THE CABINET LADIES.

[Continued from Thirteenth Page.]

put their arms around her and kiss her as if she were a girl with whom they were in love. Every day flowers are brought from the conservatory at Lindenhurst to the $65,000 Presbyterian Hospital annex which Mrs. Wanamaker built and endowed. In addition to this books are taken there every week, and her good work goes on just as if she were not in Paris. Mrs. Wanamaker built a memorial chapel in Jenkintown which is said to be a beautiful building.

HER FAD ABOUT SHOES.

Mrs. Wanamaker is not a prude and is not narrow-minded. Her charity embraces all the needy, and the poor are her people. She finds out about them by her own knowledge. She knows what church they belong to and when they are to communion last, but with the peace of God in her face she says, "You are one in need. Take as your friend."

I do not mean that she throws money away on people without any knowledge as to whether they are deserving or not. No one of any sense ever does. But she investigates, and she is slow at knowing the real needs of every case brought to her notice. Like any well-known person, the Wanamakers receive thousands of begging letters from lazy, unworthy people which they never notice.

At Lindenhurst, Jenkintown, is a play-house, which was built for the daughters, and which is perfect in every way. It is two stories high and has balconies, a flagstaff and a perfectly appointed kitchen, where the girls tried their hands at cooking. It is large enough to admit a man, but if he be full six feet high he has to bend his shoulders slightly to go in. Mr. Wanamaker is a musician and still plays the piano and singe. She reads a great deal, especially books of travel and biography. She also reads novels of the better class and drives a great many books away. She pays for everything she gets in the store, the same as any other customer.

Mrs. Wanamaker's manner is agreeable to every one she meets, but she has no liking for any society nor the falseness nor frivolity of it. No one seems to know when she will return from Paris, and whether she will live in Washington or not.

MRS. EX-GOV. PROCTOR.

Visiting Friends in California While Her Husband Is at His Post of Duty.

Gov. Redfield Proctor was travelling through California with his family three weeks ago when he was sent for in all haste to come on and accept the position of Secretary of War. He came and is now a member of Mr. Harrison's Cabinet, but his family remained in California to finish their visit. Mrs. Proctor is at present at the Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, Cal., where she intends to remain for some time. Before she comes East she will visit friends in New Orleans, and Gov. Proctor will meet her there and bring her to her new home and new acquaintances.

Mrs. Proctor is mistress of the fine old Proctor homestead, in Proctor, Vt. The town derives its name from its founder and her husband. The Proctors are well supplied with this world's goods, and are very popular in their State. The Proctor mansion is said to be almost comfortable and grand old place, and the adjoining farm, which Gov. Proctor owns, is a model. It is kept in the best of order, and is stocked with blooded cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Proctor were born in the same State, and passed their childhood days near together. They were friends at school, and when school-day lessons were over their friendship grew to love and they were married. They have four children living. Arabella, the oldest, is the wife of Fred. G. Holden, and resides in San Francisco, Cal. Fletcher D. Proctor, the second child, is married and lives in Chicago, where he looks after his father's interests while the latter is absent from home. He has a daughter, who is the only grandchild of Governor and Mrs. Proctor. She is a year and a half old, and bears her grandmother's name—Emily D. Proctor, the only unmarried daughter and the third child, is with her mother. Redfield Proctor, jr., is the baby. He is ten years old.

Mrs. Proctor has never lived in Washington, so that everything pertaining to Washington social life and duties will be new to her. She is not especially fond of society, nor is she at all averse to it. While her husband was Governor of Vermont she was very popular and never attempted to shirk any of her social duties. She is a clever woman and well educated. She is fond of literature and is always contented and at ease either in managing her thousand affairs in Proctor or in gracing some social gathering.

THEIR SIMPLE LIFE.

Gov. Proctor keeps a number of fine horses and during the Summer months he hunts and their guess have a most enjoyable time. When Winter comes on and the country life becomes a dreary one, the Proctor homestead is always closed and the family go to Boston, where they are warmly welcomed by a large circle of friends. Every Winter their home is in Boston, excepting for occasional pleasure trips, such as the one they are now enjoying in California. Mrs. Proctor is of medium height, and is much the same build as Mrs. Harrison. She has very dark hair and very handsome blue eyes. She is modest in attire, but has very good taste in dressing. At present she is in mourning for her second daughter, who died some three years ago, and since that time she has seen very little of society, except among her most intimate friends.

