



MUSICAL CIRCLES.

This week has been exceedingly dull from a musical point of view. Many of our musicians are out of town, and those that remain are not inclined to be active. That is the only explanation that can be given.

Under the heading "How Mozart Composed," *Groves Dictionary of Music* gives some idea of the wonderful capacity of the great master as follows:
 "Mozart almost always completed his compositions before committing any portion of them to writing. Knowing this—as we do, on no less positive authority than that of his own word—we find no difficulty in understanding the history of the Overture to "Il Don Giovanni." The vulgar tradition is that he postponed the preparation of this great work from sheer slothfulness, until the evening before the production of the opera; and the copyists waiting, while he completed his MS. The story is, that he kept it back for the purpose of reconsideration, until the very last moment, when, though almost fainting from fatigue, he wrote it out, without a mistake, while his wife kept him awake by telling him the most laughable *Voiksmarschen* she could remember. It is clear that in this case, the process of transcription was a purely mechanical one. He knew his work so perfectly, by heart, that the peals of laughter excited by his wife's absurd stories did not prevent him from producing an MS which, delivered to the copyists sheet by sheet as he completed it, furnished the text of the orchestral parts from which the overture was played, without further correction, and without rehearsal. But he had not always time to carry out this process of mental elaboration so completely. Though he made no preliminary sketches of his compositions, he not unfrequently introduced considerable changes into the finished copy."

Baron Alfred Rothschild gave a private concert at his mansion in London, lately, at which Patti, Edward de Reszke, Van Dyke, Maurel, a violinist and a cellist appeared. The baron drew checks for \$15,000 to pay expenses. A knowing one says that either Patti took much less than her usual fee, or else the other artists got nothing at all.

The prima donna rarely speaks to a chorus girl. Occasionally she will deign to feebly smile upon a chorus girl, but nothing more. The chorus girl takes her revenge by not noticing the extra girls—supplementary ladies who stand around and form poses and pictures at \$16 a week. Talk about the etiquette of courts! Why, dear boy, the etiquette of the chorus is almost as elaborate. The only one who dares to break its solemn rigor is the comedian. He will occasionally chuck a chorus girl under the chin and address her by a name as abbreviated and endearing as her skirts.

Prof. Herman Kottinger, once a doctor in Heidelberg university, a writer of prose and poetry, the author of a "World's History," and also of text books on free thought, died in San Jose, Cal., lately. He was an accomplished musician, chiefly celebrated on the Pacific coast as a violinist, and possessed a violin, for which he had repeatedly refused \$1000. Although he was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars he died amid the evidences of utter destitution. He was barely clothed and had actually starved himself to death. He was, and had been all his life a confirmed miser. More than 15 years ago he drove his wife and all his children from home, saying that it cost too much to feed and clothe them. From that day until the end was approaching, not one of his relatives had come near him. Two big, fierce Danish mastiffs, half starved, have for years been the old man's only companions, and they guarded the shanty so well that not even the tax collector could approach. They had to be killed before the undertaker could get into the house to prepare him for burial. At the time of his death, \$16,000 in gold coin was found hidden in the bed in which he lay. But one child, William Kottinger, a farmer, was present at the death. When the old man in his death throes raised himself up in bed, the son rushed to his side. His father mistaking the act, with a frenzied yell, waved him back, and clutching at the bed clothes pulled them back, disclosing to view the gold. He made a grab at it with both hands and, with the bright pieces in his fingers, fell back with a gasp and expired. He was so wasted by hunger that his body weighed less than 40 pounds.

No Cause For Alarm.
 "I'm feeling very ill again, doctor. Do you think you I'm going to die?" "My dear madam, compose yourself. That is the last thing in the world that is going to happen to you."

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

My remarks about salaries in the amateur league, last Saturday, seemed to have left the impression that the Shamrocks were paying some of their players. This is not the case. The managers say that they will not pay players, and that even if they wanted to, the club cannot afford it. This fact was impressed upon the players at the beginning of the season, and I am told that the rule has been rigidly adhered to. The boys were told that if they wanted to play for amusement, the grounds were there for them, and they found plenty ready to take advantage of the offer.

A ball team connected with the Y. M. C. A., of Brockton, Mass., intends coming down east this month, and Manager Crockett of the St. John Y. M. C. A.'s is endeavoring to arrange dates with them. The Brockton's play at Eastport on the 17th, even then, kept

been playing good ball with the Portlands, but last week signed with the Brooklyn league t-am. This is what a New York paper says of him:

John O'Brien, the new second baseman, made his bow. It was a very graceful bow, and if young O'Brien can keep up the pace he set yesterday the National association will have another phenomenal young blood.

