face, and modulations of the voice. They sit in the middle of an attentive circle, and often raise their hearers to a high pitch of breathless interest and excitement by their dramatic powers of narration.

The Turkish women are allowed to witness the burlesque acting; but they are forbidden to be present at the Punch and Judy shows, and at the story-telling of the meddahs. The women, moreover, are not permitted to attend the theatres and opera-houses.

Like all Orientals, the Turks are very fond of music and of dancing. But their airs, musical instruments and dances are entirely different from those of Western Europe. They partake very much of the nature of the race as seen in other ways. The Turkish music to Western ears, sounds soft, melodious and monotonous. The Turks, on the other hand, regard European music as too loud, boisterous and confused in sound. A choir, or an orchestra, in Turkey, all sing and play the air only.

The Turks like ceremony, and all their recreations are pursued in a sedate, quiet, ceremonious way. The musicians, dancers, story-tellers are ushered before and away from their audiences with flourishes and obeisances, and are rewarded with much solemnity of demeanor.

There are very few recreations in Turkey, in which men and women are allowed to take part in common. When both sexes witness the same performance, the women always sit in a group behind a screen or thick lattice, so that they can witness what is going forward without seeing, or being seen by the men. But in this case, the best point from which to view the performance is accorded to the women.—[Youth's Companion.

An English Inn.

It was a queer, quaint little hostelry, low in stature, a frame of wood filled in with brick, tiled roofs and pointed gables, and small square windows, into which two heads of curious people could scarce have squeezed at once. Mine host stood at the door, and his salutation to me was so courteous, and he seemed so good-humored a reflex of the swinging sign near, upon which was roughly painted a laughing Gaminus carrying a huge mug of beer to his expectant, wide-open mouth, that, returning his "good-day," I entered within. It was the tap-room of the place, rough enough in finish, a few racing pictures hanging against the wooden frame and placards announcing a cricket match and a prize exhibition of flowers, fruits and vegetables at Latimer, the seat of the Lord of Chesham. To his question of what I would have I selected beer and asked him to join me. We sat at a little table and drank and smoked and exchanged inquisitive talk. He had somewhat of my autobiography, perhaps spontaneous on my part, to dispel apparent suspicions of my being of the brotherhood of tramps. And he told me how he and his progenitors for one hundred years had been publicans at that place while my country still paid its tribute to George III. There were repetitions of the potato, refilling of the pipes and broader flights of talk, until the sun touched the plumes of the trees on the western hills, until the cows, all pastured, came lowing into the paddock, and the bats, hid under the eaves during all the hours of light, came out and whirled through the darkening air. Mine host had no place for me to sleep, but he thought that if I would go on a mile to a farm called the "Vale," at the first intersection of his road with another, I could probably be accommodated by a spinster who had just opened her house for summer boarders from London. "She's a little skittish," he added, "frightened like, and perhaps, will ask for references, but just tell her you're from America, and talk nice, just like a gentleman, and she'll open her door to you. She's nothing to drink there, but bear in mind that I have, and I'll be glad to see you, sir." He stretched out his broad, hard, brown hand both for the score and good bye, and we parted.—[Philadelphia Call.

Healthy and Unhealthy Occupations.

The English Registrar-General has made a comparison between healthy and unhealthy occupations. Assuming the normal average death rate of the community as the unit of comparison, and calling it 1,000, particular occupations may be regarded as healthy or unhealthy according to the death-rates among those pursuing them fall above or below that figure. The most healthy occupation appears to be that of ministers of religion, whose rate is 356. Next are gardeners and nurserymen, 599; farmers and graziers, 631; agricultural laborers, 701; schoolmasters, 719; and grocers, coal merchants, paper, lace, and hosiery manufacturers, wheelwrights, ship-builders and coal-miners, with all of whom the average death rate is under 775. The most unhealthy occupations are the trades connected with the liquor traffic and hotel service, with which the death rate is 2,205; following these are general laborers in London, 2,020, costermongers, bankers and street sellers, 1,879; innkeepers, etc., 1,531; and brewers, 1,361. After the trades concerned with alcohol, the highest rates are furnished by occupations that involve the breathing of dust—other than coal dust—and exposure to lead poisoning. The death rate among butchers is also high, 1,170.—[Popular Science Monthly.

A Chinese Mandarin's Gratitude.

