

Mild Winter Weather

From the New York Tribune.
The Canadian Weather Review for November, just received, affords little comfort to the ice-men, coal-dealers, plumbers and others who have been annoyed at the mildness of the winter thus far. For more than three months a wave of weather warmer than usual has been crossing the continent. In September, which was a period of slightly abnormal cold east of the Mississippi, the temperature over Southwestern British America, and from Northwestern Montana to Oregon and Washington Territory, was 2 deg. or 3 deg. higher than the season called for. Two degrees look like a trifling variation; but, continued night and day for a month, it is unusual and clearly discernible. By October the warm tract had overspread the whole Pacific coast of the United States and most of the Rocky Mountains, the greatest excess over the normal temperature being 7 deg. at Portland, Ore. Meantime the weather from Georgia to the St. Lawrence was between 1 deg. and 8 deg. colder than it should have been. The special bulletin of the Washington Weather Bureau for November showed that the warmth was subsiding in Oregon, though it had not entirely disappeared; that the most marked departure from the normal was between the Rockies and Upper Mississippi, ranging from 5 deg. to 9 deg.; that the eastern cold tract had gone; and that slightly abnormal warmth extended over the northern part of the United States to New England.
Dr. Carpiel's report for last month shows that in Manitoba the temperature averaged over 9 deg. above the mean of previous Novembers, while there was an excess of from 1 deg. to 4 deg. in the regions, thence eastward to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These facts, in the light of certain precedents, would excite an expectation of mild weather in the Lower Lake region, North Atlantic States and New England through December and January; and, in spite of two or three cold waves, that prospect has thus far been realized. The average temperature of New York, for instance, for the last four weeks has been more than 3 degrees above the normal for December. This persistent and unusual warmth may subside without a further eastward movement of the wave; and there is some reason to expect that it will, eventually be followed by abnormally cold weather. From the little that is yet known of these weather areas of slow movement, however, no great hope of a decided and lasting change before February or March would be justified at present.

The Law of Long Life

Youth's Companion.
Nathan Allen, M. D., LL. D., has given many years of study to physiological laws in their relation to great social problems. He has contributed to the New England Medical Monthly a suggestive paper on the "Normal Standard of Physiology." This standard, he holds, consists in the perfect balance of all the organs and their harmonious working. He compares the body to a complicated machine, so thoroughly and perfectly made that the friction comes equally on every part, according to the design in its construction. A change at any one point destroys the balance, and thus becomes the entering wedge of disease. Hence, a perfect standard of health is where every organ is perfect in structure and function.
Such a standard indicates the law of longevity, as well as the law of health. Long life must depend on the harmonious working of a well-balanced organization. Hence, we find that the very aged are remarkable for evenness in their mental, moral and social elements of character.
Hence, too, the classes specially defective in body and mind are notably short-lived. Respiration, digestion, circulation, assimilation and secretion must be equally sustained. A failure at one point disturbs the harmony of the whole.
The same principle lies at the basis of the law of heredity. The long-lived of to-day have had long-lived ancestors, from whom they have inherited well-balanced organs.
On this general balance also depends the law of increase. Hence, a predominance of the nerve tissue lessens the birth rate, and tends to the extinction of the family and the race. This is illustrated in the case of the European nobility. It is as signally illustrated in New England. Within two or three generations the birth-rate of our native population has diminished more than one-half. That of the Irish, English and German among us is twice as large as that of the former. The power to nurse offspring has equally diminished.

George Elliott's Life.

"She was really one of the most sceptical, unusual creatures I ever knew, and it was this side of her character which to me was the most attractive. She told me that it was worth while to undertake all the labor of learning French, if it resulted in nothing more than reading one book—Rousseau's 'Confessions.' I can see her now, with her hair over her shoulders, the easy chair half sideways to the fire, her feet over the arms and a proof in her hands, in that dark room at the back of No. 142, and I confess I hardly recognized her in the pages of Mrs. Cross's—on many accounts—most interesting volumes. I do hope that in some future edition, or in some future work, the salt and spice will be restored to the records of George Elliott's entirely unconventional life. As the matter now stands, she has not had full justice done to her, and she has been removed from the class—the great and noble church, if I may so call it—of the Insurgents to one more general, but certainly not so interesting."—Hale White in London Times.

The poet, Whittier recently remarked to a friend: "I think I was born with a headache."

Farm and Household.

For the Eye of the Cook.

