COURT, FIELD AND STREAM.

CRICKET AND CRICKETERS.

GREAT ACTIVITY AMONG THE CLUBS—POINTS AND HINTS.

Despite the fact that during the past week the mercury has been uncomfortably near 100°, there has been more cricket of a first-class order played than at any time since the season opened. New-York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore and Pittsburg have all had their complement of good matches, and one of the peculiarities of the week has been the high scoring in many of the matches—high scoring at least for American cricketers.

Saturday's match at Staten Island was a disappointment to New-Yorkers, and possibly a bit of a surprise to the Philadelphians. The two best cricket organizations in the country were represented on that day, and while the Philadelphians sent up an undoubtedly strong team, in the judgment of the supporters of Staten Island the latter put a much superior eleven in the field. As in all other games, there is much uncertainty in cricket, and the Staten Islanders made a poor showing. In the first place their fielding was poor compared to the magnificent form displayed by the Philadelphians. The latter played well together and for their club, while the home team played for themselves. Staten Island also made a mistake in keeping Hill bowling so long when it was apparent that he was in anything but good form. Then when the home team went to the wicket they made a miserable showing in running.

H. I. Brown, who bowled so well for the Philadelphians in the Staten Island match, is only fifteen years old. All the Philadelphia clubs pay great attention to bringing their young members forward, and spend no end of time in coaching them. Hence, the Quaker City turns out better cricketers than any other city in the Union.

The Manhattans, of Brooklyn, played and won a good match on Saturday from the O. N. T. Club, of Newark, which was chiefly noticeable for the heavy batting of J. J. Rogan, 112, not out. Rogan, however, gave the Newark men five chances in his innings.

At the beginning of the cricket season the president of the Manhattans, Mr. White, presented the club with a handsome challenge cup, to be competed for by all the cricket organizations in the State of New-York, but up to the present time the Manhattans have not received a single challenge. This is a curious fact, and would lead people to suppose that all the other cricket clubs were afraid of the Manhattans.

The Manhattan Club has two new and strong members in H. Martin and W. P. Denton-Cardew. Both are Englishmen, and have played cricket for a number of years. The latter is an old Brighton College boy, and came to this country about four years ago, settling in Kansas, where he soon organized a good cricket club. This is his first season with a New-York club.

The Manhattans will play a club match on Thursday next and eat a good dinner at Prospect Park.

A well-known New-York cricketer suggested to a TRIBUNE reporter a day or two since that it would be a pleasant thing if some of the New-York cricketers would band together and form an eleven to go on a short tour through the State, and play at Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, etc. The Philadelphians have set the example in this matter. The idea is an excellent one and would undoubtedly tend to popularize the game, to say nothing of the good time the eleven would have.

The I Zingari Cricket Club were badly beaten by Newark on Thursday. The New-York men feel they were badly treated by the Newark Club. The day was fearfully hot, yet there was not a drop of water on the ground with which the players could quench their thirst. Finally an enterprising member of the club sent for a keg of beer and some sandwiches, which with questionable taste, he retailed to his fellow cricketers at a handsome profit. The I Zingari are in no hurry to play the Newark Cricket Club again.

Saturday was, as usual, a busy day with the Philadelphia Club. The first eleven of the Quaker City Club was defeated at Stenton in a single innings game by the Young America Club's second eleven, by 146 runs, the score being, Quaker City, 73, Young America, 219. Seyfert played a pretty 26 for the Quaker City, while the scorers for Young America were H. L. Clark, 93, N. Downs, 31 and W. E. Macher, 23. The Merion second eleven went to Frankford and played a second eleven of the Oxford Club, but in consequence of the heavy batting of the Merion men no result was reached. The scores were: Merion, 295, Oxford, 49 for six wickets. Edwards's 182, not out, for Merion was a really brilliant performance. The first eleven of the Oxford Cricket Club went to Wilmington and played a return match with the Delaware Club. Delaware scored 82 and Oxford 219 for the loss of five wickets. Good, Homewood and Smith batted well for Delaware. For Oxford, Salter made 65, Morley 57, Broadhead 29 and Fitler, not out, 28. The Belmont Club journeyed to Baltimore to play the Baltimore Club, and came off victorious by a score of 269 to 85. For Belmont the scorers were, W. Scott, 73, J. A. Scott, 58, M. D. Simth, 56 and D. B. Stevens, 24.

On Thursday evening the Oxford Cricket Club, of Philadelphia, with the assistance of its lady friends, gave a charming garden party on the club grounds at Frankford.

The Staten Island Club was to have played the Belmont Club of Philadelphia, yesterday, but the match has been postponed.

