"IF."

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes towards the Jasper Sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearning, say,
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
But just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals, wrought of light in better lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee,
I would not kiss the tiny shoe, and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,
And wait to meet him o'er death's silent sea.

But, O! to know the feet, once pure and white,
The haunts of vice have slowly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

COUSIN SHADRACH'S WILL.

"Are you my aunt Dorcas?"

Mrs. Torrance had been entertaining a quilting bee that afternoon, and she had got the frame out of the way, the dishes washed up, and the apartments generally "tidied," when there came a meek tap at the door, and there in the yellow April twilight stood a small figure in a gray traveling shawl and holding a bag.

"Sakes alive!" said Mrs. Torrance, "Who be you?"

"I am Emily," said the girl. "Please let me in, for I am tired and cold. I've walked all the way from the station, and I've had nothing to eat since noon."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Torrance. "You're the city school ma'am, ain't you, as went out to live with cousin Shadrach? And he's dead, and the money has all gone to the Baptist widow and orphan fund? You didn't make much by that move, did you? And you've come back to us now, though we wasn't stylish enough for you before. Well, come in, come in."

And Mrs. Torrence, who was essentially a kind-hearted woman, albeit she could not repress the sneer that rose to her lips, moved the low rocker to the fire and flung another log on the andirons.

Cousin Shadrach had been the family apple of discord ever since they could remember. He was rich, he was eccentric, he was crabbed. He had shut the door in the face of all his relations, until, toward the last, sick and feeble, he had signified his desire that Emily Alden should come and take care of him. And Emily had gone.

There had been a spice of jealousy in the family as regards Emily for a long time. Emily had been looked upon as "proud" and "stuck up," because, instead of entering a factory, or learning the dressmaker's trade, she had elected to be a teacher. She had never visited Job Torrance's family until now—now that cousin Shadrach had willed his money to the Baptist widows and orphans—her own mother was dead, and her step-father, a pompous old wholesale grocer, objected to step-children, so that there seemed to be no other haven of refuge left to her.

Who could blame Mrs. Torrance for a momentary feeling of triumph when Emily Alden came thus to her door-stone in the twilight of that April day.

But she helped her off with her things, made a cup of tea for her, and finally escorted her to a little room under the roof-tree, where the floor was covered with a home-made rag carpet, and the bed was decorated with a rainbow "Job's troubles" quilt, and you could look out of the window into a greening meadow, where a whip-poor-will plainted its melancholy refrain.

"I hope you will sleep well," said Mrs. Torrance. "We eat breakfast at 5 o'clock."

And then she went away.

Early as was the breakfast hour, Emily was awake at least an hour before it. As if the tumultuous glee of the robins and blue-birds in the old orchard would permit any one to sleep. And as she lay with her cheek against the pillow, watching the rosy dawn-light creep up the wall, she heard the sound of voices in the meadow below her casement.

"What is she like, mother?" said Job, Jr., who was milking.

"Oh, she looks well enough," Mrs. Torrance carelessly responded. "Little and dark, with big shady eyes and a real Torrance mouth. Doesn't talk a great deal, and dressed shabby, as one might expect."

"Poor thing," said Job, pityingly.

"Well," said Mrs. Torrance, sharply, "I can't say but what I think she deserves all she's got. Them Aldens always were as proud as Lucifer."

"You'll keep her, mother, of course?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Torrance. "I don't suppose she's got any where else to go."

There was no more delicious dozing for Emily now. She rose hurriedly, dressed herself and came down stairs.

"Aunt Dorcas," she said, as she encountered that lady frying ham and eggs over the kitchen fire, "what is there in this neighborhood for a woman to do?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Torrance in surprise.

"To earn my living I mean?" exclaimed Emily. "Is the district school supplied with a teacher?"

Mrs. Torrance nodded as she placed the slice of frizzling ham on a blue-edged plate, and arranged the eggs in golden spheres above.

"Is there a factory hereabouts?" pursued Emily.

"Used to be," said Mrs. Torrance, "but they failed, and it's been shut up for ten months."

"Do you know any one who wants a girl?" pursued the city cousin.

Mrs. Torrance set the coffee pot on the table, blew the horn for Job, and then responded to her niece's query by a counter-question.

"Why don't you stay here?"

"Because," said Emily, with spirit, "I want to earn my own living."

