ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR THE FARMER AND THE ORCHARDIST.

This Department is prepared for the SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION by its Agricultural Editor. All matter relating to the agricultural interest will be found under this head.

The Sack Question to be Settled.

It has been a big question for California wheat farmers how to get rid of the expense of sending their grain to market in sacks. This expense has been a burdensome one when the farmers were obliged to pay a fair price for sacks, but when dealers, seeing a short supply, clubbed together and put up a job on the farmers, or in the more polite language of the craft, made a corner on sacks and compelled the payment of a heavy advance, simply because they could, the burden has become almost unbearable. The farmers have been talking about trying to bring about a change in this respect for years, but each harvest has found them still in the same helpless condition, and obliged to pay round prices for sacks to put their wheat in. Often crops have been sold when the cost of sacks has absorbed the last dollar of profits in the production of the crop. When the grange was started in California, one of the greatest inducements held out to wheat growers was that of making a grand combination of those who would have to buy sacks and order them direct from the manufacturers in Scotland, or what was supposed would be still better, it was said by associated effort and capital the growing of jute and the manufacture of sacks in this State could be made a success; but the farmers have still to buy their sacks and pay whatever the greed of monopolists may demand. But now the day is near at hand when this sack question will be settled, and in a direction and by an agency least expected. The Southern Pacific Railroad is to be the means and California capital the power that is to relieve the farmers of this burdensome tax on their enterprise and industry. When the Southern Pacific is completed through to the Gulf of Mexico the route of the wheat crop of California to Europe will be changed. Instead of going around the Horn it will go overland over the Southern Pacific to Galveston, and not in sacks, but in bulk. When there it will be hoisted into elevators from the cars, and from the elevators it will be carried by machinery into the ships and delivered from these ships into the warehouses at Liverpool. The cost of sacks and a large part of the present cost of handling will then be avoided, and the growers will get the benefit of it. In from two to five years from this date the great wheat crop of this coast will go in this way to its destination, and then we may expect to see a new era in the development of this country. In order to get some idea of this sack tare we will state that the wheat crop alone in this State this year will be not less than 33,000,000 bushels or 16,500,000 sacks. At ten cents apiece these sacks will cost the farmers the sum of $1,650,000. Add this to the profits of the wheat producers each year and we will soon begin to see prosperity where we now see constant struggle to pay interest and expenses. Besides this, other questions of almost equal importance to the farmers of this State are about to be settled by the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad. San Francisco has always been the most expensive port in the world from which to ship the produce of the country. The wheat of the entire State will pass right by San Francisco in the cars of this road without paying to that city a cent of toll. The cars will take the grain direct from the local warehouses and land it in the elevators on the Gulf of Mexico, and from the local warehouse it will only be reshipped once before it reaches the warehouses in Liverpool, and the entire work of this reshipment will be done by machinery at a small expense.

Practical Knowledge for Farmers.

Theory and practice in farming often run counter to each other. Theory is good, as it is the result of thought and reason, but practice is better, because it is the result of actual experiment. General practice, however, sometimes has neither good theory nor experiment to support it, but is in opposition to both. By this we mean that it is often found that farmers of a whole section are following certain practices merely because their fathers did, when both reason and experiment would teach them better. As a rule, farmers are among the most conservative people we have, and this arises from the fact that they are more isolated from each other and from the centers of population than the generality of tradespeople and mechanics. Hence we find them following, more than any other classes, in the footsteps of their forefathers, or running in the grooves of those that have gone before them. For these reasons the practices of the farmers generally are slower in changing and agricultural improvements are generally behind those of other industries. Before the beginning of the present century the agriculture of the world had remained almost stationary since the historic period. Thousands of years had passed away and great advancement had been made in many of the arts and sciences, but the art and science of agriculture had remained unchanged. The innovations and improvements in agricultural practices since that time are traceable to the organization of agricultural associations more than to any other or all other causes. These associations have seemed to bring farmers together face to face, to excite in them a desire to improve and a spirit of emulation. The fairs which have been introduced have been from the beginning up to the present time among the most efficient means yet discovered for imparting practical information, not only to farmers, but to all other classes of producers. Since the original introduction of fairs they have changed very much in character. They were originally more of the nature of markets than of fairs as they are now conducted. We find the original style of fairs still in existence among the least enlightened and least civilized nations. Even among the wandering and savage tribes of Africa they have their stated days for meeting and exchange of goods and the common necessaries of life. On these days they also have their rude games and amusements, such as running, wrestling, jumping, practicing with bow and arrow, etc. From these rudimental beginnings our present County, District State, National and World's Fairs have grown up. While the markets of the few tribes brought together from twenty to fifty people, and served as practical schools for this number, the fairs of the present day bring together from one thousand to a million of people at the same time. While the lessons that could be learned from the original exhibitions of the productions of primitive skill were limited in number and of the simplest order, those which are now brought out are unlimited as to number and variety, and involve the highest and best application of all that is known of the arts and sciences. Some of the best and most valuable improvements of agricultural and mining machinery have grown out of necessities arising in the pursuance of these industries in California within the last twenty years. Indeed, the world has advanced more in practical knowledge in many of the arts and sciences within the last twenty years than before since the days of Noah, and this advancement has grown almost entirely out of the opportunities that have been afforded in a practical way. Practical knowledge is the popular and almost the only knowledge that is recognized as of value at this day.