The committee of the American Cricketers' Association have selected the following gentlemen to play in the All Canada and the United States, at Toronto, next month: F. Brewster, Noble and MacNutt, of the Young America Club; W. C. Morgan, jr., Brockie, Bettle and F. W. Ralston, of the Germantown Club; Law and Lowry of the Merion Club; and J. L. Pool, of the Staten Island Club. John B. Thayer may be able to go, but this is not certain. Seven of the team were of the twelve which went to England last year. Before leaving for Canada the team will play a match with the resident professionals of Elmwood, the proceeds to be presented to the widow of the late late Martin McIntyre, who was formerly the professional of the Germantown Club.

The dates fixed for the matches between the South of England Cricket eleven and representative Philadelphia teams, are: September 14, 15 and 16, and September 21 and 22. The first game will probably be with the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, the same eleven which went to England; the second with a picked team.

The team of Young America cricketers left Philadelphia on a tour last Monday, and after playing in Pittsburg, finally brought up in Chicago, where in the presence of an immense crowd, won a good game from the Chicago Club. The Philadelphia team was composed of M. Downs and E. H. Hance, of the Young America Club; J. A. Scott, W. Scott and C. Coates, of the Belmont Club; W. E. Bates, S. S. Thayer and R. L. Rutter, of the American Club; W. J. During, W. C. Morgan, F. W. Ralston, jr., F. H. Bohlin and C. L. Kurtz, of the Germantown Club.

Fixtures for the week are:

July 20. Pittsburg—Pittsburg v. Young Philadelphia.
July 21. Pittsburg—Pittsburg v. Young Philadelphia.
July 22. Montreal—Longwood v. Eastern Association.
July 23. Montreal—Longwood v. Eastern Association.
July 24. Prospect Park, Brooklyn—Manhattan v. Manhattan.
July 24. Montreal—Montreal v. Longwood.
July 25. Montreal—Montreal v. Longwood.
July 25. Ardmore—Merion v. Young America (2 XIs).
July 25. Nicetown—Germantown (2 XI) v. Quaker City.
July 25. Newark—Alma v. O. N. T.

OARSMEN ACTIVE IN SPITE OF HEAT

THE FALL REGATTA—MATCHES IN PROSPECT.

In spite of the hot weather a good deal of rowing was done on the Harlem last week, and not an evening passed that the river was not full of shells and working gigs. There has been a long spell now without regattas, and some of the best oarsmen have been taking things so easily that they are getting a little too fat, and are therefore settling themselves down to hard work in order to get into good condition for the fall races. There could not be better weather for the elimination of superfluous flesh, and a pull up to Kingsbridge or around to Oak Point is good for a pound or two reduction in weight now without fail.

The Union Club takes the lead in preparation for the fall, and the constant attendants on the river are more from this club than from any other. In addition to the home and near-by races, the Union have resolved to put a crew in for the National Regatta on the Charles River on August 12 and 13. There are at least a dozen men in training for the honor of a seat in the boat. Captain Stephens has not made his choice as yet, and will not perhaps for a week yet. Then the Unions will enter for the race in August, on the Potomac, for the cup offered by *The Washington Star*. The crew will be composed of W. E. Cody, bow; B. A. Jackson, E. H. Patterson, and R. Schulz, stroke, with T. M. McIntyre, coxswain. It is doubtful if a stronger four-oared crew could be made up on the river, and McIntyre is certainly one of the best coxswains on the Harlem. The Unions will make the Pennsylvania Club, the present holders of the cup, do some smart rowing if they win the cup for the third successive time.

There are signs of activity about the Nassau Boat Club house, too. Captain Richard O. Morse is nearly rid of the felon on his hand and has just closed an arrangement for a match race between eight-oared shells from his club and from the Palisade Rowing Club from the Hudson. With the advantage of the training which the Unions will receive from Morse and "Jack" Abeel, two of the veterans of the river, they should be able to maintain the reputation of the Harlem with little trouble. It is among the probabilities that Morse will contend for the senior single prize in the National.

There is some talk of "Jim" Pilkington, captain of the Metropolitans, making up an eight for the fall regatta with himself in his old position as stroke. For a number of years the "Mets" had the strongest eight on the river, and it would be gratifying to see them come out again. They will send Reagan to Boston and Goepfert will go in for the senior singles at the fall regatta. Goepfert says that he is done with double sculling. Singles are good enough for him.

The Nonpareils are cramped for lack of room, and then Captain John Canavan, who is a ward detective in the Fourth Precinct, has been so busy with the "Tim" McCarthy case that he has not had much time to attend to rowing matters. The Nonpareils are not discouraged by their poor success, however, and with a new six-oared gig expect to do some good work this year yet. Thomas F. Wade has not given up hopes of winning a junior single race and keeps in constant training. The Eagle Athletic Club are busy. The accession to the club of a number of the old Excelsior boys has materially strengthened the club and they will enter at least three crews for the September regatta.

