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PALEMON JOHN, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Argentine Republic's immigration for this year will reach 370,000. This is too many to be properly assimilated and the southern republic is likely to have a very grave question to settle in a few years.

In Great Britain the quantity of coal dust remaining unemployed annually is calculated at 28,000,000 tons. Various methods have been attempted to convert it into cakes, but the operation is not sufficiently remunerative.

An Eiffel tower is to be erected in London. It is to be 1250 feet high. Two thousand five hundred dollars is offered as a prize for the best design for the proposed tower, and half that amount for the second best design. The competition is open to the world.

The city of Cologne, in Germany, is to hold next year an International War Exhibition, consisting of all articles appertaining to war or necessary for the use of an army. It is the intention of the promoters to make the show of an international character as far as possible.

The King of Portugal, who lately died, was something of a scholar and a literary man, having written poetry of his own and translated several of Shakespeare's plays into Portuguese. Whatever he may have been the merit of this work is royal author has left behind him a reputation for simplicity and modesty of life too rarely met with in reigning families. He was an amiable and a deservedly popular monarch.

At Barria Springs, Mich., Horace Sebring, the hardest young criminal who nearly succeeded in poisoning all the members of his family, not excepting his father and mother, in order to secure a paltry estate and get married, was sentenced to twenty-five years in the State prison. He himself explained to the jury how he put the deadly drug into the teacup and refused to call a doctor to the aid of his tormented relatives, who were only saved by the timely appearance of neighboring friends.

It is seldom that a woman has the courage and pertinacity to come half around the globe to secure the punishment of a man who has deceived her, but this is what the Australian woman has done who is responsible for the arrest of the ex-convict, Julius Millhouse, at Chicago. The fellow left a wife in the lake city, went to Australia, married this woman and then dreamt with \$3,750 belonging to her father. He returned to Chicago and was enjoying his plunder with his first wife when his fair nemesis came down upon him. The case is so clear that the clever swindler cannot escape State prison, which he richly deserves.

A railway mail clerk raked out the best of the Government recently. He had been fired, along with a number of others, but, instead of giving up his annual pass, which he held as an employee of the Government, he traveled all over the country on it, and it was two weeks before he gave it up. Before he turned up after his extended jaunt, several Postoffice inspectors were put on his trail and the authorities everywhere were notified to watch for him, but just as the inspectors were ready to nab him he turned up at the General Superintendent's office, gave up the pass and rendered his account so that the Government could not molest him.

It is estimated that as many as one thousand families are destitute in North Western Minnesota and Western Dakota on account of failure of crops through drought. An appeal has been made to the brotherly good will of the people throughout the Union for such aid in money or product as will enable those sufferers on the bleak frontier to get through the winter. The settlers in those far Western regions, observes the New York Daily News, are more dependent upon nature's bounty than the inhabitants of the older communities, for they have to live, for the most part, on the fruits of the earth that themselves produce out of their labor and its fertility. When the crops fail them they have few resources elsewhere, and it is for the relief of a population thus famine-stricken that the generosity of their fellow-countrymen is invoked.

M. E. Fel has already opened communication with people in New York city regarding the erection of a tower at the proposed world's fair there, similar to the one built by him at Paris. The Paris tower, he says, has given him new ideas on constructions of this kind, and it is confident that a tower can be carried up to a height of 1500, or even 2000 feet, without any architectural difficulties. Judging by this expansion of M. E. Fel's ideas, there is no limit to the height of tower building. The Chicago Herald thinks if a tower 1000 feet high shows that it is an easy matter to build one 2000 feet high, the latter would seem necessarily to demonstrate the feasibility of running one up to a height of 4000 feet, and so on until the man in the moon might be a guest at Eiffel-tower lunch parties. Apparently, all that the French architect requires to realize the dream of the builders of the tower of Babel is enough world's fair to bring him out.

THANKSGIVING.

Upon the frozen, fruitless ground, Above a treasure he had found, A robin sang; Suckrapture swelled his tender throat The dull air quivered with his note; The silence rang With melody so high and long He seemed to be incarnate song; So tans he was as I drew near— That all the heavens and earth should hear The grateful burst No alderman at turtle feast Nor hungry man o'er smoking beast Such bliss could know; No parching traveler on the sand, No discovering water near at hand, More joy could show; No juicy fruit nor dainties ripe Had thus attuned his little pipe To thank the Lord; 'Twas but a bunch of withered berries Or unattractive, starveling cherries By feathered creature That robin's rapturous merriment Exposed man's selfish discontent In its true feature; That day a sermon rare and good Was preached in aisle of somber wood By feathered creature And often when I low my head In thankfulness for bounties spread And look on high, I walk once more in my youth And hear again in very truth That robin's cry.