Fruit Destroyers at the Fair.

The committee having in charge the exhibition of insects injurious to fruit and the modes of destroying them, have made arrangements for a complete exhibition of the codling moth in all its stages from the egg to the perfect insect, with a conversational lecture on its habits, how to find it, when and how to destroy it, and giving all necessary information as to how to keep it out of the orchards. All the various scale insects that infest the different fruit trees, both in the northern, central and southern sections of the State, will also be on exhibition. The modes of their breeding, and the ways in which they attack and destroy the trees will be shown, and the application of remedies will be illustrated. To render this exhibition more perfect and interesting the lecturer will be well supplied with microscopes for the use of the spectators, so that the eggs and young insects may be seen and observed as well as you can see and study the forms and habits of domestic animals. If the fruit-growers of the State will really and earnestly take hold of this insect study and the means presented for their destruction, they may, within one year, save hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the future of the fruit business may be assured. The phylloxera, the insect that is now destroying the most valuable crop in all Europe, and is seriously threatening the grape-raising and wine interests of California, will also be shown under the microscope, and the application of remedies be illustrated. Here is something promised of immense value and interest to the whole State, and the opportunity to utilize the advantages offered should not be neglected by those interested.

More in Regard to the Grapes.

It has been expected that the grapes in all parts of the State were going to be the most abundant and the best we have had for years. As regards some varieties this expectation will be and is being realized. The Muscat of Alexandria is doing well, and there will be a large and fine crop of this valuable variety and many other kinds, but some other kinds are not doing so well. There has been an unusual disease developed in some kinds of vines in this vicinity. Within the last few weeks there has appeared a kind of mildew unlike the ordinary grape mildew in appearance, but very similar in its effects. It is first noticed on the young growing canes, when they are yet soft and tender. Black or dark brown specks make their appearance, and the sap seems to be checked, and then the fruit ceases to grow and cracks open, exposing the seeds, thus destroying the crop. It is also observed that in some localities the Mission grape is not doing well at all. The berries have ceased to grow, and do not take on their natural blue color, without any apparent cause, the vine showing no other sign of irregularity. These facts we name in addition to the falling of the leaves from some of the vines, which we noticed a few weeks since.

Bring in the Big Squashes.

We would say to those farmers who are engaged in the production of vegetables that our Eastern visitors who will visit the State Fair have had their expectations excited considerably in regard to the enormous squashes and other things produced in California. We have an opportunity now to prove to them that they have not been told half the story. Let us embrace the opportunity. Bring in the big squashes, beets, potatoes, carrots, egg plants and tall corn. Let us have a demonstration that will forever set at rest the question of veracity that has been raised as to those Californians that dare to tell the truth in respect to California in the Atlantic States.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the cottage and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, and the throng
Of human beings that passed her by
Heeded not the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across it you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy."

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

A lady handed a reporter the other day a slip of paper, asking him if he would not publish it for the benefit of the public. It was found to be a simple but effective cure for that dog-day terror, hydrophobia. The cure, which experience has proven to be infallible, is nothing more than the root of a common weed known as elecampane steeped in milk. Elecampane grows in great profusion along many country roads in this and Rensselaer counties. It has powerful medicinal qualities, and milk is well known to be a specific for many poisons. The manner of administering the antidote will be learned by a perusal of the following history of this simple and wonderful cure: In Chester county, Penn., lived a German named Joseph Emery, who used to be sent for far and wide when any one had been bitten by a rabid animal. He went to his patient, carrying something understood to be a root, which he himself dug in the woods. He milked a pint of milk fresh from the cow, put the root in it, boiled it, gave it to the patient fasting; made him fast after taking it; gave a second and third dose on alternate days, and never failed in effecting a cure. In some way his secret transpired, and the root was known to be elecampane. The story current in the country was that an old German made the discovery in the days of Penn, and applied to the Pennsylvania Legislature for a grant of $300 for making his secret public. His offer was treated with contempt, and he resolved that his secret should die with him, but a drunken son knew it, wrote out the recipe, making a number of copies, and tried to sell them at $1 a piece. He only succeeded in selling two, one of these to the man who made such effective use of it. So well did he establish the local reputation of his specific that in his neighborhood folks were not afraid of mad dogs. This man never failed to cure or prevent hydrophobia. In one case the spasms had begun before the first dose was given, and the patient recovered.—[Albany Argus.

