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COMPANIONS.

When I set sail on Life's young voyage, 'Twas upon a stormy sea; But to cheer me night and day, Through the perils of the way, With me went companions three— Three companions kind and faithful, True as friend and dear as bride; Heedless of the stormy weather, Hand in hand they came together, Ever smiling at my side. One was Health, my lusty comrade, Cherry-cheeked and stout of limb; Though my board was scant of cheer, And my drink but water clear, I was thankful, blessed with him. One was mild-eyed Peace of Spirit, Who, though storms the welkin swept, Waking gave me calm reliance, And though tempests howled defiance, Smooth'd my pillow when I slept. One was Hope, my dearest comrade, Never absent from my breast, Brightest in the darkest days, Kindest in the roughest ways, Dearest far than all the rest. And though neither Wealth nor Station Journeyed with me o'er the sea, Stout of heart, all danger scorned, Naught cared I in Life's young morning For their lordly company. But, alas! ere night has darkened, I have lost companions twain; And the third, with tearful eyes, Wren and wasted often flies, But a soft returns again. And instead of those departed, Spectres twain around me fit; Pointing each with shadowy finger, Nightly at my couch they sit. Oh, that I so blindly followed In the hot pursuit of Wealth! Though I've gained the prize of gold, Eyes are dim and blood is cold— I have lost my comrade Health. We are met that Fame allied me— She so false, and I so blind! Sweet her smiles, but in the chase I have lost the happy face Of my comrade Peace of Mind! Last of all my dear companions, Hope, sweet Hope, befriend me yet. Do not from my side depart, Do not leave my lonely heart. O'er a gloom-enscompassed sea, But not cheerless altogether, Whatso'er the wind and weather, Will it seem, if blessed with thee.

The Widow's Daughter.

BY SERGT. BADGER. In the winter of 1864, while a portion of my regiment, the New York Twenty-fifth Cavalry, was at Pleasant Valley, Md., to obtain a remount, word was received by the post commander that a Confederate scout named Wm. Baxter but who was known to us as "Billy Bowlegs" was on a visit to his mother who lived between the Potomac at that point and a village in Virginia called Uniontown. There were a number of Col. Kane's "Bucktails" scouting for the Federals and making Pleasant Valley their headquarters, and as I had been detailed on several occasions for scout service, and had made a good record I was instructed to select five men and cross the river and secure "Billy" dead or alive. The fact that he was at home was fully established, and the location of the farm house was known to two of the men who accompanied me. We were ferried across the Potomac one evening at dusk just where the long highway bridge had been burned and then we had a walk of about eleven miles to make. Although "Billy Bowlegs" was a fearless man and a handy shot, we didn't figure that it needed five men to capture him. The country between the river and Uniontown was then overrun with bushwhackers and guerrillas, and we anticipated more or less trouble with them. The scout had been twice captured by the Federals, and he was described to us as slender build, medium height, fair complexion and dark eyes. Enough was known about his nerve to know that he would not be taken alive if he had any show to fight, and therefore as we approached the house about midnight from across a field we were anxiously wondering how we should get at him. If we knocked at the door he would be alarmed and have time to arm himself. If we broke it in we might and probably should find him in bed. It was a still, clear night, rather cold, and we hung about for half an hour before adopting a plan. Then we decided to break in the doors. Two of us went to the front and two to the back door, while the fifth man stood ready to receive the scout in case he dropped from a second-story window supposed to be in his bedroom. We crept softly up, and at a signal both doors were burst—No, they weren't! Neither of them gave an inch under the pressure, and in response to the efforts we made a woman's voice called out: "Who is it, and what's wanted?" "Open the door or we'll break it down!" "Wait a minute!" She struck a light, and we heard her moving about, and in a couple of minutes the front door opened and a gray-haired woman of 45 stood there with a candle in her hand. "Union soldiers, eh? Come right in," she said smiling as if glad to see us. I posted three of the men around the house and entered with the other, and as soon as I was inside, I said:

A WAR STORY.

