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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.]

The American vs. the Australian Merino Fleece.

Some years since there were some Merino sheep sent from Vermont over to the World's Fair at Hamburg, we think, and they surprised the sheepmen of the old world for their great size of carcass and the fine quality and heavy weight of fleece. Some of the specimens sent over took first prizes in three classes. From that time to this America has been looked upon as an important country for sheep husbandry, and we have given to the Merino sheep a new appellation: the American Merino—in contradistinction to the French and Spanish Merino. Australia, however, has always claimed to be a little ahead of the United States, or at least to be fully equal to this country in the production of good sheep and good wool. However, even the Australians are learning that to keep up their flocks to the highest standard, in carcass and fleece, they will have to come to America for an infusion of new and more vigorous blood, as the following facts made public by W. G. Markham, Secretary of the National Wool-growers' Association, will show: Some time since Mr. Markham received from John L. Carry, one of the most prominent of Australian sheep-breeders, two entire fleeces which had been taken, he said, from his best sheep, and sent to this country to show what Australia can do in the production of fine wool. Upon the receipt of these fleeces Mr. Markham, under the direction of the National Association selected two American fleeces, and sent the four to a wool, scouring and grading establishment in Boston, with directions that each fleece be scoured and graded, and that the result be kept with great care. The scourers were given no information as to the object of the trial, or as to where the fleeces came from. All were treated alike, and after they were scoured were appraised by competent judges. The American fleeces produced 8½ pounds, while the Australian produced but 4½ pounds of cleansed wool. The American wool was valued at $8 12, while the Australian was valued at $4 30. These facts being published, have attracted the attention of the Australian sheep-owners, and they, like sensible business men, are acting upon it. As a consequence, American-bred Merinos are coming into demand for the Australian market. Among the Australian breeders who have ordered American sheep is Mr. Thomas McFarland of Melbourne. Hearing of the above-named comparisons he came to this country and ascertained the statement to be true, and that the American fleeces were not exceptional, and that the American Merino combined the most desirable characteristics of heavy carcass and large yield of fleece. He ordered two rams and two ewes, to be shipped to Melbourne for his sheep farms.

A Perpetual Dairy.

The old plan of milking cows from six to nine months during the spring and summer months, and allowing them to go dry from three to six months during the fall and winter, is rapidly going out of fashion in all well-regulated dairies, and in all sections of the country where the dairy business is carried on scientifically and successfully. The immense loss that is sustained by the time that cows go dry under the old system of milking is equal to a deduction of a large per cent. from the profits of the business, and those who adhere to this practice are finding out that it is impossible to compete with those who have abandoned it for the perpetual dairy system, or the system of running the dairy the year through. Then, again, the great expense of packing butter in the summer season for consumption during the winter, including the cost of packages, salt and other materials used, added to the great loss of the butter itself, on account of its becoming rancid and ruined for any purpose except grease, must be charged against the profits of the old system. People are also finding out that there is a material difference in fresh and packed butter, and they are loth to give up the use of fresh butter in the fall for butter that has been kept perhaps imperfectly for from four to six months. Fresh butter the year round can be had, and when consumers have made this fact out, they will hardly take to the consumption of stale butter, however well preserved. There is a large class, probably more than half the butter consumers, that are willing to pay a good advance on summer prices for fresh butter all winter, and this class is rapidly increasing. Butter makers must sooner or later conform to the demand of consumers for fresh butter ll the year round, and those who prepare for the change, and put it into practice the soonest, will reap the greatest advantage from the change. The first step necessary to a change in this direction is to have half the cows drop their calves in the fall, and half in the spring. The next step will be to provide stable and feeding stalls and boxes for the cows to be milked during the winter, and then will be to produce a kind of food for winter use that will in a measure supply the place of fresh grass during the summer. This can readily be done by producing beets and carrots and squashes, and also by raising late corn for feed in green stalks, and use as long as the weather will permit, and cutting up a portion of the crop and burying it after the fashion practiced in France and Germany—in trenches or boxes, so as to keep it fresh the winter through. In this State, the all-the-year-round plan of conducting the dairy will cost but little more than the old half-year plan, and we are well satisfied, from personal experience and observation, that it will pay much better.

Preventing Smut in Wheat.

It is pretty generally believed by wheat farmers that bluestone or sulphate of copper will prevent smut in wheat, at least farmers quite generally practice rolling their seed in this mixture before sowing, and believe it pays to do so. It is well, however, sometimes to have a thing that is generally believed proven, so that the belief may amount to real knowledge. Professor Blount, of the Colorado State Agricultural College, has been experimenting with wheat to determine whether there is really any virtue in the bluestone to prevent smut in wheat. He cultivated last year 71 varieties of wheat. One half of each variety of seed sown he wet with sulphate of copper before sowing, and the other half he sowed dry. The Prussian, White Chile, and Canada Club smutted from both the wet and dry seed. Eleven varieties from the dry seed smutted, but not from the wet seed, while twenty varieties did not smut either from the wet or dry seed. This was as to eleven varieties proof that the bluestone is a good preventive of smut, and confirms the general impression of its efficacy for this purpose.

Prices of Jersey Cows.