LAPLANDER CAKES.—One pint of flour, 2 eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar. Pour into hot pans.

JENNY LINDS.—Two eggs, half cup of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a cup of milk, 3 1/2 cups of flour. Bake in gem pans.

BUTTERMILK CAKE.—One cup of buttermilk, the same of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus and a piece of butter size of an egg.

A DELICATE COCONUT LAYER-CAKE.—Is made by the following recipe: One-half cup of batter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, three tea-spoonfuls of baking-powder and the whites of eight eggs; bake in jelly-cake pans. For the filling, one grated coconut, three-quarters of a pound of sugar and the whites of three eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; then beat in the sugar; put this between the cakes, sprinkle a thick layer of coconut over each, cover the top and sides with the coconut and icing.

POTATO CHIPS.—Select large potatoes, peel them, slice them on a plate or cabbage cutter, which may be procured at any house-furnishing store, throw the slices into ice water or very cold water, and let them soak a while to draw out the starch; then remove to a clean towel and absorb all the water from them with the towel, throw them into a wire basket in hot lard, keep the slices separate, and when a delicate yellow drain them from the fat. Spread on brown paper, to absorb the fat, sprinkle them lightly with salt and put in a dish. They may be eaten cold or hot, and are good for many days, as a little while in the oven will make them as good as new. In New York and Brooklyn they have been sold by the barrel.

CORN BREAD.—Into one pint of rich buttermilk stir one level teaspoonful of soda, until it foams. Add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, then the white Southern corn meal, until the mixture has the proper consistency. To this add two tablespoonfuls melted lard and lastly the whites of eggs well beaten. Use iron muffin molds well greased and heated. This recipe is for muffins, but batter cakes can be made in the same way, only make the batter quite thin and take half as much lard. The batter for muffins must be soft enough to drop nicely into the moulds, else the bread will not be light.

Note.—We have always found it a good plan when using soda with sour milk or buttermilk to put it in the very last thing, and its foaming raises and lightens the whole mass.

Kentucky Blue Grass.

Probably no section of the world is more famous for its pastures than the blue grass region of Kentucky, and many a horse reared upon these fertile meadows, has received the admiration of thousands, for the combined qualities of speed, beauty, and endurance. The grass which forms the basis of these great pasture grounds is well known over a large portion of the United States. That few grasses are so well known is evidenced by the popular names, green meadow grass, June grass, common spear grass, and others which have been applied to it. This is one of the earliest of our grasses, with a perennial creeping root, erect, smooth, and round stems, linear, flat leaves, and a spreading, erect panicle. In color the plant is a light green, the spikelets often having a tinge of brownish purple. As before stated, it is especially valuable for pasture, being much relished by stock. For hay it needs to be cut at the time of flowering, as afterward it soon dries up. As a lawn grass it is most desirable, its fine herbage making an excellent turf. An eminent cattle breeder, writing many years ago of the value of this species, said: "Whoever has limestone land has blue grass; whoever has blue grass has the basis of all agricultural prosperity; and that man, if he have not the finest horses, cattle and sheep has no one to blame but himself."

Blackberry and Raspberry Canes.

Mr. J. C. Plumb reminds readers of The Western Farmer that last winter's experience warns us to protect blackberry and raspberry canes. His own practice is thus referred to: "This is about the last thing we usually do, first taking up all superfluous plants, cutting back all we would of the fruiting canes in spring, and removing the old wood. This leaves about one-half as much to handle. Dig or plough away from the row and loosen the plant at the roots, so that the bend will come entirely on the rope-like and pliable roots. Lay all one way and cover only enough to hold them down on the ground, and follow with a little mulch to shade the plant after the ground is frozen. That magnificent berry, the Gregg blackcap, last winter proved only halfhardy on rich soil, and that also should be got down under the snow line where practicable. The Cutbert red will also do much better with this treatment."

An Ensilage Experiment.

Professor L. Wetherell stated at the recent dairy convention in Morrisburg, Ontario, that Mr. Lawrence of Croton, Mass., who makes fancy butter for the Boston market for which he gets seventy cents a pound from persons who buy to sell again, tried giving a feed of what he considered nice ensilage to his cows once a day, without the knowledge of the purchasers of his butter in the city. For the first churning which he sent after the use of ensilage began, the purchaser returned thirty-five cents a pound,

with the inquiry: "What is the matter with your butter?" Such experiences, taken in connection with the recent action of the Swiss Milk Condensing Company in rejecting wholly milk from cows whose rations include ensilage, it must be confessed, tend to unsettle the value of ensilage for such cows.—Professor L. B. Arnold.