"Madam, we have come for your son. We know he is here. We shall take him dead or alive." "Oh, you have come for Billy, have you?" exclaimed a girl about 18 years of age who came running down stairs at that moment. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for not being fully dressed, but you see you didn't send us any word." She laughed in a merry way, while the mother smiled good-naturedly. She had on a neat fitting calico dress, a ribbon at her throat, and except that her hair looked "tumbled" she looked as well prepared as if she expected our coming. "Yes, Jennie, they want Billy," said the mother as she placed the candle on a stand. "And we are bound to take him, dead or alive!" I added in a loud voice, suspecting the scout was within hearing. "Oh, how sorry!" laughed the girl. "If brother Billy had only known you were coming! But he didn't, you see, and so he went away at dark. He'll never forgive himself—never." "We must search the house," I said. "Oh, certainly. Mammy, you light another candle and I'll show the gentlemen around. Perhaps the sight of Billy's old clothes will do 'em good." Well, sir, we hunted that house from attic to cellar, and all we found was an old suit of Billy's clothes. The scout had skipped, and the best I could do was to apologize to mother and daughter, accept a midnight luncheon at the hands of the latter, and take the back track for the river. I'll own up, too, that I was "dead gone" on Jennie before I left, and that I said to her, as I squeezed her hand at parting: "When the war is over I'm coming to ask you to be my wife." "And—and—I'll say—y-e-a—" she whispered in my ear. We got back to the ferry soon after daylight and there met a Union farmer living neighbor to the widow. When he heard what we had been up to he asked: "Was the widder all alone?" "No; her daughter Jennie was there." "Daughter Jennie! Describe her." "Good looking girl of medium height, black eyes and hair, and a sweet talker. I'm going back to marry her after the war is over." "Bet you a farm you don't! That ar' gal Jennie was nobody else but that ar' scout, Billy Bowlegs! He jist jumped into some of his mammy's clothes, and you pig heads couldn't see through it!" He was right. I met Billy in Harper's Ferry after the war and he wanted to know if I had taken out the marriage license yet.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Queer Smuggling Devices.

In Paris there exists an interesting museum. Since the existence of the octroi dues which are levied upon a great variety of articles, a good many people who in other regards are probably honest enough, are induced to endeavor to defraud the revenue. In this museum are kept some scores of the most clever devices of professional or amateur smugglers which have from time to time been seized at the barriers of the city or at the custom houses throughout the country. Most of them are exceedingly ingenious, and some are, indeed, of a nature to suggest that in France even smugglers possess wit. What appears at a casual glance to be a block of Carrara marble is really a painted sheet iron box. It arrived at the frontier in a train from Italy, along with five similar ones. A curious depression on one of the blocks aroused the suspicions of a custom house official and, upon official examination, the trick was discovered. The boxes were filled with ballast to make them heavy, and at the bottom of each lay \$5000 worth of Venetian lace! A pile of innocent looking logs of firewood, such as are burned in Paris, were found to be hollow metal tubes, covered with the bark of trees, and filled with dutiable liquors. But the most amusing article in the collection is a tin footman, who formerly graced the box of a stylish equipage which passed through the gates every afternoon, bearing the eminent respectable and gentlemanly owner on his daily drive. For a while the customs officers went through the form of searching the carriage or asking for dutiable wares, but when it became apparent that the owner was simply a gentleman out for an airing with a stately coachman and an impassive, stupid footman, they took to touching their caps and allowing the turn-out to pass unquestioned. One day, after several months of this friendly capping, a jolt threw the footman to the ground before the eyes of the officers, who, hastening, in honor, to stay the fast-flowing blood of the unfortunate lackey. The blood turned out to be champagne and the injured footman a tin case, in which the master of the carriage had been smuggling for months.

