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.]

Stone-Fruit Orchards.

In the early days of California, before the debris from the mines had raised the beds of the principal rivers, the lands immediately on the river banks were considered the best orchard lands in the State. Thus the Briggs orchard, near Marysville on the Yuba, the Smith orchard, near Sacramento on the American, were among the finest and most prolific orchards, not only in the State, but in the United States. Later the Reed orchard, opposite Sacramento on the Sacramento river, and the Mott orchard, on the same river in Sutter county, were examples of the great value of the river bottom-lands for orchard purposes. And going still lower down the Sacramento and on both sides of the river, there were found some of the finest orchards and most prosperous and profitable fruit farms in the world. Indeed, beginning ten miles below Sacramento city ten years ago, there was on the Sacramento side of this river an almost continuous orchard for twenty-five miles in extent further down. In all these orchards the peach, the apricot, the nectarine, the plum and the cherry trees grew vigorously, were healthy, and produced magnificent fruit, and in great abundance. The markets of Sacramento and San Francisco were then supplied with all these stone fruits principally from this section, and from these river orchards. At that time the stone fruit trees were planted on all these river bottoms with confident expectations by the owners that they might continue to gather fruit from them of the same rare quality and in the same great abundance for generations, and perhaps for an unlimited period in the future. These river bottom lands were then considered of great value, and were actually sold at from $100 to $200 per acre, and fruit culture was the main consideration that gave them this great value. For the last ten years the mining debris has been gradually filling up the river bed, and the water level in the river and the adjoining lands has been gradually rising and approaching nearer and nearer to the surface. As it has reached the roots of peach and other stone-fruit trees, these trees have each year shown unmistakable marks of its deleterious effects upon them and their annual crops of fruit. Yellow leaf, curled leaf, and an annually increasing number of dead limbs, have been the indications of approaching disease and decay of the trees, while the fruit has steadily decreased in quantity and size, and has gradually lost its high flavor and other former distinguishing good qualities. During the past summer large numbers of trees that started good crops of fruit, and some of which more or less perfectly matured their crops, have since died. Year by year orchardists have been convinced of the futility of trying to keep up their orchards, and have reluctantly abandoned their former favorite and profitable business; and at this time stone-fruit tree-planting in all the section that ten years since was the best in the State for this class of fruit has been almost entirely abandoned. The fact that good peaches, good nectarines and good apricots have almost entirely disappeared from our markets during the season for such fruit, and that the poor specimens that are to be found command such high prices that people cannot afford to buy them, shows that with the decay of the business in the sections named it has not been renewed to any extent in any other. From this fact we are inclined to the belief that a false impression is obtaining in regard to the adaptability of our State to the production of this class of fruit. We fear that orchardists have not sufficiently studied the causes of the deterioration of the peach and the other fruits named. And right here we would point out the fact that while a local cause has fallen where it was capable of doing a great local damage, it cannot reach any other locality and should not be allowed to operate against the planting of stone-fruit orchards anywhere in the State. Some of the greatest successes in peach culture that have been known in the State have been achieved in the foothills of the Sierras. The largest and best peaches ever raised in the State were produced in the foothills, and with very little care as to varieties or cultivation. Our climate is certainly among the best in the world for stone-fruit culture, and there are to be found soils in great abundance just as favorable as those on the river banks. A light, sandy, warm loam, in a locality that can be well drained, is all that is required for such a fruit orchard. Then good trees of good varieties, well planted and cultivated and carefully pruned, will bring successful crops and large profits. In our opinion there is no other enterprise in the State at the present that holds out better inducements than the planting in central and northern California of orchards of the stone fruits, with the view of producing fruit for sale, either in fresh, preserved or dried form.

The Kinds of Grapes to Plant, and Where and How to Plant Them.

