VITICULTURE.

PROGRESS MADE IN THE SAN JOAQUIN DISTRICT.

Report of Commissioner Geo. West —Review of Vineyard Products, and the Outlook.

George West, Viticultural Commissioner for the San Joaquin District, has made the following report to the State Board, under date of June 30, 1877:

A review of the progress made in viticulture in this district since my last report is very gratifying. Two years ago the only counties that made any pretensions toward grape-growing were San Joaquin and Fresno, while now the greatest interest is taken in viticulture throughout the whole San Joaquin valley, and there has been an immense increase in the acreage both of wine and raisin grapes, notably in Fresno county.

SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY.

It has been impossible to obtain an exact estimate of the acreage planted in vines in San Joaquin county, for the reason that the lands were long since divided into comparatively small holdings, and as they are almost universally fine and nearly all well adapted to grape-growing, a great many small vineyards have been planted, the exact acreage of which has been impossible to obtain. However, I consider 2,000 acres a low estimate, and I am pleased to note in this connection that nearly all the vineyards that have been planted in the past two years have been planted in the very choicest varieties of vines, the preference for wine grapes being for the Tannet, Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc, Mondeuse, Verdot, Malbeck, St. Macaire, Petit Bouschet, Trousseau and Mataro for red wines, the Folle Blanche, White Prolific, Boal and Colombar for white wines and brandies. For table grapes, the Black Prince, Tokay, Emperor and Black Ferrara, are almost exclusively used.

I would urge the planting of resistant stocks in all cases, the extra expense being amply repaid by permanency of the vineyard secured thereby.

PROSPECTS OF INCREASED ACREAGE.

It is probable that the coming winter will see a large increase in the acreage of vines, as the profits derived from the industry in this section are very satisfactory, the yield being phenomenally heavy and the quality of the product excellent. San Joaquin county is so situated that both sweet and dry wines can be produced. No vineyards are planted in raisin grapes for the reason that the season for drying is so short as to make the venture hazardous.

TABLE GRAPES.

Table grapes of a quality unexcelled are produced on the black lands around Stockton, and a considerable acreage is devoted to their culture. These grapes are mostly shipped to the Eastern markets, and the profits to the growers are very large. I look for wonderful developments in this branch of the industry. Lands can be purchased at from $50 to $150 per acre, according to location, and many of our wheat farms will be subdivided and sold at those figures during the coming winter.

No irrigation whatever is required for the growth of the vine in most parts of San Joaquin county, and wherever it is practiced unnecessarily, it is at the expense of the quality of the product.

STANISLAUS AND MERCED COUNTIES.

Stanislaus and Merced counties are just awakening to the importance of grape-growing to the future developments of their lands. Both these counties contain a small acreage of old vines and a more considerable acreage of vines of recent plantation. Good wines have been made in both counties, and with the better varieties of vines now being planted we may reasonably expect an improvement in the product. Raisins of excellent quality will undoubtedly be produced, as the warm dry nights would seem especially adapted to the curing of the grape. Both of these counties contain countless acres of fine land, all of which has been devoted to wheat-growing.

Several irrigation schemes are assuming definite shape, and a large amount of land will soon be placed on the market. It is probable that both Stanislaus and Merced counties will make the same rapid advancement that has been made in the more southern part of Fresno.

FRESNO COUNTY.

No county in the district can show such wonderful development in so short a time as Fresno. At the time of my last report the acreage of this county was placed at 7,500 acres, while now it will be seen from the statistics appended to this report that nearly 15,000 acres are planted in raisin and wine grapes, of which 9,500 acres are in raisin grapes, the balance in wine grapes. The profits from both branches of the industry are satisfactory to the growers.

The vintage of last season amounted to about 1,500,000 gallons of wine, nearly all of which has been sold at remunerative prices. The vintage of 1887 will be much heavier, as a large acreage of young vines will be in bearing. A large part of the young plant of Fresno county is devoted exclusively to port, sherry and brandy varieties, it being generally conceded that the San Joaquin valley will excel in these products. Fresno county will undoubtedly be the banner raisin-producing county of the State, the climate being exceedingly well adapted to the curing of the grape.

THE RAISIN INDUSTRY.

The raisin pack of 1886 was about 250,000 boxes, and the amount will be materially increased this season. The profits of the business are large and it is one particularly attractive to people of limited means, the heavy investments necessary to the wine business not being required. Many growers sell their products to the packers in the sweat boxes and realize a handsome income from a small acreage of vines. An immense number of small vineyards will be planted this winter in raisin grapes throughout Fresno county.