But her daughter Emily, who is nineteen years old, is now of society, and Mrs. Proctor will have to resume her rightful place when she comes to Washington. Emily Proctor is a handsome girl and a clever one. Though in society, she still continues her studies and has with her, even now, a teacher and companion who is making thorough the hasty education which was completed at a boarding-school. She is lively and fond of society. She rides beautifully, and is accomplished in all the little graces so rightfully a woman's.

Mrs. Proctor is a Congregationalist and is a hard worker in her church. No amount of society can make her forget what she believes she owes to her church, and some congregation in Washington will be the better off for her membership. Of course they will rent a house and entertain largely. It has always been their custom, and life in Washington is not likely to change any family in that particular. Gov. Proctor says that he will look about, but hardly thinks that he will decide on a house without Mrs. Proctor's assistance.

"What can I say about Mrs. Proctor?" he said to me, with a thoroughly happy smile. "I can only say that she is the best wife and mother in the world."

MRS. GEN. NOBLE.

She Will Be the Literary Light of the New Administration.

Mrs. John W. Noble aspires to run the literary part of the new regime. She is stopping at the Hotel Normandie. I called there to see her one day last week and my interview with her was very entertaining. A colored boy at the door told me he was very tired, and wouldn't just go up on the elevator without going through the formality of sending up my card—which meant that he was too lazy to walk up to the fifth or sixth story. I had no objection and so I went up.

I rapped on the door of Gen. Noble's room several times. There was a sound of masculine voices inside and I had to rap very briskly before any one gave the least sign of having heard. Then the door was opened a little and, whom I instantly recognized as Gen. Noble from the newspaper cuts I have seen of him, opened the door far enough to put his head outside. I asked for Mrs. Noble, and he told me to go back to the bedroom, where I would find her unless she had gone out. As I started back towards the room designated the door opened and a maid came forth, whom Gen. Noble called and asked if Mrs. Noble was still in. The girl replied yes, that she thought Mrs. Noble was having breakfast, so, excusing myself for disturbing him, I turned to the girl. Before I could speak to her Mrs. Noble came out, and as I started to introduce myself Gen. Noble called to her to come in, as he wanted to introduce her to a friend.

As soon as I found the chance I told her what my mission was, and that I would prefer not to keep her from her husband's guest, but wait her pleasure afterwards.

"Well, if you don't mind waiting in the bedroom," she said, and I followed.

The maid was just making the bed, but I sat down and read THE WORLD's account of the inauguration in the rain and the ball. Before I had half finished Mrs. Noble returned, and, taking a low rocker in front of me, she asked what I wanted.

HER ARDENT BY HER INTERVIEWER.

"All about yourself," I replied. "Your name and where you live and everything else."

"Well, my name is Elizabeth without an E," she said. "Here, give me your paper, I will write it," she continued, and, taking my paper, she wrote her name.

"What else?" she asked, as if she were interviewing me instead of me interviewing her.

"Your home," I replied.

"All right; St. Louis," she said, writing it down.

"What street?" I mildly suggested.

"Oh, that is of no moment," she said. "What else?"

"Are you going to board or will you keep house?" I asked, softly.

"House," she said, smiling. "That will answer for that."

"Any family?"

"No, excepting my two sisters," writing away.

"What is your religion?"

"I have none. Mr. Noble is a Presbyterian."

"What are your sisters' names?"

"Just as the Misses Halsted do. That will do."

"Are you fond of society and dress and will you entertain a great deal?"

"I am not fond of society as society, but I am very fond of literary society," she said. "I always draw around me a large circle of literary people whose tastes are congenial with mine. My sister is an authoress and has written a good deal, but only achkwledges one book"——

"What is the name of the book and her name?" I interrupted. She wrote it and handed me a paper bearing these notes, which she had written on it:

Elizabeth Halsted Noble.
St. Louis. No children.
2 young lady sisters.
Presbyterian. Misses Halsted.
"Bethesda," Leonora B. Halsted.

