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AGRICULTURAL.

MATTER PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE "RECORD-UNION."

Growing Firewood and Timber—Alfalfa Hay—A Good Beginning—Clean the Barnyard—Etc.

It is a fact that throughout a large portion of the grain-growing sections of the State the farmers have to buy all their firewood for domestic purposes, and sometimes have to draw it for long distances. This results from the fact that large portions of the grain-growing sections were originally destitute of timber or nearly so, and that no pains have been taken to cultivate timber for firewood or other purposes. Experiments in growing timber in these sections, both for firewood and for manufacturing purposes, have been successful wherever properly tried. This proves that these farmers are without excuse if they do not plant trees, and thus raise their own firewood, but also timber for hard wood to be used in making whiffle-trees, plow-beams, plow-handles, pitch-fork handles, woods to harrows, etc., etc., to be used on the farm. We are now importing all, or nearly all, our hard timber from the northern Mississippi valley States, and paying, in addition to the original cost, the cost of transportation. Then the farmer has to pay profits to three or four merchants and commission men before he gets this timber for use on his farm. This is all wrong. We can not only grow just as good timber as the Northwestern States, from which we import it, but we can grow it much quicker and cheaper. Besides, while we are growing this timber on our farms, we are benefiting our farms and improving their value and appearance. We are also ameliorating both the summer heat and the winter severity of storms. Cottonwoods will grow on any of our wheat-growing plains without irrigation, and they will make good wood. A few cottonwoods planted along the lines of the public roads on every such farm would in a few years, say ten years, become long enough so that their large branches may be cut off and cut into firewood, and would do to trim for the same purpose every ten years. Fifteen or twenty such trees so trimmed every year would supply the farm-house with firewood for the year. Then the next year fifteen or twenty more could be trimmed, and so on trimming the required number each year, and when the whole lot has been gone over once, the first lot could be trimmed again, and all the firewood wanted could thus be obtained, and during all the time these same trees would be adding to the beauty and attractiveness and value of the place. Small cottonwoods just the size for planting out in this way, by the million, are growing along every or nearly every river in the State where the water overflows the banks in high-water, and they can be obtained without cost, except the cost of digging. They are generally growing in light, lately-made sandy soil, and can be dug very easily and rapidly. Then why go without shade-trees? And why buy wood at an annual outlay of more money than it would cost to plant all the trees needed in one year? But while growing firewood, why not also grow hard wood for manufacturing purposes, as above suggested? Elm and locust trees are very rapid and hardy growing trees and will grow right alongside cottonwood in most any of the wheat-growing sections, if a little pains be taken with them the first season after planting. These trees, as has been proven, make even better timber here than in the States of the Mississippi Valley, and while the branches will make good firewood, the stems or bodies will furnish all the hard wood needed on the place and some to sell to the agricultural-implement and wagon makers. This is no fancy or speculative statement. There were exhibited at the last State Fair elm and locust wagon-wheel hubs of the largest and smallest sizes, made out of California-grown elm and locust, that could not be excelled by the same kind of timber grown in any part of the world. Wagon gearings made of the same kind of timber were also shown, and the general verdict was that the California-grown timber was superior to any imported. The trees from which these hubs and gearings were made were grown near Sacramento, and if the planting of these trees had been general among farmers in this vicinity at the time these trees were planted, there would now have been a good supply of native hard wood timber for all this section. And so other sections would have been supplied in the same manner, and so the entire State. But it is never too late to begin a good enterprise. Let the planting of trees be general, and in ten or fifteen years hence we will be in this respect where we regret we are not now.

Alfalfa Hay.

Ordinarily alfalfa hay brings in this and the San Francisco markets about two or three dollars less than good oat or wheat hay. At the present time, and for two months past, alfalfa hay has been selling at about a dollar more a ton than any other kind of hay. This is owing to a scarcity this season of alfalfa hay. The scarcity comes about in this way: Alfalfa has for years back been the main crop of the farmers along the Sacramento river; but the filling up of the bed of that river has raised the surface of the water to the same extent, and even where the levees have been maintained, the sipage water has rendered the land almost valuless for alfalfa. The failure of alfalfa has made a general scarcity, and a comparative rise in price. Alfalfa is the best hay we have for milk cows, and is principally used for that kind of stock. Its decreased production is becoming a matter of serious concern to dairymen on this river, and in fact to dairymen near all the larger cities, who make this hay their principal feed. Alfalfa is a plant that needs a deep, moist soil, but at the same time cannot stand overflows for more than six or eight days at a time, nor can it stand a sipage that keeps the soil full of water to the surface any considerable time continuously. The farmers along the Sacramento have been compelled to seed annually to a great extent for some years back, but when high water continues later than April, or May at the latest, they cannot reseed, and the year is lost to them for a crop of anything that will pay. Alfalfa has been worth millions to the State, and its destruction will be a damage in a like amount. Its entire destruction on the Sacramento and tributary rivers seems to be certain in a few years, with a continued filling up of the beds of these rivers.

Good Beginning.