"Well, you can earn it here, can't you? I was calculating to hire a girl this spring, and if you'll work honestly for it I'll give you the $6 a month I was going to pay for hired help."

Emily's pale face brightened.

"I should like that," she said. And then Job came in, tall, handsome and flushed, his curls yet wet from the spring into which he had dipped them, and a sprig of trailing arbutus pinned onto his coat, and spoke a frank welcome to the young girl whom he had never seen before.

"So, cousin Shadrach Seeley is dead," he said.

"Yes," said Emily, quietly.

"Did you like him?"

"No," confessed the girl. "He was cross and surly, and had no sympathy with anybody. But I tried to be kind to him, and he kissed me once before he died, and said I had been a good girl."

"And then went and left his money to the refuge for Baptist widows and orphans!" said Mrs. Torrance. "That's cousin Shadrach all over."

"He had a right to do as he pleased with his money," said Emily, a faint glow arising to her cheeks.

"Well, its all over and gone. There's no use of talking about it now."

And she sighed softly to think how many of life's hard angles might have been avoided in the future, if only cousin Shadrach had been less interested in the Baptist widows and orphans.

At the end of a month Mrs. Torrance was forced to acknowledge that Emily had well earned her $6 a month and board. The girl had about her that wonderful magnetic power which philosophers dub 'executive ability," and New England house-keepers call "faculty." She was a natural cook—she did things without seeming to take any trouble at all.

"I don't understand it," said Mrs. Torrance. "A little dark, slim thing that was always brought up to sit with her hands folded."

And one sultry day in July, when Job and Emily came in from strawberrying with crimsoned fingers, laughing faces and baskets heaped high with the fragrant fruit, Mrs. Torrance started in the solitude of her dairy, where she was making "cottage cheese."

"I declare," she cried, "I wonder I never thought of that before. Oh dear! oh dear! I never can consent to it in the living world."

Job came to her the same evening.

"Mother," said he, "Emily has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Torrance burst into tears.

"You are only 26 years old, Job," she faltered.

"Just two years older than when my father married you, mother. Now, don't turn your face away; but tell me plainly have you any fault to find with my choice?"

"No—no," confessed Mrs. Torrance.

"Did you think I could possibly win a sweeter girl than Emily Alden?"

"No, I don't suppose you could," answered the mother-in-law in elect; "but it's natural, Job, to feel a little jealous when you see some one else taking the first place in your child's heart."

But when Bob brought Emily in to receive her kiss of greeting, Mrs. Torrance had sufficiently conquered herself to bid her new daughter welcome.

"Though I s'pposed, Emily," said she a little bitterly, "that you looked higher than a farmer once."

"I never looked higher than one of nature's noblemen," said Emily with a smile that fairly won the old lady's heart.

That same evening, as they all sat together in the orange twilight, with the scent of tall white lilies in the air, Emily suddenly broke the silence:

"Job," said she, "would you like to be rich?"

"Well, yes," said Job, "I'd like money enough to keep my wife in luxury."

"Would you, aunt Dorcas!" said Emily, turning to Mrs. Torrance.

"Of course I should," said the matron, vigorously plying her knitting needles; "but I can't ever expect it."

"But you are rich," said Emily, with a little tremor in her voice. "Job is rich—we are all rich together—with Shadrach Seeley's money."

"But," cried Mrs. Torrance, "I thought he left it all to the Baptist widows and orphans?"

"Not all," said Emily. "It's a secret, but I may tell you now. Half was left to the Refuge—the other $30,000 is mine, to be paid over to me on the day on which I marry a man who, ignorant of cousin Shadrach's bequest, has loved me loyally and well. It was the old man's whim, and I have respected it. Oh! aunt Dorcas, I came to you because in my loneliness and bewilderment I knew not where else to go; but I little dreamed that I was entering directly into the kingdom of a noble heart."

It was true. Shadrach Seeley, eccentric in life, had been equally eccentric in his death, and when Mr. Mustybill, the lawyer, paid over the legacy, he said, chuckling:

"It is all right! It's exactly as my poor client would have it. I congratulate you, Mrs. Job Torrance."

And Mrs. Torrance, the elder, has a higher opinion than ever of her daughter-in-law's attractions.

THE CAFE CHANTANT IN SPAIN.

