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Change.

The moon was fair and promised true, A day of sun in summer land; And love was found, and love was new, With all of bliss it could command; Then, sweet, I promised unto you, My eyes should true and steadfast stand. The sun shone with fervid heat Upon the land, upon the sea; And you were by my side, my sweet, But seem'd not quite the same to be, For you had changed—and it is meet To have a change had come to me. The sun sinks in a sea of gold, Across the prairie reaching wide; The day of change I would withhold, But cannot from you, sweet, my bride; You're dearer now a thousand fold Than me than in the morning tide.

THE NEW PREACHER

BY THE REV. A. S. ISAACS

Most people would say that it was no new preacher at all; he had the same eyes, nose, mouth, and hair, was of the same height, and offered the same hands. But others who can read between the lines, and are thankful for the gift, declare that it was a new preacher. He had gone through some experience. His soul had changed. He had been born again! The preacher sat in his cozy study in the afternoon hours. It was his "den," where he was secure from all interruption, and furnished with the luxury of a Sybarite. Soft rugs upon the floor, handsome vases on the low bookcases that encircled the walls, rare etchings upon the easel, costly engravings on every side, a cabinet of coins in one corner, and a poem in marble in another—it was no wonder that he felt a thrill of self-satisfaction as he glanced in every direction. And his sense of comfort was heightened by the roll of proof-sheets on his desk—his latest work almost ready for publication. There was a long row of volumes since his occupancy of the pulpit, but this was to be his crowning effort, and to increase still further his fame.

There were the books, the creation of his genius, on a long shelf all by themselves. The critics spoke highly of them; the learned world acknowledged their merit. History, biography, criticism, were his special fields. But his mind was so versatile that he could produce novels as well; and his poems had also a rapid sale. As a popular lecturer he always commanded a large audience. His travels in the East and his discovery of the missing tractate of St. Theodosius had gained him the doctorate from three Old World universities.

Yes, he had been singularly successful, and that, too, without stooping to any mean tricks. He was above sycophancy and self-advertising. He had made his way by hard pushing, by resolute work, by sheer stamina, he was wont to say. Not two decades in the pulpit, he had long outstripped preachers of his class in the seminary, and left them and other graduates far behind. He was known as the eminent, the distinguished, and he enjoyed the luxury of fame as only men of his character can. He had never done a low action; he had never driven over an adversary, but his talent and genius made a track for themselves from the very start.

It must be confessed that the preacher who was never idle, but always a miracle of industry, had one solitary failing—perhaps there were others—he loved to dwell upon his success, and go over in memory each step in his advancement. That afternoon he was just in such a mood, and his pride was attaining fever-heat.

"James!" It was the voice of his wife as she drew aside the heavy curtains that shut off the "den" from the hall of the parsonage.

"Well!" came a querulous tone from the preacher, disturbed in his reverie.

"The boy is here whom you wished to see."

"What boy?" he asked, in an impatient tone.

"Don't you remember? The boy for whom you were to secure a situation. You cannot, surely, have forgotten it. There was a shade of pain in her voice."

"Oh, let him come to-morrow, Edith; I cannot be bothered now. I have my thoughts busy enough with other matters. Let him come—say, this day next week."

"But, James," with gentle remonstrance in her tone—"James, his mother is dying; she must have money."

"I cannot help it. Why am I always troubled by that class of people? It would tax the patience of Job or the piece of Croesus. Let him come next week; do you hear?"

"The preacher's wife heard; she sighed as she turned away, and bade the boy come the following week. Then she turned to the door, she gave him a trifling present."

The preacher resumed his reverie, but found it difficult to regain his self-satisfaction. His nature was keenly sensitive, and the slightest cause would often produce the intensest joy. And now what had snapped asunder his pleasant fancies? What had vexed him at the moment of his exhilaration?

It was his wife's sigh—low, tremu-

lous, scarcely audible—which had penetrated his soul and rankled there, as if imbued with physical potency. It was the sigh of his wife, gentle, patient, uncomplaining, that had stirred him from his dreams. He rose from his chair. He paced up and down the room. He never sighed. Why should his wife sigh? And why should that sigh produce such inward ill? Had he said aught unkind? Was he not always gentle to her?

His wife's sigh! She was not looking so young. There were streaks of gray in her hair, and her cheeks were not so full and round. His wife's sigh! Was it not her wealth that gave him leisure and independence? Was it not her influence that had spread his fame? Did her sigh imply regret at her choice, or her bitter disappointment?