A few years ago the only vineyards in the county were in the immediate vicinity of Fresno City, but lately large tracts of land both north and south have been brought under irrigation and planted in vines.

The vineyards around Minturn and Madera, in the northern part of this county, are devoted almost exclusively to wine-growing, while around Fowler, Selma and Kingsburg, on the south, the preference is given to raisins. Appended to this report will be found a complete list of the vine-growers of Fresno county, together with the number of acres and varieties of vines planted by each. Had it been practicable I should have made a similar list from the other counties in my district, but the acreage of vines did not warrant the expenditure which would have been required to canvass such a large territory.

TULARE COUNTY.

Tulare county is at last realizing the fact that she has countless acres of fine land well adapted to grape growing, but it is only within the past three years that any important plantations have been made. There are probably 800 acres of vines in the county principally in raisin grapes, and as the conditions are similar, her products will undoubtedly equal those of Fresno in excellence.

Kern county has also planted a considerable acreage of vineyard in the past few years, and as a heavy immigration is pouring into the whole San Joaquin valley, it will be but a short time before the wonderful resources of this county will be more fully developed. Regarding the future of the industry in general I have no fears. Prices for grapes this season are very low, but I do not believe the depression will be of long duration.

The business of condensing must is in its infancy, and when fully developed will undoubtedly relieve the market of a large part of the surplus crop. Our principal trouble has arisen from the fact that our wines have been marketed too young, but I believe most growers will now hold them until they are properly matured, and sales in the East will be materially increased in consequence.

The dance for drunkards—the reel.

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET.

They are building as Babel was built, to the sky,
With clash and confusion of speech;
They are piling up monuments massive and high
To lift a few names out of reach.
And the passionate green-laureled god of the great,
In a whimsical riddle of stone,
Has chosen a few from the Field and the State
To sit on the steps of his throne.

But I—I will pass from this age of renown,
This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their fast-frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man with the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him, too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own!

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor battered boy that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to a fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together and equally free;
But I judged as I trust Christ has judged the poor lad,
For death made him noble to me!
In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hands!
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line:
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine.

There is peace in the May-ladened grace of the hours
That come when the day's work is done;
And peace with the nameless who, under the flowers,
Lie asleep in the slant of the sun.
Beat the taps! Put out lights and silence all sound;
There is rifle-pit strength in the grave!
They sleep well who sleep, be they crowned or uncrowned,
And Death will be kind to the brave.

Old comrades of mine, by the fast waning years
That move to mortality's goal,
By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears,
I hold you all fast in my soul!
And I march with the May, and its blossomy charms
I tenderly lay on this sod,
And pray they may rest there, old comrades in arms,
Like a kiss of forgiveness from God!

—*Rev H. S. Taylor.*

A SORROWFUL TALE.

The Poor Indian Tells His Story to Governor Pierce.

When ex-Governor Pierce was first appointed Executive of Dakota he was waited on by Low-Down Dog, one of the chiefs of the Sioux. After a pull at the pipe of peace, the chieftain said:

"Has the Great White Chief a large heart? Has he a heart as big as an ox?

"Well, I think so," replied the Governor modestly, "I have been employed on the Chicago press for a number of years—I believe that is what they call it."

"It is well for the poor red man that you have," replied Mr. Dog, "and may it be touched by his sufferings and move you to do something for him. The white chiefs which the Great Father has sent out to us before have had small hearts and they have known nothing of the red man. They have spent their days and even their nights issuing notarial commissions and planting county seats out on the prairie where they will never grow, and the Indian has had no attention. While the White Chief has sat in the big brick tepee with the gable end blown off, the poor son of the forest has sorrowfully eaten his dogtail soup, with a great deal more soup to it than dogtail. While the White Chief has drawn to a pair of kings the red man has inadvertently got hold of a piece of meat put out by the settlers to poison wolves, and has sustained fatal results. The White Chief has sat in the back room and played poker with the Superintendent of Public Instruction from Montana, and learned that there are five aces in a pack of cards, but the poor struggling aborigine has wandered sadly along the trail, and failed to discover the dead horse until decomposition had so far advanced that it could only be eaten with pain and misgiving. The White Chief has reveled among luxuries. He has eaten and drank the best, and has been happy. But poor Lo has frequently not had enough liver in the wigwam for the next meal. While the White Chief's wife has gone about the neighborhood happy, borrowing a little tea and a coffee cupful of sugar and talking about the impossibility of getting a good hired girl, our wives have been humping up the winter's wood from the river, one stick at a time. While the White Chief's wife has discovered that the ministers' wife's dress was two season's behind the fashion, our wives have found out that the coffee we go from the Indian agent is made of the white beans common to Boston, and that when she wraps the agency blanket around her it splits up the back like an Episcopalian church steeple when the lightening strikes it. This is just about the way things have run in the past, and I hope I have impressed it on you that you should try to do something to help us out."

