AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR THE FARMER AND THE ORCHARDIST.

[This Department is prepared for the SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION by its Agricultural Editor. All matter relating to the agricultural interest will be found under this head.]

How to Select a Good Cow.

How to select a good cow is a matter of interest to a great many people, and yet but few people can be found who have any confidence in their ability in this direction. There are but few people, who, if they are going to buy a cow, will not ask a friend to go along with them and help pick her out, or, not having a friend who has confidence in his own judgment, will say to the seller, "Now I am not a judge of cows, and shall have to depend on your honor in the matter." Perhaps, as a rule, the latter is the safer way, but it is not always pleasant to acknowledge one's ignorance in regard to so simple a matter, and not always to one's advantage to be compelled to trust to the honor of others in matters in which they may think their interest may be against that of your own. Of course it is a matter of considerable moment to every farmer who keeps cows for dairy purposes, whether it be a milk dairy, a butter dairy or a cheese dairy, to be able to select a good cow by her appearance, and although not of so much moment, yet every man who desires to keep a cow in town for the use of his family should be able to judge between a good and poor cow by examining her. It is true the best judges may sometimes be deceived in selecting a cow, as men are liable to be deceived in reference to all other matters. Sometimes cows' appearances are deceptive, and sometimes cows that have all the indications of good cows have been injured so that they cannot be what they appear to be. We use the term good cow in this connection as meaning a cow that will give a good quantity of milk and of good quality, say from ten to eleven months in the year—a cow that in a dairy of a hundred or more cows will give more milk and of a better quality than the average—one that would make a profitable cow for a dairy or for a family. In the first place color has but little to do with the milk or butter capacity of a cow. We have seen good cows and poor cows of all colors and of almost every conceivable mixture of colors. Nor does the breed have a great deal to do with the question of a good cow. We have seen good and poor cows among all breeds; but whatever the breed, good cows, as a rule, have the same general characteristics, and can, as a rule, be selected or designated as such by good judges. When animals differ so much in general appearance as do shorthorn cows and Jersey cows, or as do Jerseys and Ayrshires, or Ayrshires and Devons, or Devons and Holsteins, those unacquainted with the means and modes of distinguishing between good milkers and poor ones are entirely at a loss to distinguish how the thing is done. To such we will endeavor to unfold the mystery or unravel the puzzle. First, as to general appearance. The first thing that strikes the observer in looking at a good cow is that she has the female rather than the male appearance. She looks the cow all over rather than the ox or the bull, in any particular. The first impression, even to the unskilled as well as to the skilled examiner, is that she would make a good mother. This general appearance is of itself an almost certain guide in selecting a cow. It is as much a guide to the good judge, and more so than to the novice, with this difference, that the skilled observer is not likely to make any mistakes as to the correct general appearance, while the novice is very liable to do so. The skilled observer is able to analyze and test the general appearance by noting and designating the separate parts or points that go to make up that general appearance, while the novice looks at it as a whole, and can only judge by the effect or impression produced. Just as two persons may look at a beautiful painting—the one a skilled artist and the other a complete novice in art—both may agree as to the general merits of the painting, both may admire and praise, but while the opinion of the one will be of value, that of the other will not be considered of any value. The one can give a reason for his admiration and the other cannot; the one can analyze and point out the meritorious parts and show how they contribute to and make up a meritorious whole, while the other can only judge from his undefined and undefinable impressions. So in reference to the opinions of different persons as to the qualities of a good cow. The opinion of the skilled observer is good for something, because he knows how he arrives at his opinions and can tell his reasons to another, while the unskilled observer cannot. The good judge first looks at the general form. He requires that the cow of his preference shall have small rounded and rather thin and low shoulders, with a thin and rather long neck and small head and fine horns. The eyes must be large and full, but mild and pleasant, indicating affection rather than fear or defiance. The skin about the neck must set close and smooth, and have no loose hanging dew-lap about the throat. The head must taper well from the horns to the nozzle. The hind quarters should be wide and spreading backwards—the hind legs standing well apart. The tail may be long, but must be fine and tapering. The buttock should be square and wide and come well down. What is called the mirror or escutcheon should be large and well defined, that is, the hair should run up from the bag spreading and forming on each side or buttock a curl or cowlick. The ribs should be round and widespread, and the belly or paunch should be large and full. With all these characteristics of form the cow must be a good feeder and a good drinker. Such a cow will almost invariably have a wide and full bag—the teats should be set on well apart and be of middling size—soft and velvety to the touch, but not fleshy. After milking the bag should be like an empty sack, without form or substance. Running from the bag forward under the belly should be well-defined veins, and the veins of the thighs should also be prominent and full. It will be seen that a cow thus shaped and possessing the characteristics described must look the female and the mother, because it is their form and these characteristics that give her this look and make her such, and makes her the good cow whatever may be her breed or blood. It should be observed also that the breed of cattle that produces the greatest per cent. of cows possessing this form and these characteristics is the best breed of cattle for the dairy.

The Hilly Lands of California.