Frost Proof Cellars.

Mr. Henry Ives once advised readers to render cellars frost proof by the simple expedient of filling all crevices about doors and windows, and especially under the sills, with mason's common lime mortar, such as is used for house walls. Jabez of Zion acted on the excellent suggestion, and reports that he was surprised to find how many small openings there were through which cold air came in with a chilling rush. These were perfectly stopped, with the greatest care, and he never performed half a day's back-breaking labor which gave more satisfaction, his stored fruit and vegetables remaining absolutely secure during all the severity of the winter, without any outside banking, or use of kerosene lamps during coldest nights.

How Girls Should Wear Their Skirts, Dress Their Hair, and So On.

Harper's Bazar.
Girls 14 years old wear their skirts long enough to come within two inches of their shoes; these of 16 years old have them reach to the ankles. A good foundation skirt of alpaca is in most dresses, and the overskirt and lower skirt are draped upon this. There is a pad bustle and a short steel-spring across the back breath in many dresses, but these must be very small or they will be obtrusive and ungraceful. Extremely narrow and very wide kilt plaits are used for girls' skirts; others have double plaits all round, with one passing up to the belt on the left side over the apron. Full gathered back breadths, with braided panels on the sides and box-plaited fronts, are stylish skirts. Large buttons sometimes take the place of braid on the panels. A wide band of plush or of velvet, or many rows of Hercules braid, are placed around the pleated skirts of wool dresses.

Girls of 16 wear their front hair in a short bang that may be either straight or waved, and their back hair in a low Catogan loop, which is a thick braid of three tresses turned upward to the nape of the neck and tied there with a ribbon bow. The long hanging Gretchen are again worn in either one or two plaits by girls from 10 years upward; these are left unplaited at the ends, and are tied with ribbons above the loose, fluffy ends. Flowing tresses are less used than formerly, and when worn by large girls they are confined by a ribbon at the nape of the neck, instead of falling straight from the crown. Small children wear a short bang that does not extend far on the sides, and the hair then falls straight down the sides and back onto the neck; a tress on the top, just back of the bangs is tied with ribbon to keep it back, instead of using a round comb. Short cropped hair is also worn again, and is commended, as it strengthens and thickens the hair.

Standing linen collars and gathered linen frills are worn in the neck and wrists of misses' dresses, and also by quite young girls, as their dresses are now finished with a standing band. For the street a white embroidered muslin necktie is worn, tied in a very large bow. The large embroidered collars are still worn by small children.

Women Learning Business Methods.

Many ladies in Chicago keep bank accounts and check against their deposits for household and personal expenses, just as their husbands do in their business. They can thus do their shopping without the bother of carrying around bills. One lady, who has a regular allowance from her husband, a merchant, takes entire charge of the household, the grounds, the stable, everything. She watches the domestic end of their affairs as close as her husband does the business end. She issues her checks to pay the servants, the stablemen, the harness repairer, the butcher and everybody. She even takes charge of all home improvements and pays the painter, the mason, the decorator, the carpenter, and so on. There is a sort of craze among Chicago ladies for bank accounts and check-books.

Farm Experiences.

New varieties of fruits and vegetables are to be purchased with great caution. A few instances may occur in which one finds an acquisition, but the prizes are exceedingly rare as compared with the disheartening blanks. Let no one be misled by a high sounding name. Jumbo strawberries, scaly bark, and Cuban green watermelons, guaranteed to bear up to a weight of 1,200 pounds; Ironclad, Boss, and others, all equally worthless, have been put off upon the public to the great disappointment of purchasers. New roses, new tomatoes, potatoes by scores, all have been ardent deceivers. It has been the worst when a farmer who grows largely for market has been misled into planting his whole crop with some new "promising" kinds which have nothing but the promises of sellers to recommend them, and the unhappy victims have lost largely. The only safe way is to experiment in a small way and test these varieties, but a safe way is to keep to the old established kinds until something certain is known of the new ones.
Of the new strawberries not one in a score is worth planting. Crescent, Milton, and Campion are still at the head of the list for market purposes, where the grower has rich, heavy soil and will give the best culture, and grow in hills two feet apart; Cumberland, Seth Boyden, Charles Downing, Colonel Cheney, and Kentucky will give pleasure and profit. All others

are to be tried in a small way before any large venture is made. To this list may be added for domestic use Sharpless and Miner's profic.
Cutbert Raspberry still stands at the head of the red varieties and Gregg at the top of the list of black kinds, while Kittatimny, notwithstanding its proclivity to rust, (but this only when its culture is neglected,) is the best blackberry.