"I've been in base ball ten years," said President Byrne, "and O'Brien is the first player I ever picked out."
 Mr. Byrne made this remark previous to the game, and then he concealed himself in the dressing room and waited for the explosion. The shouting apprised the president that something interesting had taken place, and he emerged to find that his new man had hit the first ball pitched to him for a nice single. Mr. Byrne remained on deck during the rest of the game, and with a rosy smile watched his "find" make two singles, a triple, a sacrifice, a put out, two assists, and no errors. With the remark that he "guessed there were one or two persons on earth who knew something about young bloods as well as Uncle Anson," the Brooklyn president left the park in a beautiful state of mind. O'Brien certainly carries himself like a ball player, and looks like a young man who could wear the same size hat for twelve months in the year.

Rehearsing Stage Kisses.

The very startling question was put to a popular and pretty actress at a jolly supper:
 "Do you ever rehearse stage kisses?"
 The young lady smiled, and replied that she always did.
 "Not repeatedly," she said, "but just once. I don't care to be surprised by a peculiar sort of kiss on the night of a performance, so I always have an actor show me beforehand just how he is going to do it. There is nothing in acting that I dread so much as a kiss. No, I'm not a prude, and do not suffer from the actual contact



A PLEASANT CHAT.

and it is expected that games can be arranged to be played in St. Stephen and St. John, between that date and August 25th.

After the game between the Y. M. C. A.'s and Lansdownes last Friday, Tuesday's game at the Shamrocks grounds was an unfortunate break. The first game set the cranks talking, and it is a long time since I saw them so enthusiastic. But Friday's game spoiled the good effect, to some extent, and the Thistles fell somewhat in the estimation of the people. They have always been looked upon as a team that never admitted defeat until the last inning, but in the last game they were defeated before they went on the grounds. Of course, they were weak in the box, but this was no excuse for putting up a loose fielding game, and changing the players all over the field.

The great trouble with the club this year seems to be the want of a manager. Formerly Messrs. McKinney and McGonagle looked after their interests, and all the boys had to do was to play ball. Now they are without a manager, and the players have to hustle for themselves, and as they have not been used to that sort of thing, they are very much at sea.

The playing of the Lansdownes has caused considerable comment. They have done remarkably well for a new team, although it is composed largely of old ball players. When the Thistles brace up again, as I am told they intend doing, it looks as though there was going to be a tight race for the pennant.

Ex-president Keefe of the Shamrocks was looking happy this week, and he had good reason for it. One of his last year's team has developed into a first class ball player, and created a sensation in Brooklyn last Saturday. Everyone who attended the games last summer will remember John O'Brien, although few may have had the pleasure of his acquaintance, for he was one of the most retired and gentlemanly players that has ever visited St. John. But he was a ball player, as was frequently remarked last year, and Mr. Keefe had no hesitation in giving him a recommendation when he wrote for one this season. He has

of a polite and good-looking fellow's lips, but there are more chances of disaster in a stage kiss than in almost any action of the drama. In the first place, it is apt to disturb my make-up. Then the actor may be a nervous man and pull away my wig, if I'm wearing one, or he may clutch me so tight that when he lets me go I lose my balance and get laughed at.

"My worst stage experience resulted from a kiss. It was in a scene of immense pathos, while I am hanging about my lover's neck, who is being taken to prison. The actor who played the wooer was a nice fellow, and not in the least disagreeable to hang to. I did so with extra tenacity on the night in question, and I noticed that he tried to free himself of me. But I clung on tight, and glued my face to his. "Let me go!" he gasped, and tried to drag back, but I pressed my face still closer, determined to get a lot out of the scene. Suddenly, as I was rapturously kissing him, he sneezed. Oh what a sneeze it was! It seemed to start from his boots, and I bounded away from him, dazed by the shock. Then I heard a roar of laughter in the audience, and saw my lover rushing from the stage with one section of his black moustache missing. There was another speech before the act should have ended, but the stage manager did not wait for it. He rang down the curtain, and then informed me that I had better return the actor's moustache to him. When I reached my dressing-room, I found a big piece of the false moustache sticking to my chin. I had not kissed it away. The actor lost it in the sneeze."—*Ex.*

To Keep Insects Off From Trees.

The tying of a piece of wool round a tree stem to keep down the bugs and vermin is a poor idea, because it is based on the supposition that all these nuisances ascend from the ground, whereas, in most instances, the eggs are laid in the foliage above the supposed guard. The only actual preventative involves a delicate operation, which, however, can be successfully performed by a man with a steady hand. It consists in boring a small hole in the tree near the ground and filling it with sulphur. The sap carries this over the tree and there will be few insects settle or crawl on any part of it. The spring is the best time to do this, but with a strong healthy tree it can be done now with perfect safety.