The flat bottom lands of all countries have been settled by civilized people before the hilly lands have been occupied. As a rule these flat lands are easiest subdued and brought under cultivation, and as a rule they are rich and strong and the best adapted to the production of the cereals and vegetables—the first necessaries of a new country. The hilly lands in most countries, though least sought for and last settled, have been found upon final occupation to be more valuable than anticipated. In most climates the hilly lands are devoted to grazing, to the dairy, to sheep pastures or to beef-raising, and while they are seldom rated as high as the flat lands they very frequently prove the most remunerative and profitable. Stock-breeding, wool-raising and the dairy business in all countries have proved to be the most successful occupations of the farmer. What has proved true of older countries is also proving true of California. Our hilly lands have been the least sought for and will be the last occupied and brought into active use, and they are also proving to be the most profitable lands in the State. They are here as elsewhere being devoted in a great degree to pasturage, to sheep walks, cattle ranges, and to the dairy, and these occupations here as elsewhere are proving to be the most remunerative occupations of the farmer. But the hilly lands of California have a very great advantage over the hilly lands of most other countries. We have a climate suitable—not only suitable to—but favorable to the cultivation of the vine and prosecution of all the industries growing out of this cultivation, and the hilly lands of our State are especially adapted to the cultivation of the vine. This fact gives to the hilly lands of our State a superior advantage over the hilly lands of most other countries, and invests them with a greater value. The hilly lands of most countries are the least densely settled. This is the natural result of the use to which they are put; but the hilly lands of California are likely to be the most thickly-settled sections of the State, because they will mostly be occupied by vineyards and fruit orchards. While the hilly lands of most countries are looked upon as of secondary importance, the hilly lands of California are destined in the near future to be regarded as of the first importance, and of the greatest value to the State and to their fortunate owners. These facts are just beginning to be understood, and people are just beginning to act upon them in a practical way. The most desirable locations are being eagerly looked up and occupied—the foothills are being converted into orchards and vineyards, and dotted with prosperous and happy homes. The day is not far off when the finest country residences, the best schools and the most prosperous people of the country, will be located in the Sierra and Coast Range foothills overlooking the valleys, in physical location, as well as in many other respects.

The Fruit Exhibition at Los Angeles.

From all accounts the fruit exhibition at the Southern California Fair, at Los Angeles, was one of the finest exhibits of fruit ever made in the State. It included all the hardier fruits, as the apple, pear, peach, plum, etc., as well as all the usual citrus fruits in great variety. One very interesting feature of this exhibition was found in the fact that different localities as well as different individuals competed for the honors of the exhibition. A very spirited rivalry was excited between the different settlements, as Pasadina, Los Angeles, Old San Bernardino, Riverside, etc. This was an excellent idea, and should be followed by other sections and district societies.

Exhibiting Live Fish.

There was exhibited at the district fair at Los Angeles a large number of live carp in a reservoir, and they attracted a great deal of attention. While this was somewhat of a novel idea, it was a very valuable and suggestive one. If, to encourage the improvement of our stock, we exhibit the best specimens at our industrial fairs, why not for the same purpose exhibit fish from private ponds? Fish may be domesticated and made to contribute to the wants of man as well as any of the present domesticated animals; and they are just as susceptible of improvement as any of the domestic animals, and may just as well become an object of care and profit. Then why should they not be included in the premium lists of our State and district fairs and form a part of their exhibitions?

Agricultural Intelligence.

FEEDING DAIRY COWS.—Some dairymen hold the opinion that the food of the cow, if it be wholesome and nutritious, does not affect the character of the milk or the butter or cheese made from it—that the cow, as the machine which converts her food into milk, fixes its quality; but this is an error. It is true that one cow may give much richer milk than another by her side, the rations of food in each case being precisely alike, but the quality of the milk of either or both of these cows is effected by the food they take. The subject has been carefully investigated by careful observers, among whom we may mention Boussingault and Playfair, and the influence of the character of the feed upon the composition of the dry substance of milk, conclusively demonstrated. The experience of many practical farmers and dairymen, moreover, proves the same thing. The subject, therefore, is one which immediately concerns the dairyman whether his specialty is butter or cheese. On the relative proportions of fat, sugar and casein in the milk, its value either for one or the other depends, since one of these makes the milk more valuable for butter, and the other makes it better for cheese.—[Prairie Farmer.

FEEDING POULTRY.—The direct profit or loss with stock of any kind whatever comes from the feeding resorted to. If proper food has been given, at regular intervals in sufficient quantity, profit is the natural result, while hap-hazard management results disastrously. In the feeding and management of poultry there is more lax discipline than with any other kind of stock. There is far too much corn, in its different forms, fed to breeding poultry and to layers to secure the best results, for corn has a great tendency to produce fat, which is not desirable where plenty of eggs are expected, the fat forming so thickly on and around the ovaries and other organs as to effectually prevent the fowls from laying. In cold weather warmth and heat is necessary, and feeding corn moderately to the laying hens is not so objectionable as it is during the warm summer months, while over-fat fowls are more liable to disease and ailments than those only in good condition. For the laying fowl no better food can be given for a principal diet than good, sound, whole wheat, though it must not be given in the same quantities as corn.

MILK-SETTING.—I am thoroughly satisfied from personal trial, observation among farmers, and reviews of the literature of milk-setting, that it makes no difference in the quantity of the butter obtained, whether the milk is set two inches deep or twenty, providing always that the right temperature is maintained and proper time allowed for cream-raising, and also proper temperature maintained in churning. The temperature of churning will depend upon the method of temperature used in raising the cream. There has been a profusion of discussion of the physics of cream-raising, but, whatever the laws, we have the fact of as much butter by one system as the other. For deep cans, in air, a temperature below 45 degrees is required; if in water, a temperature a few degrees higher will answer, but will require more time than a lower one. If in shallow pans, a standard of 60 to 62 must not be far varied from.—[J. W. Sanburn.