A Chinese Watering-Place.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat thus describes Chefoo, a Chinese watering-place: "Chefoo lies on the north side of the promontory of Shantung, that juts out between the Yellow sea and the Gulf of Pechele, and it has nearly the same latitude as Cape May. The Chinese town of Chefoo, which originally gave the name to the port, lies on an island opposite the present foreign settlement, miles enough away across clear salt water for none of its ancient odors to reach one. A bold, rocky point, with residences perched all over its breezy top, stands out from the low shore, and the town lies back of it and stretches off along the level ground at either side. On one side of the headland is the harbor, full of junks and steamers, the landing-piers, the custom-house and the business streets. On the other is a long, curving beach of yellow sand with a lazy surf pounding away in lines of foam, and cottages and hotels strung at intervals for two miles. Back of this water fringe of habitations there are long barren slopes running up into quite a mountain range. "Nothing could be more unlike an American watering-place than this resort of North China, that is sometimes called the Brighton and sometimes the Long Branch of China. Both of those places would hold their sides at the absurdity of the comparison, as the only point in common is the salt water rolling on a sandy beach. The dozen of hotels are small, and it is comforting to American pride here, where everything is so absolutely and tyrannically English, that the best appointed and best managed hotel should be kept by an American woman, who has a United States flag of glorious proportions flying from a tall flagstaff in her courtyard. The salt-water bathing goes on in the most proper and decorous British way; women in modest bathing-suits that cover them down to their ankles and over their knuckles, slip into the water from their bath-houses at one part of the beach, and men—in—we are not supposed to know what sort of bathing suits, if any—splash away in their own reserved portion of the beach at a different hour. Thus the everlasting British proprieties are respected and preserved. "There are no piazzas, no board walks, no ocean drive and no Casino for beauty and fashion to disport itself and show its good clothes, and from the point of view of an American watering-place, one might say that there was no dressing at Chefoo. There are no roads to drive on, no carriages to drive in and no saddle-horses to be hired in Chefoo, so that by sedan-chairs or on foot is the only way of getting about. All life is concentrated in the string of hotels and cottages along the beach. Boating, of course, comes in for a great share of attention, and regattas are frequent events. There is always a foreign man-of-war or two in harbor, and the Chinese have a large arsenal and naval station at Weihai Bay, about forty miles below." Over the Old World on Tricycles. Harold E. Lewis and his wife of Philadelphia, have recently returned from Europe after a four months' tour on tricycles. They left New York May 23 for Liverpool. They went by rail from the latter city to Coventry, where they purchased a tandem machine and began their tricycle tour. They went up by easy stages to London, visiting by the way Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Windsor and Hampton Court. They spent ten days in London, making nearly all their journeys from place to place in the city on their tricycle. They then visited Winchester, Southampton and the Isle of Wight, and, crossing to Portsmouth, went along the coast of Chichester, Brighton and New Haven, where they took steamer for Dieppe, and thence went by way of Rouen to Paris. They spent 10 days in the French capital, and then went on to Geneva, Interlaken and Lucerne. Then they went over to old St. Gothard Pass, and by way of Lake Maggiore and Lake Como, down to Milan. They came back along the right side of Como and over the Spluigen Pass into Switzerland again. Next they went for the usual run down the Rhine, taking in Strasbourg, Baden-Baden, Heidelberg, Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne and all the rest of them. From Cologne they wheeled on into Holland, pushing far into the North, where few tourists go. They crossed the Zuyder Zee—in a boat, of course—and rattled down the peninsula to Amsterdam. The maximum run for any one day was made on the trip from Paris to Geneva; it was sixty-three miles. The whole journey from Paris to Geneva consumed seven days. The cost of the journey, aside from the steamship charge, averaged \$6.50 a day for both.

The Young Confederate Soldier Who Was Lost at Gettysburg.