The *Prairie Farmer* gives an account of a sale of Jersey cattle on the 26th day of October at Dexter Park, Chicago. The cattle were from two herds, one bred in Iowa City, Iowa, by Judge B. C. Luce and son, and the other from the herd of Moses Ellis of Framingham, Massachusetts. They were all registered cattle, or were entitled to registry. The Iowa cattle were in good trim and condition, but those from the East were not looking well after their ride on the cars from their home to the place of sale. There were of the Iowa herd 27 cows sold at an average price of $159, and the average of all the cows, heifers and calves of both herds sold was $128. The bulls did not sustain as good prices as the cows. We state these facts for the benefit of those who think of buying Jersey cows either for the dairy or the family. These are not extra prices, but they show the appreciation and value of this class of stock in the best stock market in the United States, and they show that the prices of this class of dairy cows are not depreciating to any extent.

Russia and America as Wheat Competitors

But a few years ago Russia was looked upon by America as a formidable competitor for supplying Great Britain and the wheat-buying countries of the eastern continent with wheat. This year we have sent wheat to Russian ports to be consumed by Russian subjects. This has been brought about by two causes: One the slack and slovenly manner of Russian agriculture; the other the extension of the area of wheat grown in the United States. Our own people were somewhat surprised at the first announcement that Russia had to buy wheat of America, but the Russians were also dumbfounded, and scarcely believe the truth yet. Our wheat-growers may feel a just pride in this historical fact, but they should not fail to draw from it an important lesson—that any soil by long-continued culture in wheat, with poor cultivation, and without feeding, may be exhausted. Let us be stimulated to avoid the danger which threatens every country when farming is not done with an eye to the perpetuity of fertility of the richness of the soil. When the American wheat crop gives out there will be no other resort.

Curing Cheese.

The best method of curing cheese is still an unsolved problem, although it has been worn nearly threadbare at dairy conventions, agricultural institutes and in the columns of the public prints. It involves scientific problems, which are still engaging the attention alike of experts in the dairy and the laboratory of the chemist. Investigations thus diligently pursued will hardly fail to evolve important and valuable facts. In the first annual report of the Cornell University station, there is an article by Professor S. M. Babcock giving several experiments in curing cheese. He says:

"A new cheese, when taken from the press, is composed, essentially, of the same constituents as the milk from which it was made, the chief difference being that the cheese contains less water; of course the more soluble parts of the milk, as the sugar and albumen, are largely removed with the water. The small amount of milk sugar retained by the curd is usually at this time converted into lactic acid. The casein is now tough and insoluble, and the cheese has no marked flavor or odor. This, however, is not long the case. Changes commence immediately, and under favorable circumstances the casein loses, in a few weeks, its hardness, becomes soft and waxy when pressed between the fingers, and acquires the flavor and odor peculiar to a ripe cheese. During this time the casein has been largely converted into soluble albuminoids (peptones), but there are also formed small quantities of leucin, tyrosin, ammonia and often butyric and other fatty acids." Prof. Babcock then takes up the theories of rennet action. The fermentation theory is not demonstrated, and the digestive one appears to be but imperfectly sustained. It has been supposed, and is still believed by some, that fat is in some way generated by the process of curing, but the evidence thus far is not sufficient to sustain the supposition, which is based on loose reasoning rather than on facts. The percentage of soluble albuminoids is regular and materially increased. But, says Prof. Babcock, "nothing has thus far been done to show the action of the atmosphere, or even of rennet, when other agents have been excluded, after the work of coagulating the milk is completed, in the experiments described in the following pages, to determine some of the effects which these produce on the fat and casein of cheese." For this purpose cheese was placed in air-tight receivers and the air analyzed from time to time. In every case the oxygen rapidly disappeared, even when an excess of oxygen was added, while large quantities of carbonic acid gas were set free. To test, whether oxygen is an essential element in the curing process, portions of curd were prepared, some of which were freely exposed to its action, while others were entirely excluded from it. The results of the experiments go to show that little or no flavor is developed in the absence of oxygen. Many cases were found in which the casein was well broken down without having any flavor. "It was never developed where oxygen was excluded." On the contrary (says Prof. B.), "cheese of good flavor is often found in which the casein is hard and insoluble." In conclusion, Prof. Babcock says: "The high flavors peculiar to the best factory cheese are only developed in a warm, airy place. A curing-room should not, however, be kept so dry that the cheese will lose its water very rapidly, as in this case, although a high flavor may be obtained, the casein will not be thoroughly broken down, and the cheese will be hard and indigestible. The breaking down of the casein appears to be caused by some agent contained in the rennet, which in many particulars resembles an organized ferment, that acts very slowly when the amount of water present in the cheese is less than the casein, and stops its action entirely when the casein is in large excess. A good illustration of the fact that cheese will not cure when deprived of a large part of its water is furnished by the formation of the rind, this being composed of a thin layer of casein which has partially dried before the curing has made much progress. A rind will not form on a cheese kept in a moist atmosphere, nor on the cut surface of a cured cheese. I believe that lack of water is the chief reason why cheese made from skimmed milk is so difficult to cure. Analyses show that, although the percentage of water is usually high in such cheese, the ratio of water to casein is much less than in cheese made from whole milk."