COTSWOLD.—The American Cotswold Association require that all sheep registered in the Cotswold Record shall trace in all their lines to sheep bred by some reputable breeder of Cotswold sheep in Great Britain. They consider that no evidence short of this is a guarantee of purity. The address, as well as name, of both importer and breeder in this country and Great Britain must in all cases be given. The address of the Recording Secretary of the American Cotswold Association is Charles P. Willard, 20 LaSalle street, Chicago.

Fort Niobrara, the new post in the northern part of Colorado, is nearly completed, and will be ready for occupancy by the 1st of December. It cost $50,000. The fort is to be in command of Major Upham, who has one company of the Ninth Infantry and three companies of the Fifth Cavalry. The location is about 100 miles from O'Neill, to which point the Sioux City and St. Paul Railroad will be completed by January 1st.

Chinamen recently took the contract to finish the ditch from St. Louis to Grass Flat, Sierra county, by the 1st of December. The upper part of the ditch was taken at $3 per rod, the lower at $3 25.

MANHATTANISMS.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON BUBBLING IN THE METROPOLIS.

A Literary and Artistic Reception—Cyrus W. Field's Wealth—Blowing to Some Purpose.

NEW YORK, October 28, 1880.

The campaign was begun very late this year; but its shortness has been offset by great activity in the State and city on the part of both Republicans and Democrats. The past week has been sufficiently animated to suit the most ardent politician. There had been plans, caucuses, organizations, meetings, serenades, processions, without number, and they continue at present with augmented briskness. The metropolis is throbbing with political excitement in every quarter; everybody is thinking of, talking about and working for the election with energy and zeal. Every adult citizen was asked, last week, at least twenty times a day, "Have you registered?" Women made the inquiry as often as men, and politics was and is the chief topic of conversation in counting-room, street car, theater, club-house and society. Whatever the result, which will be known before this letter has reached you, nobody can say that defeat to either party has been the consequence of indolence or apathy.

REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS HAVE WORKED

And are still working like beavers; both pretend to be confident of victory; each feels that it cannot afford to be beaten, and has reason for feeling so. The outcome of the approaching election, whether on one side or the other, will be more than temporary, if indications mean anything. The Democrats are even more persuaded than the Republicans are that they cannot afford to endure another overthrow; and you may be sure they won't—if they can help it by fair means or foul. During this campaign the Republicans have been fairly aroused, even in this city, where they have hitherto been so hopelessly outnumbered as to make very little, if any, effort toward the reduction of the prodigious Tammany majority. They seem to have resolved now to be diligent and vigilant, and it will be very strange if they do not show, next Tuesday, a strength which will surprise their ancient enemies. They more fully understand than they have ever done that Manhattan Island is the true battle-ground of the country, and that it is their patriotic duty to fight a hard battle. They appear to have grown tired of being misgoverned by Irish ruffians and rum-sellers, and to be determined to try earnestly and forcibly to effect a modification, if not a change. Nor will they surrender their purpose, even if they should fail this year of the reward of their exertions. They have plucked up courage and expectation, and will not be likely to fall again into their old indifference. I dislike to make any prediction about New York; but I do not hesitate to say that the municipal government will not, in the future, be so bad as it has been or as it is now, and that it will steadily, however slowly, improve. Before the century has ended I dare to hope that Manhattan will lose the unenviable reputation of being the worst governed city on the globe.

To go from politics to society,

ONE OF THE FIRST RECEPTIONS

Of the season was given Saturday night to Miss Mary N. Prescott, sister of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, by Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's *Bazar*, whose Saturday evenings have grown quite famous here. She has now had receptions for five or six years, and some of the pleasantest persons—notably representatives of the journalistic, literary and artistic guilds—are to be met and enjoyed there. Her house is a sort of social and intellectual exchange for many of the clever men and women of the metropolis, and not a few distinguished strangers are usually to be found under her hospitable roof. Miss Prescott is like her elder and better-known sister, Mrs. Spofford—a poet and story-writer—and many of those invited to meet her were of her calling. Among the guests were Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, the popular writer for children and author of "Hans Brinker;" Charles E. Webb, more readily recognized as "John Paul," the humorist, formerly of California; Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, and Elizabeth Stoddard, the novelist; David Demarest Lloyd, of the *Tribune*; William Sartain, artist; Colonel Thomas W. Knox, author and traveler; Wm. T. Clarke, of the *Evening Express*; Mrs. Sophia M. Towles, artist; Wm. A. Croffut, paragraphist and author of the libretto of "Deseret," the new comic opera; Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, a prominent member of metropolitan society; George Perry, editor of the *Home Journal*; Constant Mayer, artist; Mrs. James S. Merriam, daughter of Celestin Hippeau, the Parisian litterateur and Professor in the College of France; George Inness, Jr., artist; Mrs. Fanny Barrow (Aunt Fanny), the benevolent and literary friend of the little folks; George T. Ferris, journalist and magazinist; Wm. Courtney, the vocalist, and Charles A. Clapp, publisher.

ENGLISH OPINIONS.

A number of the women, both maidens and wives, were noticeably pretty, and most elegantly dressed. Although they were not in larger proportion than they often are at social assemblies here, they particularly attracted the attention of an Englishwoman who has been but a short time in the country, and she declared she had never seen so many handsome women in a company of that size. "I have frequently heard," she added, "of the extraordinary beauty of American women, but I had supposed it an idle story. Now I am convinced by my own eyes of its entire truth. They have not had justice done to them. They are perfectly lovely."