We visited one or two of the cafes chantants of Malaga, as they may be called by courtesy, for anything else like singing never was heard. We went out of curiosity, and were satisfied once and forever with the pitiful sights and sounds. On a raised platform six or eight women, coarse, bold and painted, sat in a semi-circle. A man in the center extemporized, as they termed it, surrounded by these satellites, whose part seemed to be to applaud him with stampings, castanets and loud shoutings whenever his inspiration failed him, brought him to a full stop and caused a gap in the performance. The man's part was the worst of all. His face was impossibly disagreeable, hardly human. He sat and howled, dwelling upon one note until the veins swelled in his neck, and he grew almost black in the face, and his eyes started, and one wondered why he did not fall to the ground in a fit. Then he would utter a few unintelligible words and howl again, sustaining the one note until it came out in waves of sound horribly painful to listen to. The place itself might have been the worst and most immoral in the world, but there was no outward token of it either in performers or audience; but the spectacle was so degrading that we were soon glad to escape into a purer atmosphere. These institutions seem peculiar to Spain. They possess neither music, wit nor beauty. The cafes chantants of France and Germany may be bad enough, and are often coarse, voluptuous exhibitions in which ill-motives and low lives are only too conspicuous; but at least they possess some sense and music; are intelligible, if nothing else; perhaps only too much so. These popular performances in Spain are worthy only of idiots; and a greater idiot, to all appearance, than the hero of that night, never was seen.—[The Argosy.

BISMARCK WITH HIS CANDLESTICK.—Etiquette is the code of rules by which great people keep lesser ones in proper respect. Prince Bismarck when a boy was rebuked by his father for speaking of the King as "Fritz." "Learn to speak reverently of his Majesty," said the old Squire of Varzin, "and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration." Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart, and to this day the great Chancellor always lowers his tone and assumes a grave, worshipful look when he alludes to the Kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the Emperor by word of mouth, or in writing, he stands up to receive it. When a wedding takes place at the Prussian Court, it is the practice for all the State dignitaries to form a candle-procession—that is to say, that ministers, chamberlains, high stewards, take each a silver candlestick with a lighted taper in their hands, and conduct the bride and bridegroom around the ball-room, where guests are assembled, and and thence into the throne-room, where the pair do homage to the sovereign. At the first royal wedding which occurred after the Chancellor had been promoted to the dignity of Prince and Highness, Bismarck failed to appear in the candle-procession, and court gossips quickly concluded that he now thought himself too great a man to take part in a semi-menial ceremony. The truth was, however, that the Chancellor had been seized with a sudden attack of gout; and at the next wedding he was careful to silence all carpers by carrying his candle bravely like other ministers. [Chambers's Journal.

THIEVES' VINEGAR.—The repute of this preparation as a prophylactic in contagious fevers is said to have arisen from the confession of four thieves, who, during the plague at Marseilles, plundered the dead bodies with perfect security, and, upon being arrested, stated, on condition of their lives being spared, that the use of aromatic vinegar had preserved them from the influence of contagion. It is on this account sometimes called "Le vinaigre des quatre voleurs." It was, however, long used before the plague of Marseilles, for it was the constant custom of Cardinal Wolsey to carry in his hand an orange deprived of its contents and filled with a sponge which had been soaked in vinegar impregnated with various spices, in order to preserve himself from infection when passing through the crowds which his splendor or office attracted. The first plague raged in 1649, whereas Wolsey died in 1531.—[Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica.

"DR. BESSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are worth their weight in gold in nervous and sick headache."—Dr. H. H. Schlichter, of Baltimore

The report that Sitting Bull is to be baptized is denied.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

'Tis a good thing sometimes to be alone,
Sit calmly down and look self in the face,
Ransack the heart, search every secret place,
Prayerfully uproot the baneful seeds there thrown,
Pluck out the weeds ere the full crop is grown,
Gird up the loins afresh to run the race,
Foster all noble thoughts, cast out the base,
Thrust forth the bad and make the good thine own.
Who has the courage thus to look within,
Keep faithful watch and ward with inner eyes,
The foe may harrass, but ne'er surprise,
Or over him ignoble conquest win.
Oh! doubt it not, if you wouldst wear the crown,
Self, baser self, must first be trampled down.
—[John Ackland.

Generally speaking, the more attention the style of a preacher attracts the less it deserves.

Music and flowers are evangels of purity and faith, redolent of God, if we but unlock our hearts to their ministry.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended to a higher atmosphere.—[Helps.

