

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF MRS. LAY AND COUNT GOETZEN.

AN AGED SOLON'S MODERATION—GEORGE H. WHITE, THE ONLY COLORED MEMBER OF CONGRESS—THE CHINESE MINISTER AND HIS WIFE—A PERSISTENT OFFICE-BEGGAR—MR. PALMER'S APPOINTMENT.

Washington, Jan. 1.—The marriage of Mrs. Lay and Count Goetzen, military and naval attaché of the German Embassy, whose engagement was announced only a few weeks ago, will be celebrated quietly at Mrs. Lay's home in



COUNT GOETZEN.

Attaché of the German Embassy in Washington.

Jefferson Place next Tuesday, January 4, at noon. All of the arrangements for the wedding are simple in the extreme, and it is the intention to make it as private as possible. The only persons bidden to the ceremony are the immediate relatives of Mrs. Lay, the German Ambassador, Baron von Holleben, and the secretaries and attachés of the Embassy. In the afternoon of the day of their marriage Count and Countess Goetzen will leave for California, where they have planned to make a visit of six weeks, returning here for a fortnight's stay before they go to Berlin, where Count Goetzen's home has been put in order for their reception.

Mrs. Lay has long been known as one of the most beautiful and attractive women in society at the capital, and her home has been a gathering place for the smart set. She comes of an old and distinguished Baltimore family, and has the exquisite coloring and vivacity of manner for which women of the Monumental City are famed. She is, too, as amiable as she is beautiful, and has a gentle and lovable character. Mrs. Lay met her affianced husband only a year ago, at a dinner given at Corcoran House by Mrs. Brice. It was a case of love at first sight with Count Goetzen, and for the first time this intrepid explorer, who faced with courage the hardships and dangers of an expedition through darkest Africa, surrendered. The marriage will take place just a year and four days from the date of their first meeting.

Count Goetzen is the worthy son of a noble line. His explorations in Africa, and his discovery of the volcano on Lake Kiva have given him an international reputation, and brought him honor. The story of his family, like that of most German families which date back to the Middle Ages, is a romantic one. Frederick the Great ennobled one of the Von Goetzens for saving his life on the battlefield, and another, the Governor of Silesia during the Napoleonic wars, by his loyalty and astuteness saved that province to the Prussians.

The family estates of the Goetzens are in Silesia, where Count Goetzen's mother and his younger brother now live. Count Goetzen is the head of the family, and holds a commission in the Royal Guards. His regiment is now stationed at Potsdam. He is the typical German officer in appearance, tall and slight, with a frank, open face and distinguished bearing.

The sober deliberations of a party of statesmen were interrupted at Chamberlin's the other night by the noisy entrance of a party of hilarious young men, who had just come in from a fox hunt. One of their number, the fortunate possessor of the brush and evidently proud of being the victor, was made much of by his associates. A white-headed, gray-bearded statesman at the other table looked long and pointedly at this young person, so long that his staring was noticed and commented upon by the merry hunters.

"I'll fix him," said the owner of the brush when his attention was called to it. "Just watch me," and he walked over to the old gentleman. "What is there about me, sir, that you don't like?" he asked very politely, "or do I, perhaps, amuse you?"

"There is nothing about you that I don't like," answered the statesman, "and you don't amuse me; I have been wondering for the last fifteen minutes why you don't have both your trousers legs either turned up or turned down. It strikes me as rather queer that you wear them differently, but perhaps that's the style."

The young man looked down at his feet. The old gentleman had spoken truly, one trousers leg only was turned up. "Well," replied he, "if you don't like the looks of my trousers, fix them to suit yourself."

"Thanks for the privilege," said the solon laughingly, and to shouts of merriment from the entire room he turned down one trousers leg to make it correspond with the other, and thus disposed of the situation that might have become embarrassing.

"Things were not done that way in my young days," said a fire-eater from the South when the young man had returned to his seat at table. "When I was a youngster a man was shot for less impertinence than that little rounder displayed. That waistcoat he's got on would make a fine mark."

The only colored member of the LVth Congress is George H. White, of the 11th District of North Carolina, who during the short time he has served in Congress has won the respect and esteem of his associates. Mr. White is of mixed race. There is Irish, Indian and negro blood in his veins, and it is not too much to say that he possesses the best characteristics of these races. He has the wit of the Irishman, the faithfulness of the negro, the patience and endurance of the Indian, and to this curious mixture, perhaps, he owes the success which he has attained.

Like nearly all of the men of his race who have risen to prominence, Mr. White owes his success in life largely to himself, to his own perseverance and his ability to conquer difficulties. His early studies were much interrupted because of the necessity he was under to do manual labor on farms and in the forests, and it was not until he was seventeen years old that his serious education was actually begun at what was then known as a "subscription school." He finally came to Washington and entered Howard University, where he was graduated with honors in 1877, paying from his own earnings all of his college and personal expenses.