"At home," she continued, "I send out my cards, and when my friends gather I have a professor introduce some subject, which we discuss, such as the philosophy of religion, the philosophy of political economy and such things. Can you remember all that? My sisters are beautiful young ladies and very talented. Miss Halsted is a perfect blonde and Miss Leonora Halsted has a most exquisite face, wonderfully large brown eyes and dark hair, and they are great favorites everywhere. They dress in perfect taste. My dress you can judge from what I have on. Do you think you can remember all this?"

"It is fifteen minutes past 12," a fretful voice interrupted.

"Yes, just coming," replied Mrs. Noble, getting up and putting on her silk circular. "I am not in society now. I am just here with a sick lady to consult a doctor. You can say that"——

"We will be late," complained the voice at my back.

"Coming, coming," Mrs. Noble answered, starting out in the hall. I told her how much I regretted it if I had detained her and bade her good morning but heard no reply. They walked along back of me to the elevator, when they were joined by Gen. Noble and his friend.

"This is my little sister Leonora," Mrs. Noble said, as she introduced the girl. Leonora shook his hand and told him she was pleased to meet him, and I looked at Leonora and—wondered.

Mrs. Noble was a Miss Halsted, of Rochester, N. Y., and was married to Gen. Noble in Northampton, Mass. They celebrated their silver wedding in February last. She is rather a prepossessing woman. She is short and somewhat plump. Her face is pleasant and she wears silver spectacles and carries gold glasses fastened to her bodice. She was dressed in a neat costume of a green rough material with bonnet to match, and wore a silk circular which was rather undecoming to one of her stature.

MRS. EX-GOVERNOR RUSK.

The Allurements of Public Life Not New to Her.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Rusk, the wife of Gov. Rusk, of Wisconsin, spent six years at the National Capital, while her husband was member of Congress, and now as the wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, the life will not be new to her. It is doubtful whether it will be any pleasure to her her than her reign at the Gubernatorial residence of Wisconsin where she is one of the best known ladies of the State and a general favorite.

MRS. RUSK.

She is of prepossessing personal appearance and medium height and has light complexion, light-brown hair, frank blue eyes, and a kind and intelligent expression. She has an easy and a natural, quiet dignity, but is so unassuming and modest that she charms every one she meets. She is a devoted wife and mother, and since the death of her daughter, Miss Lina, about two years ago, she has lived a very quiet and retiring life in the Executive Mansion.

Besides her pleasant, winsome manner she is very gifted and intelligent, and is an exceedingly well-read woman.

Mrs. Rusk was married to Gov. Rusk in 1856, and by her loving help has assisted him greatly in his life as a public man. In 1885 he was elected Governor of Wisconsin, and has served three terms.

Four children were born to them, only two of whom are now living. Miss Mary Rusk, the daughter, is a young lady of rare social qualities and handsome looks, and has been of great assistance to her mother in giving the Executive residence of Wisconsin its reputation for hospitality. She will probably be a social favorite in Washington. Master Blaine, the other child, is yet a little boy, and the pet of his parents.

NELLY BLY.

THOMAS STEVENS IN ADEN.

"THE WORLD'S" COMMISSIONER WRITES OF THE STRANGE ARABIAN TOWN.

The Around-the-World Bicyclist on His Way to the Heart of Africa—The Streets Infested with Beggars and Homeless Children — The Camel Market — The Marked Effects of British Rule.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WORLD.]

ADEN, Arabia, Feb. 5.—Eight days at Aden. It seems like a sentence of eight days in jail, for Aden is well known as a very warm sort of purgatory—about the last stage, so to speak, on the high road to Hades. I must say that I have been in many a worse place, and it occurred to me that people at home have a very vague idea of what sort of a place this Gibraltar of the East is like. There isn't much of interest here, but it is a place of more people and greater importance than we are in the habit of giving it credit for. Aden is one of the chief links in the chain of British forts connecting England and India, the riveting and perfecting of which the master mind of the great Conservative statesman loved to contemplate, and to which, during his last premiership, he added the island of Cyprus.