The rainy season has commenced well. The rains thus far have come very calmly and gradually, and the amount fallen thus far is a very little in excess of the average rains to date for a period of years past. One peculiarity of the present season's rains, however, is such that it does not indicate a very large rainfall for the season. We refer to the fact that all our rains thus far have come in the dark or last quarters of the moon. Close observers generally agree that this is an indication of an open or dry winter. We have not much faith in these or any other weather indications, and the longer we remain in the country, and the closer we observe its seasons, the less faith we have in weather predictions. The older we grow, as a Californian, the less we know about the future of the weather. We however call attention to this general agreement of weather observers, that more general observations be made on this particular point. The proposition is that if the fall rains commence in the latter part of a lunar month they are apt to come about that time in the moon for the whole season, and that if the first few rains be very light that will continue light through the season. Now, while many are predicting as to the weather, we make no prediction, but simply say that we have a good beginning, whatever may be the ending. The fact is, that the farmers generally have great faith in a good producing season ahead, and they are giving proof of this faith in the preparations they are making to put in crops. The plow trade this fall has been one of the most extensive our dealers in agricultural implements have ever known. Thus we have another good beginning.

Clean Out the Barn-Yard.

If not already done, no time should be lost in cleaning out the farm barn-yard, and spreading its contents over such portions of the farm as stand most in need of it. In this country manuring should be done in the fall, so that the rains of winter may help to assimilate the fertilizers with the soil preparatory to stimulating the crops of the following spring. The rotted manure only should be applied direct to the soil, as it alone is ready for immediate use. The unrotted manure should be piled up in some convenient shady place and mixed with and covered over with soil to preserve and mature it for another year, when it will also be in condition for use. This matter of cleaning out the barn yards has a double meaning or significance. It will remove the slosh and make the yard more pleasant and agreeable to get around in for the next year, but if the above directions be followed the consequence to the land of the farm will be of value, and the farmer's pocket will be made fuller. The truth is that an empty barnyard makes a productive farm and a full granary and purse.

Agricultural Notes.

Poultry need as much protection during the summer from the fierce rays of the sun as they do in winter from the severe cold, although far too many of our breeders lose sight of this very important fact, and suffer corresponding losses in consequence. Birds compelled to stay in yards which have little if any shade during the entire summer, with the sun pouring down on them with the intensity it does in July and August, cannot thrive, while they are rendered much more liable to disease and disorders. It pays, and pays well, too, to give the fowls comfort at all times, and it costs but little to furnish the necessary shade, no matter how large the runs may be. Trees, such as plums, peach and apple, should at once be planted in the runs, especially the former, which seems to thrive better there than the other kinds named. As these trees will not afford much shade for a few years, temporary shades must be made by making skeleton sheds of poles along the sunny sides of the runs, and then covering them with boughs, cedar limbs or almost anything cheap and convenient, which will afford the necessary shelter from the sun. These may not look very handsome, but then the utility compensates fully for the lack of beauty. [Poultry Monthly.

It is stated, on what is regarded as good authority, that an acre of grazing land in Lincolshire, England—a country famous for its grass—will carry an ox and a sheep from May 2d to October 1st, and that during this period the ox will gain 280 pounds and the sheep 40 pounds in net weight of meat when slaughtered. The acre will thus yield 320 pounds of meat in 153 days' grazing. Its produce may be sixteen tons, perhaps more. This is one pound of meat for every hundred weight of grass, but we must remember that the grass of such land differs from the average in the quantity of its product. We have not the least idea what the estimates would be in the West or Northwest, of the quantity of grass required for 100 pounds of beef or mutton. The results, of course, would be varied by moist and dry seasons, and by the quality of the grasses with which the pasture is stocked. The aptitude of the animal for fattening would also affect the result. It is claimed that in Montana the buffalo grass is the richest of all grasses for fattening purposes, it being quite equal for fattening animals to feeding corn in addition to most of the grasses in the West.—[Coleman's Rural World.

In the *Rural* of October 8th, Horticola asks whether any experiments have been made in making cheap silos, and in reply I would say that Dr. Paxon, of the Sailors' Home, Quincy, Mass., ensilaged a large quantity of corn last fall simply by digging a trench six feet deep by eight wide and as long as he required. The corn was not cut up, but laid in all one way and well trodden down. Before he commenced putting in the corn he set posts against the sides and ends of the trench or pit. Against these he laid rough boards, and put in his stalks, which held the boards in place. The earth was packed in between the boards and the ground. When the pit was filled four feet above the top, it was thatched by putting straw on top, and the rest of the dirt was put on it. The silo was opened in March, and the doctor said that for all he could see it was as good as Dr. Bailey's of Billerica, Mass. This year he has put in a lot in the same way.—[Rural New Yorker.

THE LOVERS' PARADISE.

Together death shall find us,
  Together we will go,
Sweet to the home assigned us
In the pale world below,
  And the fields dedicate
  To lovers fortunate.

Love, crouching 'mid the flowers
  Of that unending spring,
Within his mother's bowers
  Shall watch us dallying—
There shall we learn how great
Bliss doth her lovers wait.

Through plains with bloom aglowing,
  And by green meadow sward,
Murmur the streamlets, flowing
  In divers sweet accord;
One plays, with answering song,
  The others dance along.

The glad sky never lowers,
  Nor glances less than kind;
The viper on those flowers
  Leaves not its trail behind;
There, too, the bird away
Sits singing on the spray.