Subsequently he began the study of medicine, but finding this uncongenial he returned to



MRS. MAY STANLEY LAY.

Who will be married to Count Goetzen on January 4.

North Carolina, where he began the study of law under Judge William J. Clarke, and was admitted to the bar. Later, when admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of his State, he was the only colored man in a class of thirty-two. To meet the expenses of his law course Mr. White taught school, and was then, as he is now, an enthusiast on the higher education of his race, believing that its development will come through this means only. He is remembered as a remarkable teacher in that he inspired his students to their best efforts, and gave them new ambitions and a wider point of view. During his services in the House of Representatives of his State he introduced and was the author of a bill creating four State normal schools; and indeed, he is credited with having done more to advance education in North Carolina than any other man in that State.

Mr. White was nominated to his present place by acclamation, and at the election worsted his opponent by more than four thousand majority. He has all of the attributes that go to make a politician; an understanding of human nature, a deep knowledge of public questions, and he is rarely gifted as an orator logical, forcible and convincing. Through thrift and economy Mr. White has amassed a modest competency. In a word, the colored member from the 11th North Carolina District should be a model to his race, and no one could study his career without receiving benefit from it.

The Chinese Minister, Wu Ting Fing, and his wife in the few months since they came to Washington have acquired a wide popularity, which they richly deserve. His Excellency speaks English fluently, having resided in London for a number of years, and is a man of most sociable character, so that his participation in social festivities is a pleasure, as well as a duty connected with his position, and both the Minister and Mme. Wu, in their brilliant and picturesque costumes, are notable figures in society. The crush and bustle incident upon teas and large receptions are, however, fatiguing to Mme. Wu, to whom this life is new and unaccustomed, and she is frequently forced to deny herself the pleasure of attending them, but she

is often seen at dinners and luncheons, and is learning English so rapidly that she will soon be able to do away with an interpreter.

Mme. Wu has followed the precedent established by Mme. Yang and observes Friday as her reception day, when there is a warm welcome and a cup of tea for all those who have the privilege of the Legation. The Wus have paid more attention than their predecessors to the interior of their home, and it is not only furnished richly in the American fashion, but contains many handsome specimens in carving, painting and embroidery of Chinese art. Perhaps the most interesting piece of furniture in the Legation is a sort of throne, exquisitely curved and containing two seats, which seems to occupy the same position in Chinese drawing-room etiquette that the sofa does in German households, for to it Mr. Wu invariably leads the most distinguished lady guest.

Mr. Wu has placed his little son, a lad of some ten years old, in the public schools, and is much pleased with the system of public instruction here and with the progress his son is making. In truth, this little Oriental will soon outstrip his American playmates, for already he has acquired a fluent command of English and stands well in his class. He is a bright little fellow, as full of mischief as his contemporaries all over the world, but an earnest and dutiful student, who appreciates the signal advantages he is now enjoying.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and perseverance is the mother of success," said a young member of the Senate the other day as a preface to the following story: "A certain woman was discharged from one of the departments last spring, for good and sufficient reasons, I thought, and when she came to ask my aid to get her reinstated I flatly and bluntly said I would do nothing to help her. She went away, only to appear the next day. I sent her off again without any encouragement, but, undaunted, she came again the day following, and for more than a week she kept these visits up, until I finally instructed the doorkeeper that I was never to be in when she called."

"It was several months before I saw her again, when suddenly she bobbed up as I was walking through the rotunda one day, and joined me. I walked as quickly as I could to the Senate, not listening to what she said until I heard 'and I want you to help me get a promotion.'

"Help you get a promotion?" I exclaimed. "Why, you haven't got a position yet, have you?"

"Certainly," she replied, "but it only pays me nine hundred, and I am anxious to get twelve."

"And you have got a position?" echoed I. "Pray tell me how you got it," for then I was interested and anxious to hear the story, as I knew all the men in Congress whom she had a right to count on had absolutely refused to help her.

"Well," responded she, "I got my position just as I intend to get my promotion—by perseverance. When I found I could not, by hook or crook, see you any more, I went to the Commissioner of Patents. He turned me beautifully, and, as he thought, effectively down, but I appeared the next day and the next, until, like you, he instructed his doorkeeper that he was never at home when I called."

"Then I took to waiting for him in the corridor, and it was a week or more before I caught him. 'Couldn't stop,' he said, was 'just going out.' He didn't return for three hours, but I waited, and he found me on his return. 'Important engagement in his office' this time. It



GEORGE H. WHITE, Of North Carolina. The only colored member of the LVth Congress.

was two hours before he came out again. I was there.

"Come in," he said, in desperation. "Now, tell me what it is you want."

"A position," I answered.

"Haven't I told you a thousand times," he asked, "that I have not a place I can give you?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I shall wait here every day until you do have one."

"Is there no way under the sun of getting rid of you?" he queried.