A gentleman in Syracuse took a nap upon his parlor sofa. A little daughter, who was eating cherries, playfully snapped a cherry-stone at him, and it lodged in his ear. The only way to get it out was to bore a hole in the center of it, and pick it out with fine wire. This is mechanical surgery, and no mistake, but quite effective.

THE FREAKS OF A FAIRY.

The simple faith of the Irish peasantry in the existence and power of what is reverentially known among them as the "good people" seems to be as strong in these days as it was in those primitive times "when fairies were in fashion and when the world was in its prime." A very strange story illustrative of this was told by a farmer's wife at the Assizes for the County of Sligo. How the good woman came to tell this strange story in open Court to the Judge and gentlemen of the jury happened in this way: One fine day this spring Mrs. Eliza Redington, the wife of a "small farmer," was visited by a dark-faced young woman, who introduced herself as one of the "good people," otherwise the fairies, with whom she said she resided on terms of the closest intimacy in an old fort close by; that she had been commissioned by them on certain terms to prevent the loss of Mrs. Redington's husband, which was imminent, likewise the loss of some of her four-footed beasts. Poor Mrs. Redington, with many humble courtesies, received her mysterious visitor in fear and trembling.

THE FAIRY WORE A HAT,

With a dissipated-looking feather in it; she was young and fat, and, altogether, quite a substantial person for a fairy. But the farmer's wife had no doubt whatever that she was in fact what she represented herself to be. How could she doubt it, when the "good woman" mentioned the names of some deceased Redingtons, and told her that she had had a long interview with their spirits in reference to Mrs. Redington's worldly affairs, which they considered required immediate looking after by the "good people." Proceeding to business, she surveyed the exterior of the Redington cabin, and gave it as her opinion that it was built in a very unlucky place. Mrs. Redington's countenance fell upon hearing this, but the fairies' confidant cheered her up by promising to keep a special eye on the premises. "Where's John Redington?" asked the visitor, taking off the hat with the dissipated-looking feather as she re-entered the house. Mrs. Redington, awe-stricken by the supernatural knowledge that enabled the woman to call her husband by his baptismal name, though she had "never laid eyes on him," replied that John was not at home; he was at the fair of Ballinafad, trying to sell two or three pigs to pay the rent. Then the visitor three times demanded to be provided with a handkerchief. Bridget, the servant-girl, who was gaping in the corner, supplied a handkerchief, in which

THE WEIRD WOMAN

Tied three knots, and giving one end of the handkerchief to the farmer's wife commanded her to pull with all her might. Mrs. Redington pulled; then the woman breathed three times on the handkerchief and placed it behind her, saying that Mrs. Redington's troubles would not be of long duration if the knots disappeared. When the handkerchief was again exhibited to mortal eyes the three knots were gone! Whereupon the farmer's wife said her prayers, and Bridget, the servant, turned her face to the wall and made "the sign of the Cross" on her forehead. Then the woman, extending her hand, demanded that her palm should be "crossed" three times with gold or silver, gold if possible. The farmer's wife said she had neither gold nor silver, and suggested half a dozen of eggs. The weird woman grew angry, as any respectable fairy might reasonably become at such an unworthy proposition. "I know you have paper money, ma'am," observed the fairy in a tone of severity, which appalled Mrs. Redington, who, in telling the story, said she "felt she had nothing for it but to give the money;" so she went into her bedroom and took from under the tick a pound note (a part of the little store which John had put up to pay some taxes), and gave it to the woman, which modified her much. She performed

THE HANDKERCHIEF TRICK

Again, and then asked for another pound note. Mrs. Redington pleaded that she was very poor, and said that John would be enraged if his money was all taken. Upon this the agent from the Fairies' Fort reproved her solemnly for, as she said, "flying in the face of the good people for the sake of a couple of paltry pounds." Mrs. Redington handed over the second pound, and was assured by her mysterious visitor that it was the best-spent money she ever paid away, for that if it had not been given Mr. Redington and all the four-footed stock would inevitably have come to serious harm. Biddy, the servant, with staring eyes and mouth agape, witnessed all this, and her the woman warned to "keep a silent tongue in her head," for that the penalty served out by the "good people" to those who spoke of such matters was of the most direful kind; in Biddy's case, the punishment for blabbing, she said, most likely would be her instant transformation into a four-footed beast. Then she directed Mrs. Redington to take special note of the date of the month, the day of the week, and the hour of the day, for that on that day three weeks precisely at that hour, a "wee woman" in a red cloak would call and hand her a red purse containing ten sovereigns, three notes and one shilling. She was to give away the shilling and keep the rest for herself. She next announced that she had

"THREE WISHES"