In consequence of the favorable turn in the commercial value of California wine and the consequent rise in the price paid for grapes, there is a prospect that a larger number of acres will be planted this year in vines than ever before were planted in a single season in the State. Grapes for wine have become the most profitable crop in the State, and the prospects now are favorable for their continuing so for an indefinite time in the future. This situation of things causes a great many inquiries as to the best varieties of grapes for wine, as to the best locality and soil to plant them in and as to the best mode of planting the vine. In an early day the men who planted out vineyards in California seemed to think they were doing a very praiseworthy, if not a very wise thing financially, by planting a great number of varieties. Hence our earliest cultivators of the vine and our earliest exhibitors of grapes at our fairs frequently cultivated from 100 to 150 varieties. While this practice did not prove profitable to those who adopted it, it proved a valuable lesson or guide for those who to-day are proposing to plant vineyards. It led to a knowledge of the characteristics and practical value of all, and helped in the selection of the really valuable kinds. Those who plant vines now have no reason to resort to expensive and time-wasting experiments. The best table, the best raisin and the best wine grapes have already to a great extent been ascertained, and hence the business of entering upon grape culture, for either branch of the business, is no longer an experiment. It is now pretty well settled that the best grape for raisins in California is the White Muscat of Alexandria; the best for table use the Black Hamburg, the Alexandria and the flame-colored Tokay. For wine purposes the list is longer, and is varied more by locality and other circumstances. The Mission was the first grape of the State, and is probably produced now in greater quantities than any other variety. It is a good bearer, and mixed with some other varieties, to give it aroma, or to counteract or neutralize its own peculiar ground taste, is a very good wine grape. Those who have Mission vines will do well to keep them, if they have room to plant others, as it would take some time to make up for the loss necessarily sustained in changing. The Zinfandel is probably to-day the most generally popular wine grape in the State. It is a thrifty grower and a good, strong bearer. It makes a good light wine, either red or white, and is sought for and used extensively in making the best California champagne. The Berger is also quite a popular wine-grape. L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles, one of the most extensive wine-makers of the State, speaks of this grape as follows: "Bunches long, large-shouldered and very compact, skin thin, greenish yellow, with some bloom; quite acid, and the poorest table-grape yet tried by me of all the foreign grapes. It is a vigorous grower, and the leaves are large, with a white cotton down on the under side. I believe it to be the heaviest bearer of all the grapes, and I think it doubles the production of the Mission. It is, however, a matter of doubt with me whether it would do in low localities, for the bunches being so compact, in wet places it would be almost sure to rot and mildew. It makes, to my mind, the most pleasant light table-wine of any grape in California, being more of the character of German Sauterne than any other wine. This wine is used one-third and two-thirds Zinfandel to make the best of Haraszthy's champagne. I believe it especially adapted for this county (Los Angeles) for our table lands. It was introduced to Anaheim from Germany, and "Berger" is the German name. I am inclined to the belief that it is the same grape as that known in France as Fole Blanche, for it is identical with the description of that grape there. The Fole Blanche is used in France almost entirely as a brandy grape, making the celebrated cognacs. It has too much acidity there, and makes, as a consequence, inferior wine. Whereas, with our perpetual sunshine the grape attains a fuller maturity, and makes a wine that, for a light wine for daily drinking, has no equal to my taste. This shows that we can only find by experimenting what grape is best for our locality, for what may be worthless in a wet, cold locality, in our dry and warm climate will give entirely different results."

EXPOSURE OF A VINEYARD.

In damp and cold countries a southern exposure is considered by far the best for a vineyard, because in such a climate the vine needs all the warmth nature can afford it under the most favorable conditions. In most localities in California, however, a northern exposure presents the best condition. Something, however, must be thought of in connection with the habits of the grape to be planted. A vigorous, rapid vine will stand a southern exposure, while a timid or slow-grower would do nothing under the same circumstances, but would do well under the north side of the hill. Our valley lands are mostly level, and experience has shown that with good soil the question of exposure has but little significance or bearing. To those who, in the wheat-growing districts of the State, desire to plant vineyards, it is safe to select any good wheat land, while almost any of the lands in the foothills, with good cultivation, will give good results.

HOW TO PLANT.

Some vine-growers have advocated planting rooted vines, but the majority, we think, have found that cuttings planted where the vine is to stand is the better and cheaper plan to make a vineyard. The soil should be well and thoroughly cultivated and harrowed down, then laid off with the plow both ways from six to eight feet apart, according to the character of the soil—on good, strong soil eight feet is near enough for the vines. Where the furrows cross plant the cutting. The cheapest, quickest and best way to do this is to make the hole with a crowbar from twelve to fifteen inches deep. Put the cutting in, reaching the bottom of the hole and projecting above the surface one bud, or say two inches. Holding the cutting in an upright position, work the soil closely and compactly about it with the crowbar, by striking it into the soil in several places near the original hole and pressing the soil towards the cutting. Having planted the cuttings in this way, level the ground with a harrow, being careful not to touch the vines, and the work is done.

When to Plant Fruit Trees.

The question as to when to plant fruit trees is one of great importance, not only to those who desire to plant commercial orchards, or orchards for the purpose of growing fruit for the markets, but to every one who proposes to plant a few trees in his farm or on a town lot for family use. The common custom in countries where freezing and snowy weather prevails in winter is to plant in the spring after the ground has been settled and the growing weather is returning. Since most of our people came from a cold climate they brought this custom with them, and have adhered to it too long in this country. Experience, however, in this State has convinced all practical and observant culturists that the fall or early winter is the better time to plant fruit or any other trees here. If planted in the fall or before the rainy season is far advanced the soil settles about the roots and becomes fixed, and the spring or growing weather finds the tree in nearly the same condition that it would have been had it remained unmoved from the place where it grew. The roots that have been injured by moving or setting, or that have been cut back, heal up during the winter, and no longer require any special nursing by nature, and all the energies and vigor of the tree are at liberty to be exerted in the direction of natural growth when the warm weather comes. In late planted trees the sap moves up slowly and feebly, and hence it is that late planted trees are more frequently attacked by borers, and have their stems scalded by the sun, than those that are planted early in the season. As a rule, the best time to plant trees in the valleys of this State is just as soon as the soil is sufficiently dampened by rain to dig them handily. If we were going to plant an orchard or a few trees this winter, we should do it now just as soon as we could get the holes dug and obtain the trees for planting. A tree planted late in the spring, and not having obtained a good hold of the ground by the settling processes of the winter's rain, is most sure to be injured, if not ruined, when after it has taken on its new leaves, the north winds of that season strike and beat it about. For this reason we would say, plant now, the sooner the better.