—Irving Browne.

THANKSGIVING.

LITTLE Kate Weaver walked wearily through the right light of a November sunset with a basket of chest-nuts on her arm. She had been gathering them, with the assistance of Dick Burns, the blacksmith's boy, for the morrow evening, for everything edible or drinkable which was considered "good" would be pressed into service through the hours of the Thanksgiving now so near at hand.

Throughout the year the inhabitants of Rushton were, as a general thing, plain folk, but on Thanksgiving Day they stifled themselves as they did their poultry. And so Kate Weaver hoped to sell her nuts.

At home—her home—there was to be no Thanksgiving Day kept. That is, regarding it as a feast. Kate had a vague hope that if the nuts sold well a wagon load of "cup of tea and some baker's gingernuts for supper." But, after all, almost every one had nuts already, so the sale was slow. A pint to a greedy child—three cents worth an old woman who lived by herself in almost as poor a little house as that Kate lived in—and here it was sunset, and not nuts enough to pay for the labor yet sold. It would have been better to have gone out sewing. Kate was worn and weary and always timid; she shrank from approaching the door of the "hotel"—dubbed thus by the landlord. It was "the tavern" elsewhere. But the remembrance of her sick sister's pinched, pale face arose before her. The tea and the baker's cake and the little bowl of arrowroot would do her so much good.

She put her face in at the open door and said timidly: "Chestnuts, sir?"

And a man in a blue jacket, who stood at the bar, turned. "Nuts, eh?" he cried. "Well, I'm your man. How much are they, lass?" "Kate answered the price by the pint. "Hang pints!" said the man. "I'll take the whole mess. Steer this way, my lass, and pitch your basket full overboard into this handkercher, and there's two dollars for you."

"They are not worth that much, sir," said Kate. "Bother!" said the man. "Why, a marine wouldn't take change from a lass like you, Thanksgiving' eve. Keep it, Lord love ye. Only I'd like a buss from them red lips into the bargain."

to have a share in the good things on exhibition. She felt almost happy. Who knew but a "streak of luck" might come, and she should be rich some day. The clerk was ready for her now. He put her tea in white paper, her sugar in brown and dabbed the paper of arrow-root on the counter with a "there you are."

"Anything more, miss?" he asked, and Kate, growing quite extravagant, said: "Yes, a candle and two of these large apples."

Then she proffered her two dollar bill. The young fellow looked at it and whistled. "This is your little game, eh?" he said. "I won't do with us. If you want a gal, I'd call the police. Don't try it agin, I warn you."

"Try what—what is it?" asked Kate, trembling. "As if you didn't know it was counterfeit," cried the man. "Come, don't play innocent. There's the door. Why, a blind man couldn't be took in by that thing."

He tossed the bill, all crumpled up, toward her and took away her purchases. Kate understood that was the matter. "I did not know it was bad. It was given to me in payment for some nuts," said Kate. "The man will change it, I am sure."

"You'd better try," said the clerk, sneeringly, and Kate ran out of the store and back to the tavern, but the man was gone. Only the landlord was there. He sympathized.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wish I'd had a look at it. Poor thing. It's too bad. He's a regular rascal, I've no doubt. You ought to be careful about bills. There's a lot of bad ones going."

And with this end to her day's work and evening's work, Kate crept back to her sick sister and the wretched meal of dry bread. "Not even Thanksgiving could bring any good to her," she thought, and she could not sleep, but sat with her face pressed against the glass, thinking of the past and of the future. The last was dark, but she had been happy once—very happy. They had had a home and she had been its pet, its best beloved. She had worn pretty dresses, and had never known the want of any luxury. And then, too, in those bright days of her seventeenth year, she had had a lover. Still, through all her poverty she had kept his ring on her finger, and his memory at her heart. Poor Charles Nichols! He was drowned at sea on that first voyage—for the ship was never heard from the time it left the dock. He was dead, and so were all the rest—mother and father, and boy brother—only her sick sister and herself were left upon the earth.