At the up-river houses things are rather quiet. The New-York Athletic Club has its eight-oared crew and Phillips and Hood, who expect to row on the Charles in August, in training, and the Atalanta eight also keep sufficiently at work to prevent the men getting rusty. Otherwise little is doing up the river. A race has been arranged between the janitors of the various clubs to take place over the regular mile course next Sunday. It is expected that fast time will be made. Konouth and Dorlan have each deposited $50 for a race, a mile and a half. The race will be rowed on the first Sunday in August.

Among the professionals there have been matches and rumors of matches. There is little likelihood of a race now between Hanlan and Teemer. Owing to an accident to his boat Hanlan was forced to ask an extension of time which Teemer refused to allow. The latter now claims the title of champion of America. Among the matches which have been made is one between Ross and a mate and Teemer and Gaudaur for $500 a side, in double-scull shells, to be rowed at Oak Point about September 1. Then Courtney and Conley and Gaudaur and Hosmer have signed articles for a double-scull race, but the time and place have not been fixed. Albany will likely be selected. There is a prospect of a double-scull race between Ross and a mate and Courtney and Conley at Oak Point early in September. It is rumored that Hanlan will be Ross's partner in one or both of his races. There seem to be no races in single shells on the boards.

STATE OF THE BASEBALL RACE.

PROSPECTS OF THE NEW-YORK CLUB—PLANS FOR AN EASTERN LEAGUE.

The prospects of the disbandment of the Buffalo League Club have again set the baseball world in a ferment. The directors claim, however, that although they have released their first pitcher, Galvin, the club will remain in the association until the end of the season, and that it will play out all its scheduled games. The Buffalo public refuse to patronize a losing club, and as their nine seems booked for last place in the League race, the attendance at the games there has been so small that the management are considerably out of pocket. The Buffalo team is not the only sufferer, as all the other seven clubs which are forced to play at Buffalo do so at a great loss. The nine may remain in the League to the close of the season, when it will be unceremoniously dropped and a club will be placed in a better paying city.

The League baseball men are discussing a new scheme which, if carried out, will add more dollars to the coffers of the Eastern clubs. The idea is to drop the Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis and Detroit Clubs, and form what will be called an Eastern League, composed of clubs say in New-York, Philadelphia, Providence, Boston, Brooklyn, Baltimore and probably two other Eastern cities. The constant travelling at present necessary not only has a bad effect upon the players, but the tour West, which must be made twice each season, entails great expense upon the managers. Another good effect this scheme would have would be in lessening the absence of a club from its home grounds. As the clubs are now scattered lovers of the game occasionally do not see their nines play for five weeks at a time. Under the suggested plan a club need not be away from its home grounds more than a week or ten days at a time. A strong club in Brooklyn would prove a drawing card for both cities. The Western clubs would, of course, fight this scheme, but it can be carried out nevertheless.

The local club last week endangered its chances for winning the pennant considerably by losing the two games to Providence and Boston. The Chicago nine has now a good lead and the New-Yorks will have to do better work if they expect to capture first place. It is absolutely necessary that the New-York players have the lead when the club starts on its final tour through the West. It will then have its hardest work to perform. The Western clubs came East on their second trip on Saturday, and as all the clubs except Buffalo have improved greatly of late the Western division ought to win more victories than it did on its initial tour. The Chicago nine can hardly expect to equal their first trip, when they lost but five games, and three of the five in this city. The "Babies" will receive a warm reception here, and will probably lose three and possibly all four games they play in this city. The Philadelphia Club also feels its defeats earlier in the season, and promises to worst its formidable Western opponents in one or two games. Providence promises to win at least two games from Chicago, while the Boston Club ought to win one, anyway. The local club will have plenty of work to do at the Polo Grounds during the next four weeks. The St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo and Detroit Clubs will each play four games, and the local players ought seemingly to win a dozen victories outof the sixteen games to be played.

A TRIBUNE reporter saw Manager Bancroft, of the Providence Club, the other day, and asked him which club he thought would win the pennant. He answered without hesitation that the New-York Club was the strongest and ought to win. He said his own club had little chance, owing to several of his players being badly crippled. Bancroft said that the Chicago Club on its own grounds was a hard nine to beat. The crowd would get apparently crazy if the home club was beaten, and no abuse was too severe for the luckless umpire who officiated at the game. He also said that the Chicago managers violated the playing rules by not having the balls used properly encased in a box, as the rules call for. The balls were in all probability the regulation League ball, but nobody was sure of that fact. The Chicago team, although winning nearly every game it plays, cannot hope to keep up its triumphant march much longer. The club has released Corcoran, whose pitching during the last three years was the main cause of the success of the club. Clarkson has been doing good work, but as he has been playing in nearly every game his breakdown may be looked for shortly. McCormick has been signed, but like McGinnis, McCormick has seen his best days and none of the Eastern clubs fear his pitching much.