Another vaunted fraud is the Mammoth Clover. It is coarse in the extreme; makes wretched hay, and is only good for plowing under. Alfalfa is another deceiver, excepting on dry arid soils, where red clover is all-sufficient, and is the head of all the class of meadow forage plants.

A remarkable improvement in the flavor and appearance of poultry which has been fed in coops or pens two weeks before killing has been noticed by those who have tried this plan. Clean corn and cold water have been found to be the only requisites for rapid and healthful fattening.

Apples which have been gathered by hand and carefully packed in barrels and stored in cool, dry cellars or fruit houses have brought three times the price of fruit which has been shaken from the tree or "knocked off by poles." The difference in value consists in the longer keeping and the absence of discoloration by bruising. An almost universal experience is that the best keeping winter apples only are profitable. In fact, long-keeping quality is the great desideratum in everything in the shape of fruit and, it may be added, dairy products as well.

Repeated warnings are necessary to guard farmers against the nefarious designs of swindlers of various kinds who go about seeking whom they may devour. At one of the fairs the great burden of complaint was of these rogues who depredate upon the public in so many ways and with such alluring deceptions as to make victims of men who have the reputation of being shrewd and sharp. There is but one way to escape, and this is to have no dealings—not even parley—with people who go around to farmer's houses to solicit business of any kind whatever. A firm, emphatic no is the only rebuff these deceivers will submit to.

Soaking seeds in solutions of various fertilizing substances has often been recommended as a valuable aid to the earliest growth of the plants. Several patents have been taken for enveloping seeds in a coating of soluble fertilizing matter, but this method has had no advantage which has counterbalanced the cost of the process. A German experimenter who has investigated this matter finds no benefit to accrue from the soaking of seeds in any solution whatever; pure water alone has given as good results as any solution which has been tried. Other experiments have shown that soaking the seed in water alone hastens the germination only sometimes, but not always, and is therefore of very questionable utility.—N. Y. Times.

On Board the "Alabama."

One of the best known personages along Brooklyn's waterfront is Charles Wilson, or "Dutch Charley." He is a river "speculator," and considers his profession one that is wrongly estimated by outsiders, including the police. He makes no secret of his business, and explains it thus: "If I buy goods from men on board ship and pay them good, hard, American money for them, what right has a policeman to interfere?" Wilson was for twenty-two months of the civil war on board the Confederate privateer "Alabama," and to a Union reporter he told a few incidents of his life with Captain Semmes and how he came to enter his service.

I was an able seaman on board the Boston ship "Pawshop" sailing between the East Indies and Liverpool. This was in the latter part of 1862, and we were on our return voyage with a cargo of jute and linseed oil and but a few days out. It was my lookout, and I sighted a ship's light ahead to the leeward. I informed the mate, and suggested to him that the vessel might be the "Alabama," and got laughed at for my pains. I was relieved in a few minutes, but mean while the stranger had hoisted her flag and presently we were hailed like this:

"What ship is that?"
"The 'Pawshop.'"
"Where are you from?"
"Boston."

"All right; I'll send a boat over to you."
But the Captain did not propose to receive any boat from the "Alabama," for it was her, and we crowded on all sail. Then they fired a gun at us which missed its mark, but made the Captain think he had better surrender.

We were all taken aboard the "Alabama," including our Captain and his wife. Everything of value was taken off the "Pawshop," and she was set on fire. The poor old Captain owned a share in the vessel, and he cried bitterly when he saw her burning.

Most of the crew joined that of the "Alabama," and those that did not were put ashore at the first handy place. I did not want to be dumped off in a foreign land, so I took service with him until we got to England. Once, when four American cruisers had us penned up in a little bay on the Chinese coast, Semmes rigged up a counterfeiter of the "Alabama," as she was then rigged, as a bark, and while the cruisers kept their eyes on her (the counterfeiter's) light we stole out in the dark toged out as a full rigged ship. That was the beauty of the "Alabama." You could never tell what she was. Sometimes she was a brig, and at others a bark.