His Fate a Mystery For Twenty-Four Years. A recent letter from Raleigh, N. C., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: One of the romances of the war has just developed here, in which the only son of one of North Carolina's governors figures. Governor Tod R. Caldwell during the war resided in handsome style at the quiet little town of Morganton. Of an old and honored family, he had but one object of intense affection—his son, John—a handsome lad not 20 years of age. In the winter of 1862 this only son begged to be allowed to go to the army. Entreaties were of no avail, and his father and his mother at last consented, with tears, that he might join the Army of Northern Virginia. He enlisted in the 38d Regiment of North Carolina Infantry, in Lane's Brigade, Pender's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps. When the campaign opened in 1863 no soldier was more daring than young Caldwell, and he was soon promoted from the ranks. In May he was made a second lieutenant for his gallant and meritorious conduct. His regiment went into the Pennsylvania campaign. At Gettysburg he was present and in the hottest of the fight. On the afternoon of July 3, 1863, his regiment swept up a slope within fifty yards of the Federal lines, went closer yet, and bayonets were crossed. Suddenly the line moved back a little. Young Caldwell was never seen alive after that moment. He was at the front when the backward movement began. His father used all the influences of money and position to find the lost soldier, but unavailingly. The authorities refused to allow the graves to be opened. It could not be ascertained whether he was dead or alive, and the matter became one of the most terrible uncertainties. Under the strain the minds of the father and mother were nearly overcome. The father grimly nursing his great sorrow, forbade any one to mention the son's name, and the terrible story was never allowed to, even by the mother. In 1871 General Caldwell became governor of the state. Two years later, in 1873, an ex-Confederate soldier named Lucas, from Hyde county, was elected to the legislature, and came to Raleigh. Some one told him one night the sad story of the death, or supposed death, and mystery of John Caldwell. The next day Lucas called on the Governor and told him the truth at last. Lucas was in another regiment, and had observed young Caldwell's brave bearing, as they were near together. In the terrible moment of the repulse he had seen young Caldwell shot down while separated from his men and fighting, hand to hand, a New York soldier. After hearing this story and the further details of the burial of Caldwell by Lucas, the Governor locked himself in his room and was all day in tears. He never told his wife of the revelation by Lucas, and told it only to his private secretary. A few days ago Major Charles W. Cowtan of New York City wrote your correspondent saying that he had in his possession the commission of an officer in a North Carolina regiment, which he had picked up on the battlefield of Gettysburg. His regiment, the 10th New York, held the line at that point, just after a terrible charge by the North Carolinians, in which one fair-haired and boyish officer was brave in the extreme. Major Cowtan had examined some of the dead Confederates, who so thickly strewed the grounds at the works, and near one found a torn and bloody commission, on which was legible only "John Ca—" of the name. Major Cowtan expressed a desire to return this commission if any relatives of the dead soldier could be found. The commission was found to be that of the long-lost John Caldwell. The commission was sent Mrs. Caldwell, and this blood-stained and torn piece of parchment is, she writes, all there is on earth to remind her of the dead son. For years she cherished the hope that her son was alive and in some prison. In fact, all the prisons were searched for him through the influence of Governor (now Senator) Vance. It has required twenty-four years to ascertain the true story. At the same time the commission was sent her she was first made acquainted with the facts told Governor Caldwell in 1873. Gold in a Chicken's Crop. The farm where Mrs. Frank Seacoy resides is near the river, and about two miles from George Matteson's mill. On her farm the well was cleaned out a few days ago and one or two bushels of dirt and gravel were thrown out. Around the pile of gravel Mrs. Seacoy's flock of chickens congregated and picked it over and with it filled their hungry crops. The day after, one of those was killed for dinner. In its crop was found a good sized gold nugget worth not less than a dollar.—[Ponca (Neb.) Journal.