An Englishman present was introduced to two Indian girls of the (domesticated) Tuscarora tribe, who had been brought to the reception by a lady interested in their education. They were quite a novelty, as you may infer, and drew much notice. But when the Englishman had been presented he accepted them as a matter of course, and soon after remarked to an American acquaintance: "Not many Indians about this evening, I see. Thought I should meet a good many of 'em, you know, in New York society. Good many Indian lodges, I dare say, around Central Park. Expect to go up there to-morrow, you know, to see a regular war dance. Must be awful jolly to live side by side with the red men. Do you often hunt buffalo with them? Rare sport now, I dare say. I expect to do the Indians thoroughly in New York, you know." Englishmen's ignorance of America passes all understanding.

THE DINNER TO CYRUS FIELD

By eighty of his friends, as they very often put it (can any man have half so many real friends?), at the Union League Club Tuesday evening was one of the most elaborate entertainments of the kind ever given there. Its entire cost was, I hear, about $5,000, and it must have pleased Field, who is very fond of show and expense. He is noted for making his own hospitality odorous of money, as he can well afford, financially, to make it, for he is extremely rich, his fortune being estimated at $6,000,000 to $7,000,000. He is reported to have got more than half of all this from the elevated railways, in which he was a prime mover. In his trip round the world he expects to disburse $50,000. He will set out at the close of next week, after having voted and seen, as he thinks he certainly shall see, that Hancock is defeated. His objection to Hancock is less political than personal; for he regards the General as a mere tool of Tilden, to employ his own phrase, and since his quarrel with the ex-Governor, the mention of Tilden's name throws him into a fit of irritability. Field is very shrewd, enterprising and capable, but his self-discipline is not remarkable. To be over-reached in business, as he seems to have been by Tilden, is a crime in his eyes which he never will or can forgive.

Field arrived here from Stockbridge, Mass., where he was born, and at the age of 15 became a minor clerk in a mercantile house. From that humble position he rose by energy and capacity to be the head of a large and prosperous firm. He partially retired from business when he was 34, and traveled for some time in North America. On his return he became deeply interested in the project of a telegraph across the Atlantic, and finally made a vast sum of money by its establishment. Moses Taylor, Peter Cooper, and other prominent New Yorkers were associated with him in the great undertaking, and shared the financial reward of its success. Field will be 61 next Sunday.

VARIETIES.

Thomas Hughes will be dined next Saturday evening, I understand, at the Lotos Club, whose members have made a reputation for entertaining Englishmen of note. A number of distinguished men have been invited, and will help to render the occasion radiantly "talky," after the true American fashion.

Levy, the cornetist, has just closed an engagement with the managers of one of the Coney Island hotels to play there next summer at the rate of $550 a week. It is common to ridicule wind; but wind recompensed at this figure should be treated with dignity. Levy will be paid about $50 a tune. He is a "blower" to some purpose.

The fact having become known that a photographer is to take likenesses of Sarah Bernhardt next Sunday, he has had, I am told, more than a thousand applications for a private view of the actress. She is already one of the loudest roaring lions—or lionesses—of Manhattan.

Not less than five of the city theaters are at present playing combination companies, having no regular company of their own. The proportion has, I believe, never been so great here before. This season the bulk of actors and actresses run to combinations, which are the worst possible things for aught like excellence in the drama.

The rumor is current that John Kelly will sell his interest in the *Evening Express* after the election, but will retain his interest in the *Star*.

The gossips are marrying James Gordon Bennett again. They have decided to swing him off nuptially the coming December. Poor fellow, he is more married than any Mormon Elder. CHAUBERT.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From T. B. Peterson Bros., Philadelphia, we have the Sara Bernhardt edition of Dumas' novel, "Camille, or the Fate of a Coquette." Also, Emile Zola's "Magdalen Ferat," as translated by John Stirling.

From Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, we have the "Magazine of Art" for October. It is of the new and enlarged series, and is an attractive and interesting number. It has in this number a variety of engravings representing noted works of art, and much valuable critical and historical text matter.

The "American Law Review" for October is at hand from Little, Brown & Co., Boston, through the San Francisco agents, A. L. Bancroft & Co. The number has part third of the paper on the law of collateral securities, treating of "Pledge of Negotiable Paper," by Leonard A. Jones. In addition are the usual departments.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have G. P. Putnam's Sons' issue of a neat little volume entitled "The Throat and Its Functions in Swallowing, Breathing and the Production of the Voice." It is by Dr. Louis Elsberg, of the University of New York, and is a lecture delivered by him in New York February, 1879, before the New York Academy of Sciences. It is freely illustrated.

The "International Review" for November (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York), presents these papers: "West Point and the Colored Cadets," by Professor George L. Andrews; "The French Republic and the Jesuits," by E. De Pressense; "The Muster Vorstellungen at Munich", by J. C. Felton; "The State and the Railroads," by Charles S. Baker; "Boston Lawyers in the Old Days," by John T. Morse, Jr.; "State Debts and Repudiation," by Robert P. Porter; Contemporary Literature.

From the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, we have the "British Quarterly Review" for October, with these leading papers: "Tennyson's Poems," "The Lord's Supper Historically Considered," "The Art of Singing, Past and Present," "A Dutchman on South Africa," "Latham on Examinations," "Sir James Outram," "Exploration and Mission Work in Africa," "The Practice of an Architect," "Lord Northbrook and Lord Lytton."