Semmes must have had a valuable collection of spoils."
"Well, yes. He had more chronometers than you put in the Union's business office, and gold, silver, tools, furniture and other stuff. He was not a bad fellow at all, but he did not mind destroying property much."

BUILDING UPON THE SAND.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtle grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun,
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure ye pledge with truth.
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth,
For if ye give not heart to heart,
As well as hand to hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise part"
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of sterling stuff—
For charity is cold,
But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things,
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin-heap, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe the white or we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lead a helping hand;
For those who talk yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

ELIZA CROOK.

Daughters of Bonanza Kings.

I saw a newspaper paragraph the other day about Miss Jennie Flood, the daughter of James C. Flood, one of the partners of the Nevada Bank, of San Francisco, and one of the rich men of the Pacific coast. It was an extract from a letter written from San Francisco by a lady correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat who was out to the Sandwich Islands last summer, and who writes about society at Washington every winter. She said Miss Flood is a very plain and a very economical young woman, and intimated that it was a lucky thing that young Ulysses Grant did not marry her. She is very stout, has a round, red face and combs her hair straight back from her forehead. When Patti was in San Francisco last winter she had a box every night, and sat up in full and somewhat painful view, and held in her hand always a big bouquet, but she was quite unmoved by the most rapturous strains of the great Adeline's voice and did not once throw so much as a single rose from her big bouquet during the entire season. This piece of gossip about Miss Flood suggests some interesting facts about the daughters of that very remarkable group of men who suddenly made enormous fortunes on the Pacific coast. A daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, for a long time President of the Bank of California, but now a resident of New York, married Mr. Whitlaw Reid, the editor and principal proprietor of the New York Tribune. She has a distinguished husband and is most happily situated in life. Ex-Gov. Leland Stanford, who is in Washington as a senator this winter, had but one child, and that was a son, who died a short time ago in Italy. He is now childless and will probably die so. An associate of his in the Central Pacific railroad syndicate wherein he made his money was Mark Hopkins, who went out to California from Massachusetts in 1848. He died six or seven years ago and left thirty or forty millions. He never had any children, but his widow, who got at least \$20,000,000 from his estate, and who is one of the richest women in the world, had adopted a son and afterwards married him to a relative of hers. The young people now live with her, and will, no doubt, inherit the bulk of her fortune. She is now building a residence at Great Barrington, Mass., her old home, that will have cost when completed about \$1,000,000. As she is 60 years old, this splendid palace will probably be enjoyed by her adopted son and his wife, James C. Fair, who, like ex-Gov. Stanford, is a senator at Washington, hails from Nevada, but belongs to the Pacific coast tribe of rich men. He has no grown daughters, but a number of children yet young in years. He is divorced from his wife, but had his children with him in Washington winter before last. John W. Mackay has no daughters of his own, but the story of Miss Eve Mackay, his adopted daughter, is well known. She is counted the best daughter of one of the best California millionaires, and the best California match that is called illustrious because her husband is Prince Colonna. Two other daughters of these rich men of the Pacific coast married foreigners. One was Miss Sharon, daughter of ex-Senator Sharon, who recently died. She is now Lady Hesketh, of England, and is said to be most a lovely woman. It was after she left California to live abroad that her father became involved in the notorious Sarah Althea Hill scandal, which was, of course, a great humiliation to her, but which she bore with becoming patience and fortitude. She was not in California after that scandal fell upon the public and did not see her father in his last illness. He died a most lonely and unattended death, having been almost entirely deserted by both family and friends. Before his daughter's marriage he was very fond of her, and allowed her every luxury that money could provide. He fitted up Belmont for her, the most beautiful country seat in America, probably, west of the Alleghenies. Her affianced came to San Francisco for her in the finest private yacht that ever entered the Golden Gate, and as her friends bid her adieu they said if there was ever a child of fortune, she was the one. Little did she dream that the sky would so soon be overcast with the cloud of scandal that darkened the last days of her father. It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that Lady Hesketh's husband first proposed to a daughter of Charles Crocker, who is as rich as Stanford and who made his money the same way. He was

rejected, mainly because Mr. Crocker, a very plain and blunt gentleman, objected. He told the ambitious young foreigner one bright morning that he thought his daughter could find a man in America entirely good enough for her. Perhaps so, but she went abroad after all. She fell in love with a young, impetuous Englishman who went out to San Francisco, and, Schilling-like went to serving as conductor on a street car. He was thus employed when Miss Crocker met and loved him. They were married secretly and lived apart from the enraged millionaire father for two years. At the end of that time the old gentleman gave a great feast at his house, and among the guests that were there was this youthful daughter and her English husband. There was a reconciliation. The daughter was taken to Europe by her father on a pleasure trip and the devoted husband was given a lucrative place in the main office of the Central Pacific railroad. Miss Sharon, Miss Crocker and Miss Mackay were therefore the three California millionaire girls who married out of their own country.