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The transparency of molten iron, noticed during a casting of several tons, has been recorded by Mr. W. Ramsey. It had a yellow tinge. A petroleum exhibition is soon to be held in St. Petersburg, in connection with which the Russian minister of war offers a prize of 500 rubles for a compact and practical battery for electric lighting with incandescent lamps. If towns were laid out with the streets in the diagonal directions, northeast and southwest, northwest and southeast, and the sun shining into all the rooms some time during every day in the year, the effect would be cheering and salutary. Disasters to eyesight are evidently more common than is generally supposed, judging from the statement that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made annually in Germany and Switzerland. An artificial eye seldom lasts more than five years, the secretion of the glands turning it cloudy. The Swedish count, M. Bjornstjerna, suggested more than forty years ago, in a book on "The Theology of the Hindus," that, as both poles must have been cooled to a suitable temperature at the same time, the earth might have been peopled from the north pole with its white races, and from the south pole with its colored races. Observations made at the late South Kensington Aquarium upon the effect of temperature on fish, show that the dogfish, mullet, conger, skate, flounder, bass, cod, trout, catfish, pike, and carp are extremely hardy, and can exist in a temperature ranging from 34 deg. to 71 deg. The gurnard, wrasse, bull-head, sole, bream, cray-fish, blennie, perch, dace, tench, minnow, chub, roach, and gudgeon are sensitive to extremes of temperature. Perhaps the statement may be of interest that the little screech-owl is getting much more common in the vicinity of cities in which the English sparrow has become numerous, and that the imported birds will find in this owl as bold an enemy as the sparrow-hawk is to them in Europe, and even more dangerous, since its attacks are made toward dusk, at a time when the sparrow has retired for the night, and is not so wide awake for ways and means to escape. Pertinently to an expression of doubt by Mr. David A. Wells in one of his articles on Mexico, as to the Aztecs having knowledge or making use of metal tools, Mr. W. W. Blake, in the "American Antiquarian," mentions as being on exhibition in the Archaeological Rooms of the National Museum of Mexico, idols, beads, and engraved clasps of gold; lip-ornaments and other articles of silver; numerous tools, weapons, and ornaments of copper; and "chopping knives" of copper, which are supposed to have been used as money. Dogs as Sentinels. The idea lately taken in earnest in the German and Russian armies of using dogs for military purposes has been generally talked of as an innovation. This, however, as M. Meunier shows in an article in the Revue Scientifique, is a mistake. Dogs of war, it appears, were well known to the great nations of ancient times, and Greeks and Romans and Jews and Gentiles made use of the fearless, intelligent animal, whose valor is now again apt to be put to the test. The Greeks had dogs in every one of their fortresses; and E. Blaze, one of M. Meunier's authorities, tells a good story of an outpost occupied by strong watch-dogs only. Opposite Corinth, facing the sea, such an outpost was situated, guarded by fifty dogs. One night the enemy began to disembark. The garrison was drunk and the dogs had to keep back the aggressors. They fought like lions, and forty-nine of them were killed. The only survivor, Soter, rushed away in hot haste, gave the alarm in the camp, and the enemy was driven back. The Romans, as every one knows, were less fortunate on a similar occasion where the geese performed the task of the dogs in calling the attention of the soldiers to the Gauls scaling the walls of the Capitol, while the dogs were fast asleep. As a punishment for the unfaithful servants a religious ceremony, at which even Plutarch had still occasion to laugh on beholding it, was thereafter annually performed at Rome. Its chief features were that some dogs were taken through the streets with great pomp, whipped at every cross-road and in every public place, and finally hanged on a cross of the wood of the elder tree, near the temple of Youth. An Engagement Which Was Kept. "Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage." Sang the stout package of greenbacks in the dreary obscurity of the bank's vaults. "Don't make such a noise!" cried the bundle of registered bonds next to it. "Stuff!" replied the greenbacks. "You can't get out because you're not negotiable, but I have a particular little engagement with the cashier to-morrow night." And it was kept.—[Tid Bits.]