Like Gibraltar, Aden is of vast importance to England from a strategic point of view. It is worthy rival of the great fortress-rock of southwest Europe as a key to the Red Sea and commercial supremacy of Britain in the East and in policing the ocean road to India. Ere long it will rival Gibraltar in strength too. There is no unusual activity at present, but the clink of sledge and drill and the chorus of gangs of native laborers working on the fortifications is a feature that is ever present. Day by day, as weeks, months and years roll round, with the persistent industry of coral insects building a reef that shall endure for ever, the British are blasting, boring, tunnelling, building, grading the grim volcanic rocks on which are perched the town and camp of Aden. The population, including Shaikh Othman, is about forty thousand. If this position is ever to be lost to England, those who intend wresting it from her better be burying right along or it will be everlastingly too late. In importance it is a great coaling station and magazine for munitions of war, handy to India, is fully appreciated, and certainly its rock-bound craters seem to have been designed by nature for that very end. It needs but a touch of military intelligence, with time, labor and money, to render it impregnable, and the English are sparing neither one nor another.

As a place of abode this little volcanic peninsula, jutting out so boldly from the south coast of Yemen, bears the curse of an evil reputation. People dwell on its heat and its unhealthfulness and the monotony of existence here in language that if not always true, is usually forcible. Anecdotes and local jokes always have a sulphurous odor about them, and the crust that divides Aden from Gehenna is said to be peculiarly thin. One British officer who spends his Summers in both places remarked his Summers in the society of his departed comrades in the latter place, on account of the comparative coolness of the climate there, and his Winters in Aden. Persons likely to die at Aden, if uncertain of their destination, are always advised to take their overcoats. Such is Aden as it is understood and talked about by the knowing customers one meets aboard the P. and O. steamers. The climate was pleasant enough, however, as the

A NATIVE FROM THE INTERIOR.

Valetta cast anchor in the blue waters of its harbor on Jan. 29, nine days out from Brindisi. About so degrees Fahrenheit, but the shade it was, and air and sky at least were perfection. Of the earth and its appearance one is compelled to use quite different language. The rugged volcanic hills and craters on the street opposite the ship are indeed stern and forbidding. They seem to warn the passengers on the steamer away, assuring them, with quite eloquence, that there is absolutely no inducement for them to come ashore. Many take the hint and content themselves with the reflection that there is nothing to be seen or done if they land. My correspondent was, by the way, and will fill Feb. 5 to connect with the "British India" steamer Bagdad for Zanzibar. It was an hour's stay, time between Brindisi and Zanzibar, the time between Aden and the latter place being twelve days.

AMPHIBIOUS YOUNGSTERS.

As six sturdy Arab boatmen rowed us ashore there came swarming about our barge a fleet of tiny cockle-shell boats. These boats are little larger than the half-shell of the annual prize pumpkin at Topeka or Indianapolis, and each is paddled by a slim young Somali boy, who sits in the bottom. These youngsters are the famous divers of Aden, who gain a livelihood by diving for coins tossed into the sea by steamship passengers curious to witness their performances. You a silver quarter into the water, and as it touches the water "flop, flop, flop," go from three to a dozen of these naked little brown head-forward darts. Before you can count six they are back into their boats, the lucky one grinning a broad smile and displaying the coin preparatory to stowing it away in his cheek.

Diving for coins appears to be their trade, built chiefly of arms and legs, as they flop into the water and clamber with astonishing ease back into their boats. Every body wonders why the sharks, which are numerous here, don't gobble up these daring young amphibious. Some of them would just about make a good mouthful for a Red Sea shark. Strange to say, they are never molested. A one-legged Somali of forty or so is pointed out to the tourist on the street as a former diver who lost his leg to Mr. Shark's voracity, but his is the only case of the kind known to the city. Some say the boys are too quick for the sharks, and that the latter, having to dive for their food, have no time to pay attention to them. Others assert that, like the crocodiles and the buffaloes of the Indus, the Somali divers and the sharks are able so well together that they actually fraternize at times, and that the former have been known to dive under a shark and pat him familiarly on the stomach. However all this may be, the Somali boys are quite fearless, and accidents from sharks are singularly rare.

The great gathering of natives great you as you approach the landing-stairs at Steamer Point, which is the part of Aden seen from the ship. Mop-headed Somali gharri-wallahs (hackmen) lounge in their gharri-wallahs (hackmen) lounge in their gharri-wallahs (hackmen) lounge in their