THE PEANUT CROP.—Lovers of peanuts—and the devotees of this delicacy are more numerous than the open avowals show—will be glad to learn that 1880 has been another great peanut year, like its predecessor. Last year's crop was nearly two and a quarter million bushels, worth nearly two and a quarter million dollars. It is not every man who will boldly acknowledge that he eats a bushel of peanuts a year; yet the two and a quarter million bushels are disposed of somehow. When the price goes high peanuts are imported, thus showing that there is a craving that must be met. But the full crop of this year and last year will crowd out foreign competition for American digestion.

A plot that most of Erin's peasantry would gladly own to is a plot of land entirely to himself. He'd have no other conspirators engaged on such a plot as that.—[Punch.

TITLES.

SOMETHING ABOUT TITLES IN EUROPE AND THEIR ORIGIN.

The Descendant of Blue Beard and His Regal Habits and Surroundings—Expelling a Deputy.

PARIS, November 15, 1880.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view" may be said of more than hills, mountains and trees, and the fact that in America we are unused to other titles than President, Colonel and such prosaic names, inclines us to believe that because a man is called Baron or Count he must be possessed of superior attributes, and because he wears a crown embroidered on his handkerchief he can be no other than one of the elected of Divine Providence. In Europe, where the article abounds, it is held in no such high appreciation, and the numerous Counts and Barons themselves are beginning to be little impressed with their own importance. When people become intelligent enough to learn and understand the origin of these escutcheons which have been for so many centuries thrust before the eyes of the people to dazzle them and command awe and adulation, they entertain for these presumptious lords a contempt more or less profound. It should be remembered that in those

GOOD OLD DAYS

To which the very noble trace their origin, the king was master of everything and everybody, and if he happened to meet with a clever juggler whom he fancied, he did not hesitate to take somebody's houses and lands and give them to his favorite, along with a title which he often invented for the occasion. When the eldest son inherited the title and fortune, the nobles sustained the prestige of power and wealth, but since the revolution the property has been equally divided between all the children, and centuries of idleness and inactivity of brain and hands, without the faculty of succeeding through their own efforts, have rendered them mentally and morally inferior, and with few exceptions they are now in France a class of poor, worthless creatures. There are some few proprietors of immense estates in the west and center, such as the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia and the Marquis de Talhouet, who possess considerable revenues in land, and particularly in forests, that they may be compared with the rich land-owners of England. Everywhere else throughout the country the noble is born poor, with no social position, and the *grand monde* is the financial, political and artistic world. Many nobles at the present day employ their titles and names at the head of financial societies, such as President of conseil of the administration, Directors and so on; and when any new enterprise is started, which is intended to speculate on the credulity of the simple and uneducated, as a recommendation to their confidence a long list of names is given, the majority of which are Dukes, Counts, Viscounts and Barons, and if perchance the affairs should prove a swindle (as is generally the case) the Dukes and Barons accept the public censure with immoral indifference, prepared to begin again whenever credulous victims are to be found. The first Napoleon somewhat upset the social scales by

CONFERRING TITLES,

Property and other favors on his Generals who had sprung from the very heart of the people. This aristocracy infused new life, vigor and originalty into the governing classes, but they soon became as corrupted as the others through idleness and luxury, and although they more readily make use of their mental faculties to gain a livelihood when necessary, they seem to have a predilection for all employments wherein ruse and cunning may be exercised rather than for legitimate honest work.

The most striking type of what the nobility of France was during the last century is to be found in the person of Baudry d'Asson, who was the cause on last Thursday of the most fearful scandal which has yet taken place at the Chambers. This gentleman owns an immense property and extended tracts of land in Brittany, in a part of France which railroads have not yet reached and where the telegraph is unknown. He there reigns almost as in feudal times. His castle sits on the top of the hill, and looks as proudly and defiantly down on more modern constructions, as its owner is taught to look upon the rest of mankind. So great is the reverence of the inhabitants of the country for this representative of an ancient race of privileged lords, that he lives and rules as a monarch, and no government official has been able to combat his authority. Baudry d'Asson is what is called a sportsman—spends his time principally hunting, and owns

THREE HUNDRED DOGS,

A number of which are at present at the Jardin d'Acclimation, and can be seen by the public. He organizes at his chateau grand hunting parties, when he has a whole regiment of servants dressed in the hunting livery of royal days, and ladies accompany the gay cavaliers in costumes of red velvet skirts, long plumes in their hats and gloves and collars such as worn in the days of the Louis. Every thing in fact is performed on a grand and liberal scale, and the magnificence and elegance, and the almost unlimited power of the chatelain over his dominion carry one back a century or two, and he forgets that the feudal days are past and that humanity is busy treading social barriers under foot. Baudry d'Asson, like all grand seigneurs, refuses himself nothing, not even the pretty girls he accidentally meets in his equestrian promenades, but not as his ancestors, who rode down from the tower on the mountain to carry off some peasant's sheep or cow by force, and as frequently carried off his wife or daughter, does he win the fair maids, but through gentler means, for which so much gratitude is felt that he has been stamped a *gallant homme*. He is the direct descendent of the famous "Blue Beard," the hero and horror of our infantile days, and he possesses himself a handsome, long, fine, black beard, which adds much towards strengthening the rumor. He is what may be called a *bon garcon*, is neither vindictive nor cruel, is in fact gentle in his manners, but he does not differ from other members of that society which he represents, and is dull and unintelligent, with no taste for anything outside of dogs and hunting, and whenever he does appear at the tribune his speeches are not only absurd and illiterate, but are spread over great sheets of paper in letters so large that a six-year-old child could read them. On last Tuesday, on the reopening of the Chambers, Baudry d'Asson incurred the penalty of