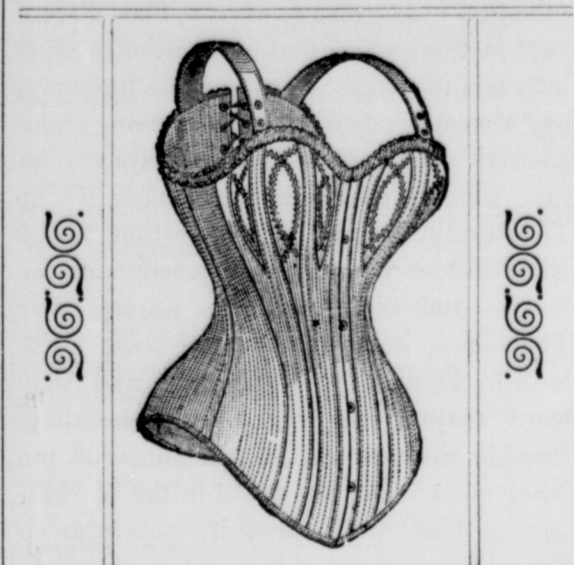
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Sleeping Well in Summer.

Comfortable sleep in summer is made more probable if the last meal of the day be of light, easily digested food. It is a great mistake to go to bed hungry. A glass of milk, or koumiss, with bread and butter, or delicate crackers, or even something more substantial when it can be borne, will prevent wakefulness. The digestion should not be taxed to dispose of rich made dishes.

Before going to bed take a sponge bath in tepid water. Sponge lightly and quickly, and dry the skin without unnecessary friction. If this is impossible, at least bathe the feet. Avoid standing in a draught.

If the sleeping room is warm, it may be cooled for a time by wringing large pieces of cotton out of water and hanging them before the open windows. Leave the door open, and as the air comes through the wet cotton it will be cooled. This is a good device for cooling a sick room; the cloths can then be wet again and again. Keep the gas turned low during the process of undressing, and sleep without a light unless it is a tiny night lamp.

The ideal bed, of course, is a woven wire mattress, with a thin hair mattress on it. Folded blankets make a good substitute for the latter. If the sleeper is restless, the corners of the under sheet can be turned under and firmly pinned to the lower side of the mattress to prevent it from maliciously wrinkling itself into creases as the occupant tosses about. In a midsummer night no covering is needed but a sheet, and even that sometimes seems too oppressive. A blanket, however, should always be at hand in case a cool breeze springs up before morning, as it does in many localities. Fold it evenly, tuck one end under the mattress and turn the rest over the foot board not to interfere with the feet.

In summer, as in winter, a quiet mind is essential to repose. Leave the cares and worries of the day to be taken up on the morrow. They will not look as large or as black as if they had been carried all night.

The Weight of Money.

Do you know how many \$1 bills it takes to weigh as much as a \$20 gold piece? Driving out to White Bear recently one of those walking compendiums of useful information sprung the above query and the opinions that it elicited show a remarkable range. One member of the party, whose business it is to handle money in large sums, after profound thought, suggested that the number would be 1,000 to 1,200. Others guessed down the line to 500, but no one less than that number. After all had placed themselves on record, the compendium stated that it was thirty or thirty-one, according to their condition as to dirtiness and age. He could just as well have based his calculations on \$10 bills, but the man who was giving them a weight preferred to make the test with a smaller denomination.—*St Paul Pioneer-Press.*

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

facts are what you want. It's the same old fist, and the same old facts we've struck you with before. We'll try and make it harder this time. Did it ever strike you that your chum's shirt and collar always looked white and clean, while yours is always limpsy and soiled. It's a good deal in the washing and doing up that makes a collar last, or a shirt front keep smooth.

You'd feel like striking somebody if your new flannel and negligee shirt had been shrunk to half its original size, and you found it impossible to get it on. We WASH them and do them up beautifully—actually like new.

WOMEN don't let your husbands spend money for a new, white vest, when he's got that one hanging in the closet—will make it look like new in no time. Silk or flannel wash just the same with us.

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The Letter Carrier's Excursion.

The letter carriers and their friends intend having a moonlight excursion on the river, August 18th, and the event is being looked forward to with a good deal of interest. The *David Weston* has been chartered, and as tickets can only be had from the letter-carriers themselves, the excursion will be a select one. A brass band will furnish music.

Will Make New Friends.

Seven years experience with their well-known predecessor, Mr. T. B. Hanington, is all the qualification necessary to make the new firm of Lester & Co., popular with the public. Mr. Lester has a thorough knowledge of the auctioneer and commission business, and intends giving personal attention to all matters placed with the new firm.

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