Ever the winds are breathing
  Some music passing sweet;
Ever the laurels wreathing
  Some soft and cool retreat;
The happy flowers ne'er lose
The brightness of their hues.

In the vast bowery spaces
  Of that delightful land
We, too, shall have our places
  Amid the lovers' band,
And, free from care as they,
Love, as they love, for aye.

No sweet of ancient story
  That shall not willingly be
To yield her seat of glory,
  Lady, to thee and me—
Not though it be her eyes
Made hearts divine their prize.
  —[Gentleman's Magazine.

A MEAN STAGE TRICK.

Probably one of the meanest stage tricks that was ever played was played on Mary Anderson. It will be remembered that in the play of "Ingomar," Parthenia and the barbarian have several love scenes, where they lop on each other and hug some—that is, not too much hugging, but just hugging enough. Ingomar wears a huge fur garment, made of lion's skin, or something. One day he noticed that the moths were getting into it, and he told his servant to see about the moths, and drive them out. The servant got some insect powder and blowed the hair of the garment full of it, and scrubbed the inside of it with benzine. Ingomar put it on just before he went on the stage, and thought it didn't smell just right, but he had no time to inquire into it. He had not fairly got in his position before Parthenia came out on a hop, skip and jump, and threw herself all over him. She got one lung full of insect powder and the other full of benzine, and as she said "Wilt always love me, Ingomar?" she dropped her head over his shoulder and said in an aside, "For the love of heaven, what have you been drinking?" and then she sneezed a couple of times. Ingomar held her up the best he could, considering that his nose was full of insect powder, and he answered, "I wilt," and then he said to her quietly, "Damfino what it is that smells so." They went on with the play between sneezes, and when the curtain went down she told Ingomar to go out and shake himself, and he did. It was noticed in the next act that Ingomar had a linen ulster on, and Mary snoze no more.

An Enthusiastic Indorsement.

GORHAM, N. H., July 14, 1879.

Gents: Whoever you are, I don't know; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and as good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

TIM BURCH.

THE WESTS.

ALL ABOUT THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.

Who and What He Is—A Titled Ancestry—Washington Notes—Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, November 9, 1881.

Saturday evening Hon. Lionel Sackville West, successor to Sir Edward Thornton as British Minister to the United States, arrived at Washington. He landed at Philadelphia Friday from the steamship Indiana, having accepted for himself and suite, out of compliment to our country, the hospitality of transportation by the only American line of steamers, the "State" line, so called from being named after various States. Friday at 9 A. M. the United States revenue cutter Hamilton, with the gentlemen of the Sackville West reception committees, among whom were Captain William Arthur, R. N., naval attache of the British Legation at Washington; Frederick Adam, Second Secretary of Legation at Washington; Captain Clipperton, British Consul at Philadelphia, and Vice-Consul Crump, started from Walnut-street wharf and met the Indiana off League Island, where the ensigns were dipped on both vessels, and

HEARTY CHEERS

Were given as the Hamilton approached the steamship's side. On the gangway being lowered, the committees boarded the ocean steamer, where they were received by its Captain, conducted to the main saloon, and were joined in few minutes by Minister Sackville West. He was duly welcomed, and by letter from Mayor King was tendered the hospitality of the city, responding in a brief and graceful speech. After introductions all round, the party were driven to the Continental Hotel, where the new Minister's name was jotted down from the register by reporters for next morning's papers as "Hon. L. S. West," just like any rural Congressman. After presentation to the Mayor, and inspection of Independence Hall, which must have been a privilege of doubtful value to his John Bull pride, he was escorted to other points of interest, and banqueted in the evening at St. George's Hall by the various British societies of the city. Among the two hundred guests for whom covers had been laid, Secretary Blaine, who arrived late, was conspicuous. Secretary Blaine's presence in the city was accidental. He had come on to escort his second daughter, Maggie, 14 years of age, who sailed under the care of Minister Hamlin and wife in the Illinois the following morning—they on their way to their post at Madrid, she to study in a French *pension*. Minister Hamlin is venerable, but his wife is much younger, a lady tall in stature, handsome in appearance and of courteous and affable manner. She will be an admirable chaperon for Miss Blaine. Since Minister West's arrival in Washington he has been

VERY QUIET,

And only informal calls have been paid him by a few who had met him abroad. This is because he must first present his credentials in full court-dress, to the President, who does not return from New York till Thursday. Meanwhile the new Minister has what a woman would consider inestimable—a nice quiet time to unpack his trunks and arrange his bureau-drawers. However, Sydney Mills, his steward, who has been with him twelve years, first at Buenos Ayres, afterwards at Madrid, probably relieves him of that function. The Hon. Lionel Sackville West is officially called a bachelor, but is in reality a widower by a private marriage some eighteen years since with a beautiful Spanish actress, a Countess in her own right, but because of her profession never eligible to recognition by her husband's haughty and titled mother. She died in Paris during the Franco-German war, leaving two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter is nearly of age to enter society, and it is more than intimated that when that time comes her father will send for her here, and will present her at our American Court, glad of the greater freedom of thought here, where no barriers of caste would be raised against her admission. His wife's portrait, for its wonderful beauty, has a place in the Royal Art Gallery of Munich. He brings among us the prestige of an illustrious diplomatic career, and is weighted with a huge and