TEMPORARY EXCLUSION

For having outraged the Government. This penalty, in consequence, prohibited him from reappearing during fifteen sessions, not only in the room, but within the legislative palace. Heretofore those persons who have been the object of this disciplinary measure—Messrs. Godelle and Paul de Cassagnac—had rigorously observed it, and it was supposed that Baudry d'Asson would do likewise. The most severe orders had been given to all the guardians of the different entrances not to allow him to pass, and the order had been rigorously observed, but Baudry d'Asson made use of subterfuge in order to enter the palace by stealth. He pushed through the post and telegraphic office situated on the Rue de Bourgogne, and which communicates with the interior of the Chamber, and there, thrusting the employes aside who wished to bar his passage, he reached the Chamber by means of winding halls without any one being aware of his intention. He had quietly reached his seat, and it was some moments before his presence was noted, and it was only when Mr. Gambetta, the President, cast his one eye in that direction that his face expressed the most complete consternation to those Deputies who happened to be looking at him. It was Mr. Gambetta's privilege to close the seance and have Baudry d'Asson taken out by force, but he relied on his good sense not to create

A SCANDAL,

And on the good advice of his friends to persuade him to reason, but like a veritable Mohammedan, he swore by his beard that he would yield only to force. The President then ordered the tribunes to be vacated, pronounced the seance finished and left the room, followed by nearly all the Deputies of the Left, who declined to be present at a scandal so disgraceful to them all. The members of the Right, that is, a goodly number, the friends of Baudry d'Asson, immediately prepared for defense. At the right of the refractory Deputy sat Mr. Ancel and Mr. Blin de Bourdon, to the left Messsrs. de la Rochette and the Baron Dufour, behind him Messrs. Freppel, de la Rochefoucauld, Thors de Penanster, Hamille and de la Billaias, in front of him Mr. Bourgeois and several other members. First, two of the questors, Messrs. De Mahy and Margaine, entered the room accompanied by two of the palace guards, and going up to Baudry d'Asson summoned him to leave; on his refusal they returned to confer with the President. While one of the members of the Right endeavored to calm the refractory Deputy and interceded for him to thus avoid all violence, Archbishop Freppel urged Baudry d'Asson to resistance and himself arranged his different friends around him so as to present a sort of bulwark to his enemies. The questors again entered the room and in the name of the President ordered every one to leave. Every member of the Left went out, but those of the Right refused to move, and Laroche Joubert, in imitation of Mirabeau, declared that he would yield only to

THE FORCE OF BAYONETS.

Force was then employed, but not the bayonets. Then Colonel Riu, military commander of the palace, dressed in his uniform of grand ceremony and accompanied by the Adjutant and three guardians of the Chamber, introduced into the room a detachment of thirty men of the Forty-sixth Regiment and a detachment of fifteen men of the Twenty-fifth Battalion of *Chasseurs a Pied*. All the men were unarmed, but they represented sufficient force to have the regulations executed by the strength of fists. They formed a semi-circle, and then moved in order so as to gradually reach Baudry d'Asson and surround his friends on all sides; these last perceiving that they were to be attacked on every side, formed a square battalion, in the center of which they placed the Deputy who was to be expelled. By order of Colonel Riu the *chasseurs* climbed over the desks so as to glide between the Deputies and Baudry d'Asson and surround him while separating him from the battalion. Then began an indescribable and shameful scene for the Royalist and Bonapartist representatives, who, without the slightest reserve, abused and struck the soldiers, and even threw them down. Some of them jumped on Colonel Riu and tore off his shoulder-straps, while others struck him on the head with their fists. This brave old soldier was wounded in August, 1870, at the battle of Torback, when he received a sabre cut on his head, and which wound has rendered him ill since his rough usage at the hands of the dignified members of the Right. The soldiers received blows right and left, and were even thrown down and trod upon by these conservative

DEFENDERS OF THE THRONE

And altar. But nothing discouraged the soldiers, without returning the blows or answering the abuses, succeeded in dispersing the belligerent Deputies, in surrounding Baudry d'Asson and in carrying him to a small room, where, according to the regulations, he should remain a prisoner three days. It required four men to carry Baudry d'Asson out of the legislative hall, just as though he were an inanimate object, but he offered no resistance, and even excused himself to Colonel Riu by stating that he would never have given him that trouble had it not been that his friends urged him to resistance.

The expulsion once effected, the session was again opened. As to Baudry d'Asson, the room in which he was confined was transformed into a prison, before which an armed functionary was placed, while others were stationed along the hall and on the stairs. His dinner was brought to him and he remained there all night. The next morning two of his friends gave their word of honor to the President of the Chambers that if released he would not again appear at the palace until the expiration of the fifteen sessions, and he was allowed to depart. Still, no one is assured but that the scandalous scene may not be repeated, for Baudry d'Asson had already given his word of honor to Colonel Riu, the military commander of the palace, that he would not venture to enter; this he said the day before, just after he had incurred the penalty of expulsion, and since he once broke his word, no one has any longer confidence in its durability. This poor Colonel Riu, before he called in his soldiers, went up to Baudry d'Asson, and with tears in his eyes begged him to leave the room, saying that he had had twenty years of service and had never witnessed such a scene so shameful.