The preacher had a conscience, and it was making a sharp fight. Jacob's contest of old with the wrestling angel finds its parallel in many an inward struggle of the human soul. The preacher's few minutes of agony seemed as long as the hours to the patriarch, and he too prevailed, and his heart was changed, like the name of his prototype.

"I would like to see him so much!" The tones of a fresh, strong voice fell upon his ear as the curtain was drawn aside and a young man entered.

"Ah, doctor, I could not resist the desire to see you. I have heard of you so often, and your books are well thumbed at home. I have so much to say." His eagerness rang out in every word.

"You know I have chosen the ministry for my vocation. Oh, doctor, I feel so unfit for the task! My doubts are not of God, or religion, or the Good Book, or the lovely traditions and associations that blend with the faith. No, no; my doubts are of myself—my unworthiness, my littleness, my poverty of the Spirit. What can I do to cope with the task? How can I become a preacher to humanity? How shall I drive home the religion divine? How shall I impel men to follow the Master? The work is so sublime and I so insignificant. What can I do?"

The preacher heard him. It seemed that his features were familiar, and his voice was not strange.

"Oh, doctor, I do not care for books when struggling men and weak women and tender children are to be uplifted. I do not wish for fame. I do not look for success, measured by a large congregation, a princely salary, and a growing reputation. I would have the prophet's ideal realized in my life. Let the spirit of God rest upon me, however lowly my portion the spirit of wisdom and understanding. Let me not judge after the sight of my eyes, nor approve after the hearing of my ears. These words of Isaiah always occur to me, doctor. I made them the text of my graduation sermon at the seminary a few weeks ago. I—"

"His graduation sermon," thought the preacher. "Why, it was my very text when I graduated!"

"Oh, doctor! doctor!" the young man cried, as the tears started in his eyes, "pardon my impulsiveness. I do not wish to be faithless to my ideal. So many start well and fail. I want to translate that text into life. There is so much to be done and so few to do it. Don't you recall those lines from Lowell?"

"The Lord wants reapers; oh, mount up Before night comes and says, 'Too Late!' Stay not for taking scrip or cup"

"The Master hungers while you wait."

"Those lines—those lines," said the preacher to himself; "they were always in my memory. Why do I hear them now? Have I waited for scrip or cup while the Master has hungered?"

"I know no greater curse, doctor," continued the young man, with his cheeks aflame with enthusiasm, "than to have my unfulfilled ideal rebuke me as I grow old. To have the spectre of the unrealized always around me; to hear the accusing voice of opportunity misset and advantages misapplied; to feel that I have been disloyal and cowardly, and bent only on my own advancement while religion has hungered—the thought would drive me wild. And I have come to you, good sir, for kindly counsel. Tell me what I shall do. You sympathize with me. You too once were young like myself."

"You have come to me—to me—for counsel!" the preacher exclaimed, rising from his chair and advancing. "Do you know how faithless I have been to my youth's ideal? Oh, spare me—spare me—"

The preacher awoke. Was it but a very, after all? Had his youth come back to accuse him, like in Jean Paul Richter's dream?"

"Edith! Edith!" he exclaimed, tearing aside the curtain, and folding her, as she came, in a passionate embrace. "Edith! Edith! you shall never sigh again. It is still day for us. It is not too late, thank God!"

He told her of his wrestling spirit and his victory. And when the next Sabbath dawned he preached as he never had preached before. People noted the difference; he felt it; and with the seal of a humility planted anew in his soul, his work grew to lovelier and more enduring proportions. [Harper's Bazar.

Thinking a Hole Through a Board.

To think a hole through a half inch board may seem to be an impossible triumph of brain power over matter, but the feat has actually been done. It is one of the curious tricks that can be performed by means of the marvelous mechanisms of modern electricians.

"I can make you think a hole through a half inch board," was the rather startling remark made to a reporter of a New York paper.

The speaker was Edward Weston of Newark, New Jersey, one of the leading experts in electricity in the world.

Mr. Weston has fitted up in the rear of his place in Newark a laboratory for the purpose of scientific experiment and research. Entering the physical department he produced two thermopiles. A thermopile is a device for generating electricity direct from heat, the application of which at once excites an electric current in the thermopile.

"Now," said Mr. Weston, "I will connect two of these thermopiles by this wire. They are connected in opposition, so that as long as the same amount of heat is applied to each they will neutralize each other, and there will be no electric current to run this electric motor, which is in the circuit. But if one is heated more than the other, the greater current will overpower the lesser, to use a commonly understood way of expressing the result, and a current will pass to the motor.