IMPRESSIVE PEDIGREE,

Reaching back to John La Warr, who received the Lordship of Bristolton from his sovereign—King John, of Magna Charta fame. The curious will find it in "Burke's Peerage," under the head of De La Warr, his father and three of his elder brothers having successively held that earldom. It is a page of interesting reading, and includes in his ancestral list our own Lord Delaware, the first royal Governor of the Old Dominion, who died upon our soil and gave his name to one of the original thirteen States. Then there are brave leaders who figured at Crecy, Poictiers, and in the early feudal and many later wars; fighting barons, pious crusaders, and monastic heirs to the title, with now and then a woman inheritor. The present Earl Delaware, Mortimer West, the brother next but one elder than Lionel—who was the fifth son of his parents—was a clergyman in orders when the title fell to him through the sudden death of his brother, Charles Richard. The last-named earl was aid-de-camp to the commanding General at Balaklava, and received wounds which affected his reason, and in that state a sorrow that came to him through his mistress led him to commit suicide by drowning. There are other tragedies in the cotemporaneous family history, and there are frequent infusions of new titled blood by intermarriage with other leading families, so that their

ARMS AND DOUBLE CREST

Are complicated affairs. The barony was merged in an earldom in 1761. The family motto is "*Jour de ma vie.*" Two of the quarterings on the coat of arms come from the mother's, or Sackville, side. She was Lady Elizabeth Sackville, youngest daughter and co-heir of the third Duke of Dorset, and in her own right was created Baroness of Buckhurst in 1864. The sisters of Mr. West are Elizabeth, Duchess of Bedford, married in 1844, and Mary Catherine, who in 1847 married the late Marquis of Salisbury, and in 1870 the present Earl of Derby. It was she who accompanied her brother on the steam launch that brought him to the ship in which he set sail for America. No lady has come with him. He is not a brother-in-law, as reported, to the noted beauty, Mrs. Cornwallis West, this lady being the wife of a remote cousin. For the present it is said that the feminine honors of the Legation will devolve on

MRS. VICTOR DRUMMOND,

The newly-made bride of the first Secretary of Legation, who was Miss Lamson, of New York, a young lady of beauty and merit, but no fortune. Most all the diplomatic gentlemen who marry in this country are open to the imputation of having assiduously hunted a fortune, and Mrs. Drummond will undoubtedly be the greater favorite here from this romantic lack. Mr. West was born July 19, 1827, and is therefore 54 years old. He is slightly below medium hight and weight, bald as to his forehead, a pleasant English face, and with full brown beard rapidly turning gray. He has a fine reputation for sociability and bachelor hospitality of a generous sort. At Madrid he held intimate personal relations with Minister James Russell Lowell, and subsequently with ex-Governor Lucius Fairchild, the one-armed Wisconsin soldier who succeeded Mr. Lowell there on the latter's promotion to the court of St. James.

NOTES.

Mrs. Caroline M. Franklin, wife of Commodore Samuel R. Franklin, U. S. N., died, aged 33, on last Saturday afternoon, at the Park Avenue Hotel, New York city, where she had been under medical treatment many weeks for Bright's disease. Her devoted and deeply-bereaved husband met and married her twelve years ago in San Francisco, where she was residing with her father, General Erasmus D. Keyes, U. S. A., retired. General Keyes is still a resident of California, where he has large business interests. He visited this daughter and son-in-law in April last at their pleasant home, newly built and furnished, in northwest Washington, near the British Legation. Mrs. Franklin was a devout Catholic lady, of sweetness and force of character. She leaves no children. She was a second wife of Commodore Franklin, who is a brother of General Wm. B. Franklin, prominent in the war, but who resigned his commission to engage in the Colt rifle manufacturing interest at Hartford, Conn. The two brothers look much alike. General Franklin was last year prominent in the Hancock campaign, and is an intimate personal friend of that gentleman. Commodore Franklin was in command of the Franklin, the flag-ship of our Mediterranean squadron, that brought home Boss Tweed from his escapade to Europe. He is a popular man here, and in his loss has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in civil, military and naval life.

GUITEAU,

The assassin, displays the frivolity of his character even in the supreme crisis of his fate. His case scarcely excites interest, from the utter insufficiency of his death to atone for the death he caused. His last effort to raise money for his defense is a demand on photographer Bell, who took his picture in prison. He writes: "You know you have been supplying the country with them, and it is right that you should pay me a reasonable royalty. What will you give to settle without trouble or expense?" Mr. Bell at latest accounts had not been intimidated into liquidating with him. Should there be such an impossible event as Guiteau's escape from conviction by jury, he would be quietly but promptly lynched. A band of colored men threaten to take it in hand should there be any flaw in the white man's justice. My colored maid, an old Washingtonian servant, who has all summer taken the national burden very much to her individual heart, says: "Dey'd better gib him ober to we culled wimmen. We'd take care of dat brudder. We wouldn't leave enough of him to hang."

EMMA JANES.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

A LEGEND OF EMERALD BAY AND OF THE ORIGIN OF TAHOE TROUT.