No better portrait can be given of the rich and influential nobility in France than the picture they presented at the legislative chamber on last Thursday. They seem to possess more the character of children than men, are rebellious and violent, and have so little respect for the laws which govern them that, were it not for their wealth and the prestige of their names, their mental and moral inferiority would place them on a level with those creatures who now fill the prisons.

VAL.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

LILIES.

[BY ANNIE C. WEEKS.]

There's a quaint old legend that telleth
  How the Lord in Gethsemane trod,
And the flowers awoke at his coming,
  And knew Him, their Maker and God.

The rose, in her stately beauty,
  Raised proudly her regal head;
The daisies and violets trembled,
  And hid as they heard His tread.

But the lilies, too pure to be haughty,
  Too loving to harbor a fear,
Just bent their fair heads in compassion,
  As the Master, in sorrow, drew near.

He passed by the rose in her splendor;
  The daisies still trembled—unknown;
But he paused by the beautiful lilies,
  And blessed them and called them His own.

Still that blessing abides with the lilies;
  It crowns them with radiant light;
Still they shine amid sorrow and darkness,
  As they shone through Gethsemane's night.

And often some desolate mother,
  Who mourns for her darling—at rest,
Plucks sadly the fragrant white blossoms,
  To lay on the calm baby breast.

And the lilies still bend in compassion,
  And the dear Master's blessing they shed,
Till its peace fills the heart of the living,
  As they cover the heart of the dead.

The Eureka *Sentinel* states that O. B. Nelson, a young Swede, has fallen heir, by right of discovery, to a $10,000 mining claim in Globe district, Arizona. This is the same individual, says the Carson *Appeal*, who last June was followed by some Nye county Indians, caught at Thirty-mile Springs, stripped, beaten and turned loose in a nude state as a punishment for having stolen an Indian pony.

Slangy youth, who introduced his cousin to a dancing man: "Isn't he a brick, Angy?" Angy, panting with fatigue and pleasure: "He's a perfect brick waltzer."

BAY GOSSIP.

THE RAINY SEASON—READING OLD LOVE LETTERS.

Street Scenes and Thoughts in Opening Winter—Some Chat About Women, Dress, Talent and Art.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 8, 1880.

The first rainy day of the season comes like the breaking up of an old habit; it is refreshing in its newness and change; it washes the dust from time and the cobwebs out of the mind. The second day is a lonesome one, the third a dull one, and when the days drag on into a whole dripping-wet week they become dreary enough, if one but sits down to think of them. In romance rainy days are given over to raking out the ashes of memory, looking at keepsakes and reading old love-letters, but in reality—and reality is such a bore!—one darns stockings, makes old clothes into new, and longs for something to break monotony. The love-letters of our youth, that seemed then so filled with thoughts that burnt and words thrilled through with something strange and sweet, they are like old fires if you read them again to-day—all dead and quite gone out. Yet you wouldn't be half the man or woman you are if those experiences of

LOVE LONG AGO

Had not been yours, and there should be no regret or shame at memory of those fond and foolish times. Most like they go before to prepare the heart for riper, deeper, purer things, and the way leads up from altar to altar till the highest and holy of holies shuts out the stepping-stones that still rise to point the way. Young woman, if it was a fair love, and an honest love, don't be ashamed of it because it is an old love. It will make of you better wife and mother by and by. I can remember when letters weren't such everday affairs as now, and every one was religiously kept; but in these times of postal cards and rapid mails everybody writes to everybody, and few preserve a correspondence. A notable exception to this wholesale destroying, however, I find in the letters of

MRS. MARY COLBY,

Of Benicia, whose recent death is shortly to be followed by her life, with copious extracts from correspondence, in book form. She was a woman of ten thousand, closely connected with the Grange interests of the State, dear to the church, invaluable to the cause of missions, and the very center of a wide-spread circle of friends. Her column in the *Pacific* was read far and near, and her writings on Grange subjects were well-known. Her letters, recalled for selection, return from all quarters of the globe, one correspondence in particular coming from Turkey. A reading of old letters such as hers were well worth a rainy day now and then. In the city here the majority have no time for poring over sentiments penned in the past. We live in the present for the future. We run a busy race. We are an eager, restless people, for whose street transit nothing less than a cable road is rapid enough, whose gigantic business operations seem all too slow in comparison with the millions of a stock bubble floating just out of reach, who seem our very selves formed on the principles of the cable chain, which goes over and round, and round and over, and buzz and rush, and hurry and begin again. No one seems to have time for the romance of attics and old letters and ashes of memory, and people go out whether it rains or no, and shop and promenade, and have police escort across Kearny street. Magnificent clothes are on review in spite of underfoot and overhead, and whether it were the rain or no, last week I yet saw some of