"I'd like to go ashore this morning, Cappen," he said. "You were ashore," said the Captain, "yesterday."

"I know it," said the sailor. "But, ye see, I cheated a girl out of \$2, and I ain't easy in my mind. That is how 'twas, Cappen. I'd been drinking too much—"

"Leave you alone for that," said the Captain. "That's the truth," said the sailor, "and I was in a tavern along with Sam and Bill, and two more mates, when I came a gal with nuts. I bought 'em, and by accident, Cappen, I gave her a bad bill. Where I board they gave it to me, and won't take it back. I found out after I was aboard that I'd give it to the gal, and I can't sail leaving a thief's name ashore."

The Captain smiled and gave Tom leave to go. And so it chanced that, as people were going home to dinner from church, and Kate was hiding her head beside the empty hearth, a knock came at the door, and opening it, she saw a sailor.

"You're the lass!" he cried. "Yes, your lass. I asked for ye at the tavern, and they sent me here. I didn't mean to cheat ye. I hope you and the other young women know that. Here's a good bill, and I'll burn the other to save mistakes, for there's no gettin' it off on them that gave it."

Then he stared at the empty fire-place. "This ain't Thanksgiving' fixin'," he said to himself. "I'm afraid they're in want."

And then his eye went roving around the room and lit upon a tiny dagger-pointed up a shelf. "Is that one of you, miss?" he asked. "Yes, I see it is—and might I be bold enough to ask your name? 'Tain't impudence—I've a reason."

Kate gave her name. "It's the same," said the man. "See here, miss, do you know Captain Nichols—Captain Charles Nichols—that went to sea before the mast four years ago?" Kate screamed and clasped her hands. "I see you do," he said, "and I've got news to tell him that'll make his heart glad. He's been searching for you for months. In every town we've been in, he's looked for you up and down, and high and low, and I've helped him, and only yesterday he says to me: 'Tom, it's no use. I'll never find her. She's dead or married—and lost to me forever.'"

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view; The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew; The hay rack, the plow and the old fashioned cutter; The lambs that were full of their frolic and glee; The warm flowing milk and the good bread and butter; And see 't was fat turkey that sat in the tree; The young, tender turkey, the good, fat turkey, The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

That Thanksgiving turkey I hailed as a treasure, For always in fall when returned from the school, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, All roasted and seasoned, of stuffing so full. How gladly I saw it with eyes that were glowing! How pleasant at home on the farm then to feast, To feast on the cock that in summer was crowing, And on the fat turkey that sat in the tree; The young, tender turkey, the good, fat turkey, The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

How sweet at the family board to receive it, When words of good cheer and affection were said, Not a feast with a monarch could tempt me to leave it. (The grandest that riches and fashion can boast.) And now, far removed from that loved habitation A feeling of sadness arises in me, As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the turkey that sat in the tree; The young, tender turkey, the good, fat turkey, The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

CHARITY'S THANKS.

LL the wisecracks said after Charity Chipman's father died that she would have to hire a man to run the farm. She thought differently, and having taken charge of everything herself, found at the end of a year a nice little profit to her account in the bank.

The day before Thanksgiving she was driving into town with a load of turkeys and pumpkins and new-laid eggs, to supply her regular customers for the great yearly feast-day. She was thinking, a the cart joggled along, that she would have to eat her turkey alone on the morrow, and somehow the thought was not a pleasant one. Her reflections were broken by the sight of a lonely woman trading along the road just ahead of her. "Going to Hartsdale!" she asked, as she came up. "I'll give you a ride if you're bound that way."

"Thank you," said the stranger, who was young and pretty-looking. "I had walked five miles, and was beginning to get tired."

"Going to town to spend Thanksgiving?" asked Miss Charity, helping the young woman in the cart. "I am going there to look for work. I have no friends to spend Thanksgiving with," said the other, sadly. "That's too bad," exclaimed Miss Charity—then—"Just hold the pony a minute while I deliver this stuff to my customer."

And so Miss Charity bobbed in and out, stopping for a little to talk with this or that matron, pulling a bunch of gaudy chrysanthemums under the wagon seat for a little lame child in a tenement house and slyly leaving a plump chicken for the consumptive seamstress, who could not afford to order one, until the golden-haired girl alighted at the street corner. "There's an intelligence office near here, ma'am," said she, "where I may be able to hear of work. I am much obliged to you for the ride."