SHEEP AND WOOL.

The printed report of Colonel W. F. Switzer, Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics, on the wool and manufacture of wool is now ready for distribution, and is considered by the Bureau to be one of the most valuable documents it has ever put forth. The report makes with its appendix a volume of three hundred pages. It gives a history of the development of sheep raising and wool manufacturing in this country. The report shows that the number of sheep in the United States was 19,000,000 in 1840 to 51,000,000 in 1884, but declined to 45,000,000 in 1887. This marked decline occurred mainly in the Southern and Western States, notably in Texas, and is attributed in great part to the decline in the price of wool since 1884. Great Britain, being the leading wool market of the world, has always been the principal market for purchases of wool. Turkey and Russia have also been important sources of wool supply, but the Argentine Republic is now next to Great Britain, the largest supplier, followed by Australasia. The imports of wool rose from 1,715,000 pounds in 1822 to 114,028,000 pounds in 1887. The increase in wool imports has almost equalled the increase in the domestic supply of wool. A series of tables illustrates the increase in production and imports and the reduction in the price of wool, for example, from 1864 to 1886, 161,000,000 pounds were produced and 45,000,000 imported; from 1874 to 1878, 173,000,000 produced and 45,000,000 imported; from 1882 to 1887, 159,207,000 produced and 92,000,000 imported. From 1822 to 1887 the average price of wool in manufactures averaged over \$20,000,000 in value, or more than seventy-one cents per capita; while from 1852 to 1887 it averaged only \$14,000,000, or eighty-four cents per capita. The value of the United States woolen product of 1850 was \$25,000,000, and of 1886 was \$129,000,000. In 1880, the product had grown to \$164,000,000, and imports were valued at \$31,000,000, being \$2.91 per capita. Thus, while the product of woollens in the United States has increased since 1850 nearly seven-fold, the imports have increased about sixty-two per cent, but the consumption per capita has doubled, which the statistician says indicates in a striking manner the advancement of the people in the style of living among the people of this country. The statistics of imports and exports of woollens in the trade of foreign countries show that the United Kingdom is foremost in the foreign trade in woollens, the imports during 1885 amounting in value to \$49,000,000 and the exports to \$13,000,000. France comes next with imports of \$45,000,000 and exports amounting to \$78,000,000. Germany next, with imports of \$25,000,000, and exports of \$21,000,000. There is a large decline in the woolen trade of Great Britain since 1874. This decline, the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade attributes in part to the foreign tariffs which, it is claimed, shut out the manufacturers of Great Britain from foreign markets.

EATEN BY SHARKS.