THE PRETTIEST WOMEN

I ever saw in San Francisco. A very vision went laughing by me, bright, brown-eyed, bubbling over in a brave and buoyant brilliancy that met me like the sparkle of a diamond laid against the sunlight. It was worth the battle with rain and mud just to have seen her, clothed as she was in the softest seal skin a cataract of water could never have injured. I should just have liked to squeeze her cheeks together because she was so beautiful. She reminded me of Mrs. Milton S. Latham, once the lovely Miss McMullen, than whom San Francisco never held a fairer. When Mrs. Latham looked out from her carriage, against the background of its dark-red satin lining her brown eyes wore a peculiarly soft and velvety expression of remarkable beauty of which I have heard a hundred speak. The Latham house, with its rolling lawn, has gone to the Newlands now. Mrs. Newlands was Miss Clara Sharon, sometimes poetically spoken of as the "Rose of Sharon," and it is here also that Miss Flora Sharon, "youngest daughter of my house and name," does her courting, so they say, with Sir Thomas Hesketh, of the steam yacht Lancashire Witch. With people who have been brought up to any amount of wealth and station, is the important condition preceding marriage still "the courtin'," and just a little matter—sweet, oh! very sweet!—of a smile, a kiss and a blush, or is it a heavy and formal affair, I wonder, like their bank accounts, for instance, their silken trains, or their list of calls to be made? I remember Miss Sharon as having a pleasant, girlish face and piquant bearing, and she was in the make-up of a pretty moving picture framed once in a picturesque mass of curtained drapery. Perhaps there isn't a woman of us (but this, of course, *sub rosa*) that doesn't envy her the pink and gold glow of her present experience, if this be indeed a genuine courtship. I saw

THE PLAINEST WOMAN

Of my acquaintance half an hour after she said "yes" to her first proposal, and the prettiness that had throbbed into her face had not yet faded out. I think she guessed of the light in her eyes and the strange new beauty that had fallen upon her, for she turned away on an errand made for the occasion, and I never saw either again. But these be secrets we half smile and pooh-pooh at, even to ourselves, and surely they are indiscreetly prated of to the public, though a letter, born of a rainy day, to friends nearer than some known friends, may perhaps be pardoned an indiscretion or two by the same. The most elegant cloaks are worn to-day, made of warm, heavy goods, or perhaps of black silk, and trimmed all about with fur. Sometimes they are circular cloaks, but those give the wearer a crouching look and are very ungraceful, and the most are dolmans fitted with loose sleeves. Everybody affects

CABLE CORD AND TASSELS,

Using it in various ways, sometimes arranging it as a figure at the left side of the skirt, sometimes as if lacing it across the front of a parted overskirt, but often knotting it about the waist, allowing the ends to swing. An odd sort of costume took my notice, worn by a young woman, who should have known better than to wear anything so conspicuous when she was so pronouncedly and prodigiously ugly. It was "the pilgrim" whose severity curves alone can brave; angels should turn from it in horror. It was of soft, clinging gray goods, a monk's hood lined with same colored satin, upon the shoulders, the waist gathered in and falling over Garibaldi-wise, and wound with a cord; the skirt, shirred a little at the back between the hips, and so falling plainly in a hem to the feet. Another young person went by me radiant as a star, yet in a ridiculous dress, which only goes to show that a great many folks can wear what the most of folks can't. On my word it was the old shiny kind of black alpaca, with the skirt of the dress fulled on the skirt of the basque. You'll say 'twas horrid, but that's just how 'twas. We have all of us been told since time was of how pretty women had no brains. Doubtless they have the brains, but never have necessity to use them, since if they but sit and look pretty they have done one duty by the world, and one grand duty done in this life any woman may congratulate herself upon not being a failure. But I tell you, a plain woman is just obliged to better herself and find a talent of some sort, if she hasn't any naturally. Now and then one stumbles upon a very Aladdin's lamp, and in furtively scouring it up, to her own surprise makes a brilliant shine, and then the world says, "Behold talent and ugliness again!" Dear Sir World, talent didn't rummage around for ugliness; it was her ugliness that compelled this woman to skirmish around for her talent. A very pretty, dainty and lady-like

LITTLE LADY

Very kindly sang at one of our afternoon concerts the other day. I say kindly, for it was a favor for her to do so. She is Miss Ivy Wandesforde—what a pretty name that is, too!—who traveled in *camaraderie* with Mme. Camilla Urso several years ago, and better than that, she is the daughter of Wandesforde, the old-time favorite artist who has led many a troop of pupils on tramps of a day in hunt of sketches. It is the pleasantest thing in the world to come upon surprises, to turn a leaf, to flash a look and unawares to make a discovery. I made a call with a lady whom I thought I knew, but I hadn't a suspicion she was given to brush and canvas. Very well; but she *is* quite an artist. The lady we called upon I thought idled away her time on a reception day and a poodle-dog. Very well, and *she* is an artist, too; once a pupil of Wandesforde's, of whom she speaks with the greatest respect. So it was that I stumbled upon the open sesame to her studio, a top room, rich in north light and oils, but bare of carpet or other beauty or luxury whatever—the only ugly spot, the one sternly unfurnished place in all that gorgeous house. It was given over to work, and the rest to comfort and pleasure, and that made the difference. I was dumb, as became me, during all that art talk, but somehow I seemed to be looking through a chink.

THIS WOMAN,

Rich, with all pleasure at command, so loves pictures and the art of making them that, with no noise about it, she voluntarily devotes herself to study. Since that day other chinks have opened up, and other women have been discovered at the brush, at the voice, at anything and everything, and I want to know what is the use of it all when bushel baskets are piled high above these talents? What good to have a glorious voice save as a very revel of selfishness and never give it to the world? What can it elevate to cook and cook and eat it all yourself? Give, give to the hungry, the impoverished, the starving, and so increase your store. I am reminded of Mrs. Dr. Toland, the elder, who can write poetry, and who, being able, does give of her best, greeting her friends again this holiday time with the product of her labor, made into one of the very prettiest of books to place on the library shelf with their companions by the same hand.