"Place one thermopile in this dish, surrounded by water, which I keep exactly at the normal temperature of the blood—98.5 degrees. Of course that would excite a current, but I neutralize that current by placing the other thermopile in contact with your temple. You see, the two thermopiles now counteract each other, since the same degree of heat is applied to each. Now take a problem in mechanics and solve it. Are you ready?"

"All right. Now suppose you drop a stone down a coal shaft and hear it strike bottom in five seconds, how deep is the shaft?"

It is hardly necessary to say that the reporter struggled with that problem with an energy born of despair.

Suddenly he was aware of a buzzing in the motor. It began to spin faster and faster until he lost interest in the problem, when it began to slacken speed.

"Ah!" said Mr. Weston, "stick to your mechanics or you deprive the motor of power. You must keep up your mental exertion if you want to bore that hole."

Thus adjured, the reporter once more struggled with the mechanical and algebraic difficulties of the case. As his brain wrestled with the problem, the temperature of his head increased, and the thermopile in contact with his head, heated above its twin.

As this difference in temperature generated an electric current, which current ran the motor, it was evident that the latter was being driven by the reporter's efforts to solve the problem. And as the motor, with a loaded fly wheel, carried a fine drill on its axis, the piercing of a piece of wood by the drill was easily accomplished, long before there was the least prospect of the depth of the coal-shaft being discovered.

Thus Mr. Weston had literally kept his promise of making the reporter 'think a hole through a half inch board.'

Senses of Animals.

An interesting thought in regard to the senses of animals has been corroborated by Sir John Lubbock. Animals are supplied with complex organs of sense richly supplied with the nerves, the functions of which organs we are powerless to explain. One must regard his dog with more respect in the thought that in animals there might be several other senses as different from ours as sound was from sight, and even within the boundaries of our own senses there might be endless sounds which we could not hear, and colors as different as red from green of which we had no conception. These and a thousand other questions remained for solution. The familiar world which surrounded us might be a totally different place to other animals; to them it might be full of music which we could not hear, of color which we could not see, of sensations which we could not conceive. [Boston Journal.

A Practical Test.

Johnny, who is four years old, was playing in the yard one day, and a lady who lived close by wished to have the eggs if any were laid since her late visit to the henry brought in. She said to the little boy: "Johnny, will you go to the henery and see if there are any eggs there? Don't bring in the China ones; leave them there; but if there be any others bring them in."

Johnny started to do the bidding, and soon returned with two or three broken eggs and his pinafore soiled. The lady seeing him coming, exclaimed:

"Oh, Johnny, how did you break the eggs?"

Johnny looked at her in surprise and said: "How could I tell whether they were china eggs or not, if I didn't try them." [Boston Globe.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"Hoe Out Your Row." One day a lazy farmer's boy Was hoeing out the corn, And moodily had listless long "To hear the dinner horn. The welcome blast was heard at last, And down he dropped his hoe; But the good man shouted in his ear, "My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row, To use a plowman's phrase, And the lad, as the sallows have it, Beginning well to "haze"— "I can," said he, and manfully He seized again his hoe; And the good man smiled to see The boy hoe out his row.

The text he'd remembered, And proved the moral well, That perseverance to the end At last will nobly tell; Take courage, man! resolve you can, And strike a vigorous blow; In life's great field of varied toil Always hoe out your row.

A Dog Party.

The little daughter of an Albany lawyer recently gave a dog party in honor of her dog Dandy. Her parents tried to dissuade her when she unfolded her plan, but it was of no avail. She said "her doggy" knew as much as a person and must have a party. So the invitations were written to ten other doggies in this manner: "Miss or Mrs. Bessie —, 'Mr. Jack or Toby —, 'The dogs arrived in the afternoon, accompanied by their little mistresses. The fact that one of the canine guests pitched upon and whipped his 'hostess' simply lent excitement to the event. The dogs were parted, cuff'd solemnly by their little owners and made to behave thereafter. After a good time romping about the eleven canines were set about the table in high chairs, each with a napkin tied about his or her throat. They ate off plates and went through the courses with a gusto. They all ate their dessert, for what little girl owes a dog that doesn't 'love candy?' The party broke up at dusk. [Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

Lost—The King of Spain.