PARISIAN PECULIARITIES.

SCENES ON THE OPENING DAY AT THE LOUVRE.

Some Inside Dramatic History Concerning Plays and Authors—A New Melodrama.

PARIS, October 18, 1880.

More and more do the "opening days" of the large dry goods stores of Paris become an important event to the coquettish Parisienne. A short time ago the fact of an "opening day" to take place at a stated time was announced by placards attached to the buildings themselves; but little attention was paid to these posters, and crowds came and went according to their urgent needs. But since the four or five great rival stores have extensively advertised that on that day the prices of the articles would be diminished, the ladies have found it convenient to attend to their wants on that occasion. Now the "opening day" takes place at all these large stores at the same time, and the amount of exercise a searcher of advantageous bargains gives herself in rushing through the day from one store to another may possibly be imagined. The "opening day" for the exhibition of winter goods and fall fashions took place on Monday last, the 11th, and no one outside of Paris can realize the state of excitement of the fair buyers on that occasion.

THE LOUVRE

Had advertised in all the daily papers that on that day all persons who would purchase, not as heretofore for the sum of twenty-five francs, but an object howsoever minim, would receive as a present a handsome chromo. Smaller establishments, in order to compete with this great attraction, and not altogether lose their custom, announced that to each buyer there would be given a surprise—a small box containing some object of slight value. The *Bon-Marche*, less given to charlatanism, merely advertised that on the 11th would take place their "opening day," when all winter and fall articles would be much reduced in price. The desire to get something for nothing, is wonderfully strong all over the world, or else flattered by the idea of being the recipient of a present from the corporation of the Louvre, as early as 8 o'clock in the morning a battalion of women stood before the doors of the large *magasin* ready to lay siege to it if necessary. The early and first besiegers were of a particular class, composed for the most part of shop girls on their way to work, of women employed in various establishments, and frugal, economical house-wives who constantly dream of bargains. The clerks were taking their early breakfast and the impatient grumblings of the buyers who found no one to wait on them produced a hum throughout the building as of enraged bees. At about 10 o'clock the bourgeoise appeared accompanied by her daughters, and considering she had accomplished a *tour de force* in having been able to dress herself, breakfast and be ready to begin a shopping expedition so early in the day. Ten o'clock for Paris shopping is considered so early an hour that those who arrived at that time were exceedingly astonished to find the citadel occupied and slight chances of their obtaining any of the spoils. Those who came did not seem disposed to go away and the crowd grew denser and denser. In the afternoon the elegants arrived, probably not so much in search of a present from the Messieurs of the Louvre as to hastily possess themselves of the *nouveautes* of the season. They continued to come until circulation in the interior became impossible, and the policemen on the sidewalk stopped all those who would enter until the same number came out. As each object was bought and paid for, the cashier handed to the buyer a small ticket varying in size and color, according to the object purchased. One had then to mount the handsomely-carpeted stairs and pass along a corridor, when he came across the various inspectors, to the number of twenty or thirty, in dress coats and white cravats, all

STATIONED IN A ROW,

And seemingly amused as they scanned the faces of the persons who passed before them. They indicated to the buyer by a motion of the hand where he should apply for his present, according to the ticket in his hand. Those who purchased for over twenty-five francs received a chromo of immense size, all of the same subject—*une heure sur le lac*—representing a very pretty young woman in a boat, surrounded by swans, and framed in the green foliage of the bank. The picture is very pretty, and remarkable in design and color, something entirely unexpected, as gifts usually of that kind are of little if any value. These pictures will of course be framed and hung on the walls of the customers of the Louvre in commemoration of the generosity of its owners. Every one who purchased anything was given a chromo, varying in size according to the amount of money expended, but as to whether they also were *une heure sur le lac* or as to what composed the subject I was not able to learn. The anxiety of the buyers to obtain their prize before they should be exhausted caused them to push and squeeze through the crowd with a strength scarcely consistent with the reputation of the weaker sex, and in a manner suggestive of little dignity. It was impossible for those who wished to buy a certain article to approach the counter on which it was exposed, and in the crush and squeeze bolts of satin, silks and velvets were thrown down and trampled under foot; the stairway became so densely crowded that voices screamed it was giving away, when several women fainted and a fearful panic ensued; other women climbed up on the counters, scrambling over dress goods and fancy articles, and one, trampling under feet laces, feathers and flowers, screamed from the window to the gendarmes to come and draw her out. The confusion and panic was

SOMETHING TERRIBLE,

And it is a question as to whether the owners of the Louvre were politic in thus drawing together such an immense crowd. I know some American ladies who went there for the purpose of making important purchases, such as satin dress goods and so on, and would not have chosen that day were it not that their time in Paris is limited, but they left without buying anything, glad to have escaped from the confused mass of human beings with sound limbs. At the Bon Marche there was also a great crowd, but circulation was possible, and the customers seemed to be those whose bank accounts were solid and their purchases serious. One thing agreeable about the Bon Marche: the clerks, women and men, are of a superior class, intelligent, patient and polite, and then they have pretentions to good morals, which is not the case with the Louvre, whose moral atmosphere is entirely different. Forty thousand chromos were given out in one day by the Louvre.