KATE HEATH.

LITERARY NOTES.

The libraries in Edinburgh contain together 700,000 volumes.

The collection of John Ruskin's scattered letters, shortly to appear, will bear the extremely characteristic title of "Arrows of the Chase."

The Cobden Club stands sponsor for George C. Brodrick's "English Lands and English Landlords," an inquiry into the origin, character and reform of the English land system.

Mr. Pitkin's "Invalid Cooking" has received the practically unanimous indorsement of the medical profession. One of its virtues is that it can be readily understood and easily put in use.

The number of copies of the Bible in circulation at the beginning of the present century is estimated at 5,000,000. It is believed that the circulation has since increased to 148,000,000 copies.

Judge Tourgee's new novel, "Bricks without Straw," is rapidly ove[illegible] the still active "Fool's Errand." [illegible] appeared seven weeks ago, and is [illegible] in its forty-fifth thousand.

It is said that the professional English novelists of name and fame are being injured in the "emoluments of literature" by the large number of amateur writers who are springing up, and who desire no pay for their writings.

Barthelemy Saint Hilaire, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the happy possessor of the library left by the celebrated Cousion. It was his reward for several years of faithful service as private secretary.

Sir Richard Temple's new book on "India in 1880" covers nearly every subject connected with the English occupation of the country. The final chapter will be devoted to the discussion of the effects and prospects of British rule.

It is proposed to rule out a large class that cumbers the reading-room of the British Museum, to the inconvenience of students, by cutting off the supply of new fiction. The suggestion is to withhold works of fiction until three years after publication.

The London *Standard* makes the curious statement that "the London press has an immense influence abroad," but does not represent the opinions of the people at home; a certain limited class is influenced, this paper thinks, but the working classes remain absolutely untouched by it.

"To recur again to Edwards's so-called 'observations' on the Trinity," says the Boston *Transcript*, "we seriously regard that essay as of doubtful authenticity. It is confessedly *not* an autograph. And the internal evidences of its having been either drawn up or worked over by some other person than Jonathan Edwards seems to us considerable. It sounds much more like Samuel Hopkins than like Edwards."

A melancholy interest is given to the last novel of Elsa Linbordt, the distinguished German authoress, by the statement of her sister that it contains the key to her domestic troubles, which drove her to cast herself into the sea a Civita Vecchia about three years ago. The title of the novel is "Zweimal Vermalt" (twice married).

Prince Napoleon is preparing to place an extra thorn in the side of the hostile Bonapartists who believe the tradition of Empire reposes on the head of his son, Prince Victor. He intends to publish a newspaper, the title of which some reports give as *Le Napoleon*. It will represent his policy, and ought to be well edited, for friends and foes alike give the Prince full credit for brains and the talents of a practical publicist.

The title of Gustave Flaubert's novel which will be published posthumously in January, is "Bouvard et Pecuchet." The painstaking author is said to have given ten years of thought to his "Madame Bovary." This last work, which is philosophical in tone, was as many years on his writing-table, and death alone stayed the hand of revision. The Paris publisher who obtained the manuscript from Flaubert's niece and literary executor had to agree to publish a complete edition of the author's works within two years.

General James A. Brisbin, who wielded a felicitous pen in his reminiscences of sturdy Ben Wade, has chosen an economic subject for a new book. It is called "The Beef Bonanza; or, How to Get Rich on the Plains." He is a believer in the "American Desert," that, in the geographies of twenty years ago, occupied the region between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains. Some pains have since been taken to prove it a myth. But General Brisbin claims that this region can never be used for any better purpose than the raising of vast herds of cattle, which certainly makes it out a desert of much value and fertility.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME ADORNMENT AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY—ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

[Correspondents of this department will not be limited in their epistles, but conciseness is preferable, and but one side of a page must be written upon. Questions pertinent to this department will be answered in this column.]

Recipes for Cooking Venison.

Escallops de Venaison.—Take a piece of lean venison which is not stringy, either from the neck, loin or shoulder; place it in a deep dish, with carrot, turnip, onion (one of each), a few cloves and peppercorns; pour a little vinegar and salad oil; put some parsley and thyme and salt; put this marinade all over the venison, and leave it for three days, turning the venison each day, placing the vegetables always on top. The third day cut the venison in nice pieces about three quarters of an inch thick; lard them nicely; cut up a fresh carrot, turnip and onion, sprig of thyme and sweet bay-leaves. Place them in a pan; put your escallops on the top; let the vegetables fry a little; then put a little common stock to them, and braise them until tender, which will perhaps take two hours and a half. When done, take them out, glaze them, and salamander them to crisp the bacon. Strain off the stock they have been cooked in; skim the fat off, and reduce the stock by boiling it quickly on the stove. Have ready a little well-finished brown sauce in a stewpan, which has had a tablespoonful of red currant jelly mixed with it, and a glass of port wine. Put the reduced stock in the sauce, mix all well together, and let it boil up. Dish up the escallops, pour the boiling sauce over them, fill the middle with French beans, and serve.