TENNIS IN MANY COURTS.

NEW CLUBS ORGANIZED—FUTURE TOURNAMENT—PERSONAL NOTES.

Tennis players are all talking about the sensation caused by Mr. Hankins and his friends, who persisted in playing tennis on his lawn last Sunday afternoon to the great annoyance of the members of the Presbyterian Church, situated opposite Mr. Hankins's lawn. From all accounts it does not appear that the last of this trouble has been heard.

There has been a lot of tennis played in the past week, the weather, although warm, being extremely favorable to the game. Hence the courts of the many New-York and Brooklyn clubs have been well filled, while many outside players have wandered to Central Park to the spaces allotted the game by the Park Commissioners.

In the final match of the ladies' singles in the handicap tournament of the Newark Lawn Tennis Club, the prize was carried off by Miss Miller, who beat Miss Peters, 4-6, 6-5, 6-3. Miss Miller plays a strong game for a lady, but has a formidable rival in Miss Peters.

The Roseville Lawn Tennis Club is to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which its grounds are kept. They resemble a well-kept garden rather than a tennis ground, and are much admired by passengers on the M. and E. division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, which skirts the southern edge of the ground.

The Wright and Ditson lawn tennis tournament is announced to take place at the Hotel Wentworth grounds, Newcastle, N. H., on August 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. The tournament will be held under the rules of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association. Trial matches will be best two sets out of three; finals, best three out of five, all advantage sets. The entries close on August 1.

The Toronto (Ont.) tournament for the championship of Canada will begin on August 6. The Toronto Lawn Tennis Club's grounds are in excellent condition. The club possesses three good turf courts and two cinder courts, and has a membership of nearly 100. Captain Geddes, Harry Hayes, and Mackenzie are spoken of as being the best players in the club. An open tournament will be held about the end of August, and interest is already rife as to the results. Opinion favors Herbert Gates, a rising young player of Hamilton, who will enter in the singles.

"The Lefferts" is the name of a new tennis club in Brooklyn, recently started by the young men of Lefferts-place, Brooklyn. Ground has been secured near Franklin-ave., where courts have been laid out. The chief organizers were Oscar Jones, W. Raymond, J. Babcock, F. Babcock, R. Cutler and J. Jones.

Tennis is quite the fashionable game in Chicago. The Kenwood Club is at present holding a tournament. There is a large entry and just now it would be impossible to say when a result will be reached. They are rather slow in Chicago at tennis, but the winners will probably be announced before next summer.

The Brooklyn Heights Club is increasing its membership rapidly, and bids fair to be the leading tennis club in that city.

The St. George's Cricket Club plays so little cricket and so much tennis that it would be as well to change the name and call it the St. George's Tennis Club. The courts are in excellent condition and crowded every day.

HESTER-ST. IN ITS GLORY.

WHERE CHOLERA WOULD FIND A HOME.

SCORES OF SIDEWALK MERCHANTS AND BABIES WITHOUT NUMBER—DECAYED FRUIT.

Should the cholera or any other infectious disease visit this city, it would be pretty apt to find early if not its earliest victims in the Tenth Ward. For this reason in large measure, due to the wretched sanitary condition of this district, the Sanitary Aid Society of the ward was organized and made a thorough inspection of this part of the city. The details of the report made by this organization are too nauseating for publication. In the heart of this district is a settlement of Polish Hebrews, whose quarters are known to the police and on the East Side generally as "Jew Town." To encounter their centre one must walk eastward from the Bowery along Hester-st. until he reaches Ludlow-st. The proper time for a visit here is in the evening. From sundown until 11 p. m., except on Saturday night, one will see here one of the most picturesque and at the same time disheartening scenes in the city.

From a point west of Ludlow-st. to one beyond Essex-st., and extending nearly a block in these streets north and south of Hester-st., all the inhabitants, who live packed like sardines in their rooms, are out of doors. And they are not alone from this immediate neighborhood, but from all "Jew Town," and they are all out shopping except the tradesmen and tradeswomen who are disposing of their wares. The people are crowded together so thickly on sidewalk and pavement that one might imagine a riot was in progress. One can scarcely elbow his way among them. And even if this be accomplished, there appears to be immediate danger of his emerging with grease and dirt as an annex to his clothing.

A striking feature of the scene is the presence of babies. They lie around and crawl upon the pavement; they loll upon and tumble down the steps in front of every house; they are to be found in the numberless carts in the street, drawn up for the night in solid array; their most comfortable abiding place, however, is their mother's arms or the arms of the oldest daughter, who generally appears to have attained the advanced age of ten years. Strange to say, not one of the babies squalls; they are all good-natured, and they require no soothing syrup.