On visiting the art exhibition of Norton Bush I observed a fine painting representing a scene on Emerald Bay, with cascades and summit peaks in the near background; also the little island so familiar to all sight-seeing visitors, and which called to mind an old legend connected with the subject of the picture, which it is believed has never been in type, and which gives one version of the origin of Lake Tahoe trout.

Who does not love the romance, the ideals, the legends of the past? Life is as much made up of the ideals as of the realities. The ideals and legends of the past form the food which nourishes the imagination, guides the pencil of the artist and the pen of the poet, and upon which is founded our choicest literature and finest art. "'Tis the very soul and life of poetry and art." From the fabulous realms brilliant, golden thoughts are culled and garnered into beautiful truths. They form the treasure-house of literature, the handmaid of poetry and art. "Without them we would be like the lonely walls of a ruined temple bereft of its altars and shorn of its ivy clingings."

The scene of this painting, so goes the legend, centuries ago was the summer resort of a people of great culture and refinement, much greater than any that has succeeded. The women were possessed of great beauty; the men of great passions. The beautiful valley (now called the Sacramento), with its pure and limpid streams, was one vast garden spot (there were no "slickens" in those days), and was the home of a beautiful princess, who was a great lover of all field sports, and a daring huntress—in fact, a regular Diana. As was her custom, one summer, she betook herself (in those days ladies did not fear to travel alone) to the pleasant scenes of the "Mountain Water," as it was then called, to revel in her hunting sports. While engaged in this pursuit near the summit, just back of that part of the lake now called "Emerald Bay," she was accosted by a strange being, not of her race, who at once laid claim to her by right of discovery, and who attempted to possess himself of her, without the formality of asking her permission. Being powerless in such determined hands, she sought safety in flight. Springing from rock to rock, over crags and cascades they went, she bending every nerve to escape, and he to capture. The pursuit brought her at length to the edge of the lake, and rather than submit to capture, she invoked the aid of her guardian spirit, and plunged into the water, which at once closed over her. The spirit appealed to having heard her prayer, preserved her life by transforming her into a beautiful fish. Her pursuer was at the same instant metamorphosed into a monstrous eagle, and from his craggy hight kept constant watch over the place where she disappeared. After a time she, desiring a breath of air, sprang out of the water, as fish often do, when her watcher, always on the alert, with a sudden swoop fastened his talons in her sides, and spread his wings to bear her away. But before he arose more than a few feet above the surface of the water some invisibl power struck him dead, and he fell with wings outspread, and was changed into earth and stone. The beautiful fish swam away, but carried with her the marks of the eagle's talons in her sides, and from which drops of blood were shed into the water. These drops of blood at once assumed the form of fish, which had marks or spots just the same as those from which they issued. These spots ever after remained upon her finny tribe, and which in our day form the distinguishing marks for Tahoe trout.

The legend runs on that the island thus formed (which can be seen to this day, and stands out in the foreground of the picture mentioned) rests upon two pillars (the eagle's legs); that beneath the surface of this island is a magnificent palace, studded with emeralds, and from which the water receives an emerald hue. Here the huntress assumes her personality, but secluded from mortal eyes, when she is not sporting in the waters in the form of a fish.

On any clear bright day near this island can now be seen deep in the water a large and beautiful trout, and which many sportsmen have endeavored to lure to the hook. But she shows her spotted and silvery sides, and when too closely pressed darts under the rocks of the island and disappears. It is said that this is the legendary huntress and the parent of all trout.

As the legend goes, at intervals of a great many years this beautiful huntress for a time assumes her maidenly form and wanders amid the hills and peaks around the lake, and has within the recollection of man been seen to sit, clothed in white, upon Summit Peak. Just before these events the hills and glens around Emerald Bay and Idlewild resound with strains of the sweetest music, softer and more enchanting than the Sirenic muse or the Æolian harp. During these periods the greatest prosperity and happiness abound throughout the whole land. They are also the harbingers of great events. This is only one of the many legends connected with these mountain lakes.

MAMIE ANDERSON.

Sacramento, November 16, 1881.

FRANCE.

THE SEARCH FOR GAMBETTA AND WHERE HE WAS.

Political Changes—From a Palace to Lodgings—Insanity of a Caricaturist.

PARIS, October 24, 1881.

Gambetta has for some years past found it difficult to disappear beyond the range of public observation, and however flattering it may be to have one's actions constantly commented upon, he has on more than one occasion wished he were for the time but an ordinary man, entitled to moments of oblivion, and could have the same amount of current charity expended on his shortcomings. When the fatigue and anxiety of the last elections were over, Gambetta suddenly disappeared. Each intimate friend, not wishing the others to know that he had been left in ignorance as to the eminent orator's movements, invented a likely tale as to his whereabouts, so that one journal had him in one place, another journal in another place, and so on, each one informed by reliable authority, until one was forced to believe the President of the Chamber of Deputies must necessarily be omnipresent. At last it became evident that no one in reality knew where he had gone nor where he was. Then became the question of the day: Where is Gambetta? The solution was as earnestly sought for as the puzzle of

"OU EST LE CHAT?"