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have Volume IV. of "Green's History of the English People." (Harper Brothers, New York). In the previous notices of this work we fully gave our views of it as formed from a perusal of Green's shorter history and a reading of the first volume of this more extended work. The subsequent volumes have but intensified the good opinion then expressed. It is one of the most useful as it must become one of the most popular of historical works.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have of the Franklin Square Library series, "Lord Brackenbury," an admirable novel by Amelia B. Edwards, which may well rank as her best. It is certainly the most finished in diction, if not the most interesting in plot. Also, "Cast Up By the Sea," by Sir Samuel W. Baker, a narrative of an expedition to Central Africa. Also, "A Suitor's Sweetheart," a narrative by W. Clark Russell; and "A Memoir of Rev. Sidney Smith," by his daughter, Lady Holland.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have received Harper Bros. new edition of the miscellaneous works of Lord Macaulay, edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. They are in fine, large octavo volumes, cloth, library style and in print and form are admirable samples of excellence in the publisher's art. There is no necessity whatever for remark upon these volumes further than to announce them as above, and to add that the text arrangement is such as to make them peculiarly acceptable to those who read long and to whom fine print would be trying.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have Harper & Brothers "Italian Principia," Part 1, being a first Italian course on the plan of Dr. Smith's "Principia Latina." It was originally formulated by Signor Ricci, Professor of Italian in the City of London College. The main object of the book is to enable the beginner to acquire an accurate knowledge of the chief grammatical forms, to learn their usage by constructing simple sentences as soon as he commences the study of the language, and to accumulate gradually a stock of words useful in conversation as well as in reading.

"A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress," is the title of a two-volume octavo work by Justin McCarthy. It is from the press of Harper & Bros., New York, and is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. It is a rapid historical sketch, largely in narrative style, and constitutes a comment upon the marked events of the middle of the century. Without being a great work, it is one of much value. While it does not aim to analyze and discuss the history of modern times at length, or to the foundation, it does convey much valuable information, and the events dwelt upon are narrated so clearly that there can be no misconception of them. It partakes somewhat of the critical character, but is not so profoundly so as to make it intricate, and thus the work is one which will find favor with a large class of readers who will not attempt more seriously profound essays. Mr. McCarthy is very bold in his judgment of modern statesmen, and handles them with a refreshing freedom and striking originality of method and thought.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Lady Burdett-Coutts was born in 1814, and is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, baronet. Her fortune comes to her from her maternal grandfather, Sir Thomas Coutts, and she assumed his name when she inherited his property. That was in 1837, upon the termination of the life interest of his widow, who was Miss Mellon, the actress, before he married her as his second wife, and who died the Duchess of St. Albans. Sir Thomas Coutts' first wife, the grandmother of the subject of this sketch, was Elizabeth Starkey, the daughter of a Lancashire peasant, who was a servant in the employ of the banker's brother until her marriage made her one of the first ladies of the kingdom. The Baroness received her title in 1871. She received the freedom of the city of London in 1872, and 18 months later the city of Edinburgh similarly honored her. At the end of the last Russo-Turkish war the Sultan decorated her with the grand cordon of the Order of Mdejidie in recognition of her service to the wounded. The estimation in which she is held by the people of England is shown by the fact that when, in 1868, the reform procession passed her house, and she was recognized at the window, a shout was raised, and for over two hours the air rang with the cries of the thousands who filled the streets. In 1871 the fortune of the Baroness was estimated at £10,000,000, and up to this time she had given away for charitable purposes fully £5,000,000. In other words, after disposing of $25,000,000 for the education and care of her fellow people, she still held fully $50,000,000 in investment. She is the richest single woman in England, and her liberality in the distribution of her vast fortune has commended her to the admiration of the civilized world. She seems to prefer the simple title of Miss Coutts to that of Baroness Coutts, conferred upon her by Queen Victoria in 1871, in consideration of her munificent public charities. Miss Coutts lived in rather straitened circumstances during her earlier years, inheriting no property from her rich grandfather, Thos. Coutts, the eminent banker, born in 1741. At the death of his brother Peter, Mr. Coutts assumed the entire direction of the firm, which, under his control, rose to its highest prosperity. He was a gentleman in manners, hospitality and benevolence, and counted among his friends some of the first literary men and actors of the day. Soon after his settlement in London he married Elizabeth Starkey, a girl of humble origin. They lived very happily together, and had three daughters—Susan, who married the Earl of Guilford; Frances, who married the Marquis of Bute, and Sophia, mother of the subject of this sketch, who married Sir Francis Burdett, the member of Parliament who proposed the celebrated inquiry into the state of Coldbath Field prisons, which resulted in the dismissal of the keeper and the complete reformation of the regulations of that prison. He doubtless transmitted to his celebrated daughter many of his benevolent virtues. Soon after the death of Mrs. Coutts, in 1815, Mr. Coutts fell in love with the beautiful and accomplished Miss Harriet Mellon, a very popular actress in comedy in the early part of this century. This lady was born in 1775, and was so much younger than her opulent suitor that she declined the match, representing that the 44 years' difference in their ages made too great a barrier to be surmounted. The enamored millionaire, however, persisted in his suit, and Miss Mellon became the happy wife of Mr. Coutts. In consequence of the violent opposition of his three daughters to his union with Miss Mellon, Mr. Coutts disinherited them, and made his wife sole mistress of his colossal fortune at his decease. About five years after the death of Mr. Coutts the widow married the Duke of St. Albans, Grand Falconer of England, who was much younger than Mr. Coutts. After her death she left the Duke an income of $50,000 a year and a life interest in some landed estates. With this exception, she, from a delicate sense of justice, bequeathed the entire fortune which she received from Mr. Coutts to his granddaughter, Angela Burdett, youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett. The Duchess of St. Albans, in bequeathing her fortune to Miss Angelia Burdett, desired her to to take the name of Coutts. This lady received the vast legacy of $20,000,000 in 1837, since which time she has been conspicuous for her charitable deeds and humanitarian schemes. Her liberality in establishing a corps of nurses under Florence Nightingale, in the Crimean war, is familiar to every one. She is said to spend her entire income—$1,000,000 to $1,200,000 a year—in her philanthropic projects. The Baroness is probably the only person living who would have found it necessary to deny more than once that she had given $2,000,000 for the relief of the distress in Ireland; but when the story was told of her, the largeness of her heart and her fortune alike made it easily credible. Her proposition, which for some reason was not carried out, was to apply £500,000 to the purchase of lands of which industrious tenants might in time become owners. Among the very notable instances of her generosity may be mentioned the endowment of three bishoprics (in Africa, Australia and British Columbia) at a cost, it is stated, little less than the sum she was said to have given to the Irish. She assisted Dr. Livingstone when he was in his greatest need; and a square of model dwellings was built by her around the Columbia market, which also she built and presented to the corporation of London. Even this list does not exhaust her public charities, and in private she is reputed to be not less munificent. For these and her other numerous charitable services to her country the title of Baroness was conferred upon her in 1871 by Queen Victoria, and in 1872, for her great charity to the poor of London, the Common Council, in public ceremony, presented to Baroness Burdett-Coutts the "freedom of the city," with an address inclosed in a beautiful gold casket bearing her arms, etc. It was paneled in compartments, on which were tableaux representing her acts of mercy: "Feeding the hungry," "Giving drink to the thirsty," "Clothing the naked," "Visiting prisoners," "Lodging the homeless," "Visiting the sick," "Burying the dead."