The inhabitants of this part of the ward are all of stunted growth. Not a tall man or woman is to be found among them, and their features are contracted, seemingly bearing the impress of centuries of restricted life. The faces are not repulsive, yet they excite a sense of commiseration. The women are decidedly undersized and their dress is slatternly in a distressing degree. Old crones are plentiful among them. Any kind and all kinds of dress, many made up of various colors and varied orders of quality and material, prevail. Colored handkerchiefs are the main head-dress and head protection for the women. The men wear a mixture of hats and caps.

There is a perpetual babel of voices, whose chief force comes from the vendors of wares. Every other foot of space apparently supports a vender. Here is a little, old, weazen-faced man who keeps a corner grocery on the sidewalk and pavement. He has a variety of goods, especially of vegetables. He has a collection of one kind which seems to be his special pride. A hand-cart contains a load of broken eggs in all degrees of decomposition. He has been fortunate enough to secure these for a song from a more pretentious grocer, and here they are piled up in tempting fashion, two for a cent, three for a cent, and even five for a cent. When the egg has really given out under the pressure and has yielded up its yolk, then yolks and whites are tumbled promiscuously into a cup and the buyer can get a cupful at a bargain.

At the corner diagonally opposite stands a man wonderfully tall for this neighborhood. He is five feet four inches in height, unusually broad and brawny, wears a fierce black mustache and on his head is a broad-brimmed hat. He might swing a "Philadelphia rammer" with decided effect. He is bending over a pile of rotten peaches, carefully lifting them one by one and depositing them with cautious eye in a cone of brown paper. One, two, three, four, five—in they go, and he sets the cones up in two rows and calls out: "Here you are, nice ripe peaches, five for a cent. The last chance." Along comes a little boy, scarcely tall enough to stretch himself up to the cart, and buys this nice fruit a little more ripe than the charms of *Lady Jane*. Then the child goes away with a good basis of cholera infantum in his hands.

Ten feet away two young men four feet five inches tall have drawn up a cart. They call out simultaneously: "Here you are! Nice pineapples, one cent, pineapples a penny! Last lot, here's your chance." The words are scarcely uttered before the cart is surrounded with a crowd of boys from five to twelve years old. This is the grand chance for the boy with the penny right from his mother's or his grandmother's pocket. Once in a while an older boy edges his way in. The pineapples disappear like hot cakes. While the sale is making progress, one thin, white-faced urchin insinuates his right arm carefully through the front row, carefully gets hold of the tip of a wee bit of a pineapple and is about to "make a break," when a stalwart youth two feet high and nearly as broad, grabs him by the nape of the neck and growls: "What y' doin' here? Drop that. Here, take this," and he gives the would-be thief a "tiff on the nose." The two feet high youth is the detective in the employ of his two big brothers who are doing the selling. A little girl ten or twelve years old next approaches. She does not wish to buy; she is merely an on-looker. "What y' 'bout," asks the detective, stepping up to her.

"None yer business," is the answer.

"Git," goes on the dialogue.

"See here, I'll slap yer face," is the polite feminine rejoinder. She steps boldly up to him, he looks her in the face, turns away and "yanks" a small boy by the ear by way of relief. The girl stands looking on until she is satisfied and then goes dignifiedly away. A few pineapples are left and these go, first two for a cent, then three for that price. The last five are bunched together for the same price. Why are they so cheap? Watch this small, attenuated, stinted boy of ten summers and you will ascertain. There is an opening in the centre of the fruit. The boy breaks the pineapple in two, jams his mouth into one part and starts out something; he repeats the operation with the other part. What is he doing? Simply getting rid of several bites of rotten in order to get a square mouthful of sound fruit. He is living like a prince on the refuse of the land. Poor eggs, rotten peaches, decayed pineapples have a vigorous sale in Hester-st. And they are especially sought there as delicacies when the cholera is flourishing in Spain.

Vegetables are sold close by on a sliding scale arranged according to their state of decay. There are nice fresh vegetables, too, as well as large fresh pineapples and good peaches. Every conceivable variety of garden truck is spread out on trays, carts, boards, steps, or wherever they may be room. The stores all extend into the street. Drygoods are scattered around in wonderful confusion. Goods sold by the yard are measured off by the arm's-length. Watermelons are sold by the slice, "sweet as sugar and cold as ice." Plain chairs, knives and forks, cradles, tables, cheap dishes, buns and bread and baked stuff of all kinds may be tumbled upon or over in quick succession. Peering down into the basement one may see all kinds of traffic going on pertaining to human sustenance. The number of industries and avocations crowded into small compass here is bewildering.