There was another marital incident in the Crocker family, of California, that excited a good deal of comment at the time and that is not yet forgotten. Charles Crocker had a brother, now deceased, who was known as Judge J. B. Crocker. He also made a fortune out of the Central Pacific bonanza, being chief counsel for the company. He left a widow and daughter. The former is known to-day as one of the most charitable women on the Pacific coast. She has endowed several worthy institutions, among them being the Old Women's Home and the Industrial School of Sacramento. Her art gallery has been said to be the largest and most complete in the United States, and this she throws open to the public twice a week, charging a moderate admission fee, which goes to a charitable fund. The daughter grew up with every wish gratified, and was a true type of the free and independent young woman. She was in the habit of breaking over a good many of the conventional rules of society, but was fair as a lily and was never under the suspicion of wrongdoing. She was fond of driving and other out-door sports, and could make herself interesting without being a bore of propriety. She was at last, however, unfortunate in one of her acquaintances. He was a young man who had no visible means of support and was exposed by the papers. She took it to heart and went over to England and came back with a touseau, expecting to marry the man whose acquaintance she had formed over there, but there was a lawyer in San Francisco, Porter Ashe, who had long admired her, and her eye had no sooner fallen upon him than she changed her mind about the Englishman, and without her mother's knowledge she took Mr. Ashe and the touseau she had brought over from Worth and went to a minister to be married. They started on a Southern Pacific train to go on a wedding tour. It so happened that this was the very train that caught fire on the Tahachapi grade three years ago, and on which so many people met a sudden and terrible death. Young Ashe and his bride were in a drawing-room car, and escaped unhurt through a window, and the first intimation that the young woman's mother had of her marriage or her whereabouts, for she had married secretly, was from a list of names in the paper of those who had been saved from the awful calamity. "One of the saved was Mrs. Porter Ashe, nee Crocker." Mrs. Crocker immediately telegraphed both bride and bridegroom to come home, which they did, and the family seems to have been happy enough ever since. Ashe, however, gave over the practice of law, and now makes himself quite easy in life. He has one of the best stables in California.

There are other daughters of rich Californians that are eminently worth writing about. The founder of the bank of California was Robert Tallant, who died some years ago worth eight or ten millions. He served in the early days with D. O. Mills and William C. Redston, but was not so much known in the East as either of these. He left a widow and two daughters, and both the latter—Misses Flora and Jane—are still unmarried. They are worth a full million a piece, and while not beautiful, are bright and interesting and independent. They are Bohemian in their tastes, and like to stroll through the country, and row a boat. Every summer they come East, and spend the season at some watering-place, having generally their own exclusive circle of congenial friends. Their mother has a house at Oakland as well as in San Francisco. Miss Lydia Woodworth, of San Francisco, is probably the handsomest of all these daughters of rich Californians. Her father was Samuel Woodworth, the son of the poet who wrote the famous "Old Onken Bucket." The family went to California many years ago, and Samuel Woodworth made a great deal of money. He died and left a rich widow, who married a Lieutenant Dennison, of the United States Navy. Two or three years after the marriage Dennison went to the Palace Hotel and blew out his brains, having become mentally unbalanced. No blame ever attached to Mrs. Dennison, who is a cultured and excellent lady. There was one son born of this second marriage who is called Woodworth Dennison. A son by the first marriage is now a student at Harvard. Miss Lydia Woodworth is worth at least \$500,000 in her own right, and is a most attractive young lady, but as to marriage is understood to have independent ideas. She, like the Misses Tallant, and as for that nearly all the California girls, is devoted to out-door sports, and rides a horse as a handles an oar with equal skill. She can vault a fence with a certainty of a young Indian and with perfect modesty and innocence. In San Francisco she is at the head of the topmost social circle and is loved and respected by a very large number of friends.

Sam Jones, the indefatigable revivalist, has insured his life for \$5,000.