Which so occupied the public attention some three years ago. Everybody became lost in his own personal conjectures. An intimate friend of Gambetta, who had hitherto held his peace, confidentially informed some one that that important personage was nowhere else than at Ostend, whither he had repaired to take sea baths and at the same time escape from politics and political friends. This version of the matter was at first accepted, until persons from Ostend sent word that he had not been seen there during the season. "Where is Gambetta?" then became the general cry; not from uneasiness that he might not turn up again, but he was sort of public property, and had no right to dispose of himself without their knowledge. When it became known that Mr. Grevy, the President of the Republic, had at last decided to yield to public opinion and sacrifice his special protege, Jules Ferry, by calling upon Gambetta to form a Cabinet, the anxiety for the return of the President of the Chamber of Deputies redoubled. So much so did the public consider him their special property that it seemed to them perfectly natural he should be made Minister without even being consulted. At last Mr. Gambetta

APPEARED ON THE SCENES,

When the mystery of his absence was cleared away. He had not been to Belgium or to Switzerland, but to Germany. Well might suspicious persons on this occasion say: "*Que diable faisait-il dans cette galere!*" It is not forgotten that he was urgent to continue the Franco-Prussian war, when older and calmer heads pronounced such a measure most disastrous. True, Gambetta is to-day older and wiser, but it is remembered that in his speech at Cherbourg he was accused by Mr. Freycinct of using warlike words, which accusation compelled Mr. Freycinct to later retire from the Ministry. General Farre is Gambetta's friend, and when he became Minister of War he was expected to do Gambetta's bidding as promptly as was Mr. Ferry to perform that of Mr. Jules Grevy. The responsibility of the Tunis war reverts to General Farre, and if he was in that instance advised and influenced by the "power behind the throne," may it not be that Gambetta's warlike propensities have in this found an outlet? Or may it not be that he has intended the Tunis war to be a preparatory school for a more important campaign? Why is it that the orator's eyes turn so longingly and regretfully towards Alsace and Lorraine, when his home is in the south of France, and Italian blood flows in his veins? Is it not strange that he should so chafe at the loss of the two provinces, while Alsatians themselves sorrowfully but patiently await the moment when their native country shall peaceably be declared an independent State? It is safe to wager that Gambetta aspires more to the honors of a statesman than to those of an orator, and he is ambitious to match his strength with such a herculean foe as Bismarck himself. All the journals were careful to explain that Mr. Gambetta had gone to Germany for no other purpose than to see his favorite nephew, who is at present residing there in order to acquire the language; that he took advantage of his presence in the country to visit the principal cities of the German empire; that he traveled incognito and enjoyed his journey unaccompanied. The public learned for the first time that Mr. Gambetta had any nephew at all, and particularly that he had a favorite nephew who was perfecting himself in the German language. It is easy to suppose, notwithstanding the pleasure excursion, that his one eye directed sharp glances at the military condition of the country, and compared it with his studies at Cherbourg and of other fortifications of France. That he holds the future destinies of France in his own hands is a conviction shared by many others with himself, and it is probable he is at present concerned about the future glory of France, whose bright halo is to surround his own person. War to him, as, alas! to too many of the present generation, is a means to a brilliant end, and it is by the aid of arms he would desire the Republic to become renowned in history.

THE REPUBLIC ALWAYS,

For if there is one thing the eminent orator passionately loves it is this same Republic, which he has so intelligently aided to establish, and which he guards with the jealous eyes of an affectionate parent. For that reason he is ambitious for her superiority, and not only desires that France should be first in the arts and sciences, but would have her first in war as well. With the prophetic eye of superior intelligence he sees further ahead than his contemporaries, without losing sight, however, of the surrounding obstacles to be overcome on the road he has chosen, and should he make a mistake, dreaded even by his friends, and bring misfortune upon the Republic, it may be said that it was because he loved her not wisely but too well. Immediately on his return to Paris, Gambetta called upon Mr. Grevy, and although it was known that important decisions in political affairs would be the result of this interview, as much mystery was attached to it as to Mr. Gambetta's appearance. There followed as many probable conjectures in the different journals as there were different editors to comment on the affair; but the two statesmen have kept their counsel, and no one to-day is wiser for the meeting held at the Elysees. Since then, Mr. Gambetta has moved from the Palais d'Orsay, carrying his chattels and effects to his apartment in the Chaussee d'Antin, and his horses only occupy the stables where once stood those belonging to the Duc de Morny. Mr. Gambetta's private secretary, young Arnaud de l'Arriege, has likewise gathered his goods and chattels together and carried them to his mother's apartment at Paris. The photographs of pretty danseuses and young actresses no longer adorn those ducal walls, and the smoking-caps, cigarette-cases and traps, forming an indispensable part of a gentleman's baggage, are to henceforth find a less elaborate background to set off their beauties. Yes, Gambetta has left the Palais d'Orsay, but with less eclat and fewer comments than accompanied his arrival. It is still distinctly remembered how Royalists and Bonapartists

RAISED THEIR HANDS IN HOLY HORROR

And cried out with indignation at the idea of a grocery-keeper's son occupying this ducal palace, in which had dwelt only the noble and aristocratic, without reflecting that a generation further back these same dukes and princes could claim no more distinguished origin, and from which they were elevated more by luck than by talent. The departure of Gambetta from the Palais d'Orsay seems almost a farewell; a farewell to greatness and a change to simple lodgings must have produced more or less disagreeable impressions on one whose appreciation of the good things of this world is renowned. Probably it is his intention to return to a life of soberness and simplicity, and thereby regain the confidence of that portion of the people that have become estranged from him.