Young Alfonso XIII, the infant king of Spain, can now walk by holding on to his mother's or the nurse's hand. He is taken care of by his ama or nurse, his aya or governess, and a host of servants, and yet the other day he was lost in the palace! The regent was with her ministers; while the royal children were playing alone in the room, when the princess ran off, leaving his majesty sitting with his toys on the floor. The queen was called, and the palace was in a terrible state of excitement for the king was missing. The nurses hurried back to the playroom, but they could not find Alfonso XIII. The princess, who were found in a gallery close by, could not tell what had become of the brother. The palace was searched high and low. The queen was distracted and kept rushing from room to room, but still Alfonso did not turn up.

At last they heard a noise and kicking in a cupboard. It was quickly opened, and there sat his majesty. He must have crawled in after his sister had gone, intending to play at hide-and-seek, when the door closed on him in some way. [Court Journal.

Porpoises at Play.

Mr. Colbeck, writing of his cruise upon the Black Sea, describes, in an entertaining manner, the antics of the porpoises as he watched them from the steamer's deck. The playfulness and agility of the porpoise in these seas were very conspicuous. A shoal tumbling in the distance, to port or starboard, and sometimes far astern, would become aware of the presence of a vessel, and skimming alongside with incredible speed, dart one over another, and finally reach the bows; then a marine game would begin, beautiful and exciting to behold.

Turning from side to side, and sometimes completely over, the porpoises would dart, now rising above the water to take in a fresh stock of air, and then diving completely under the bows, and appearing on the other side, apparently as full of frolic as fish could be.

With delicate precision they would regulate their speed to that of the vessel, allowing the vessel sometimes to touch the tips of their tails, and then, as if their joy was exuberant, too much to contain, dart away at five times the speed of the vessel, and come skimming back again to meet her.

When the porpoise is seen breaking the water from a distance it has all the appearance of a very lazy creature. But when seen in clear seas, completely under water, the gracefulness and velocity of its motion, explained partly by the perfect curve of its body, either way, to the tapering nose and tail, cannot be surpassed. It reminds one or the swoop of a gannet when it sights the prey.

The Moustache.

Were it not for the moustache—above all for the absence of the moustache—the human race would undoubtedly rise to heights now unknown in song or story. This is an official statement, but, nevertheless, perfectly true and reliable.

PINKERTON'S MEN.

A Little Army that is Always Ready for Private Hire.

The Uses to Which They are Put, and Their Armament.

There is in America a private business concern capable of suddenly bringing into action anywhere in the land, at the bidding of individuals or corporations rich enough to pay for their services, large bodies of men armed, equipped, and drilled for effective military service. Thus far nothing has occurred that has seemed to require the development of such a force in greater numbers, at any one point, than 500 men, but the system by which they are put into the field is perfected to such an extent that there is hardly a question of the ability to muster 5000 with almost equal promptitude. The concern controlling this military strength is Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, the headquarters of which are in Chicago, with branches in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Paul, and Denver. While there is a nominal dividing line between the detective service and the field of duty of the "preventive patrol," or military branch, in point of fact they work together, and are so far interchangeable that the latter is officered from the former, when called into requisition, and that men demonstrating peculiar talent therefor may be promoted from the patrol, which is an emergency employment to the permanent of the regular detective force. As to the system of organization and direction of the Pinkerton army, Mr. H. G. Julian, who is one of Mr. Robert Pinkerton's principal aids in this city, says:

"Telling you how we can here bring into almost immediate service a body of say 150 men, or more if required, will give you a sufficiently comprehensive idea of our arrangements in the five other cities in which our branches are now established, the system in all being about the same. In the first place, we have as our regular detective force a body of thoroughly trained men, many of them brought up from youth in this employment, men whom we know to be cool, resolute, courageous, faithful, and resourceful. From these, when the occasion arises, we officer our companies of men enlisted for special duty. But we have also among those men a good many who are employed by us pretty much all the time, at least during the spring, summer, and autumn, and who, consequently, are well trained and known to us as in every way perfectly trustworthy. For instance, we supply by contract every summer from twenty-five to thirty men for the protection of the public and the preservation of order at Glen Island, and as many more at Manhattan Beach; for the spring, summer, and fall racing seasons we supply sixty or seventy men to the Coney Island Jockey club and about a like number to the Brooklyn Jockey club, and then we have smaller detachments on special services, such as the guarding of Vanderbilt's tomb, or temporary protection of stores of heavy importers of silks when they have unusually large stocks of valuable goods on hand. Taken all in all, there are probably 200 men thus employed by us—in work apart from the detective service—pretty much all the year, and of these we can command the services of at least 150 at a very few hours' notice, even out of their ordinary seasons of employment, since we keep all their addresses and they understand that they are liable to be called upon for duty at any moment. These men will serve as the nucleus of as large a force as may be demanded. Then we have on record a list of several hundred picked men from among the thousands who have applied to us for employment, all of whom have come to us well recommended, and whose character, record, and associations we have had thoroughly investigated by our own detectives. They are also supposed to be ready to serve upon call at any moment, and, in point of fact, at least three or four hundred of them would respond immediately. In summer we, of course, could not spare so many of our regular men for an extraordinary service, but we would still have enough to serve as a nucleus, especially since we are so careful in our selection of the listed volunteers, among whom we always, by the way, give the preference to men who have honorable discharges from the army, equal qualification otherwise being understood."