In her gift, and that it gave her much gratification to dispose of them for the benefit of the farmer's wife. They were good ones, and cheap at £2, viz.: "Heaven and Salvation, a Happy Death, and a Favorable Judgment." She said she had nearly forgotten to mention a small matter of detail, namely, that under a certain tree near the house Mrs. Redington was to dig in the twilight in three weeks' time until she found a gold cup filled with gold. Then, resuming her rakish head-dress, she scratched three crosses on the wall with a thimble, breathed three times on the head of Mrs. Redington, and with the invocation, "God be with all in this house of man until we see them again," trotted away, presumably en route to fairyland. Mrs. Redington and Bridget stared in stupefied silence at one another for a long time. Then Mrs. Redington began to cry, and Bridget blubbered through sympathy; then they both said all the prayers they had ever learned, and Mrs. Redington sprinkled "holy water" all over the house. While the women were at these exercises John came home from the fair. When he learned from his weeping wife that a fairy from the fort had called,

TAKEN ALL HIS MONEY,

And left her blessing, there was a good deal that didn't sound like prayer heard under that humble roof. Not having the fear of the fairies before his mind, John fetched a policeman, who arrested Mrs. Redington's visitor in a neighboring cabin, where she was engaged in propitiating the fates by further incantations. The lawyer, looking up the authorities on the matter, found that it had been laid down once upon a time by a very eminent Judge that a pretense of power, whether moral, physical, or supernatural, made with the object of obtaining money, is an indictable offense. In this way the intimate friend and trusted agent of the fairies at the fort came to stand in the dock at Sligo Assizes charged with swindling the farmer's wife, and in this way did the farmer's wife and Bridget, the servant, come to tell in public court, with tears and smiles and blushes, the story of the supernatural swindle by the flaunting "fairy," who, in the harsh, unpoetical language of the criminal law, was described as a "rogue and a vagabond." The jury convicted her, and the learned Judge, in sending her to prison to pick oakum for a term, got off with great success the alliterative joke that in our days fairies and fools are usually found together.

Not very long ago a child was brought to the font of baptism. "What name?" asked the parson. "John," was the reply. "Anything else?" "John only," said the godparent, putting in an "h" where it was not needed. "John Honly, I baptize thee," etc., continued the clergyman, thus thrown off his guard. The child was entered with a double name.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA BEAR STORY.

[Emory (British Columbia) Sentinel.]

Alexander Embree and his son Walter are living together on the old gentleman's farm, about four and a half miles from the Wentworth station on the New Annan road. A fortnight ago, while father and son were standing in the field, Mr. Embree noticed the sheep running, and, on looking toward the foot of the mountain, he saw an enormous bear crouching and slowly creeping toward his horses, which were feeding on the hillside. He immediately sent his son for a gun and an ax. By the time the latter returned, the bear was within twenty feet of one of the horses, and evidently about to spring upon the unsuspecting animal. Mr. Embree was about sixty yards from the bear, which, on perceiving that he was observed, sat up, and as soon as Mr. Embree fired, sprang forward, rolled over, and then ran away. The dog followed him, the father and son keeping on the trail by the bloody track left, and the sound of the dog, up the steep and difficult mountain side, it being almost impossible to get through the wind-falls and growth in some places. They had, however, only gone about a mile or more when they heard the dog returning with the bear on his own track. On standing still for a few moments, the bear came within forty feet, apparently raging mad. For a moment the dog checked him, and Mr. Embree fired at what he supposed to be the back of his shoulder, but it proved to be the brute's enormous head, and he only struck him on the lower jaw, breaking off a part of the jaw and one lower tusk and a part of the tusk on the other side, and that no doubt saved their lives. Mr. Embree instantly loaded again, but when the monster sprang upon him the cap failed to explode. He used the gun over the brute's head, the second blow leaving only the barrel in his hand, and that appeared to produce no more effect than a riding whip in the hands of a child. At this point in the conflict the bear pushed hard upon his foe, when a log behind Mr. Embree tripped him, and he fell backward with the monster upon him. The bear was about taking Mr. Embree's head or face in his mouth, when the latter thrust his right hand into the bear's mouth and caught his tongue, but unfortunately his arm coming out across the animal's mouth, the monster shut it upon the arm, and crushed both bones, in the man's own words, as easily as you would break a pipe-stem.