The only occupation that does not thrive is that of the liquor-seller. There are, to be sure, three or four beer-shops, but they are deserted, save two at the corner. In one two need-up persons with high white hats, foreign to the population, are discussing topics of the day; in the other several Polish Hebrews are absorbed in a game of cards. But all are orderly. Not a drunken person is seen, unless it may be some one who has strayed in from the outside world. Indeed, order and sobriety are two distinguishing traits of this babel of human beings. Hardly an angry word is heard. Everybody is busy buying, selling, eating, drinking or talking. The drinking is confined almost wholly to soda water and lemonade. These two drinks are announced on all sides by signs in Hebrew and English. Lemonade may be had at three cents, two cents, and one cent, according to grade and the amount of sugar. Soda water goes down at three cents. And the amount of it swallowed is appalling. These drinking places are all on the sidewalk and some of them require three attendants to wait on customers, mostly girls and boys, especially the very small boy.

Electric lights illumine every stand and light up the whole scene. The result is picturesque in the extreme. The shifting, noisy populace, the calls of venders, the tumbling and crowing babies, garrulous mothers, old crones, and the general hubbub combine to form a picture which would afford good material for an artist. The great impediment to an enjoyment of the scene is the prevalence of odors so vile and pungent that the fastidious wayfarer will need to protect his olfactory nerves in his peregrinations. Garbage and cesspools in the streets, to say nothing of the horrible condition of the low and crowded tenement-houses, afford a source of pestilential vapors to which only a hot summer evening can give that full expression which characterizes Hester-st. in its glory.

FOND OF MOSQUITO BITES.

From The New-Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I never use a bar," the Galvestonian told the reporter; "although I have three of them locked up in my wardrobe at home. The bite of a mosquito is to me one of the pleasantest sensations and I also consider it healthy. When I was sailing before the mast in the lumber trade, between Calcasieu and Galveston, the swamps along the Louisiana coast swarmed with myriads of the genus culex, which would settle aboard the vessel in dense clouds, driving the captain and crew below to the shelter of the mosquito nets, while I would remain on deck all night and let 'em bite away. I have always been free from the fevers prevailing along the low lands of the coast and attribute my exemption to the fact that I let the 'skeeters' bite me as much as they pleased, as I am confident they purify the blood and free it from malaria." There are hundreds of persons who can testify to the same thing. It has always been regarded as a strange circumstance that the swampers working in the Louisiana swamps were never affected by malarial complaints. An investigation will show that it is due to the fact that they are not afraid of mosquito bites, and will prove further that when mosquito bars are introduced into camp more or less sickness inevitably follows. We offer this theory to the public as one worthy of an experiment. Abolish bars for a week or two, sit quiet and raise no objection to the surgical operations of the little cuppers and you will see the truth of this assertion demonstrated by a general improvement in health and animal spirits.

A FOREIGN WATERING PLACE

THE PLEASURES OF AIX.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR:—One might do much worse than to come to Aix for pleasure, for it is a charming place in itself; but of the thousands—some 25,000 per year—who come here it would be safe to say that nineteen-twentieths have come either in pursuit of health for themselves or as the companions of health-seeking friends. An Englishman I met the other day was an exception. I had lost my way, and I asked him, in my best French, if he could tell me where was the house of Dr. Blanc.

"I am English, and I am well," was the somewhat startling reply; and having astonished me by this statement he proceeded to add that, being well, he had had no occasion to know where doctors lived. I have seen no other such specimen of proud independence; for it is as a "cure," technically so-called, that Aix is chiefly known, though Rousseau loved its beauty in his time, when he lived with Madame de Warens at Chambery. The regular inhabitants of Aix scarcely number 5,000; and it seems to me that most of them are either physicians, doucheurs or keepers of hotels. I do not mention shopkeepers, for they are chiefly summer butterflies—no, let me say rather keen-scented and industrious bees—who come here from winter resorts like Cannes and Nice, and sell goods to the unwary at prices far higher than one would pay in Paris. Of course the great centres of attraction are the Thermal Establishment for health, and the Casino for amusement. Everybody wants to go to the Etablissement des Bains in the forenoon, so as to have the afternoon free for pleasure; but also of course not every one can be so fortunate as to secure the early hours. The Etablissement is an imposing building, and contains four immense swimming baths, two family swimming baths, douches of every possible variety, vapor baths, rooms for inhalation, steam baths for hands and feet—patience would fail were I to enumerate them all. The doucheurs and douchesses of Aix les Bains are said to be the best in the world. Their skill has become a tradition, and their methods are handed down from parents to children. One of those most noted for skilful massage is La Grande Charlotte. She has even been sent for to Balmoral to give the Queen the benefit of her method. She devotes herself chiefly to patients suffering from rheumatic gout, and having aided in some remarkable cures, she is in great demand.