Although the majority of the theaters have reopened this fall with new pieces there has been nothing very startling or important, as well-known names in dramatic literature do not make their appearance until late in the season. Recently a three-act comedy by Messrs. Gondinet and Margaliers was represented at the Vaudeville. The first representation is always a great gala night for the literati of Paris, to whom tickets are sent as invitations, and on this occasion the name of Gondinet had excited the curiosity of a great number of his admirers. Mr. Gondinet is a writer of a great deal of talent, whose genre is eminently Parisien; he confines his efforts entirely to comedy, and the criticisms of his contemporaries are good-humored and witty. Lately the name of Mr. Gondinet is seldom seen unaccompanied by that of another author unknown to the public; in fact having for some time ceased to compose original comedies on his own responsibility, owing to age, mental sterlity or other causes, he has instituted himself special guardian of the Vaudeville and Gymnase Theaters, that no young author can, without the greatest difficulty, enter, unless Mr. Gondinet opens the door to him. Unknown authors who

BEG FOR A HEARING

Carry their manuscripts to the distinguished comedien, who flourishes his pen throughout, a touch here and a touch there, and placing his name first in great letters carries it to the manager, and afterwards divides the profits with the original authors. Such was the case with regard to "Jonathan," a comedy containing an American character very well drawn, and which has proved one of the greatest successes of the Gymnase Theater for years; it was the first effort of two young authors who found the door of the theater barricaded by the body of Mr. Gondinet, and appealing to him, he added a few words here and there, accepted a third of the profits and monopolized the lion's share of the honors. The last piece is called "Les grands enfants," and treats of divorce, but whether in favor or against it is difficult to discover; the characters, however light and unstable, are rendered interesting by the clever manner in which they are brought in contact, and the amount of wit which pervades the entire play.

A NEW MELODRAMA,

By Messrs. Dennery and Bresil, made its first appearance at the Ambigu Theater night before last. Mr. Dennery occupies the same position in melodrama as Mr. Gondinet in comedy; his name also seldom now appears without being accompanied with that of some unknown young author, but unfortunately for this last, his name is always more difficult to retain than that of the known dramatist. Mr. Dennery is well known throughout America, as he is one of the authors of "Les Exiles," as well as other not less interesting dramas. This last piece is peculiar, and requires a greater tax on the imagination and good faith of the audience than is generally the case in melodrama. The events pass under the reign of Louis XVI.; an officer of the marine is not present at his post during a battle on the Astree, attacked by a flotilla of pirates in the Indies. No trace of his absence, he supposes, could remain after this disaster. Armand de Maillepre reaches France, where he again sees his father and mother, who believed him engulfed with his brother in arms, and it is they who are to judge of his conduct. He went on land the evening before the unexpected attack upon his vessel, authorized by his commander to remain there until the following morning. In the night a great fire lighted by the rebellious slaves spread over the dwelling of the Baron d'Armagny, whose daughter he loved; he hastened to the field of disaster and succeeded in saving the fair Henriette. But, in the mean time, some one stole his horse, and in order to return he was obliged to surmount a thousand obstacles placed in his way. When at last he arrived at the shore there was no longer any bark, the Astree was far out in the sea where they were already fighting. He sprang into the water to swim, but the sea threw him back inanimate on the sand, and when he came to the Astree had disappeared.

THIS LOYAL SOLDIER,

Who feared to have forfeited his honor, needed the acquittal of his parents; the Count de Maillepre opened his arms to him, the child whom he thought lost was found, the officer who judged himself a deserter was absolved, and he could become the husband of her whom he had saved and who also had returned to France. In the midst of this happiness scarcely got glimpse of, there rose up under a false name a rather mysterious creature who had also arrived from India, and whom they had received generously and rather too easly in the midst of the family. This Diana is none other than the daughter of a Portuguese, chief of the pirates who infested the coast of India, and whom Mr. De Maillepre had had branded and whipped in the public "place." This Carbacena had since died, leaving only this daughter, who inherited the savage instincts of her father. She did not enter this family but for the purpose of avenging the death of her father. The ship's book of the Astree had fallen into her power, and on this book the captain had stated the absence of Armand de Maillepre and dishonored his desertion. To make of the daughter of the condemned Carbacena the daughter-in-law of the Judge Maillepre by marrying his son is the bargain which she tranquilly proposes to Armand to destroy this accusing page. The Count offers Diana his entire fortune in exchange for this leaf, which would be in the eyes of the Council of War the death warrant of the officer, signed by his own commander. Diana refuses, and if the next day she is not Armand's wife she will place the accusing proof in the hands of the "Criminel" Lieutenant, who will the better do his duty since he aspires to the hand of Henriette d'Armagny, promised to the officer. In the middle of the night Armand wanders across the garden of the chateau, near the pavilion which overlooks a deep ravine, and which is occupied by Diana. Suddenly a fearful spectacle rises up before his eyes; he sees his father enter the creole's room and strike her with his sword, then raising the inanimate body of Diana, he precipitates it into the ravine, and moves away with fixed eye and grave and slow step. Will this crime, which delivers them from a mortal enemy, remain forever unknown? No, daylight soon came, the victim groans and sighs, when she is heard and succored. They bring her before the family, her eyes already nearly closed by death. She, however, finds sufficient force to rise up and point out to the "Criminel" Lieutenant the author of the crime, who is no other than the Count, but Armand throws himself before his father, and cries out, "It is I! I am the assassin!" Why does this guilty father then allow his innocent son to accuse himself? It is because he is ignorant of all that has passed. He went to sleep broken down with sorrow, and had seen in a nightmare the council of war condemn his son to death, and near the condemned, triumphant, that monster of a woman, his denunciator. He had seized his sword, and in his somnambulistic sleep had marched straight to Diana's pavilion and killed her. The father, unconscious of his crime, believes his son to be guilty, and considers him crazy since it is difficult for them to understand each other. At last they are withdrawn from this cruel predicament by Mr. de Malesherbes who, descended from power, indulges in a botanical emollient on the grounds of Maillepre. He only knows, and he arrives in time to say so and arrange everything, that the Count is a somnambulist, because he still bears on his hand a wound from a saber cut, which he received sometime before from this dangerous sleep-walker. In this *genre* of drama, which has made the most solid reputation of Mr. Dennery, an improbability of this kind is not rare, neither is it unusual—thanks to the cleverness of him who risks it—to see it accepted by the public. This trick of dramatic prestidigitation has again succeeded once more. The sleeping-act, the preparation of the scene of the somnambulist's crime, and the great talent of Lacressonniere, decided its success.