The largest number the Pinkerton agencies have ever had to furnish for emergency service at any one point was 500. That was on the occasion of the stock yards strike in Chicago in 1886. In 1887, from January until March, we had to keep 600 men on duty at the coal yards of Hoboken and B-rgon Point. It costs something to employ a large force of Pinkerton men, the charge for them being \$5 a day each in addition to food and quarters. The pay of a regular detective is \$8 a day.

The armament of our men consists of Winchester repeating rifles and navy

revolvers, and we employ no men who are not skilled in the use of these weapons. A very large supply of rifle, enough for three or four hundred men in any way, is kept in the Chicago headquarters, and at least that many men could be mustered there in a few hours at any time under Capt. Patrick Foley's command. The advantage it possesses—there of a nucleus of 150 trained men who are constantly employed as watchmen guarding private property. When we put any considerable force in the field it is divided up into companies of from thirty to thirty-six men each, and we have a Captain, Adjutant, Lieutenant and Sergeants, in pretty close imitation of military system. [New York Sun.

A Mule Without Price.

Although mules are slow to act, it is said they scent danger as quickly as do horses, and in instances are as cautious and as shrewd as elephants. John Smith of Rondout is the owner of a small mule that knows every inch of the towpath of the Delaware and Hudson canal from Eldryville, N. Y., to Honesdale, Penn. Several years ago the mule was thrown into the canal by the line with which it was pulling its master's boat along becoming snarled with the line of another boat going in an opposite direction. This animal came near being drowned, but its inherent stubbornness probably saved it from such a fate. Since that time the mule has saved itself many times from being immersed in the waters of the canal by its sagacity and by keeping a level head beneath its long ears. During the working season whenever a boat passes by and the mule feels a sudden jerking as the towlines cross each other, it reasons that something is wrong, and, turning around with its mate, it walks in an opposite direction from that in which it was going until the lines are clear of each other and all danger is past.

Canalers call the mule "Little Solomon" on account of its being so wise. A peculiar trait of this mule is that it will stretch every inch of its skin to kick a man, but it will not lift its feet to kick a child. Recently a friend of Mr. Smith went to the latter's barn to look at the mule. On opening the door the animal caught sight of the stranger, and, backing up as far as its halter would allow, it began "pawing the air" with its hind feet. Had the roof of the barn been a low, flat one it would have been lifted from the rafters. A little boy was called into the barn and the animal at once became docile and submissive and allowed the child to pass under and around its legs in the most friendly manner. A redeeming feature about Smith's mule is that it never breaks out into a loud, rasping "hee-haw" in the night time when people are asleep. A mule like that is a mule above price. [New York Times.

How He Was Placed.

A friend of mine related to me last night his experience in reconciling a testy old fellow to the marriage engagement of his favorite daughter. My informant being a discreet and benevolent character and intimate with all the persons concerned, was persuaded by the young people to intercede on their behalf. He undertook the task with no little hesitation, and the reception which his overture met was not calculated to raise any hopes. He began by representing to paternal families the exceeding cleverness of his would-be son-in-law and the brilliant future which certainly lies before him. This, however, produced not the least effect, and he succeeded no better when he fell back upon the young man's fine moral qualities and solid worth. At last the potential father-in-law exclaimed: "Now, —, you have told me a lot of stuff in praise of this fellow who wants to marry my daughter—he honest, and say what there is to be said against him."

Being thus taken in flank, as it were, the family friend, a ridiculously conscientious person, admitted, with some hesitation, that the matrimonial aspirant is rather unpopular, that his manner is not pleasant, that he is supposed to be sullen at times, etc., etc. "Humm!" said the old gentleman pricking up his ears, "has he many friends?" "No," the go-between confessed, "I am afraid not." "Well," the stern parent declared unbending at last, "I do not know but what Fanny may have him if she likes. He is evidently disagreeable enough, but in my opinion, the kind of man that you describe makes a pretty safe husband. Your jolly, popular men are always spending other people's money. Fanny is a sensible girl, and if she wants to marry this young fellow I won't stand in the way." [Boston Post.