The son now came to the rescue by dealing the brute a tremendous blow on the back of the head with the edge of the ax, but so thick was the monster's skin and fur that it only made a small cut. Leaving the father with his mangled and helpless arm, the beast turned upon the son. He first struck the ax, knocking it about thirty feet out of the young man's hand, and then seizing him by one knee "shook him," says the father, "as a bull-terrier would a rat, throwing him, with one shake, nearly ten feet." Without even a knife, the father sprang upon the back of the bear, and thus diverted the bear from his son. Twice this dreadful game was played turn about by the father and son, each in his turn attacking the brute to save the other's life. While they were under the bear he held them down with his front feet and tried to tear them with his hind heel, but it was too long, and only tore the earth under them. The final struggle was fearful. The bear had the young man beneath him, and in an attempt to crush his head between his enormous jaws, for the want of the lower tusks he was only able to tear the flesh from his forehead down over his eyes, and, holding the skin of his forehead and eyebrow in his front teeth, shook the young man violently. At this moment the old man caught sight of the ax, and, taking it in his left hand, began to strike at the bear's head, the ax often coming close to his son's face in the deadly struggle, and after having given the brute ten blows with the ax from his one hand, the bear released his hold from the son's face and fell from a blow between his eye and ear, dead, upon the bleeding body of the young man, who, during the last struggle, held a firm grip on the bear's tongue.

The father, with one finger bitten off and his right arm crushed, had to help his wounded son home, the latter having both knees fearfully mangled and his face bitten and torn. The writer visited the sufferers on Sabbath evening, and found them under the judicious treatment of Dr. McDonald, doing very well indeed, though they will not be able to work this spring on their farm. The father is an old bear-hunter, but he never saw so large a bear before. From his hind feet to the top of his head was eight feet, so that when he stood up he was quite out of their reach. His skin weighed 50 pounds, and his foot was five inches across the heel and eight inches long. Never did father and son show more pluck in defending each other from a fearful death. At the first shot the ball passed through the bear's liver, lungs, and within two inches of his heart, carrying away part of the shoulder-blade on its way. The Indians say the bear must have been about 12 years old.

GOT SATISFACTION.

A man whose appearance does not warrant a long description went into an Arkansas newspaper office the other day. He didn't say "Are you editor" and draw a revolver, but remarked as he stood a green hickory club against the table:

"Things have come to a focus."

"Politically?" asked the editor looking at the visitor and then at the club.

"You may call it politically, but I don't. Your course, sir, all along has been full of knots and bumps, but I have excused all but one outrage. Some time ago you said that my son Jim, the notorious whisky drinker, had returned from Texas. That was all right. Again, you said that the chances were that my daughter would run away with a hair-lip peddler. Smiled over that. Later you said that my wife sent a lot of butter to town, and that when she took the lid off the bucket in a magistrate's office it stopped a law suit and made the Justice throw up. Even that was all right."

"You must be mistaken, my friend, but to humor the thing along, how have I insulted you?"

"In this way, sir," and the visitor took up his hickory club. "My wife gave birth to an eighteen-pound boy night afore last, and you have not mentioned it. Not a line, sir, not a line even, though we have had six girls right straight along. I am a peculiar man. I don't ask you to stop my paper, but I propose to beat you until you agree to put in a notice just as I tell you."

The visitor grasped the club tight enough to twist off the bark.

"I'll agree," said the editor, taking up his pencil. "Go ahead with your dictation."

The next number of the paper contained the following notice of the boy. The bracketed sentiments were thrown in by the editor:

"Important notice. Mr. James Jostle is the happiest man [the old stiff] in the world. His wife, a beautiful woman [in a horn] has just presented him with a magnificent boy. We do hope [that the thing will die] that the boy will live to be 100 years old [serving half that time in the penitentiary] and occupy the Presidential chair. This child [one-half of whose parentage is doubtful] has our most hearty congratulations."

The editor hasn't "showed up" at the office since the notice appeared.—[Little Rock Gazette.

J. B. Lippincott, the publisher, says that the cheap pamphlet editions of novels are ruining the book trade. He says that they are undermining the perpetuity of the library and cheapening literary tastes, because as soon as they are read they are thrown away. He says that publishers judge of a manuscript novel by its first page—that is, they know whether to read any further or not

The Olympian treasures are to be kept in a museum specially built for them in Berlin.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A good drink for jockeys; a pony of brandy.

A lower jaw, black and weighing 75 pounds, was recently fished out of the Dneiper.

The art treasures of the Villa San Donato, Florence, brought altogether 6,844,455.35 francs.

A New Hampshire farmer has discovered that common black pepper, sprinkled over the potato field, will destroy the beetle.

A Russian priest was fined and banished for stating, from the pulpit, that the entire nobility of Russia is tainted with Nihilism.

The Prince of Wales is thirty-eigh years of age. He probably will not be a king before he discovers his forte.

Minnesota boasts of a horse that is forty-six years old. He's a fast animal, for he has passed two-forty, four years ago.

A fair field and no favor is what all honest men want in this country. They don't care whether it is a Winfield or a Garfield.

The new leaden roof that is being placed on the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome will be complete in two years. This roof was begun seventeen years ago. It is divided into sixteen sections, each of which requires a million pounds of lead.