Sarah Bernhardt left Paris for Havre on Friday last, and sailed yesterday (Sunday) for America. They say that she is accompanied by two American newspaper reporters, whose business it is to comment on all her movements and give a description of her slightest acts—even to the elevating of her eyebrows.

VAL.

The Queen of England, in her excursions, is very imprudent in regard to going out in bad weather.

STREET AND STAGE.

A STROLL ON MONTGOMERY STREET AND WHAT WAS SEEN.

Why Women Look Into Certain Windows—An Afternoon Concert—How to "Make Eyes"—Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10, 1880.

There are days when nothing seems to happen, and yet when you look back at them everything seems to have happened—lazy days, when you stroll about scarce caring your direction, when people glide by and events occur as in a wide-awake dream, and you look idly as out from a daze at it all. "Sir," the tongue says, "and madam, yes or no," and the sound appears to come from over yonder somewhere a mile away. Taking myself by the hand I have been about town lately, and yet all the time I half questioned if I were about at all, instead of lying on a lounge in a sunny room, seeing in a tangle of dreams these every-day things which seemed to take on a sleepy drunkenness and jollity as seen through my strained eyes. It was on a Wednesday afternoon and I turned into Montgomery street. The Masonic Temple with its statue of the homeless woman and child, the Tucker clock, the Hibernian Bank, street cars, lines of people, a gamin at my side, thrusting matches, pocket combs, neckties and pins at me, and a flower man at the left, cross and spectacled, but dumb as to the pretty secrets of his trade—it all looked like one of Toby Rosenthal's many-figured paintings. A book store seemed to shadow forth in bright array literature dimly tempting in ghostly covers. "An Earnest Trifler," read one, and it seemed I had heard somewhere of a young girl who had written it and sent it forth only in after-astonishment to find the people high in her temple of the gods reading it, admiring it, wondering who could have written it, and so finally taking her by the hand and lifting her up as one of them. "A Fool's Errand" and "Bricks Without Straw" jostled marvelous tales written by our Walter Scott, and good-humored Mr. Pickwick, jolly as having just lunched, smiled broadly from a steel engraving.

JUST OPPOSITE,

A large frame of photographs exhibited pretty women with chins in draperies of lace or looking over bare shoulders, and prettier men in a high state of toilet. Farther along long plate glass windows exhibited reading rooms of hotels, with boarders challenging attention in tipped-up chairs, their heels on a level with their heads. A great, puffy, flabby man came by, looking like a porpoise, and behind him a neat and dandy little woman, with looping of cable cord on her dress. I wonder idly if they dream they see me, too. I notice every woman glances in the windows of men's furnishing goods. Do you guess why? Because the dark cloths behind the plate-glass combine to form a very fair mirror, and any woman can catch an idea of her own style in general and her effect upon the strange eye by this, as it were, window view. The current seemed to set hurriedly further on, and when I reached Platt's Hall, I was caught by a circling eddy of skirts and drawn in. A man looked out of a little square window in a box-office, and his eye said, persuasively, "Four bits, you know; but you can have a box for $6." In the same language I said I wouldn't have a box, and entered. Somebody thrust me a programme, and a messenger-boy in white cotton gloves, which were meant for style—a mile too big—wafted me toward a chair. The impassible woman, who always trips the light dance upon air in theater scenes was present, with a lyre in her hand, and what seemed like an immense brass band filled the stage. I said to myself it must be