A JOKE ON "THE OLD MAN."—A gentleman returned home from his daily toil and had pulled off his boots and was going to put on his slippers, when a howl of intense agony resounded through the hall. The affrighted family rushed to the door and beheld their papa heaving the shadows with wild gestures and frantic gyrations. "Take it off," he shouted, and made a grab at his foot, but, missing it, went on with the war dance. "Walter!" he shrieked, and started up stairs, three at a step, and, turning, came back in a single stride. "Oh, I'm stabbed!" he cried, and sank to the floor and held his right leg above his head; then he rose to his feet with a bound, and, screaming for the boot-jack, held his foot out towards his terrified family. "Oh, bring the arnica," he yelled, and with one despairing effort he reached his slipper and got it off, and with a groan as deep as a well and as hollow as a drum, sank into a chair and clasped his foot in both hands. "Look out for the scorpion," he whispered hoarsely, "I'm a dead man." The small boy was by this time out in the wood-shed, rolling in the kindling in an ecstasy of glee, and pausing from time to time to explain to the son of a neighbor, who dropped in to see if there was any innocent sport going on in which he could share. "Oh, Bill, Bill," he said, "you wouldn't believe, some time to-day, somehow or other, a big blue wasp got into the old man's slipper, and when he came home and put them on—oh, Bill, you don't know what fun I've had."

MISS LIDA CAMERON, the eldest daughter of Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, will be married to William Bradley on the 12th of November next. Mr. Bradley is a son of Justice Bradley of the Supreme Court of the United States. The ceremony will be performed in Harrisburg, Penn., at the home of the bride. Miss Cameron is noted in Washington society for her very beautiful eyes.

KING LUDWIG'S ENCORE.

I am told that in a German concert or opera they hardly ever encore a song; that, though they may be dying to hear it again, their good breeding usually preserves them against requiring the repetition. Kings may encore; that is quite another matter. It delights everybody to see that the King is pleased; and, as to the actor encored, his pride and gratification are simply boundless. Still there are circumstances in which even a royal encore—but it is best to illustrate. The King of Bavaria is a poet, and has a poet's eccentricities, with the advantages over all other poets of being able to gratify them, no matter what form they may take. He is fond of opera, but not fond of sitting in the presence of an audience. Therefore, it has sometimes occurred in Munich that when an opera has been concluded, and the players are getting off their paint and finery, a command has come to get their paint and finery on again. Presently the king would arrive, solitary and alone, and the players would begin at the beginning and do the entire opera over again, with only that one individual in that vast, solemn theater, for an audience. Once he took an odd freak in his head. High up and out of sight, over the prodigious stage of the court theater, is a maze of interlacing water-pipes, so pierced that in case of fire innumerable little threadlike streams of water can be caused to descend, and, in case of need, this discharge can be augmented to a pouring flood. American managers might make a note of that. The king was the sole audience. The opera proceeded. It was a piece with a storm in it. The mimic thunder began to mutter, the mimic wind began to wail and sough, and the mimic rain to patter. The king's interest rose higher and higher; it developed into enthusiasm. He cried out:

"It is good, very good, indeed! But I will have real rain. Turn on the water."

The manager pleaded for a reversal of the command, said it would ruin the costly scenery and the splendid costumes; but the King cried,

"No matter, no matter. I will have real rain! Turn on the water!"

So the real rain was turned on, and began to descend in gossamer lances to the mimic flower-beds and gravel walks of the stage. The richly-dressed actresses and actors tripped about, singing bravely, and pretended not to mind it. The King was delighted; his enthusiasm grew higher. He cried out,

"Bravo, bravo! More thunder! More lightning! Turn on more rain!"