In the height of the season the baths are said to open at 2 a. m. This may be the case later on, but at present the hour for opening is 4:30 a. m., and I hear wild rumors of men who play baccarat at the Casino until morning, losing or winning fortunes in a single night, and then go, on their way home, to the Etablissement for their douches, and then take their sleep while the rest of the world wakes. Aix les Bains is, above all, the chosen refuge for people afflicted with neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, and that disease we are wont to call rheumatic gout, though Dr. Garrod—the great London physician who is its godfather—has given it a more stately-sounding name, which I am sorry to have forgotten.

"I might almost claim to have discovered rheumatic gout," said Dr. Garrod, in an interview I had with him in London. I silently wished that he had not made this discovery. "I mean," said he, perhaps by way of self-justification, "that I differentiated the disease and classified it, as no one had ever done before. Twenty-seven years ago I gave it a name and wrote a book about it."

"You are then, in a way, its proprietor," I suggested humbly.

"I might almost say so. I have hundreds of patients with it in a single week. They come from every quarter of the world—India, Australia, New-Zealand, North and South America—and they are of all ages, too."

"Literally?"

"Well, pretty nearly. The youngest patient I ever had with it was a child of three years old, with every pronounced symptom, chalk deposits and all, and the oldest was an old man of eighty-seven, who had never had a touch of the disease till he reached that age."

I think he loves rheumatic gout, this Dr. Garrod, as an astronomer loves his telescope, or a chemist his bottles. And he believes in Aix les Bains devoutly. If you want to come here, you have only to go to Dr. Garrod's office and he will send you.

My own chosen hour for the baths is 7 o'clock in the morning. The dew is on the grass, and the new is on the day, and the douchesses are not yet too tired. One great advantage in getting through the baths in the morning is that there are so many pleasant things to occupy the rest of the day. From no place can more lovely excursions be made than from Aix. You drive to the Grand Port and take a rowboat with two oarsmen, and out you go on this lovely lake—lovely as Leman or Lugano. A two hours' row brings you to the Monastery of Haute-Combe, the burial place of the royal house of Savoie, to which the present King of Italy belongs. The chapel here contains, besides pictures, bas-reliefs and mosaics, more than 300 marble statues, all interesting and some of them extremely beautiful. Other excursions by boat are to Bourdeau, Le Bourget and Chatillon. There are many delightful drives, also, and various excursions to be made by "break," as they call a sort of omnibus, covered over the top and open at the sides, which takes you away from Aix about noon, and brings you back again in time for dinner. Delightful trips to make when you have an off day from the baths are those to Annecy and Chambery. Chambery was the birthplace and capital of the House of Savoie. The old residence of this princely house was almost entirely destroyed in 1793, but the three towers and the chapel remain.

Perhaps more people, however, think of Chambery in connection with Jean Jacques Rousseau than even in connection with the House of Savoie. Near Chambery is the little place called "Les Charmettes," which was the home of Rousseau and Madame de Warens; and it is quite unchanged since they lived there. It is possible to make an excursion from Aix to La Grand Chartreuse and return in a single day, but it is much easier and pleasanter to take two days for the trip. The gentlemen of your party will be allowed to pass the night in the monastery which shelters the holy monks, but the ladies must seek humbler refuge outside the gates, in a little inn kept by some lay sisters. Another charming excursion is by railway to Annecy. There is a lovely lake which flows up to the town, and the soft loveliness of the spot equals that of Como. Eugene Sue, Castire and Rousseau passed the last years of their lives there, and the house of Rousseau still exists, though it is falling into decay. But to find beauty and interest enough one need not go so far afield. A drive of twenty minutes brings you to the entrance of the Gorge of Gresy, and then a little steamer takes you through the Gorge. Your boat glides on silently. Trees meet over your head and seem to close impenetrably before you. Not a sound save the wind's low whisper breaks the stillness. You are veritably in some realm of Faery. Pan has taken refuge there, perhaps; and the wood nymphs and the water-sprites meet on these banks. It is a place too lovely to be mocked by adjectives. You hold your breath for very rapture, and glide through the charmed silence, too happy to break it by a word.

There are mountains to climb here for the enterprising; and patient donkeys all saddled and bridled await your pleasure. Or, if you are lazy, there is the Casino, where you may go and read the papers, or write your letters, or drink afternoon tea with your friends. In the evenings there is gayety enough. Three nights in the week there is a theatrical performance in the dainty little theatre of the Casino by a very good theatrical company—other nights there are concerts—and frequently there are fireworks and illuminations. And always, in one quiet room, there are the baccarat tables, and while the music plays, or the dancers dance, or the fireworks dazzle the night, the players heed nothing that goes on outside, but sit there and play, and lose and win, as if their whole lives centred in the turning of a card. I am told that many silent tragedies go on here. But we see nothing of all that—we others who go to the theatre or the concert, or watch the dancers in the great hall, and then go home to restful slumbers, and awake for our morning baths with quiet mind.