AN AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Portraits of Liszt and Wagner, by Kunath, filled the proscenium boxes, and fiddle-bows rose like a young forest and queer-curled brass instruments rose and shone behind the footlights. Two elegantly-dressed ladies, with diamonds, talked German at my right, and I had the same tongue whispering in gutturals before and behind. I spoke to the lady on my left, and she could speak nothing but German. How strange to know only strange languages, and I wondered if perhaps we didn't all think in the same. However, I offered my neighbor my opera-glass in English, but I think she looked through it in German, for she seemed very foreign indeed. How clumsy and out-of-the-world those people look who come to us out of the other continent, although they have lived so much nearer the altar of fashion than we. But watch them and see how sprightly and graceful and stylish and trim they become as they grow gradually Americanized. I saw twenty music teachers, all foreigners, at that matinee, and the handsome but vain old gentleman whom I saw at the carnival flirting with six Tintern Abbey girls, two at a time. A handsome old man can be twice as wicked as a younger one who has neither gray hairs nor experience. About half past 3 a great many school teachers came dropping in. A lovely young girl with blue ribbons and eyes to match sat with her head a little drooped listening half to the music and half to the gentleman by her side. She seemed to find both pleasant. Her hair was brown, and done in braids looped in two at the back, with one braid across, and a gold dagger thrust through. It was smooth, natural and glossy, and not many women nowadays have glossy hair. It is usually roughened and made harsh, uneven, and perhaps coarse by the severe regimen it undergoes. My programme said Beethoven, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Wieniawski and Saint Saens, and I dreamily rose to the occasion. I wondered if the half hundred musicians playing that grand march time as if they were inspired and had their souls in the clouds, ever descended to sausage with garlic and beer. In the mean time

EVERY FIDDLE BOW

Came down and went up together beautifully, and by and by that young genius, Leopold Lichtenberg, came out. He had a great shock of hair, cut a la musician, and he was somewhat awkward, but his bow went over his violin strings just so softly and easily it made you think of a young girl dancing in silken shoes, and all the men back of him who had seemed inspired a moment before watched his manner so eagerly, and never took their eyes from his right hand. By and by there was a grand "poeme symphonique," whatever that is, but it was grand, with such a rush of harmony now and then as made the hearer forget for a moment all else. Isn't that what genius is?—to be able to transport the hearer, the reader or the looker-on beyond himself? By and by we all went out slowly, and by some means unaccountable the handsome old man had found out the lovely young girl with forget me not in her eyes and was helping her into a carriage and the young man whispering in her ears was gone.

IT WAS NIGHT,

When in the same still, indolent way I strolled into Baldwin's Theater, whose prevailing red does benefit to every complexion. Some vulgar people had a box. They were dressed in very bright and a very great deal of color; they laughed and talked constantly, and not one of the party wore gloves. A young girl, the most deliberately made up person I ever saw, sat in the front row and made eyes at the house. Do you know how it's done? She sat very far forward in her chair, wetting her lips frequently and turning her glance over her shoulder at her companion, whom her position brought just back of her. She rolled her dark eyes slightly upward and performed evolutions, a sort of little drill with them, now closing them slowly with a melancholy droop, now opening them very wide and winking rapidly, which gives an appearance of brilliancy; then half shutting them, as overpowered with langour, and softly and slowly allowing them again to unclose. The whole maneuver is very effective, and is a dead set at "the house." My old Frenchman sat 'way back, and my companion, an habitue of the theater in early days, remarked: "Why, that old man was young, gay and stylish when I first saw him, and debonair as the most debonair young fellow here. He always went to opera, and in my opera days I never failed to meet him when I went. He was a good critic, too, and a fair one now, I'll warrant you." The play was "A Golden Game," a queer hodge-podge of incident with nothing particular to recommend itself, and serving to introduce two gentlemen who have a perfect right to take the road with a play if they choose, but we have better actors already with us who have not yet looked higher than the support they furnish so ably. Mr. Kennedy, for instance, supported these gentlemen, and his quiet air of at home-ness on the stage, his perfect ease and his mastery of the minor part intrusted him made him at once of equal interest with the stars. When he takes the character of a fop I was about to say he wears an appearance of the most natural idiocy I ever saw, but instead of saying so I'll tell you

A GOOD JOKE

They used to have on Howard Taylor. Everybody knows Howard Taylor here—managed "Snowflake," wrote "Pigeon," edited the Vallejo *Chronicle*, and is talking of an Eastern trip with some original plays. In an amateur entertainment, a long time ago, he represented the idiot witness in the play of that name. On his appearance a young miss who knew him was delighted. "Law, ma!" she exclaimed, "don't Mr. Taylor look natural? Why, I'd know him anywhere." Being lazily attracted by the wonderful newspaper advertisements (reader, go thou and advertise), I went in to see another new play on Monday night, this time at the Bush-street Theater. It was blood and thunder, gallery delight, knives and pistols, improbable romance, virtue victorious, and health, wealth and happiness at the close for everybody but the villain, and he went out and shot himself—in short it was the old days redivivus, and I felt myself young again as I looked and listened. We have seen so much of the society drama its laces, its jewels, its high life and its very distingue heroines, that it is positive enjoyment to sit down to the old style of exaggerated fortune and misfortune again. By the way, in these traveling combinations did you ever notice how much better in their line the men are than the women? In this "Phœnix" combination, now, there isn't a woman above mediocrity, while the men are all good. Did it ever strike you what a ghastly thing it must be to be a dramatic critic? I cannot imagine going in to see a funny play or a tragedy, to take any interest in it whatever if it's business. Fancy going to the theater every night in the week—why, it's like partridge for steady diet. Criticism, however, nowadays, would not have been dignified by that title in the times when criticism was criticism indeed. Just now it is a little light, frothy gossip, served up with a sauce that has a tinge like the "kick" in champagne, but "'twill serve." Dr. Lord, who has spent nearly half a century amidst the romance of history—the queer, quaint little man, with a voice like a file, a gesture like Ralph Emerson's, and language like Macauley's—has come and is almost gone. His lectures have given us an impetus toward

