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The Young Love and the Old.

O, the young love was sweet, dear,
The dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flow'rs:
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in spring,
And cares were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing
Of all youth's visions blest, dear,
Of all its golden dow'rs,
O, the young love was best, dear,
That dainty dream of ours.

O, the old love is sweet, dear,
These chill October days,
When we tread with faltering feet, dear,
The sere and silent ways;
When earth has lost its glory,
And heav'n has lost its blue,
And life's a sober story,
And care a comrade true.
Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,
And dreams have lost their sway,
O, the old love is sweet, dear,
That gilds the autumn day!

—*London Society.*

OBSERVATIONS.

"None but the brave deserve the hair" is the way the Indians put it.

Whittaker can now fold his ears like an Arab and silently steal away.

"I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up? Wheat, barley, or oats? No—a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

The soda water man's fizzical year begins May 1.

When an Ohio man wants to get a stranger into trouble he hints that the latter is the man who collects a tax on whiskey. And soon the stranger mysteriously disappears.

A washerwoman, regular and attentive listener at church, was commended by her pastor. "Yes," she said, "after my hard week's work is done, I git so rested to come to church, and sit here and think about nothin'!"

A family in Boston has a dog twenty five years old. He was originally a hound, but he's stayed with them so long that they now call him a tarrier.

Two Cincinnati girls gave sparring exhibitions in variety shows, and their appearance was not a success, because they were too dainty with their blows until the manager whispered to one of them as she went on the stage that she was accused by the other of having false teeth, and then the fight was a fight worth seeing.

STATE NEWS.

The Raleigh *News'* New York correspondent says Dr. Chas. Phillips, who has been in New York for some time, is improving in health.

Four hundred and twenty-seven confirmations were made during the past year by Bishop Atkinson and his assistant, Rt. Rev. T. B. Lyman.

The New Hanover congressional delegation left Wilmington Tuesday for the Fayetteville convention, forgetting to take their credentials with them.

Raleigh *News:* Mrs. Sarah Leigh Hogg, aged 81 years, died in Raleigh last Monday. Having no children of her own, during her life time she adopted and reared ten children, of whom six were orphans.

Patriot: Henry O. Schofield, a prominent retired merchant of Lynchburg, Va., was last Monday found dead in bed at the residence of Prof. J. T. Humphreys. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death from natural causes.

The Supreme Court will meet next Monday. The two first days of the term will be devoted to the examination of candidates to practice law. The names of eleven candidates have already been registered with the clerk of the court.

Raleigh *Observer:* A dispatch from Gen. M. W. Ransom, who is the member of the national executive committee from North Carolina, informs us that he is now negotiating for rooms at Cincinnati for the North Carolina delegation. Gentlemen who propose to attend will please take notice.

At the commencement exercises of Peace Institute, Raleigh, last Monday evening, certificates were awarded to the graduating class, which was composed of the following: Misses Elwina K. Johnson, Ina McCall, Fannie J. Baker, Nannie H. Burwell, Linda L. Rumple, Bettie K. Parker, Georgia Johnson, Mary S. Long, Rosa A. Penick.

Gen. Johnstone Jones, whose name has been mentioned by the State press in connection with the office of auditor, publishes the following card in the Raleigh *Observer:* "I thank you sincerely for the compliment and for your kind words, but I really do not desire the office, and trust that my name will not be presented by my friends for the position in the State convention."

The Raleigh *News* says Charles N. Otey died in Washington Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in his 30th year. He was a young colored man of high character and of great promise. He graduated at Howard University quite recently, since which time he has been engaged as assistant professor in that institution. He has recently been connected editorially with a paper in Washington called the *Argus.*

Raleigh *News:* One of our oldest and most respected citizens has gone to the grave. Dr. Fabius J. Haywood died on Sunday last, after a long illness, at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. Daniel G. Fowle. Dr. Haywood was born in Raleigh in the year 1801. He graduated at the University of North Carolina in the year 1825; and in 1827 he graduated at the University of Pennsylvania as a doctor of medicine. He entered at once on its practice in Raleigh, and was remarkably successful in his profession. For the last four or five years his infirmities were such as to forbid him to engage actively in its duties.

New York correspondence Raleigh *News:* "I have just received from Alexandria, Egypt, two very beautiful oil paintings by Mrs. Victor C. Barringer, of North Carolina, who has, I am told, devoted considerable time to her pencil since her residence of six or seven years in that ancient city. One of them is a view of the Obelisk, or Cleopatra's needle, which has just been shipped there for this city, and may reach here in the course of four or five weeks. The companion picture is a view of a Bedoniu's camp, as seen by Mrs. Barringer, four miles from Alexandria. And, writing of art, I may mention, that there was an exhibition, on Thursday evening, at the Cooper Institute, of paintings, drawings, and statuary, the work of the many ladies and gentlemen who are pursuing their professional studies in that Institute, where, I believe, gratuitous instruction by capable masters is open to all comers. Among the contributors I have the pleasure of knowing Miss Kollock, of Hillsboro, and Miss Long, of Randolph, who had presented me with a ticket."

A Remarkable Youth.

Wilmington Star.

We were favored with a visit yesterday from Jemmie Darden, son of Mr. Robert J. Darden, of Wilson county, N. C. This young man was seven years old last November, weighs one hundred pounds, is a large, stout boy, and sports quite a mustache. He was accompanied by his father. Jemmie is a specimen of a North Carolina boy that would "take the premium" anywhere.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Peep Into the Actresses' Dressing Rooms—An Anecdote of Fanny Ellsler.