The thunder boomed, the lightning glared, the storm wind raged, the deluge poured down. The mimic royalty of the stage, with their soaked satins clinging to their bodies, slopped round ankle-deep in the water, warbling their sweetest and best; the fiddlers, under the eaves of the stage, sawed away for dear life, with the cold overflow spouting down the backs of their necks; and the dry and happy King sat in his lofty box and wore his gloves to ribbons applauding.

"More yet!" cried the King. "More yet. Let loose the thunder! Turn on all the water! I will hang the man that raises an umbrella!"

When the most tremendous and effective storm that had ever been produced in any theater was at last over, the King's approbation was measureless. He cried:

"Magnificent, magnificent! Encore! Do it again!"

But the management succeded in persuading him to recall the encore, and said the company would feel sufficiently rewarded and complimented in the mere fact that the encore was demanded by His Majesty, without fatiguing him with a repetition to gratify their own vanity.

During the remainder of the act, the lucky performers were those whose parts required changes of dress. The others were a soaked, bedraggled, and uncomfortable lot, but in the last degree picturesque. The stage scenery was ruined, trap-doors were so swollen they wouldn't work for a week afterward, the fine costumes were spoiled, and no end of minor damages were done by that remarkable storm.

It was a royal idea—that storm—and royally carried out. But observe the moderation of the King. He did not insist upon the encore. If he had been a gladsome, unreflecting American opera audience, he probably would have had his storm repeated and until he drowned all those people.—[Mark Twain.

PARTIALLY MARRIED.—The romance of a poor young man who was only partially married in Lyons is told by a Paris journal. He was betrothed to a young Frenchwoman, whose expectations were considerable enough to give her the right to be called an heiress. The contract had been signed at the family lawyer's, the banns had been published in the church, and on the day fixed for the civil marriage the young couple with their friends and relatives, met at the Mairie. The Mayor asked the bride and bridegroom the fatal questions, "Do you take so-and-so for wife?" "Do you take so-and-so for husband?" Both answer "Yes." The Mayor pronounces them married and offers his congratulations. The next step is to sign the register. The husband and wife—so they are called—sign, and so do their friends; the Mayor is just about to sign, when a telegram is put into his hands announcing that the bridegroom has already been married in a foreign country, and the needful papers to prove the statement are on their way. The Mayor hesitates, and tells the party to come before him again in a fortnight from that date. Meanwhile nothing more is heard from the sender of the telegram, and, assuming it to have been sent by some mischievous or malevolent person, the Mayor tells the all but already married couple that he is ready to sign the register. But the lady has changed her mind. She declares that she believes the story of the telegram, sends back her presents, and bids the Mayor on no account to sign. The bridegroom, on the other hand, orders him to sign. The Mayor consults the *Judge-de-Paix*, who advises him to do what the lady tells him. He takes the advice, and at present the heiress and her admirer are estranged.

THE FRENCH SUTLERESS.—It is a pity, observes a late essayist, to destroy a romantic illusion, but I am sorry to say that a pretty cantiniere, or French "sutleress," has never been known in military history. She does not even march with the regiment, cracking jokes and singing songs. She is, on the contrary, a solid motherly old lady, who travels in a one-horse cart, with a sharp eye on her own liquor. She has often a beard as strong as that of the Colonel, and she is proud of it. She makes a comfortable thing of her canteen, but no cantiniere ever grew rich. The board of the under officers, which it comes under her province to provide, is supplied at a price fixed by the Colonel, and it does not leave a large margin of profit, as it is strictly proportioned to their pay. However, her trade is chiefly conducted on ready money principles, and she does make something out of the officers' messes, especially on strangers' and festival days.

GALLANTRY REWARDED.—The Victoria Cross has been conferred by the Queen on Sergeant Robert G. Scott for conspicuous gallantry and devotion during an attack on Moirosi's Mountain on the 8th of April, 1879, in volunteering to throw time-fuse shells as hand grenades over a line of stone barricades from behind which the enemy were bringing a heavy fire to bear on the colonial troops, and which it was impossible effectually to return. After causing all the men of his party to retire under cover, lest the shells should burst prematurely, by which precaution many lives were in all probability saved, Sergeant Scott advanced in a most deliberate manner under a heavy fire, and having got under the wall made two attempts to throw shells over it. At the second attempt, owing to some defect in the fuse, which he had just lighted, the shell exploded almost in Sergeant Scott's hands, blowing his right hand to pieces, and wounding him severely in the left leg.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SINCE 1840.