CHARITY.

"And that ungrateful tramp has rewarded my kindness by robbing me! I might have known just how it would be!"

She went straight to the intelligence office. The girl whom she had described had been there, but was gone, leaving no address. "It's like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay," said Miss Charity. And she left the description at the police station and went home in great disgust.

"My old red leather pocketbook, that was father's," said Miss Charity Chipman, with tears in her eyes, "and twenty-five dollars and sixty cents in it, in good hard money—it's enough to put one out of all conceit with human nature! And she with such an innocent little face, too, and eyes as blue as a baby's! Well, I never shall believe in what the physiognomists say again!"

It was Thanksgiving Eve, and Miss Charity Chipman was sitting dejectedly before the fire of blazing pine logs meditating upon her loss. Neither intelligence office nor police station had been able to render any account of the old red pocketbook and its contents.

"I declare," said Miss Charity, "it just spoils my Thanksgiving!"

When all of a sudden, there came a knock at the door and then, wrapped in a faded brown shawl, with her golden hair blown all about her face, stood the girl with the blue eyes who had ridden at Miss Charity's side during the frosty November sunrise.

"Bless my soul!" cried Miss Charity, recoiling. "Yes," said the girl, smiling, "it is I. And I've brought back your pocketbook. I found it lying on the curbstone opposite that house where you stopped with the bunch of flowers. I was returning from the intelligence office when I saw it lying among the dead leaves and I knew you must have dropped it when you jumped out. And I've been inquiring everywhere for you and have only just found you. Here's the pocketbook, and if you'll please count the money, I think you'll find it all right."

Mechanically Miss Charity Chipman numbered over the contents of the old receptacle. Not a copper cent was gone. "Yes," said she, "it's all right. Stop a minute, child—where are you going?" "Back to the city, ma'am," said the girl, wrapping the faded shawl closer around her, for the twilight blast was keen. "Have you got a place?" "Not yet, ma'am, but there's a cheap lodging house for working women, where I can get a very good bed and bowl of soup for fifteen cents, and—"

TALMAGE'S NEW CHURCH.

Plans Approved for an Edifice to Seat 5000 People. The Board of Trustees of Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's Tabernacle, in Brooklyn, has approved plans for the new edifice to replace that in Schuermaker street recently burned. Work has been commenced, and it will be finished by September 1 next. It will cost \$3,000,000.

The plans provide for a building that will seat 5000 persons. It will cover the entire plot of ground at the northeast corner of Clinton and Greene avenues, extending back to Waverley avenue, 18 feet by 200 feet. The church will be built of Connecticut granite with trimmings of Lake Superior brown stone. The steeple tower will be 160 feet high.

The interior will be in the shape of a large amphitheatre, semi-circular, with two galleries. There will be no steps except those leading to the galleries. All the floors will slope toward the rostrum. There will be a lecture-room on the Waverley avenue side, with classrooms on each side of the main auditorium. There will be two large reception-rooms for the special benefit of strangers. The roof will be "open-timbered," with the beams in plain sight.

THE LABOR WORLD.

THE miners of Stratton, Ill., elected J. J. Gerety Mayor of the place. EARL DENHAM made a speech in London recently sympathizing with the labor movement.

A BRANCH of the Knights of Labor has been formed by the ropemakers of Belfast, Ireland. ALL the surface railroads in New York city have large "extra" lists of men who are waiting for work.

SAMUEL HALDENBERG, formerly President of the International Typographic Union, died recently in Washington. The restoration of the bolted cars in Indianapolis has thrown 140 conductors out of work and probably will do the same in other cities.

THE Melbourne (Australia) Omnibus Company recently divided \$17,500 among its employees for faithful service during the last fiscal year. At Charleston, S. C., the Cotton Mills Company are having quite a number of cottages built for the accommodation of the officers and operatives.