The Hotel de l'Europe, which had the honor of Queen Victoria's patronage during her visit to Aix in the spring of this year, gave a ball not long ago in honor of the Queen's birthday, and a very nice ball it was. The supper was on a grand scale, and the dancing was most amusing. The longing to dance seemed to possess almost everybody. People you were wont to see walking painfully about, leaning on staves, danced like mad, as if nothing were the matter, and then actually limped off to their seats again. And the doctors—oh, the doctors—how they did strive to do their duty! They were each ten men in one. They danced with this patient, they took that one out to supper, they smiled, they bowed, they made their facile French compliments; and, in short, they were the life of the party. Mindful of my 7 o'clock douche the next morning, I went home at midnight, but I hear they kept up the ball till past 3 o'clock in the morning, and not a doctor of them all but was spinning round until the end.

"Does Aix *cure* people?" you ask. The doctors do not promise to cure chronic cases without several returns, yet it not infrequently happens that people come here on crutches, and go away able to dance with the gayest of their neighbors. The most common thing, however, is that one should be helped by the "Cure" the first year, helped still more the second, and only absolutely cured after three or four visits.

Dr. Blanc, inspector of the baths here, and one of the most active of men, told me that some years ago he was so prostrated by rheumatism that he could scarcely get from one room to another. It took seven courses of treatment wholly to cure him; but cured he was in the end, and that thoroughly. I hear marvellous tales of the good that has been done here, and what I have seen myself quite prepares me to believe them.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Aix Les Bains, June 20, 1885.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST NOISE.—What a farce is this "Crusade against Noise," to which some of my contemporaries have opened their columns! It seems that at present most—I should say all—fairly sound people don't mind noise at all. Their sensitiveness under the exquisite torture inflicted by man and beast is as yet undeveloped. To bring out and educate this sickly hyper-sensitiveness is the proposed function of these Anti-Noise Crusaders. For my part, I have little sympathy with these half-baked men, these "brain-workers," as they delight to call themselves, whose brain won't work if a sparrow chirps on the roof or an organ grinds in the next parish. To my thinking, it is possible to do a very decent amount of brain work in the midst of a great deal of noise. Ship's captains as a general rule are expected to have their wits about them even in storms. Now storms are seldom altogether silent.—[*Truth* (*London.*)

THE MONEY MARKET.

SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE, JULY 18.

THE GENERAL LIST.

Name.	Actual Sales. Opening.	High't	Low't	Final.	Closing bids. Bid.	Ask'd	Shares sold.
B C R & Nor	63	63	63	63	60	63	50
Can Pacific	44½	46	44½	46	49	46¼	2,210
Can Southern	34⅞	35½	34½	34½	34½	35	1,500
Central N J	40	40½	39¾	40½	40	40¼	1,910
Cen Pacific	32⅝	34⅛	32⅝	33⅛	33⅝	34¼	3,910
Ches & Ohio	5	5	5	5	5½	6	200
C & O 1st pref	10	10¼	10	10	10	12	630
Chic & N W	98¾	99¾	98⅝	99⅜	99	99¼	22,815
do pref	131	131½	131	131½	131¼	131½	400
C M & St P	77⅞	80⅜	77⅞	79⅞	79⅜	79⅞	83,630
Do pref	109½	110	109½	110	110	111	200
C St L & P, pref	16	16	16	16	15¾	18	100
C St P M & O	25	25½	24½	25	25	25¾	805
C St P M & O, pr	81	81½	81	81½	80½	81½	1,090
C Bur & Q	128½	128¾	127⅞	128½	128¼	128⅞	2,160
C R I & Pac	118¾	118¾	118¾	118¾	118½	118⅞	220
C C C & I	37	37	37	37	37	37½	100
Del, L & W	99⅝	101	99⅝	100⅝	100⅝	100½	33,325
D & H Canal	80	80	80	80	80	80¼	100
D & Rio G	6¼	6¼	6	6	5⅞	6¼	650
Dub & S C	60	60	60	60	59	..	100
E Ten V & Ga	3⅝	3½	3⅜	3½	3½	3⅝	400
E T, Va & G 1st	5¾	6	5¾	6	5½	6	500
Ev & T H	50	50	50	50	48½	49½	150
Green Bay	5	5	5	5	4½	5	800
Ill Cent	129¼	129½	129¼	129½	129¼	129½	300
I B & W	9½	9½	9¼	9½	9⅝	10	100
Lake Shore	67⅞	69⅞	67⅝	69⅝	69½	69⅝	49,200
Long Island	75½	75½	75½	75½	74½	75	20
Louis & Nash	38⅝	39½	38⅝	39	38⅞	39	16,995
L, N, Alb & C	25	25	25	25	24	26	400
Manhat Cons	95¼	95½