A LITTLE SOLID READING,

And for that the Lord be thanked. At Mrs. Wm. B. Carr's the other night he delivered his lecture on Richelieu, and Mrs. Marriner sang. Tickets, $2 50—admit one. But it was "the cause, oh! my soul!" I believe it was to buy a new church carpet. I went in to a Scandinavian entertainment the other night, given for the benefit of the Old Folks' Home. I spent an odd sort of an evening. I met my man, who looked like a porpoise, and in his wide collar that night he looked like a great, gross, overfed woman in a ruff. The Scandinavian language sounds like throwing rocks, it is so abrupt and jagged. The children were all out, some of them asleep in corners, some held in laps and on shoulders, but most wide awake and in the way. How foreigners do take to children to be sure. The German always has his at his Sunday picnic; the Scotchman dresses his in the tartan and carries them to his Caledonian ball, and the Irishwoman takes hers to the funerals. "If you please 'm, I'd like to take Mary to a funeral this afthernoon," said a woman with a brogue to the school-teacher at noon. "She's been ailing lately, and I'd loike her to be goin' on the ride *for the counthry air.*" Fancy going to Lone Mountain for your health!

KATE HEATH.

PARIS NEWSPAPER WIT.

X. is in the habit of passing every Sunday with his uncle in the country, whose heir he is. On Sunday last, while at dinner, the old gentleman has an apoplectic fit and dies almost instantly. X. is desperate. "This is terrible," he cries; "I had taken a return ticket, and it is only good for twenty-four hours!"

X., who has not been rich long, has one of the nobbiest of turnouts, but does not manifest any desire to invite a friend to take a drive with him. "Why the deuce do you put on so many airs?" asks a friend; "you never ask me to get in." "My dear fellow, if there were two of us in the carriage how on earth would people know to which of us it belonged?"

A gummy is on the point of marrying. His uncle proposes to make things agreeable with a settlement of 200,000 francs; the young man insists on having 400,000. "Come, uncle, my dear uncle," says the young man, his voice trembling with deep feeling; "surely you wouldn't wish your nephew to be desiring your death for a miserable little 200,000 francs!"

In a German city, where a sentinel has been posted in front of the bank as usual, the corporal of the guard, on going round to relieve him, is astonished to find him doing sentry-go in front of the Mont de Piete on the other side of the square. The sentry is asked why this is thus. "Great Moltke, Corporal," he answers, "there's nothing of mine in the bank, but my watch is in the pawn shop. That's why I have mounted guard over it."

When the Duke of Gramont was French Embassador to the Italian Court a lady of somewhat dubious reputation had herself presented to him, and was received politely but with perceptible coolness. The visitor affected not to notice this, and expressed a hope that she might have the honor of being received by the Duchess. M. de Gramont made no answer. "Mme. la Duchess, I hear is at home every Wednesday," persisted the visitor. "O, my dear madame," said the Duke warmly, "people exaggerate so——"

A gentleman and lady are dining together at a restaurant, and a young man who is sitting facing them pays the lady the passing tribute of a stare so pronounced and prolonged that presently her escort loses his temper and remarks, haughtily: "Will you be good enough, sir, to inform me why you stare at this lady so persistently?" "Because she is so charming, sir," replies the stranger, blandly; "and I should like to know what else you would do if you were in my place?" The lady lays her hand soothingly on her companion's sleeve: "Ssh, my dear! Don't let us have a scene! The gentleman is perfectly right!"

Do not, if a gentleman, leave the hat in the hall when making merely a formal call. If the call is extended into a visit, it may be set aside. Whether sitting or standing the hat may be gracefully held in the hand.

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. Contributors will receive advice and assistance, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to October 30th.

849.
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850.
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D R E S S E D
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851. Constantinople.

852. Idiocy, Idol-eyes, Deities, Arcuate.

853.
Y U L A N
S E S I A
M O D U S
M E R I T
S A B O T

854. Canton, canto, cant, can.

855. Honesty.

New Tangles.

863. Hour-glass, by Hattie Heath:

Across—Extended; birds; to like; a child's name; a letter; a plant; a mineral; three horned; a towing-path. Down—In Amethyst; an exclamation meaning behold; a writer for Quiet Hour; a river; riches; classical name; to tease; an abbreviation; in RECORD-UNION. Lower half—In Amethyst; an abbreviation; a man's name; a man's name; a pile or heap; Anglo-Saxon for a word meaning vast, great, etc.; a mineral; (read upward) an abbreviation; in RECORD-UNION. Central word—what we would like to own.