LONDON bakers threaten to strike unless their day is reduced from twelve hours to ten and their pay increased. There are 18,500 bakers in London. It is proposed to erect labor halls in Boston and St. Louis. The unions of the latter city have been promised a site on condition that they maintain a reading room. The Brotherhood of Railway and Shipbuilding contributed \$18,000 for the family of a Cincinnati colleague who was arrested on what they considered a charge of treason. The Central Federation of Labor of Albany, N. Y., will ask the Legislature to change the Federal Labor law. They say it affords workingmen little or no relief. The Associated Charities of Minneapolis have requested the Board of Education, the Superintendent of Schools, the Board of Public Works and the labor organizations of the city to join hands in preventing child labor. Of the coke supplies in the United States, last year amounting to 8,327,591 tons and valued at \$13,000,000, Pennsylvania furnished by far the largest portion, the Connellsville region alone producing nearly 3,000,000 tons. The Rev. Gilbert Delany, who represents the labor party of Indiana, has been elected to Congress in 1888, and who afterward took an active part in labor matters in Denver, Col., is now pastor of a church in Ohio. At Holsville, a manufacturing village of Lancaster, England, there is a lady who presides at all the labor meetings and has organized the operatives. Her name is Eva Humboldt, and she is a pretty and spirited brunette. The Sugar Trust has shut down all its Boston refineries except one, and hundreds of men are out of work. Those who are working get work ten hours a day and average \$2.25 a week. Formerly they got \$19 and \$12 a week, working twelve hours a day. ALL the sandstone from which grindstones are made is practically furnished by Ohio and Michigan. The production in 1888 amounted to 41,000 tons, worth \$281,800, against 37,400 tons in 1887, worth \$234,000, the price varying from \$6.50 to \$10 per ton at the quarries before being finished into grindstones. The first statue erected in this country to a workman will soon be unveiled in Sacramento. It is in honor of E. J. Stevens, late master mechanic of the Southern Pacific, who had for years been in charge of immense railroad shops in Sacramento. The funds for the monument were contributed entirely by workmen. NEWS GLEANINGS. Mrs. CAROLINE DOUGLAS has given \$100,000 to John Hopkins University. GENERAL STOCKMARR, a Waterloo veteran, is dead, at the age of ninety-six. It is estimated that the Egyptian cotton crop will yield over 1,000,000 bales. The estimated population of Utah is 239,000, an increase of 87,000 in ten years time. The lower house of the Iowa Legislature is a thirty-Republican and fifty Democrat. Not less than 75,000 Michigan farmers have joined the Patrons of Husbandry since last May. The Servian Government has arranged with the Vienna Landerbank for a loan of \$5,000,000. The St. Louis World's Fair Finance Committee claims to have paid subscriptions to the amount of \$4,000,000. The most interesting exhibition in Europe next year will be the loan exhibition of tapestry at the Austrian Museum. In Germany the 500th anniversary of the introduction of the Protestant religion among the German speaking peoples has been celebrated. A COMPANY has been formed in London for the purpose of carrying stock, dressed beef and hogs direct from Galveston, Texas, to London. The Canadian fishing season has ended, and before another opens the modus vivendi between Canada and the United States will have expired. THREE new ironclads will, as soon as possible, be in Italy's fleet of 14,000 tons and 30,000-horse power. Vessels, armor, guns and all are to be made in Italy. By the death of a brother in Providence, R. I., Austine Steers, an inmate of the Soldiers Home in Chelsea, Mass., has fallen heir to \$28,000 in cash and real estate. A REMARKABLE revival began in the penitentiary at Kingston, Ontario. Between eighty and 100 of the leading burglars, forgers, counterfeiters, jack-pot-keepers, etc., were converted. Hunter and Crossley, the Canadian evangelists, conducted the meetings. PRESIDENT CANBY, of France, watches his office closely, but does not work. He says it is not a President's business to drudge in his office like a clerk.

ARMY DESERTERS.

The Annual Report of Major-General Schofield. The annual report of Major-General Schofield, commanding the army, to the Secretary of War, has been made public. He pays special attention to the desertion question. He says: "The causes of desertion which lead to desertion from the army are numerous. They have been sought diligently for years, and many of them have been discovered. Some of them are probably beyond the reach of any remedy. One of these is the naturally discontented disposition of the men who are led by feeling alone to seek change from the monotony of bread winning in any civil pursuit, by entering the supposed more arduous service of the United States. When such men find that soldiers, no less than civilians, must work, their feeling of discontent returns and they resort to the only means by which they can make another change. These men rarely desert when engaged in an active campaign, however great the hardships and privation or severe the discipline may be. It is the ordinary labor and routine of military duties which inspire them with discontent."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

DAVE WAMBOLD, the old time minstrel, is dead. HENRY IRVING is contemplating a trip to Australia. A. C. GUSTER is preparing his novel, "Mr. Potter of Texas," for the stage. "FATH" is said, is not creating the same sensation as her last visit in London, there being unoccupied spaces in the hall at her last two performances.