Special Correspondence of the Times.

LONDON, May 15.—I have often thought that a brief description of the dressing rooms of well-known actresses would make an amusing article wherewith to please the general public, who now and then like to have glimpses of "behind the scenes." In the olden time there was not much to note in dressing rooms. They were plainly, not to say poorly, furnished, and unless the artist added a few knick-knacks to spruce the place up the management provided nothing but bare necessities. Rose Cheri, of the Paris Gymnase, was the first actress who really taught her companions to upholster a "loge," as they term it in Paris. Her husband adored her; he was rich, and as she spent six hours of the twenty-four in and about her dressing room, he bought her furniture that would have gratified the Princess Badroulbadour. The carpet was of rich Aubusson; the time-piece was Gothic; there was a Psyche of Pradier on a bracket; the lounge was in velvet of Utrecht; there were satin hangings of sheeny texture in poetic cloudy blue—in short, nothing was wanting to make the retreat of this gifted little actress a boudoir of beauty, Madame Desclee, who came next, stripped this nest of its opulent adornments. The girandoles and the splendors they reflected were cast away and dull draperies of sad-colored cloth replaced them. The loge of the famous Madame Grisi was always supplied with a store of raw eggs, which the diva sucked before entering on the scene to sing her great embroidered numbers. That of Madame Persiani never lacked the flavor of old cognac, which the cantatrice used to strengthen her voice—or her "organ," as the critics at present elect to term it. Taglioni, the sylphide, was more temperate. Her little weakness was *limonade gazeuse*, a harmless aerial beverage, with stouter brag than body. Madame Guyemard was more sober still. She, in her loge, was satisfied with a gilt looking-glass and four horse-hair chairs. Marie Battu received her friends in a room white, clean and cheerful as a Chester county farmhouse parlor or a Dutch kitchen. You will remember it is only the field officers of the mimic army who are complimented with loges—the subaltern must submit to the accommodation of the green room. Sara Bernhardt's room at the Francais is expensively decorated and upholstered, and in the latter days of her career at the Varieties, the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, Madame Schneider, inhabited a room that might have been alloted to a real bona fide Grand Duchess. To-day the most luxurious dressing rooms of Paris are enjoyed by Theo and Judic, the opera bouffists, and Leonide Leblanc, the actress, has spent $10,000 on her loge.

While on the subject of actresses and their habits let me tell you an anecdote of the celebrated Fanny Ellsler which I have never before seen in type. Her dressing room was spacious, well ventilated and well furnished, save that the furniture was uniformly powdered with chalk. Chalk was everywhere—on chairs, floor and toilette table. The dancer cannot do without chalk—it is almost as indispensable as legs. The soles of her shoes have to be coated with chalk to lend the surface the roughness that gives a grip. Well, one night as the author of the "*Diable Boiteux*" entered Fanny's loge, he found her storming and panting in a passionate fury most magnificent to behold.

"My dear Burat," she cried (Burat was her manager), "I am in a fearful rage. Just fancy! my *passeul* is at hand, and the corps de ballet have stolen my chalk!"

"What, stolen it! Can it be possible?"

"Possible? It is. I have looked everywhere and questioned every one—Nathalie, Fitz James, Noblet, her sister—all deny knowing anything about it. It's a conspiracy, that's clear. Burat, you'll come to the rescue, and get me some chalk, will you not?"

"My dear young lady," urged M. Burat, "where am I to get it?"

"Nonsense, set out and get it somewhere," petulantly pleaded the *danseuse.* "Never mind the cost. You've a quarter of an hour before the rising of the curtain. Go, please," and she pushed him through the door.

It was 11 p.m.; the shops were shut. The unfortunate vaudevillist was more embarrassed to discover the desired chalk than he had ever been to invent a plot. Nevertheless, he did not despair. In twelve minutes he came back, his cheeks flushed, his voice thick, a tremor in his gait, but twenty pieces of chalk in his pocket handkerchief.

"Bravo! bravo!" gleefully shouted Fanny Ellsler, "How much do I owe you?"

"The price of ten glasses of Co-cognac," hiccoughed Burat. "I had to patronize ten cafes 'fore I could steal all that chalk."

The ready-witted author had appropriated the provision which lay beside each billiard table for chalking cues.

In London the dressing rooms of the artists are merely comfortable. Henry Irving's loge comes the nearest to pretension of elegance, and Toole's little box at the Folly is quaintly and nicely furnished. The dressing rooms of the St. James' Theatre are neatly appointed, but as it is not the habit of English actresses to receive their friends in their dressing rooms, but little money is spent in adornments. Madame Patti's room at Covent Garden boasts a few pictures and flowers, and Madame Albani dresses in a room that is devoid of all pretensions to sumptuosity.

H. P.

Homicide in Edgefield.

Columbia Register, 1st.

Near the Saluda, in Edgefield, yesterday morning about 6 o'clock, a Mr. Gardner shot and killed his father-in-law, Wm. Blease. Gardner lived with his father-in-law Blease, and the trouble between them was of some domestic nature. Mr. Gardner expressed himself yesterday as being perfectly willing to surrender to the legal authorities at any time they might call upon him. He has been married but a few months to the daughter of the deceased, and information received at a late hour last night from the scene of the killing indicated that Gardner committed the deed in self-defense and that the children of the dead man will be the strongest witnesses in Gardner's defense when the case comes up for trial.