Breast of Venison Braised.—Take a breast of venison; bone it from the side the neck has been cut off, leaving the bones from the front of the breast four inches long; take the skin of the breast, taking care not to cut any of the fat off. Cut in slices carrot, turnip, onion, celery, two sweet bay-leaves and thyme, one dozen cloves and about a tablespoonful of corn-peppers; put all in a braising-pan. Fry the vegetables a nice brown; lay the venison on the vegetables with some common stock, not quite so much as will cover the venison; sprinkle some salt over it and braise it slowly for four hours; but that will depend on the venison—it must be braised until tender, but not to let the goodness out of it. When done take the venison out, and strain the stock it has been braised in, and put the stock on to reduce quickly, taking care to have all the fat skimmed off the stock. Have ready some well-finished brown sauce, in which two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly and two glasses of port wine have been mixed, then put in the reduced stock; mix well, and let it boil up; pour the sauce over the venison, and serve with French beans round. All venison that is braised ought to be fresh.

Stag's-head Soup.—Take two heads, also the necks; soak the heads in water for one night; keep them on in a stock-pot with water. When the scum rises to the top skim it off nicely; then put in carrots, turnips and onions, celery, thyme and bay-leaves (three). Boil all the goodness out of the heads; take a piece of the cheek and press it; strain off the soup and put it away to get cold; then take off the fat, clarify the soup, and reduce it to the quantity you require. Cut up the pressed cheek in nice small pieces, and place them in the tureen with some cut-up French beans just before you take the soup. Pour a glass of port wine in it; let it boil up; pour the consomme in the tureen, and serve.

Roast Neck of Venison.—Cut the bones out of a neck of venison from the fat side, leaving the bones four inches long, leaving all the fat on the neck where the bones have been taken out; then cover the neck with a buttered paper; then make some flour-and-water paste, mixed with as little water as possible; roll it out to the thickness of an inch; lay the venison, with the buttered paper on it; wrap the paste round it, and then in strong paper; and tie it tightly up with strong string. Roast it before a sharp fire; let it be roasted quickly, or it will get steamy, and look as if it had been boiled, and the steam inside makes the venison hard. When done, serve with plain gravy and red currant jelly in a sauce-boat. Roast a haunch of venison in the same manner.

Venison Pastry.—Cut some shoulder of venison up in small pieces with the fat; fill a pie-dish with the pieces of venison; sprinkle with pepper, salt, chopped thyme or parsley; cover with good paste, and bake three hours. When done, take the top off the pastry, and fill up the dish with good venison gravy, in which a glass of port wine has been mixed. Serve red currant jelly in a sauce-boat.

Fried Stag's Feet for Breakfast.—Boil the feet six hours; strain the stock from them; put the stock away to make jelly of; take all the bones out of the feet while they are hot; mix them with chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and lemon juice to taste; let stand until cold; then cut them out in nice small pieces; egg-and-bread-crumb them, and fry in hot fat. Stag's feet make a nice jelly, using them as calves' feet are used.

Hot Sauce for Roast Venison.—Make some stock from venison bones, skim it, and reduce the stock down to glaze; mix with it some red currant jelly and a glass of port wine. Serve hot.

Household Notes.

CROUSTADES OF PARTRIDGE.—Boil a quantity of rice in salted water till done. Strain off the water, put the rice in a saucepan, and keep moistening with as much milk or stock as it will absorb; add a handful of Parmesan cheese and a little pepper. When the rice is thoroughly done, or rather overdone, spread it out evenly to the thickness of about two inches on a slab or dish. When quite cold, cut out with a two-inch patty cutter as many "rounds" as the layer of rice will admit. Beat up an egg, roll each "round" or "croustade" in it, and then cover it well with bread crumbs, repeating the operation if necessary. Make an impression with a smaller patty cutter on the top of each croustade, dispose them carefully in the frying basket and plunge it into very hot lard. When the croustades have taken a good color, drain them, and lifting the cover (formed by the impression of the smaller cutter), scoop out the rice from the inside of each croustade with a teaspoon. Fill them quickly with the following *puree*, and serve:

PUREE.—Take the remnants of some partridges, cut them in pieces, and put them into a saucepan with half an onion, a carrot, a bay leaf, a small piece of celery if obtainable, a couple of cloves, a little piece of mace, some whole pepper, a large pinch of salt; press the whole down tight, and pour just enough common stock or water to cover the contents. Let the whole boil for a couple of hours, strain the liquor and put it by. Take half a pound of lean beef, chop it up, and pound it in a mortar with all the flesh that can be picked out of the pieces of partridge; then proceed to pass the whole through a sieve, moistening now and then with some of the above liquor. Lastly, heat the *puree*, correct the flavoring if requisite, and it is ready.

BROWN RAGOUT OF VEAL.—Take two pounds of the breast, cut it into rather small pieces, about the size of an egg, roll them well in flour, put some fat in the frying pan, fry the meat until a nice brown, take it out, then fry four onions, two turnips cut in large dice, and one carrot the same; when brown take them out, put the veal and vegetables into the pan, season with two teaspoonfuls of salt and one of pepper, add a pint of water, put into oven for one hour, skim the fat, shake the pan, and serve. A few herbs and a little ham or bacon are an improvement. Beef, mutton, lamb and pork may be done the same way. A teaspoonful of sugar is an improvement.