The artistic and literary world at Paris has been very much grieved over the misfortune which has befallen the *spirituel dissenateur* Andre Gill. He has become

SUDDENLY INSANE,

And little hope is entertained of his recovery. All Parisians have been in the habit of looking forward each week with pleasure and impatience for the apparition of the *Journal Amusant*, on whose first page was always to be found a drawing by Gill. This drawing was composed of but very few outlines, scarcely a scratch of the pen; yet what expressive interest! No one seemed to possess the secret of rendering the exquisite forms of the stylish Parisian woman as did he. Each drawing was a chef d'œuvre, and underneath were words as few and as expressive as the lines of the drawing above. His talent was thoroughly Parisian, and naught but Parisians could perfectly comprehend the delicate perfume of wit and philosophy which pervaded his work. They were fine criticisms of a certain *moeurs* peculiar to the French capital, and their absence will produce a void much regretted by all lovers of intellectual feasts. Andre Gill was in the act of drawing the caricature of Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction, Cultes and Beaux Arts, when with a sigh of pain he fell back in his chair, and in a few moments after began talking in such an exaggerated manner that his friends became alarmed. It required some time, however, to convince them that he had really lost his mind, and it was only on Gill's leaving for Bruxelles and his strange conduct there that they decided to consult medical authority. He had been engaged to draw caricatures of political men in the *Nouvelle Lune*, a new paper just come out, and although Mr. Jules Ferry was the first victim to be sacrificed, this last can scarcely be so cruel as to consider the incident as a righteous punishment. Since then Mr. Andre Gill has done naught but

TALK OF HIS MYTHICAL MILLIONS,

And in order to get him to the physicians, and after that to the asylum, his friends have allowed him to believe that he was on the road to purchase a private hotel or a chateau in the country. He at one time made his escape from the carriage, and hurrying to one of the principal hotels, engaged a room. His friends, after anxious searching, found him in some stranger's bed with his clothes on, and it was with great difficulty they could persuade him to follow them. Jealousy oftentimes brings on this peculiar state of insanity, and it is said that Gill has been very much exercised over Coquelin Cadet's success in the world, whom he knew poor and miserable as he himself was at one time. Coquelin Cadet has since become *societaire* of the Theatre Francais; he has, beside, a fine income from money saved, owns property, and is paid a high price to recite comical verses in private salons. Gill has earned much money also, for his caricatures have commanded a good sum, but he has been improvident, and having spent money as fast as he made it, he always felt himself poor. His remarks and exclamations since his misfortune prove how much Coquelin Cadet's success has preyed upon his mind. Andre Gill is a pseudonym, and the real name of the spirituel artist is Gosset de Guines.

VAL.

SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL NOTES.

A five-ton hammer was put up in the Altoona railroad shops a few days ago.

It is said that liquid cast iron expands at least 5 62 per cent. of its volume on freezing.

H. C. Hovey finds the mean temperature of the Mammoth Cave, Ky., to be 54 degrees Fahrenheit in midsummer.

A good cement for repairing glass is said to be secured by dissolving fine glue in strong acetic acid to form a paste.

The best way to kill insects for collection so that their legs will not contract, is to dip them in turpentine or chloroform.

In penetrating the earth Prof. Everit finds that the rise in temperature is more rapid in the older and harder rocks.

The six unhealthiest cities in the world are St. Petersburg, Charleston, Malaga, Alexandria, Waisans and Buda-Pesth.

A writer in an English periodical recently urges the advantages of double glazing in promoting the health of home in winter.

It is stated that benzine may be freed from all offensive odor by shaking it up well with quicklime, about three ounces to the gallon.

According to a French medical journal, whooping cough has been successfully treated by Dr. Barety, of Nice, by turpentine vapor.

Fuller's earth made into a paste with cold water and plastered on to soiled wall paper and allowed to stay until dry will remove all the grease spots.

A piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will, it is said, effectually clean out a stove pipe, the vapors produced carrying off soot by chemical decomposition.

Sydney, N. S. W., is to have the largest electric light in a light-house in the world. The merging beam is said to have a luminous intensity exceeding 12,000,000 candles.

The following recipe is given to remove ink stains: Take of muriate of tin, 2 parts; water, 4 parts. To be applied with a soft brush, after which the paper must be passed through cold water.

A glass of hot milk is an immense stimulant for a person fatigued either by mental or physical exertion. Milk heated to above 100° Fahrenheit loses while hot much of its sweetness and density.

In Ireland the only fuel known is peat, the Esquimaux use oil for fuel, in Asia grass is burned, in Arabia camel chips, and people who live along the shores of Nova Scotia burn the antlers of the moose.

Dr. Beddoe and Mr. Tuckett have stated that "British heads are smaller than British heads used to be," and Mr. Horsfall, in the *Manchester Guardian*, infers from this and other facts that the British people are physically deteriorating.