"Lycurgus," says Plutarch, "ordered all public assemblies to be held in the open air for fear the statutes and ornaments of the public buildings should distract their attention." Lycurgus was undoubtedly right, if those ancient works of art resembled those to be found in Washington.

An Indianapolis girl is troubled with a mania for stuffing articles into her ears. The doctor who is treating her has already washed out five pieces of straw, two of coal, an apple seed, two small chicken bones, a piece of gravel and a black beetle.

Love not thy children too unequally; or if thou dost, show it not, lest thou make the one proud, the other envious, and both fools. If Nature hath made a difference, it is the part of a parent to help the weakest. The trial is unfair where the affection is the judge.

The popular vote in the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland, on the law for the separation of Church and State has resulted in the rejection of the measure, 9,306 votes being cast against it and 4,064 for it. The number of voters on the rolls of the Canton is 17,451.

An Irishman went in great grief to a neighbor to lay out his grandmother for burial. Accordingly, that night a couple of ladies went over, when, to their great astonishment the man met them at the gate, informing them, "No hurry; she ain't dead yet. But ye may begin bilin' the water to wash her."

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET REVIEW.

[REPORTED FOR THE SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION.]

SAN FRANCISCO, September 9, 1880.

Trade remains in about the same state as on this day last week. Few grain charters have been written during the week. Ship-owners still hold on for 60s@65s. The engagements for the past week were as follows: British ship Bremen, 2794, wheat to Liverpool, owners' account; brig J. D. Spreckles, 267, assorted merchandise to Kanului, private; British ship Kilkerran, 11.9, wheat to Cork, U. K., £2 17s 6d, prior to arrival; schooner W. H. Meyer, 246, assorted merchandise to Honolulu, private; ship Triumphant, 2046, wheat to Liverpool direct, £2 18s. Arrivals of wheat here continue to increase, and all the local lines of transport have their hands full to move the grain. Warehouses all over the State are filling up, and there is no anxiety shown to sell. The best offer made by Great Britain for cargoes loading or just afloat is 41s 6d, which shippers decline. Many large farmers are still shipping off their crops, putting them afloat in order to take the benefit of any market changes while on passage. It is very clear to our mind that Wheat and Flour are destined to fall much below prices that can long remain permanent; in fact, market rates have already fallen below those of any former period upon this coast, and in the event of a rise in the United Kingdom we think freights would derive more benefit therefrom than would holders of Breadstuffs; hence we infer that the time is near at hand when men having a superabundant supply of ready money lying idle will have a good margin for profit in store for them, at least to the extent of good interest upon the investment where choice lots of Wheat are purchased.

The local money market shows some improvement, and the outlook is quite promising. The *Herald* of to-day says: "While money continues plentiful in all our financial institutions, there is being manifested a disposition to invest which is quite rejoicing, notwithstanding the obstacles that are continually thrown in the way of all enterprises by taxation and retardation of capital in every imaginable form. It has become a tiresome and weary work for capital to fight these antagonistic elements, and no wonder large amounts are seeking investment elsewhere. It is a well-known fact that all the sources of these disturbances must be guarded and surrounded with legal forces at great expense, which in the end oftener fail than succeed in frustrating the unscrupulous efforts to exact tribute where tribute has already been given to the fullest extent."

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

BAGS AND BAGGING—The combination in Wheat Bags is practically ended, and prices are nominal at 9¾c@c, according to quantity. Buying is moderately active for the season, but is on a small scale, in one to five bale lots. There is some talk of making a new pool, but it is rather late to be effectual this season, and too early for next season; so the talk will not probably crystallize into action. The Chinese Wall per arrived to-day with 750,000 Wheat Bags, or the equivalent of that quantity in cloth. Wool Bags are inquired after more freely for the fall clip, and rates are 47½@52½c; Potato Gunnies meet with more demand at 14c apiece; Hop Cloth, 13@14½c ⅌ yard.

BREAD—The price list of the California Cracker Company for lots in cases, containing 25, 50 and 80 lbs each are as follows: Macaroons, 25c; Cream B, 28c; Congress Cake and Dots, 15c; Bananas, Cocoanut Cakes, and Egg Jumbles, 14c; Nic-Nacs, 12½c; Alphabet, Assorted Extra, Excelsiors, Ginger Nuts, Medallions, and Numerals, 12c; Assorted Fruit, Ginger Cakes, Jenny Lind, La Grande, Lemon, Milk Fancy, Overland and Seed Cakes, 10c; Pearl, 9c; Santa Clara Extra, 8½c; Boston, Butter, Cracker Meal, Cream, Graham, Lunch, Oyster, Picnic Extra, Soda Crackers, Water and Wine, 8c; Galetta Picnic and Saloon Pilot, 7c; Soda Extra, 6c; Soda, 5c; Pilot Ex ra, 4½c; Pilot, 4c; Ship Bread, 3½c ⅌ lb.