There is an anecdote of Boyle that he never pronounced the name of God without a perceptible pause; and, whatever you think, I recognize in it the dictate of a wise heart. We need this reverence in the air of our social life, and its neglect will palsy our piety.—[Rev. Dr. Washburn.

Sin does not produce devils in us all at once, any more than grace begets angels. There is an infancy in evil as well as in good, and it is often hard to tell the imp from the cherub. But each surely matures. We must check or cherish it early, or the demon will grow and the seraph perish.

The most intelligent hearers are those who enjoy most heartily the simplest preaching. It is not they who clamor for superlatively intellectual or esthetic sermons. Daniel Webster used to complain of some of the preaching to which he listened. "In the house of God" he wanted to meditate "upon the simple varieties, and the undoubted facts of religion;" not upon mysteries and abstraction.—[Austin Phelps.

Joseph Cook states that in the first 1,500 years of the history of Christianity the faith gained 100,000,000 of adherents; in the next 300 years 100,000,000 more; but in the last 100 years it has gained 210,000,000 more. Such has been the marvelous growth of Christian nations in our century that in the last eighty-three years Christianity has gained more adherents than in the previous eighteen centuries. By adherents he means nominal Christians—that is, all who are not Pagans, Mohammedans or Jews.

The Alleged Indelicacies of the Bible.

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures, says Dr. Talmage, in "Leslie's Sunday Magazine," because the so-called indelicacies and cruelties of the Bible have demonstrated no evil result. A cruel book will produce cruelty—an unclean book will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom, and out of all the ages, fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty, or whose life has been made impure by this book. Show me one. One of the best families I ever knew of, for thirty or forty years, morning and evening, had all the members gather together, and the servants of the household and the strangers that happened to be within the gates, twice a day, without leaving out a chapter or a verse, they read this holy book, morning by morning, night by night. Not only the older children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her. The father beginning and reading one verse, and then all the members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained his integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, honoring every sphere in the life in which they lived, and the daughters went into families where Christ was honored, and all that was good and pure and righteous reigned perpetually. For thirty years that family endured the Scriptures. Not one of them ruined by it. Now, if you will tell me of a family where the Bible has been read twice a day for thirty years, and the children have been brought up in that habit, and the father went to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, and the sons and daughters were destroyed by it—if you will tell me of one such incident, I will throw away my Bible, or I will doubt your veracity.

I tell you if a man is shocked with what he calls the indelicacies of the Word of God, he is prurient in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read the book of Solomon's Song without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart or in his life a libertine. The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanness of all sorts, is purposely and righteously a disgusting account, instead of the Byronic and the Parisian vernacular which makes sin attractive and appalling. When those old prophets point you to a lazaretto, you understand it is a lazaretto. When a man, having begun to do right, falls back into wickedness and gives up his integrity, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festal board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gilding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's-head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity, when it needs an iron sledge-hammer. I can easily understand how people brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible may get morbid in mind until they are as full of it as the wings and the beak and the nostril and the claws of a buzzard are full of the odors of a carcass, but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic, have your heart and mind washed with carbolic acid! I tell you, that a man who does not like this book, and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged with its descriptions, has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of Presbytery or Episcopacy does not change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit, as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sovereign grace of God. Get your heart right and the Bible will be right. The trouble is, men's natures are not brought into harmony with the Word of God. Expurgation of the heart is what is wanted. You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and best men and women of the age, and which were the dying solace of your kindred passed into the skies, have in them a taint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of wife or child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible excuse violence under such provocation, what ought to be the overwhelming and long-resounding thunders of condemnation for any man who will stand in a Christian pulpit and assail the more than virgin purity of inspiration, the well-beloved daughter of God! Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden, and in Venice, and in Rome, and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could put more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos in Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and postures of statues by Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the Penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to refashion these masterpieces of inspiration and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

MAKE yourself healthy and strong. Make life happy by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

FARM AND FRUIT.

The orange tree has been known to attain an age of upwards of 600 years; 20,000 fruits have been gathered in a year from one tree in St. Michaels, one of the Azore Islands.

The California dairy interest, says the *Breeder and Sportsman*, possesses a capital of $15,000,000, and produces annual revenue to the State of $9,000,000. This industry employs 6,000 laborers.

At the sale of Jersey cattle in New York on the 9th instant, the prices ranged from $100 for a three-months-old calf to $5,000 for a one-year-old bull, the King of Ashantee. The proceeds of the sale amounted to $32,410.