Dr. Hawkins, of Nashville, has been making a tour of inspection of the marble and iron interests of East Tennessee. He reports eight marble quarries in operation in Knox county. They ship marble to Chicago, Cincinnati, New York and other points.

It is sometimes necessary to bore one or more holes in porcelain, but the usual way of doing this is not easy. If, however, an ordinary drill be hardened and kept moist with oil of turpentine it will easily penetrate the porcelain. The drill commonly employed in connection with scroll-cutting machines answers very well.

The standard passenger car upon Western roads is 15 feet high and 10 feet 3 inches wide. The widest car that can get through some of the bridges and tunnels between New England and the West is 10 feet. It is claimed that the extra 3 inches gives more commodious seats and berths.

The *Mechanical Engineer* recommends, in answer to the question, "When a boiler is short of water and a heavy fire is on the grate, what shall be done to prevent the boiler from being burned?" that the fire be smothered with wet ashes. To haul the fire would increase the heat for a time.

THE QUIET HOUR.

TANGLER'S CORNER AND PUZZLER'S CONTRIBUTION BOX.

Charades, Enigmas, Riddles, Puzzles, Word Squares, Answers to and from Correspondents, and Solutions.

Answers to November 5th.

```
1217.           Y
            W   E   B
        W   I   Z   E   N
    Y   E   Z   I   D   E   E
        B   E   D   E   W
            N   E   W
                E

1218.       L   a   C
            A   c   E
            K   a   M  (obs.)
            E   k   E
            V   a   T
            I   d   E
            E   a   R
            W   a   Y
```

1219. Indebted.
1220. Water—foam.
1221. Zendavesta.
1222. The eye.

New Tangles.

(1220, 1221, 1222, were duplicated as to number, November 12th, by transposition of pages in the Tangler's Record.)

1225. Diamond for Rose, from Hattie Heath:

A letter formed with lines and crooks;
A name found in the Book of books.
A rodent to the woodchuck allied;
To a genus of plants this is applied.
An animal seen in tropical lands;
In Swedish this for "a copy" stands.
Last is in tangle, not in compose,
I hope this diamond will puzzle Rose.

1226. Diamond, by Quiz:

A letter; part of a circle; an usher to a riding-master; a bird's cry; a letter.

1227. Numerical, by Rose:

I met a beggar on the street,
  His trembling form was thin indeed;
His clothes, which once where whole and neat,
  Showed plainly signs of want and need.
"Why don't you 1234 your ways," 5 said,
  "And cease to 6789 and beg and whine?"
Sadly he shook his feeble head
  And raised his sightless eyes to mine;
"Ah, 1234 5 6789," he faintly cried,
  "Since I've no place to sleep or dine."

1228. Diamond, by Quest:

A letter; power; fixtures; pertaining to a root much used in medicine; a flowering plant; blankets, or shawls; a mermaid (obs); Scripture name; a vowel.

1229. Cross-word, by Pat A. Gonia:

In rail, not in snipe;
In rail, not in snipe;
In rail, not in snipe.
The whole is a household deity.

1230. Enigma, by Augusta Blake (dedicated to Trinity):

In foreign land I got my birth, some centuries ago,
And since that time upon this earth I wander to and fro;
Of many shapes I do appear, triangular and square,
And sometimes topsy-turvey, from want of proper care.
Am made of paper and of wood, am made of stone and lead,
Am often in dungeons cast, and found amongst the dead;
Am dressed in many colors, sometimes as white as snow—
I always wear a suit of black when I in mourning go.

1231. Double cross-word, by Don Carlos, in *The Perplexer*:

In the book that puzzler's sought;
In the love that can be bought;
In the lily pure and white;
In the whoop that's heard at night;
In the autumn's mellow still;
In the water's ebb and fill.
The first is a coin; the next is a plant;
Now, poser, solve it; don't say "I can't."

NOTE.—Silver King prize award next week.

Holiday Prizes.

All the volumes and prizes awarded are ready for delivery, and others are now announced—a volume (for each prize) of desirable character for any library. The books are all late issues, and numbers 2 and 5 are especially suited as presents for children.

1. Volume for the best charade, not to exceed twenty lines.
2. For the best riddle, not to exceed six lines.
3. For the best enigma, with answer, not to exceed thirty letters, but answer may contain as many words as is desired within the thirty letters.
4. For the best square word of not less than four letters.
5. For the best rhomboid.
6. For the best acrostic (single), not exceeding twelve initials.
7. For the best diamond.
8. For the best beheading.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are Christmas tangles, and the subject must relate to the Christmas season in some positive way. Submissions must reach this office by December 15th.

Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are New Year's tangles, and the subject must relate to the New season in some positive way. Submissions must reach this office by December 25th.

Nos. 7 and 8 are general tangles, without restriction. Submissions must reach this office by January 5, 1882.

All competitors must give the answers in full, and worked out completely for each part of an enigma or charade. Each tangle must be distinctly marked for the number for which it enters into competition.

No restriction is made as to style. Competitors may adopt either prose or poetry—judging for themselves how best to lead the judges to consider theirs most meritorious.

Prizes will be awarded so that the volumes will reach winners by Christmas and New Years, except in the cases of Nos. 7 and 8.

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