A Mail Carrier's Awful Fate in Florida. James E. Hamilton, the mail carrier between Miami and Lake Worth, on the Florida southeast coast, has been devoured by man-eaters at Hillsboro Inlet. He was a stout, athletic young man and carried the mail between the two places a distance of seventy-five miles, on his back, walking on the beach most of the way. The inlet is a dangerous crossing, the wind waves of the Gulf meeting the tides and producing heavy and dangerous seas. Sharks of the most voracious kind abound there. An old fisherman, who was within half a mile of Hamilton when he began crossing, describes the tragedy as a horrible occurrence. When Hamilton reached the middle of the inlet the sharks flocked about his boat, leaping ten feet or more out of the water in their eagerness to get at human flesh. Hamilton fought them with his oars, but soon both were bitten off and dashed out of his hands. Then they assailed the boat, tearing huge pieces from it. Hamilton began to sink, and Hamilton became stupefied with fear. Another blow on the frail boat from the middle of the inlet sent the man overboard. One shriek of agony and all was over. The sea was dyed for yards around with his life blood. Searching parties were sent out, but nothing found.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Nashville talks of again entering the Southern League next season. MIKE KELLY'S salary of \$4,500 will, it is said, suffer no reduction next year. The sleeping and dining-room cars of the Detroit-St. Louis combination cost \$22,000 for the trip. These twenty-two games in succession that Bennett caught he was given the Detroit club the pennant. The St. Louis club last year placed to its credit the highest number of changes, viz., 107, in the course of the season. The Northwestern League was the only minor league in the country that retained its original membership intact throughout the season. The shortest game on record for 1887 was that played at Oshkosh, September 10, between the Oshkosh and Eau Claire teams, viz., 34. The Detroit League champions easily showed their superiority over the St. Louis American Association champions, in the series of games for the world's championship. President Munnick, of the Pittsburg Baseball Club, has been in Chicago trying to transfer Anson, the Chicago first baseman and captain, to his team. It is said he offered \$15,000 for the player. The Chicago President Spaulding demanded \$25,000. The championship season of all the Leagues, both great and small, is now being contested in the person of the National League. In the Association St. Louis has again had a walk-over. Of the minor Leagues, Oshkosh won the western League's championship. Toronto came to the front in the International League on the home stretch; Lowell bore off the palm in the New England League. New Orleans captured the Southern League pennant, and Topeka walked off with the Western League championship. PROMINENT PEOPLE. GENERAL BERLIAN pronounces the dynamite gun useless for the purposes of coast defence. The youngest daughter of Mr. Gladstone is principal of the school for young women at Newnham, near Cambridge. The recent death of Mrs. Dinah Mulloch Craik has removed one of the most prominent figures in English literature. THE REV. C. H. STURGEON, the London preacher, is credited with having declined an offer of \$50,000 for 193 lectures to be delivered in this country. Mrs. ANNE GIBNEY, the American beauty who attracted such attention in London and who is a Newport belle, is to live in Washington this winter. SENATOR JONES, of Nevada, is again financially embarrassed. He has made his last fortune out of a rise in some real estate which his business friends set aside for him. CHEERS from trees felled by ex-Premier Gladstone, according to a private circular, are sold for eighteen pence for a small block, or three shillings per cubic foot, exclusive of cartage. MRS. LUCILLE THOMAS, President of the Woman's Club known as the Sorosis, is said to be one of the most successful "bee keepers in the country," gathering 10,000 pounds of honey in a year. COLONEL A. T. BARRETT is the cattle king of Wyoming. He owns 60,000 head of stock and leases about 100,000 acres of grazing land. Cheyenne owns considerable property to the trade derived from the rabbit cowboys. The New Lord Mayor of London is described as a "curious compound." He is a Belgian, a Roman Catholic, a Free Mason, a Knight of the Order of Leopold, a spectacle-maker, a farmer, a butcher, an inn-holder, a publisher and a game and silver wire drawer. His present Mr. De Keyser is best known as the proprietor of a famous hotel. NEWSY GLEANINGS. THE Sioux City corn palace attracted 60,000 visitors in one week. The appeal of the Chicago condemned Archdiocese covers 9,500 pages. The agitation against the Chinese is increasing in the colony of Australia. The apple crop in New England this season is about three-fourths of an average one. ONE Florida county expects to pay this year from \$1,000 to \$1,500 for wheat and less wheat. BRITISH COLOMBIA is putting forth industrious efforts to obtain settlers from Norway and Sweden. THERE are 15,750 acres of table grapes; 45,462 acres of seed grapes, and 50,000 acres of wine grapes bearing in California. DURING the past year 137 miles of new railroad have been built in Arizona, making 1,050 now in operation in the Territory. THREE hundred million pounds sterling is the estimated loss by land depreciation in England, an average of thirty per cent, all round. OLD IN YEARS. EDWARD MONTGOMERY, of Georgia, lived to be 122 years of age without ever taking a dose of medicine. ALTHOUGH once wealthy, Mrs. Simey Minerlerford died at the New Paltz (N. Y.) poorhouse just after she had had her hundredth birthday. In New Hampshire, Mrs. Annie Colony, of Farmington, is 95 years old; Mrs. Clara Lawrence, of Marlboro, 92; Mrs. Daniel Abbott, who died in Berry, 77. The mother of Major King, of Kingston, Canada, is 94 years of age. At the recent election she walked to the polls, marked her ballot without using glasses, then walked home and resumed her household duties. THERE are on the pension rolls the widows of two soldiers in the Revolutionary war, one in Northwood, N. H., 95 years of age, and another in Washington, Ohio, 97. The latter married very young to a soldier very old. She was 16 years, while the bridegroom was 70. THE services of General Fryer, J. Randolph Tucker, and General Butler is expected will cost the Amaretch Committee \$25,000. General Butler's fee have been guaranteed by the National Assemblies 25 and 68. Knights of Labor.