A missionary of the American Board stationed at the China inland mission writes to the home office of an incident. A Chinese mandarin recently gave an entertainment and presented a valuable testimonial to the Christian Hospital, out of gratitude for medical services rendered to his aged father. The son was absent on duty, and the father was cured of a sickness which was supposed to be fatal. While the old gentleman was at the worst of the wife of the absent son, acting in place of her husband, performed an act supposed to propitiate heaven and to secure the restoration of her father-in-law. With her own hand she cut a piece of flesh from her arm, had it cooked, and administered it to the patient. On the son's return his gratitude to the missionaries was boundless. He had prepared a memorial tablet, eight feet by four, which was suitably inscribed. This was hung from a bamboo pole, and carried by two men, preceded by a band of musicians. As they approached the house big bunches of firecrackers were fired, and the tablet was presented with much ceremony.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Overwork is a waste of capital. The secret of thrift is knowledge. Be not anxious about the trouble which is not yet come. Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character. Rich people who are covetous are like the cypress tree: they may appear well, but are fruitless. If women did not believe men any more than they do women, it would be lucky for the sex. True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation. Help others whenever you can; you would yourself be grateful for a helpful hand in a moment of need. Conviction is in itself a power. The man who is sure of what he says, gives assurance to those who hear him. Light as a gossamer is the circumstance which can bring enjoyment to the conscience which is not its own accuser. "The greatest thing for a man to know," said Alexander the Great, "is that with which he is least acquainted—himself in person." He who possesses a friend whom he can trust, one who is found faithful through storm and sunshine, has one of the rarest treasures which this world holds. It may be that luck goes up and down the world calling on men and women, but the name has been spelled pluck on all of her cards that have come under our eye. Indian Corn. Like many other members of the vast and valuable vegetable kingdom, Indian corn or maize has long attracted the attention of writers, and its origin has been the occasion of much discussion. It was long ago the custom of certain classes of authors to attribute almost every plant and animal to Eastern origin, probably on the theory that it was in that hemisphere the Garden of Eden was believed to have been placed, and many things, all the way from potatoes to turkeys, were traced across the sea. Alphonse de Candolle, the eminent botanist, thoroughly examined the subject thirty years ago, and states that "maize is of American origin, and was not introduced into the old world until after the discovery of the new." The early discoverers found it in cultivation by the Indians of America all the way from New England to Chili. There are evidences that it was raised in South America long before the conquest of Peru, as varieties not at present cultivated in that country have been discovered there in tombs which antedate the Incas, just as grain has been found in Egypt stored with mummies 3000 years old, recently brought forth from their resting-places.—[Inter-Ocean.

White Topaz.

The white topaz found near Pike's Peak is almost equal in value to the diamond, says G. F. Hobert in the Globe-Democrat. Not many people know this; but I found a topaz on the banks of the Platte River this summer and sent it to a lapidary in New York to have it cut. It weighed 828 carats, and the lapidary sent back word that he would give me \$50 for it. I refused the offer, and investigation disclosed the fact that if I had sold the stone it would have found its way into some of the large jewelry stores of the metropolis, where, cut into innumerable small stones, it would have been offered for sale as genuine diamonds. Clear white topaz is worth \$9 a carat. A three or four carat, well-cut stone, will cost you \$30 or \$40. The white topaz has the brilliancy and hardness of the diamond, and differs from it only in being somewhat transparent. Its angle of refraction differs only slightly from that of the diamond. It is rare, too.

A Serenade in Dahomey, Africa.

That night, perhaps, as a soother to my nerves, the king gave us a serenade by his own private band. I was awakened about midnight with a noise that I can compare to nothing but a thunderstorm in scales. They ran from high to low, and got terribly mixed in the middle. It was not really unpleasant, but like the chiming of bells, should be heard at a distance—the greater the distance the better. I sprang to the window to find that band consisted of twenty-two men, each with a log, or piece of wood, the largest so heavy that it took four men to carry it. These were set, one end on the ground, the other supported by a wooden trestle, and beaten on the high end with wooden hammers, of all sizes, from the hand hammer to a sledge, each stick or log emitting its sound, but no distinguishable air resulted.—[North American Review.

What Follows a Howling Dog.

"Pa," said little Harold to his paternal parent, after that individual had been reading an article on "Superstition" to his family. "Pa, does death always follow the howl of a dog?" "No, darling," replied Dogstrutle. "Sometimes it is the boot!"—[Lad's

NATURAL-GAS EXPLOSION.

Fifteen Persons Injured, Several Fatally, in Pittsburg.

Two Large Buildings Narrowly Escape Destruction.