H. H. Riegle, of Pasadena, raises the Monarch of the West strawberries, and the *Rural Californian* says of them: The berries are exceedingly fine in flavor, clean and large, weighing twenty to the pound; eight choice ones weighing exactly one-half pound.

Wheat can only be raised to advantage in India by irrigation, hence the English Government continues its outlays in that direction. Upwards of 1,000,000 acres in Punjab district were taken up last year for wheat in advance of the opening of irrigating canals.

Henry Villard, President of the Northern Pacific Railroad, says there is but 225 miles of the road to complete and trains will be run through in September. It is reported that the grain crop will exceed 300,000 tons surplus in Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory.

It is told that "a prominent Iowa pig-breeder keeps his hogs, except when fattening, on artichokes. He says on good land this crop will produce more hog feed per acre than any other crop. Iowa is one of the largest corn and hog producing States in the Union, and it sounds rather strangely to hear of anything cheaper than corn at the West."

The value of wood ashes as a fertilizer is but little appreciated. They contain in varying proportions the valuable mineral properties needed by plants. They are especially valuable for orchards in bearing, having an as yet unexplained effect in perfecting the fruit. It is better to give a light dressing of any potash manure every year than to give large doses at any one time.

A bottle of carbolic acid should be kept in every farm-house, not merely as a disinfectant, but as a wash for wounds and sores. For any purpose it should be diluted with water. Its power to destroy fungus growths makes carbolic acid invaluable in pruning orchards of pear, plum or peach where blight or other disease is suspected. The pruning shears should be frequently dipped in carbolic acid water.

Judge Eaton, of Hermosa, called at this office this morning and exhibited the very finest and largest orange we have ever seen. It measured 15½ inches in circumference and weighs 23 ounces! It is a Washington Navel, and is smooth, firm and solid. In February, 1882, Judge Eaton budded a seven-year-old orange. The bud grew out about four inches and bloomed, and this tremendous specimen was the result.—[Rural Californian.

Buyers of potatoes, says an Eastern exchange, very properly reject, as poisonous, the great tubers. It is, however, a mistake to attribute "the green color to the poison used in destroying the potato beetle. The tuber is made green by exposure to the sun, and is poisonous, just as potato-tops are when green. In this condition potatoes are unfit for food, but are better for seed than those grown deeper in the soil. It is a good plan to place potatoes intended for seed in as light a place as possible, two or three weeks before planting."

It is bad policy for a farmer to cultivate only one crop. If that fails he has lost his year's work; but if he cultivates several crops some of them are always sure to succeed, and some will command a remunerative price. A farmer about to commence, looks over the fields, and finding that butter always commands a good price, buys a few cows, and then to prevent the slops from the dairy being wasted he buys some hogs. Poultry pays, and one hundred hens and cocks are bought. When he buys his horses he sees that it is better (instead of geldings that are deteriorating as they grow older) to invest in fine large mares, that will produce him a foal worth, say, as a yearling, $100 every year, in addition to doing the work of the farm. If the mares are large they will easily do this. There is always a demand for large horses and mules for draft purposes, and they sell readily. Every farmer should try to make everything pay a profit—make "every edge cut."—[Rural Californian.

CALIFORNIA VINEYARDS.

R. B. Blowers, of Yolo, whose fine vineyard and fruit ranch, located about three-fourths of a mile from Woodland, has acquired such reputation, was interviewed a few days since in reference to grape interests of the State, and in answer to many questions gave full information upon the subject, viewing the question from the standpoint of his long experience.

Mr. Blowers has seventy acres in fruit, fifty acres being in raisin grapes. He has been engaged in this pursuit at the same place since 1854. His oldest vineyard is, however, only fifteen years old, and much of it is younger. His experience is that vines five or six year old have reached full bearing, and from these he has made as many as 250 boxes of raisins to the acre, and the average wholesale price per box for the past five years has been $2 to $2 50, making the income from raisins alone about $500 per acre. The yield of shipping grapes is from ten to fourteen tons per acre—the Emperors will yield fourteen tons, and sells as high as $40 per ton. Table grapes are worth about $40 per ton, and wine grapes $20 to $30.