It is not too much to say that no great invention which had not its beginning in the decade of 1840-1850 has appeared in the past thirty years. In that period occurred the most signal development of the application of chemistry to manufactures and agriculture; an enormous expansion of commerce by means of railroads and ocean steamships; the discovery of ether; and the perfection and diffusion of some of the most precious contributions ever made to the welfare of mankind. In 1835 only 984 miles of railroad had been completed in the United States; in 1840 they had been nearly trebled (2,818); in 1845 they had nearly quadrupled (3,768). In 1835 Boston was connected with Worcester, and Baltimore with Washington; from Philadelphia the traveler could go no farther west by rail than the Susquehanna at Columbia. In 1839 Ericsson brought over the propeller to these hospitable shores. In 1840 the Cunard line of ocean steamers was established, but for a long time only "side-wheelers" were tolerated. The first regular ship, the Britannia, reached Boston after a trip of fourteen days and eight hours. Morse's telegraph, after vain offers on both sides of the Atlantic, was at last subsidized by our own Government, and in 1844 communication was opened between Baltimore and Washington. "What has God wrought?" signaled Morse at the Capital to Alfred Vail at Baltimore. The news dispatches to the press "by electro-telegraph or "by magnetic telegraph" were meager, while public patronage was so timid that the wits of the day made fun of a delighted father in Baltimore who "wired" the news of the birth of a grandson to a postoffice official at the Capital—"as if the mail were too slow" at twenty miles an hour. In April, 1840, Goodyear was in the debtors' prison (a lodging almost as familiar to him as his own home in Boston); he had the year before found the clue to the vulcanizing of rubber, but the process was not reduced to a certainty till 1844. At about the same time (1844-47) the McCormick reaper was confirming the independence of the New World of the Old as a granary. (As late as 1836-38 wheat had been imported into the United States from Portugal and the Baltic.) The sewing-machine devised by Elias Howe in 1843 was patented in 1846, but the importance of this invention was not fully realized for more than a dozen years afterward. The daguerreotype dates from 1839, and in 1840 the enterprising Mr. Plumb began taking likenesses in Boston—with small success for some months. Five years later his "galleries" were to be found not only in that city, but in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and even Dubuque, Iowa. Finally, July 24, 1847, the patent was issued for Hoe's lightning-press, with its "impression cylinder" (the type revolving on a circular bed) and a printing capacity of 10,000 to 20,000 impressions per hour.—[Lippincott.

THE WILD HOG OF INDIA.

Those who have formed their conception of pig exclusively upon the tame pig of the civilized sty, have no adequate idea of the free wild pig of the Indian jungle. Like the North American Indian the pig is debased by contact with civilization. He becomes cowardly, weak, dirty, and a prey to an inordinate thirst for swill. The distance between the tame Indian of Saratoga, who steals chickens and wallows drunken in the gutter, and the fierce warrior of the Western plains is not greater than that which separates the despised pig of civilization from the wild and fearless quarry of the East Indian pig-sticker. The latter pig, whose spirit has never been broken with pig-yokes, and whose moral nature has never been poisoned with swill, is one of the bravest inhabitants of the jungle, and has been known to attack and put to rout the majestic elephant and the ferocious tiger. The full name of the East Indian pig is *Sus indicus*, though no one except a punctilious scientific person ever calls him by it. Among beginners in the art of pig-sticking he is sometimes magniloquently described as a wild boar—though he is very often a wild sow; but pig stickers of reputation uniformly call him a pig or a hog. *Sus indicus* often grows to the length of four feet eight or ten inches, and reaches the hight of three feet or even forty inches at the shoulder. When full grown his strength is really enormous, and in speed he will sometimes rival the fastest Arabian horse. He enters upon existence in a striped state; subsequently he becomes brown; when in the prime of life, he affects a dingy black color; and when old, he is gray and grizzled. At no period can he be honestly called a handsome or a graceful animal, but his courage and tenacity of life demand our respect. In point of teeth the tame pig has sadly deteriorated. The wild boar of India, which is the type of the barbarac pig of all ages, is armed with long semicircular tusks. Those in the lower jaw sometimes attain the length of eight or nine inches. They curve outward and upward, and the edges are kept sharp by the pig's constant habit of scouring them against the tusks of the upper jaw. The manner and power with which he uses those tusks to carve an enemy are almost incredible. A hunting dog is frequently cut nearly in two by a single stroke of a boar's tusks, and horses and men are occasionally killed by boars which have become tired of being hunted, and which try to infuse a little variety into the affair by hunting their enemies. When wounded he is an exceedingly dangerous beast to face on foot, unless the hunter is a lawless ruffian who is capable of killing him with a rifle. One can scarcely imagine an Englishman so lost to all sense of decency as to shoot a fox, and next to that crime ranks, in Anglo-Indian estimation, the loathsome outrage of killing a pig by any process except that of pig-sticking.

A BLOODHOUND'S GRATITUDE.

The Detroit *Free Press* tells a remarkable story of a bloodhound's gratitude at Andersonville. The prisoners were allowed to go out in squads, strongly guarded, to collect firewood. One day it was the hero's turn to go, and for the first time since his imprisonment he caught sight of "Colonel Catchem," the big bloodhound. The Michigander noticed that the dog limped painfully on one of his fore feet, but gave the matter no special attention until, after being out for half an hour, he sat down to rest near one of the guards. The dog approached the guard as if to ask some favor, but was repulsed with an oath and a threatened blow. He then skulked around and came near the prisoner, who saw that he had an old horse-shoe nail run into his foot. With a little coaxing he got the dog near and pulled out the nail, and the animal ran away seemingly well pleased. Twelve days after that, one night about midnight, a tunnel was ready. The prisoner was a long time getting clear of the neighborhood, and weak and starved as he was he was not more than two miles from the stockade when day broke, and "Col. Catchem" was put on his track. When he heard the hound coming he looked for a suitable tree to climb, but failed to find one. Armed with a club, he took his stand, and determined to make a fight for it. The dog recognized the man, and began exhibiting every sign of friendship. After a few minutes the pursuers were heard in the distance. The dog at once trotted off in that direction, and was shortly baying and leading them over a fictitious trail. The prisoner pushed ahead for half an hour, and was then rejoined by the dog, who kept either close to his heels or just ahead of him all day, and lay beside him in the woods at night. This position of guardian or companion he maintained until toward night of the second day, when he returned to the stockade. The prisoner was then 30 miles away, but on the fifth morning he was recaptured. When he returned the hound met and caressed him. From that hour to the close of the war the dog would not take the trail of an escaping prisoner.