W. H. CHANCE is engaged over a decision of two English judges which permits the manager of a music hall to introduce in his place persons who are not the regulars. "THE PRINCE AND PAUPER," the new play which has been written for little Elsie Elsie, is to be produced at the Park Theatre in Philadelphia during Christmas week. The Cambridge Theatre, in London, now almost completed, is to be the scene of the production of "The Merchant of Venice," long-talked-of grand opera for which Julian Sturgis has agreed to supply the libretto. "THE CANDIDATE," which Justin McCarthy wrote, and which was played in New York city for the first time by Mr. Wyndham and his Criterion Theatre Company the other night, is a very witty and amusing performance.

VICTORIAN SANDOZ and Jules Massenet are engaged on a new opera for the Grand Opera, Paris, which will be produced in the leading theatres of France, is writing the libretto, while Massenet is setting the words to music. MADAME ARNOLDSON ROSSIGNOL signed a contract with M. Strakoski at Montreal, Switzerland, for the presentation of "Mabiuska." She will receive \$50,000, and M. Strakoski will pay all the travelling expenses of a suite of five persons.

AN American amateur recently offered \$12,000 to the municipality of Geneva for the villa of Zaganini, which is religiously preserved as the site of the place where the gift of the gibbet machine was made. Mrs. KERRY is about to appropriate to herself the first twenty dollars taken in at any theatre where she plays. She changes the money given her into an annuity, and the receipts are also changed into glittering coin—sent over to England for safekeeping. BLOSSOM HOWARD thinks that "The Good-fellow" is the best play she has ever seen. It is being played simultaneously in three cities—New York, Chicago and San Francisco. BROOKLYN has an interest in the production of the gifted musician, The instrument was made in Geneva in 1750, and is now in the hands of Mrs. KERRY.

A PARAGRAPH printed on the programme of the Union Square Theatre, New York, says that the third act of "Hernani" will be given in the city. It is the most powerful of portraying intense suffering. This is the only play which has been so highly gratifying to the most morbid imagination. It is literally a case of trying to excite pleasure from pain. There is considerable literary talent in the theatrical profession. No sooner has Fanny Rice announced the publication of her book, "The History of the Theatre," than she has been the recipient of a number of offers from the publishers of the book. The book is a very valuable one, and is only succeeded in obtaining the assurance that no disrespect shall be shown to Maltrou's memory.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

GEORGE HANFORD is the oldest living graduate of Harvard. KING CARLOS I., of Portugal, is anxious to modernize his country. BRENDA has attended, but two operatic performances in twenty-four hours. HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, third son of the novelist, is a very successful lawyer in England. ROSA BONHEUR, the famous artist, says that she has painted her best pictures since she was fifty. JOHN G. WHITTIER says he expects to live to the age of 100 years, though he is not anxious to do so. SEYMOUR PROCTOR, since taking up his residence in Washington, has earned the title of "The Silent Man."

Mrs. GLADSTONE has written a paper on "The Inexplicable Eton," which is to be published next year. EX-UNITED STATES TREASURER SPINER is engaged to marry an American lady. MISS LINCOLN, daughter of Minister to England Robert Lincoln, has become the acknowledged belle in London. GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON is President of the Artes Club, a society composed of officers who were in the Mexican war. SECRETARY BLAINE has written for a forthcoming number of a popular magazine a paper for "young politicians." EMERSON WILLIAMS, of Germany, is the first reigning monarch who has visited Constantinople since the fifteenth century. The President when he takes his evening stroll about Washington, said to a near the best overcoat and the worst hat in the city. The Comte de Paris, pretender to the throne of France, being an exile, was unable to attend the funeral of the King of Portugal. SAMUEL EDISON, the father of the inventor, is a well-respected man of eighty-six, who lives in a modest house at Fort Gratiot, Mich. DAVID DENISON COKE, who was for a time General Grant's private secretary, was locked up in Washington recently, a raving maniac, but soon benefited to the health that that of North Germany. FRENCH CANBY, of France, watches his office like a clerk.