The cost of preparing the ground for planting a vineyard, said Mr. Blowers, is but trifling—probably $5 per acre, unless you mean preparing for irrigation. But simply plowing and replowing to a depth of sixth or eight inches, the cost is about $5 per acre. I estimate the first cost of planting a vineyard all the way from $20 to $40 per acre, including the first year's cultivation, irrigation and rooted vines—about $20 per acre until you get them into bearing, which takes two or three years. This includes irrigation, cultivation, etc. If the vineyard is handled with judgment and skill, the third year ought to pay well for that year and also the second year's expenses. For instance, I have a small patch of seedless Sultanas three years old. I got five tons for the third year, ten tons for the fourth year, twelve tons for the fifth year, and seventeen tons for the sixth year. The quality of soil is an important consideration in selecting for a vineyard. This must not be overlooked.

As to the question whether grape-growing in this State for the purpose of making raisins for the table, and for wine-making, as having passed the experimental stage, I think it has, entirely so. You can raise as good grapes in Shasta as in San Bernardino. People will eat raisins and will drink wine. This is one of the principal industries in France and Spain, and it can be carried on more extensively in California. There is also a duty on raisins of 2 cents per pound and of 1 cent per pound on dried currants or seedless raisins imported into the United States. Of course if the duty should be removed it would make that much more competition to overcome. I do not think we can count upon raisins being higher than now; but of course any surplus we may have of grapes can be used by making them into wine. The production of raisins has reached the maximum in France and Spain. There are but few raisins made in France, however, as compared to what are made in Spain. Last year there were some 70,000,000 pounds of raisins shipped into France from the Levant, 60,000,000 pounds of which were probably made into wine. The loss by phylloxera in the wine districts of France makes it necessary for the French people to use raisins in the manufacture of wine; therefore I look upon raisin-making in California as a permanent business, as all surplus of raisins may be made into wine. Six or seven years ago France made about eighteen million gallons of wine. The yield now is so materially reduced that they sent to Italy and Portugal for cheap raisins with which to make wine. California can step in and supply that deficiency of sixty million pounds of raisins which were consumed by France in the manufacture of wine; or the same quantity of raisins would make three and a half million boxes of raisins. There are only about two million boxes of raisins annually imported into the United States. We have made only about one hundred and ten thousand boxes of raisins in our best year; so you see California cuts but a small figure in the supply of the United States. But a small per cent. of the raisins used in the United States is produced in California. If, however, the time should come—but it will not in our day—when grape-growing becomes unprofitable for raisin-growing, we can feed them to our pork, and then raisins will soon be in demand again. Grapes will fatten pork faster than any other known food. Hogs fed upon this food will increase from two to three pounds per day.

The effort to make sugar from grapes would, I am satisfied, result only in obtaining glucose. Not but that the raisin grape is sweet enough for that purpose, for the average grapes yield probably about 25 per cent. of sugar, or 100 tons of grapes would contain but 25 tons of saccharine matter.

The question of irrigation for grapes is one which depends upon the locality. The greater portion of our northern grape-growers do not use irrigation at all. In Sonoma and Napa valleys, and in the Vacaville belt, they do not irrigate. But in that part of the State where the annual rainfall is small, say in Fresno and all the great interior valleys, they have to resort to irrigation.

The profits from grapes for raisins—the better class of wine grapes—I think I can safely say is not less than $100 per acre. For the past six years the profits have averaged over $100 per acre. When vineyards have become five or six years old, and are well cared for, they are always profitable and valuable. Of course their value depends upon the variety of raisins, location of vineyard, facilities to railroads, etc. There are vineyards you could not buy for $500 per acre. For instance, I have a neighbor who has five acres. He has made as high as $1,000 clear profit from the five acres, and hired all his work done.

There are now approximately about 100,000 of grapes in this State, of which about half are young vines. The greatest success in grape-raising appears to be with small vineyards, well cared for. I think this is the universal judgment and experience. We cannot expect to find any soil in the world to yield well year after year without fertilizing. The Seedless Sultana has yielded me forty-four tons to the acre, but it would be preposterous to expect to keep that up without fertilizing the soil. If the soil is properly fertilized the vines will bear for 100 years. The problem of fungoid growth now claiming the attention of vineyardists I do not regard as so serious, since it can be combated successfully with the proper remedies. I have one variety of fungoid growth which yields readily to an application of sulphate of iron. The more permanent varieties of mildew yield readily to a little sprinkling of sulphur applied two or three times a year.

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880.

Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

Toronto.