A Timely Correction.

"There seems to be nothing in the market," said Mrs. Henricks, despairingly, to the widow Jenkins, who had "just dropped in" for a moment. "I'm worried to death to know what to get for—"

"Why, ma," interrupted Bobby, who was laboriously pencilling his name on the wall, "I heard you say that Mrs. Jenkins was in the market." [Bazar.

To the End.

O friend of mine! Stranch friend of mine! Hold fast my hands in yours, and say, The love I bear for you is true—'You have been friend to me always, God bless you, friend of mine!

O friend of mine! Firm friend of mine! We each life's bitterness have known, And now in hand have stood, And now I leave you here alone— God bless you friend of mine!

O friend of mine! Strong friend of mine! Your love has made my life seem fair— Life goes too swift for love like yours— Your arm up'olds me in despair, God bless you, friend of mine!

O friend of mine! True friend of mine! My feeble breath is falling fast— Hold close my hands, bend down your face, Good-bye—yes faithful to the last— God bless you, friend of mine! —[Algernon Sassin in Youth's Companion.

NUMEROUS.

A fowl plot—The poultry yard. It doesn't take a kitten long to win his purrs. Hearts may be honest, but they are always on the beat.

To expect to get to heaven by singing is trusting to chants. We often say "rumor has it," and as often are sorry that she didn't keep it while she had it.

"Well, Mary, how do you like your new place?" "I can't tell yet, positively; you know the first day ladies are politeness itself."

Sie: "And do you really think that you would be happy with me as your wife?" He: "Oh, I am sure; I have always been a lucky fellow in games of chance."

Customer (to waiter)—Here, James, take my order. Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast lamb, baked beans, onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, mince pie—an' be spry about it; my train leaves in just six minutes.

Young Mr. Diplomat (at Washington party)—I am sorry, Miss Naive, that you have been down to supper. I had anticipated the pleasure of acting as your escort. Miss Naive—O, thank you, Mr. Diplomat; but—er—I—have only been down once.

A little fellow of 4 years want to a blacksmith shop to see his father's horse shed, and was watching closely the work of the shoing. The blacksmith began to pare the horse's hoof, and thinking this wrong, the little boy said, earnestly: "My pa don't want his horse made any smaller."

Fair Women of the White House.

What has become of all the fair women who have lived in the White House? There are living four widows of Presidents, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. James K. Polk of Nashville and Mrs. John Tyler of Richmond.

Mrs. Polk is now a venerable woman of 85, and Mrs. Tyler, though in the sixties looks much younger. She went to the White House as a bride in 1844, and, for a brief period of eight months reigned supreme. There are living, besides these ladies, says Laura C. Holloway in her social history of the Republic "The Ladies of the White House," Mrs. Robert Tyler, daughter-in-law of President Tyler, and the daughters of Presidents Zachary Taylor, Tyler and Johnson. None of the older Presidents have wives or daughters living, and only Tyler and Fillmore are represented by sons.

Mrs. Bettie Taylor Dandridge, President Taylor's youngest daughter, is residing in Virginia. Her husband is one of the famous Dandridge family, to which belonged Martha Washington, who was Miss Dandridge of New Kent county, Va. Anrew Johnson's eldest daughter, Mrs. Martha Patterson, is living at the old homestead in Greenville, East Tennessee, the last surviving child of the thrice-governor of Tennessee, United States senator and President. Mrs. Semple, the daughter of President John Tyler, is an inmate of the Louisa Home; the institution which owes its existence to the great benevolence of Mr. Corcoran, who now lies dead not far away from this useful retreat. Mrs. Semple is a brilliant and cultured woman of the old school, who for many years had a private school for young ladies on Mount Vernon street, in Baltimore, and who is now so afflicted, that she is unable to wholly provide for herself, and was invited by Mr. Corcoran to become his guest.

Another "Lady of the White House," of a generation ago, is Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, now visiting in Washington after a long absence in Europe. Mrs. Johnston is a gray-haired lady of stately appearance, and possesses much of the beauty that distinguished her as Miss Lane.

Of the younger widows of the presidents are Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. McElroy are two other ex-"Ladies of the White House," both of whom, with Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield, have each a daughter who lived in the White House as young girls during their respective reigns there as hostess. [New York Sun.