The first serious natural-gas explosion in Pittsburg, Penn., in two years occurred a few minutes after 10 o'clock the other morning in the Hotel Altemarland Bijou Theatre Block, on Sixth street. The explosion was attended with frightful injuries to a number of people, and great destruction to some of the finest property in the city. For several days past workmen employed by the People's Gas Company had been engaged in repairing the pipes running into the theatre and hotel. The odor of escaping gas was noticed early in the morning, but, for some reason, nothing was done. Almost instantly flames burst off. About 10:15 o'clock there were three terrific explosions simultaneously in the cellars of P. T. Reed, optician, Hotel Altemarland, and the Bijou Theatre. The concussion shook buildings for several squares and broke every plate-glass window in the block. A number of persons were killed or injured from various parts of the block, but before they were controlled by the work of the fire department, the Hotel Altemarland, the Bijou Theatre entrance, and the shops which fronted on Sixth street, between the hotel entrance and Library Hall, all were terribly damaged. The damage by the explosion will reach \$50,000. The greatest loss is to the Hotel Altemarland, which will exceed \$20,000. The Bijou Theatre, owned by D. F. Reed, optician, \$2,500, and Feick Brothers, dealers in artificial limbs, \$1,500. Fully \$3,000 worth of plate glass was broken by the explosion, and fifteen persons in all were injured, five of them it was thought, fatally. The complete list of the injured is as follows: Jacob Dindgar, young man, employee of the People's Natural Gas Company, hurled internally and badly burned, and one leg and arm broken; will die. Thomas Scanlan, employee of the People's Natural Gas Company, badly burned about the head, legs and hands; Mike Melranzi, Italian, employee of the People's Natural Gas Company, severely burned about hands, face and back; Blake, colored man, injured internally; H. T. Feick, injured internally and face severely cut by flying glass; John Feick, cut by glass about face and hands; now cut almost off. Lyon Kacharski, employee of D. T. Reed, injured in the back. Gus Datta, member of Engine Company No. 1, struck in the eye by falling timber. Unknown woman, blown into the gutter, and severely hurt. G. G. Nichols, editor People's Advocate, blown into gutter and street severely cut and bruised; John Mulberry, a colored employee of the People's Natural Gas Company, fearfully burned about the head, face and hands; Michael Humphreys, arms and hand severely cut and bruised; Meyer broken shoulder blade; Joe Gendino, Italian laborer, burned about the head and shoulders, and injured internally. At the scene of the disaster shows beyond a doubt that the explosion was caused by the ignition of the People's Gas Company gas, which was making a connection in the basement of Feick's establishment.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

ALL of the International League clubs have disbanded. BALDWIN has caught fifty-one consecutive games for Cincinnati. BOSTON is willing to spend \$30,000 for a team to win the pennant next season. THERE will be many changes in the different League and Association Clubs next season. THOMPSON, of the Detroit, has this season made over 300 hits and leads all the League batsmen in this particular. CAPTAIN SWARTWOOD, of the Brooklyn Club, says that three years is long enough for any player to stay with a team. MIKE HALEY, who left the club the other day if he would play in Boston, said: "Well, I guess not. I'm no use to them, and they had better let me go."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THERE are only four characters in Octave Feuillet's new play. SEVERAL young ladies of Madison, Wis., have organized a court band. MICHIGAN has a novelty in a bicycle band. THE musician play as they ride. MR. THOMPSON THOMAS will soon begin his New York season of orchestral concerts. HISTORICALLY recently published "Memories" reveal that she made her debut as a three-months-old child. SARAH BRENNERT has written a play called "The Sun" it is said to be full of bright points, sharp satire, and polished dialogue. "THE Father of Six Monkeys; or, the Prophet of Fenon," is the unique name of a popular play now running in the City of Madison. FRANK BANGS will star Lawrence Barrett's plays, "Francis & Rimini" and "Rimini" this season. Manager Ed Stone is organizing a good singing company. MISS BECKER CLEVELAND, one of the leading members of a Western comic opera company now playing in Ohio cities, claims to be a niece of the President. She is good looking and has a sweet alto voice. On the boards of one of the cheap theatres in Chicago is a young English tenor of noble birth who has made his youth noteworthy by squandering an inheritance of more than \$100,000 in less than two years. FIVE prominent clergymen in New York have taken as a text Richard Mansfield's performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The Rev. Dr. Estess said: "I certainly do not remember any drama so powerful in its moral effect."

SOCIAL CIRCLES.

SOCIAL circles in Washington are surprised at the report that Miss Edith Byrnes, daughter of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, and granddaughter of the late Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, is about to make her debut on the dramatic stage. MISS ELEANOR EVERETT is the most popular young woman in Philadelphia's amateur musical circles. She is just out of her teens, is good looking, and has a superb soprano voice. A music house has named a collection of songs "Edith's Everett's Album" in her honor.

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