BRICK—English Brick, 37½@40c ⅌ dozen; English Fire, $32 50; California building descriptions, $7@10 ⅌ thousand.

BROOMS—House Brooms vary from $2 25 for a common article up to $4 50 for the best made and the best material; Mill or Stable Brooms, $4@5; Ship Brooms, $2 ⅌ dozen.

CANDLES—The product of the local Candle factories is quoted as follows: San Francisco Crystal Wax, 14-oz, 15c; Stearic Acid, 14-oz, 13½c; Star, 14-oz, 13c; Eagle, 12-oz, 11c; Hoffman's 12-oz, 10½c; Mission Chemical Wax, 14-oz, 16½@18c; Solar Sperm, 14-oz, 14@14½c; Adamantine, 11½-oz, 11@11½c; Globe, 10½-oz, 9½@10c; Bay Improved Wax, full weight, 16@16½c; Stearic Acid, full weight, 14@14½c; Solar, light weight, 11½@11½c. Eastern brands vary from 16c to 20c; Sperm, 25@3 c ⅌ lb.

CASE GOODS—Table Apricots, German Prunes, Green Gage Plums, Egg Plums, Golden Drop Plums, Damson Plums, assorted Plums, Bartlett Pears, Quinces, Muscat Grapes, Apples, Blackberries and assorted Fruits, in 2½-lb cans, $3 75 ⅌ dozen; Table White and Black Cherries, Gooseberries, Strawberries, Raspberries, Currants, Nectarines and Lemon Cling, White Heath Cling and Yellow and White Peaches, same sized cans, $3; Pie Apricots, Blackberries, Cherries, Apples, Peaches, Plums, Grapes and assorted Pie Fruit, same sized cans, $1 75; Pie Strawberries and Currants, same sized cans, $1; Table Apricots, Pears, Peaches, Cherries and assorted Plums, in 3-lb cans, $2; Pie Apricots, Peaches, assorted Plums, Apples, Grapes, Cherries, Blackberries and assorted Pie Fruits, in 3-lb cans, $3; Jams and Jellies of all kinds, in 2-lb cans, $3 ⅌ dozen.

CEMENT, PLASTER AND LIME—Rosendale, $2 Portland (foreign), $4; Calcined Plaster and Golden Gate Plaster, $2 50@3; Santa Cruz Lime, $1 25@1 50 ⅌ bbl.

CIGARS—Local manufacturers report a fair Eastern demand. Jobbing rates for California made are as follows: Seed, $16@40; Seed and Havana, $ 0@75; Clear Havana, $60@125 ⅌ M.

COAL—We quote: Mount Diablo, $14@14 50; Coos Bay, $6 75@7; Seattle, $6 50@7 50; Vancouver, $7@8; Wellington, $8 50@9; Anthracite, $8@11; Cumberland, $12@13; foreign Steam Coals, $6 50@8 ⅌ ton.

COFFEE—Imports here at this season are very light. Stocks are still large, but the advance in the New York market is drawing about 1,000 bags per week from this city for account of importers, and this gives tone to our market. Rates are unchanged, but are firmer than usual at 14½@15½c for good to choice Central American.

CORDAGE—We quote: Sisal, 11-inch and upward, 17c; 12-thread, 11½c; 6 and 9-thread, 12c; Sisal bale rope, and 4-thread, 11c; San Francisco laid Manila, 14-inch and upward, 14½c; 12-thread, 15c; 6 and 9-thread, 15½c; Bale Rope, 14½c; Tarred, 14½c; Lath yarn, 14½c ⅌ lb.

CHEMICALS—Alum, 3½@4c; refined Borax, 12@15c; Blue Vitriol, 9@10c; Brimstone, 4c for roll and 3½c for California refined; Cream Tartar, 40@45c; Nitric Acid, 12½@16c; Tartaric Acid, 55@60c; Sulphuric Acid, 3½@8c.

DRY GOODS—Brown Shirting is jobbing at 6c to 7½c; Sheeting, 8½@9½c; Brown Drilling, 8½@9½c; Prints, 7c ⅌ yard.

FISH—The market is well supplied with Pacific Cod of this season's catch, and other cargoes are fully due. Rates, however are firm at 4½c in 50-lb bundles, 5c for selected in 100-lb cases, and 6c for boneless; Eastern Codfish, 7@7½c ⅌ lb; Eastern Mackerel, $1 6@1 80 for No. 1 in 15-lb kits, and $1 25 for Mess in 15-lb kits. The Oregon Canned Salmon market is still unsatisfactory. Buyers refuse to pay the prices demanded, which are $1 20@1 25 for best brands on the river, and canner continue to ship on their own account.