Messrs. Fleming Bros.:

Sirs: I take this opportunity of informing you of the benefits I have derived from *Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills*. I have for two years past been afflicted with a severe pain over the eyes, accompanied with a nervousness and sense of dizziness; a malady beyond the power and skill of our physicians to relieve and cure, caused, as far as I myself could judge, by a diseased state of the liver and stomach. Some of the doctors tried bleeding, and various other remedies we e tried, but all in vain, for the deep-rooted disease still stuck fast. At last I procured a box of your Liver Pills from a druggist here, and found, after taking a portion of them, that the disease and painful sensation over the eyes have almost entirely left me. I will close by advising all those afflicted as I have been, to procure the valuable medicine at once and save much time and pain, with little expense. With sincere gratitude and respect I remain, yours respectfully,

GEO. W. RUSSELL, Toronto.

New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, No. 248 Seventh street, testify that they have both been suffering with the liver complaint for about five years, during which time they have spent a large amount of money and tried many remedies but to no purpose. Finally, hearing of *Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills*, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., they purchased four boxes, which they took according to the directions accompanying each box, and now pronounce themselves perfectly cured of that distressing disease.

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FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

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GENERAL NOTICES.

A Day in Auld Scotia.—Officers, Clansmen and Guests of the Caledonian Club: You are respectfully requested to meet at Pioneer Hall SATURDAY MORNING at 8 o'clock sharp. By order of THE CHIEF.

J. McCALLUM, Secretary. jel-2t

A Card.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. n18 4plyTuThS

Advice to Mothers—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. n18-1y1uThS

Dr. La Mar's Seminal Pills cure all cases of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Vigor, Nocturnal Emissions, Impotency, Nervous and Physical Debility, and all that class of complaints arising from Excess, Indiscretion or Abuse. The old find in this remedy A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, and the young a safeguard and protection. DR. LA MAR'S SEMINAL PILLS restore the Sexual Organs, debilitated from whatever cause, to their prestine vigor. Price, $2 50 per bottle. Sent C. O. D. by express to any address, secure from observation. Address all orders to A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, Postoffice Box 1952, San Francisco. m28 6m

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THE ABOVE PREMIUM WILL BE PAID JUNE 23d for the best loaf of home-made bread made with Twin Brothers' Hop Yeast. Parties wishing to compete will register their names and buy yeast at Depot, Rosedale Market, 723 J street. For sale at all Grocers. I. H. SIMON, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast m23-2p1m

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DR. G. L. SIMMONS

HAS RETURNED TO SACRAMENTO FROM his Eastern trip, and may be consulted at his old office, 212 J street. m20 2p1m

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS,

A. HEYMAN, SOLE AGENT, 1 street, bet. Sixth and Seventh, opposite Court-house. PIANOS TO LET. Pianos sold on installments. fe9-2p1m

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A LARGE STOCK OF CHICKERING Pianos just received at the warerooms of L. K. HAMMER, 816 J street. m5-2p1m

IMPERIAL EGG FOOD

(Trade Mark.)

WILL MAKE YOUR HENS LAY—IT KEEPS fowls in best condition, and makes poultry the most profitable stock on the farm. When the Imperial Egg Food is fed according to directions, sick and drooping chicks will never be seen.

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THORLEY'S IMPROVED HORSE AND CATTLE FOOD

IS PRONOUNCED BY HORSE AND TURF MEN, stockfeeders and breeders, to be the greatest discovery of this nineteenth century with regard to the improved treatment of animals. As with the progress of enlightment mineral poisons have ceased to be used in the treatment of the human system, so THORLEY'S FOOD supersedes the barbarous mineral compounds, still to some extent in use as so-called condition powders, in treating our domestic animals. Although it has been only some four years since this celebrated Food was first introduced in America, the great sale and unparalleled success that it has met with in all parts of the Union gives the proprietors license and boldness to proclaim to the world that the Thorley system of feeding all kinds of stock stands unrivaled in the new world as it does in the old, and is justly entitled the Great Discovery of the Age, as the thousands of voluntary testimonials received by the Company fully corroborate. Sold by the Trade generally. Wholesale by

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BEST IN MARKET, WILL CURE NERVOUSness, debility, indigestion, fever, weakness dyspepsia, chills, etc. Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction. It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all classes of fever and ague, nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, indorsed by the certificate of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, the State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality. I can show thousands of letters from persons, from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic. Kept by all Leading Druggists and Grocers. a9 3p2m

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