"No way but giving me a position," I answered.

"If I give you a position, will you promise never to come into my office again as long as I am here?"

"Certainly," I said. "You give me a position, and you shall see no more of me."

"And so it ended. Now, I intend to adopt the same tactics with you, but if you help me get a promotion I will promise never to annoy you again, even if I am dismissed to make way for a younger and handsomer woman."

"To make a long story short, she got her promotion. As she is a woman of her word, I never expect to be troubled by her again, and I must confess that I feel I bought my peace cheaply."

Admiral Jouett was retired some years ago, and as the age of retirement is sixty-two, this doughty warrior must be somewhere near three-score and ten, but he is the youngest man in town nevertheless. He is as fond of a fox hunt as he was fifty years ago, and, it is said, is as fearless and gallant a rider and as frequently in at the death. He is away at present, visiting the old Bonaparte place near Relay, where he is enjoying a week of his favorite sport, and report comes back to town that he is the gayest and most rollicking of all the party. Before his departure he electrified his older and more sedate colleagues by appearing in a waistcoat that would put to shame the waistcoats of the most ambitious of sporting gentlemen, so brilliant and various was it of hue. But Admiral Jouett is indifferent to the criticism of his elders, and he has never been able to understand why young men should be allowed to monopolize all the pleasures, of which he, at least, of the young old boys intends to have his share.

The appointment of Aulick Palmer to succeed Mr. Wilson as United States Marshal of the District of Columbia is a popular one here, the birthplace and home of Mr. Palmer, where he is well known and generally liked. This is natural since he is not only a handsome man, of fine physique and bearing, but he has all the characteristics which make one a success socially. Mr. Palmer has, in fact, been a conspicuous figure in club and social circles whenever he has been in town. It is probable that he will take a more active interest in the social affairs at the White House than his immediate predecessor has done, and that he will be to President McKinley what Clayton McMichael was to President Arthur, for he is thoroughly equipped for the rôle.

Mr. Palmer is a son of Surgeon-General Palmer of the Navy, and after a course in the law department of Harvard was appointed a lieutenant in the Marine Corps and chosen to command the piked detachment of marines that guarded the American exhibits at the Paris Exposition of 1878. During President Harrison's administration Mr. Palmer was appointed Consul-General at Dresden, and filled his post not only with satisfaction to the State Department, but with satisfaction to the travelling public, a much more difficult matter.

MISFIT HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

From The Church Economist.

That is a good old story of the minister who, after a protracted session from a temperance orator who had in too great abundance the gift of continuance, rose and remarked: "Let us now sing hymn number so-and-so. 'And are we yet alive?' Possibly it is rather too good to be true, but it suggests the care that needs to be exercised in the choice of hymns. We have all been to prayer meetings where a keynote of lachrymose plaintiveness was set by the opening hymn, and it was on the particularly joyful occasion of the dedication of a certain strong young church in New-York that the choir chose for their leading anthem the words in Habakkuk: 'Although the figtree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stables yet—in spite of all these mournful and depressing circumstances—"we will joy in the Lord."

On the occasion of the annual meeting of a women's missionary society in a suburban town, the minister of the church was asked to preside to give special dignity to the celebration. As after happens at these special festivities, it was one of those perfectly impossible days which daunt even the dauntless. It was in March and after a heavy snowfall a warm thaw had set in, accompanied by pouring rain. The slush was more than ankle-deep, overshadows were a mockery, and umbrellas were equally futile. The speaker who came out from the city to assist at the meeting, after getting in and out of the various dripping streets and ferryboats, abandoned all efforts to keep dry as she plunged through the middle of the running stream which constituted the street leading to the church. Her soaked umbrella and screaming mackintosh were arranged over different registers to dry. The pastor and his wife and eight valiant women assembled for the meeting. The rain, blown by the March wind, dashed noisily against the windows and rattled them fiercely. The church leaked somewhat, and here and there tin pails were arranged into which leaden drops dripped monotonously, while long damp streaks showed dark on the walls.

The little group struggled bravely for cheerfulness. They assembled closely around the desk when the minister rose to open the meeting. He hurriedly chose a hymn, and they began to sing:

Saviour, visit Thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!

They got through the first three verses, but on the first time of the fourth, "But a drought has since succeeded," the fresh young voice of the pastor's wife, who was the leader, wavered and stopped. It was of no use. The nine zealous missionary workers had to stop and laugh, and the pastor cordially joined in. "Next time you ask me to lead," he said, "I will choose the hymns before I come into the pulpit!"

DISAPPOINTED.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Five-year-old Dickey had been instructed that whenever he wanted anything he should pray for it.

He had prayed long and earnestly for a bicycle, but his father, thinking him too young to ride one, had bought him a tricycle. When he awoke on the morning of his birthday and found the three-wheeler by his bedside he was disgusted.

"Doesn't the Lord know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" he whimpered.