LEATHER—We quote: Sole, 23@25c; Harness, 30@37½c; Skirting, 30@37½c; Calf Skins, 70c@$1 10 ⅌ lb; Wax and Buff Leather, 16@20c ⅌ foot; Bridle, $40@7 ⅌ side; Kip Skins, $45@57 ⅌ dozen.

LUMBER—Cargo rates are as follows: Pine in a rough state, $16; Pine Flooring and Stepping, $24 50; Redwood, $16 for rough, and $23 for surfaced. Retail prices are as follows: Pine rough state, $20; Pine Flooring and Stepping, $30; Redwood, $20 for rough and $30 for surfaced; Rustic, $30; Flooring, $27 50; Tongue and Grooved Beaded, $27 50; Pickets, $20 for fancy, and $16 for rough pointed, and $14 for square; Shingles, $2.

MALT LIQUORS—Leading brands of English Ale and Porter are selling at $2 75@3 75 for quarts, and 25c advance for 2 dozen pints.

MATCHES—Block descriptions, $1 75@1 85, according to quantity; Eastern Parlor, $2 75 ⅌ gross.

METALS—The Tin boom appears to have reached its climax. There is less doing here and prices show a reduction. Telegrams report the New York market dull and weak. An invoice of 40 tons Pig Tin is expected by the Australian steamer to-day. The price is irregular at 26½@28c; Pig Lead, 4½c; Bar Lead, 5½@6c; Sheet Lead, 9c; Lead Pipe, 8c ⅌ lb; Tin Plate, $7@7 50 ⅌ box; Pig Iron, $26@32 ⅌ ton.

NAILS—100-keg lots, $4 25; smaller lots, $4 50 ⅌ keg.

OIL—California Castor, $1 for No. 2 and $1 10 for No. 1; California Linseed, 75c for raw and 80c for boiled; China Nut, 64c; Refined Cocoanut 65c; Continental Petroleum, 150 degrees, in faucet cans, 32½c; do, 110 degrees, in faucet cans, 2 c; do do, in plain cans, 18c; do, in bulk, 16c; Downer's Kerosene, 150 degrees, in faucet cans, 32½c; Whale, 37@45c; Sperm, $1 05@1 15 for crude; pure winter strained Lard, 70c in bbls and 75c in tins; Possel Olive, $8@8 25; Pingnol Oil ve, $8 50@9 50; Duret do, $8 50@9 75; extra fine kinds, $8@9 ⅌ dozen quarts.

PAINTS—Various brands of White Lead sell at 6½ to 10c ⅌ lb.

PAPER—California Straw Wrapping, 80c ⅌ ream.

POWDER—California Blasting, $3 25 ⅌ keg; Giant, 50c for No. 2 and 75c for No. 1; Vulcan Blasting, 75c for No. 1, 50c for No. 2 and 35c ⅌ lb for No. 3, with the usual discount as to quantity.

QUICKSILVER—Sales have been made within the past week at 39@39½c for Eastern account, but the Chinese refuse to give over 36c. Holders are generally asking 4 c.

RICE—Mixed China is obtainable at 5c; Hawaiian table, 5¾@6¼ ⅌ lb from first hands.

SALT—Invoice lots of Liverpool fine quoted at $15@17; Carmen Island, $14 for coarse and $20@22 ⅌ ton for fine; California, $6 50@11 for coarse and $14@22 ⅌ ton for fine.

SOAP—Colgate's Pale, 8½c; other brands of Pale, 5@6c; Colgate's Chemical Olive, 8½@8½c; other brands of Chemical Olive, 7@8c ⅌ lb.

SPICES—We quote Cassia at 18@19c; Cloves, 40@42½c; Nutmegs, 85@90c; Pepper, 14@15c; Pimento, 18@19c ⅌ lb.

SPIRITS—California pure, $1 17½ for No. 2, and $1 25 for No. 1.

STARCH—From 6c to 10c will cover all brands and grades.

SUGAR—Since August 20th the rates for local refined grades have been as follows: Circle A. Crushed, Fine Crushed and Cube, 11½c; Powdered, 12½c; fancy extra do, 13½c; Granulated, 12c for dry and 11½c for moist; Golden C and El Dorado C, 10½c; extra Golden C, 10½c; Mariposa C, 10½c; ha f bbls and 100-lb bags 1c more; small lots, ¼c more. No orders received for less than 25 bbls.

SYRUP—Product of local refineries sell as follows: Bbls, 62½c; Half bbls, 65c; kegs, 70c; 1-gallon tins, 90c; Hawaiian Molasses, 25@30c ⅌ gallon.

TEA—Good medium grades of Japan are quoted at 35@37½c ⅌ lb.

FREIGHTS—Bremen, 2,794 tons, wheat and merchandise to Liverpool, for account of owners. Market dull, but firm. There are nine wooden ships and one iron ship awaiting charters. But for the extreme rates demanded, which are