864. Square word, by H. E. P.:

A boy's name; twenty pence; an injury.

865. Square word, by Gospel Swamp:

A starting-post; a medley; helps; not to win.

866. Charade, for my old friend Trinity, by Utah:

Ah me! how memory loves to bring
The rosy hours of early spring,
When gaily bounding from the whole,
I hied me to the village school.

Not now, [illegible] has done its worst,
I feel I am below the first;
So many ups and downs I've reckoned
Since I was first and second's second.

867. Enigma, by Molly Magee:

My first is in Mary, but not in Jane,
My second is in snow, but not in rain,
My third is in you, but not in eye,
My fourth is in cakes, but not in pie,
My fifth is in where, but not in why,
My whole is a small animal you have often seen.

868. Beheadings, by F. M. S.:

Behead a kind of fence and leave the essential part of a sharp tool; again, and leave a Welsh word; again, and leave a command to cattle, and curtail once and leave the same.

Answers to Correspondents and Correct Solutions.

E. C. D.—858, 859 (in part), 860. E. C. D. says she regrets that H. H. misunderstood the spirit of her letter. She had not thought of charging our tanglers with intentional unkindness toward Polly. She only thought they were quite forgetting her (Polly's) personality in their criticism of the awarding committee, and that the "bitterness" referred entirely to Polly's feelings. If she used the pronoun "they" in an offensive sense she withdraws it, as she meant only to save multiplication of words, and used "Quiet Hour" in the sense of "Tanglers of the Quiet Hour." She adds: "From Hattie Heath's letter I shall cull only her words of kindness and praise, and with others spoken by my prized *im*personal friends of the 'Q. H.,' lay them lovingly in the store-house of memory."

Trinity says the answers to 843 and 848 are very much out of his way of thinking. He answers 851, 853 (in part), 857, 858, 860, 862 (in part), 859 (wrong), 862 (right, but varied.)

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

In several Ritualistic churches in London, on a recent Sunday, the congregations were requested to pray for the repose of the soul of the Rev. C. F. Lowder, late vicar of St. Peter's, London, who was an extreme ritualist.

The *Christian at Work* plunges into doggerel as follows:

"There was a physician named Holmes,
Who wrote prose and poetry by tomes.
'J. Edwards,' he said,
'Lost his orthodox head:'
That mistaken physician named Holmes."

It is proposed to erect a statue at Zurich, Switzerland, in honor of the reformer Zwingle. Eleven thousand dollars have already been subscribed, and it is suggested that on the 1st of January, 1884, the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, the statue be unveiled.

A gift of $50,000 has been made to the fund for the Melbourne (Australia) Cathedral. It is intended that the edifice shall be the grandest one in that part of the world, and one which will compare favorably with the costliest churches in any Protestant country. The $50,000 was contributed by an anonymous giver.

The Suffolk West Association (eastern Massachusetts) has decided that a positive belief in the endlessness of future punishment is not absolutely necessary for admission to the ranks of Congregational ministers, and that each case must be decided not according to abstract principles, but according to its individual merits.

The *Christian at Work* suggests that Dean Stanley's projected visit to this country is to gather statistics and other information regarding the working of the Episcopal Church when dissociated from the State, which may be useful to Mr. Gladstone in the inevitable movement for the disestablishment of the Anglican Church now looming up.

The University of Cambridge, England, has issued the list of the divines who are to preach before it during the ensuing academical year. Singularly enough it does not contain the name of the most popular of all the preachers that ever occupied the University pulpit—Canon Farrar. This, it is said, is in consequence of his discourses on the Eternal Hope.

DENOMINATIONAL DIVISIONS IN SCOTLAND.—Professor A. Balmain Bruce of Scotland gives the following brief explanation of the denominational divisions in his own country: "The doctrine, of course, is the same; they only differ in a few questions of church government. The Free Church of Scotland admits the right of the State in molding certain forms of church government, but has resisted the manner of interference. It has always held to the opinion that the State interferes too much with the liberty of private judgment, and hence has separated from its dependence and support. In its principles the Free Church of Scotland resembles very much the Presbyterian Church of America, which in its action and deliberations is entirely free from the interference of the State. The Established Church of Scotland, of course, enjoys the full privileges of church protection. The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland denies totally the right of any interference on the part of the State with church government."

BLOOD POISONING.—Dr. Wilms, the late distinguished and beloved German surgeon, came to his death by a pitiful road. Just as he completed an operation, his assistant accidentally pricked him with a needle under the thumb-nail. Dr. Wilms treated the tiny wound as all surgeons know how to do—yet in attending afterward upon another patient, a particle of poisonous matter found its way to the wound. About an hour later a fierce burning set in, and the experienced operator, who knew every phenomenon of the human organization so exactly, told his colleagues that blood-poisoning had set in. His friends believed that the means which he used had expelled the poison, but Dr. Wilms himself was less sanguine. He had just reached his fifty-eighth year.