The Governor offered the chief a chew of tobacco. This leader of a noble but fallen people, biting the plug in two and returning the smaller piece, then took his departure.—*Dakota Bell.*

California Woods at the Exposition.

Everybody knows about the trees, but I shall risk boring you, my friend, rather than be faithless to the genuine-hearted, hoary-headed, rugged-faced old pioneer that showed me the east sections and expatiated upon the wonderful woods. First and biggest, a slice of the giant redwood, the largest of the famous grove in Calaveras county; diameter, 33½ feet; hight, 380 feet; age, 3,700 years. This block is 18 feet in diameter, and was cut 100 feet from the ground. The bark is two feet thick, and in the midst of the block stands a small tree of the same species, which looks more like nothing that I have seen than spruces. Thirty-two people waltz upon the stump of this marvel of the ages. Other slices, small in comparison to this recumbent monster, stand propped up against the railing. Your correspondent possesses an inch or two advantage over most people, but might by no tip-toeing means see over them.

Beautiful exceedingly are the woods of Santa Cruz. Marble-like laurel root, rich red manzanita, burl redwood, madrone, and many, many more. Here is a huge plank of common California redwood, six feet three inches wide, fifteen feet long, from Los Angeles. An oddly perforated log bears its own printed story. The regular big thimble-holes are made by the speculative woodpecker. Then he flies off in search of a suitably sized acorn, which he forces point foremost into the hole. During the winter a grub hatches in the acorn. Woodpecker dines off grub. See? They call the log the "woodpecker storehouse." Two redwood railway ties are also shown, the first put down at the California end of the Central Pacific railroad, as solid to all appearance as the day they creaked under the first locomotive of the line. You are all unhappily familiar with the elder bush whereof the small boy of the north constructs his whistle. Here is a section of its California attainments that it would take twelve men to lift.—*Garth's New Orleans Letter.*

THE BABY'S ALBUM.—An accomplished amateur photographer has a set of rough Manila albums, each one devoted to one of his children. The first page shows the baby a day old, and not a month passes without a picture of that child or some of its surroundings—the nursery, the house, its books and playthings. On some pages are family groups in which the child figures. Beneath each picture is written the date, and the album will constitute a curious record for the future.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CATARRH causes discharge from the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking, ringing noises in the ears. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by purifying the blood, cures catarrh.

There is a slowness in affairs which ripens them, and a slowness which rots them.—*Joseph Roux.*

WENT A FISHING.

MEMORIES CLUSTERING AROUND DECORATION DAY.

Eloquent Tribute by Gov. Foraker of Ohio, and some very Pointed Reflections.

Governor Foraker, of Ohio, in closing a recent campaign speech delivered at Middletown in that State, said:

But now let us consider further. Have you ever stopped to think what a world of beautiful, sacred and holy thought is connected with Decoration Day? Yes, I know you have, because you are a patriotic people. I do not need, therefore, to dwell upon the significance of that day. But allow me to briefly call that picture which is presented by the loyal people of this country on every 30th day of May.

As the day approaches the warming sunshine of spring time brings out the flowers. As they peep and bud, bloom and blossom, the mothers and widows and orphans note their coming, and watch with anxious care for the brightest and most beautiful. They have a special use for them. They are thinking of the dark and trying days of 1861-65. They are recalling idolized, darling boys, husbands and fathers, who volunteered and marched away after the flag, never to return again. They remember, as though it was yesterday, the last fond embrace. They again feel the wrenching of the chord strings of the heart. They are once more blinded with tears. They recall that strange, wild delirium of war. They again hear the rattle of the drum, the shrill, piercing notes of the fife. They once more see the flag floating on the breeze. They hear again the resounding tramp of marching men. They see pale but determined faces in line. Hark! they are moving. They are off. They fade out of sight forever. Oh, God, can any language express the utter loneliness and desolation of the mothers and wives who thus gave up their lost ones! Think of them as they returned to their homes, there to wait and watch and pray until their darlings might come again. Recall, if you can, how the lonely wife with her hapless babe struggled to eke out a subsistence, and how each day she tried with Spartan heroism to cheer her inquiring children with stories of what they would do when papa should come marching home again; and oh! anguish unspeakable! when, at last, like a thunderbolt, the news comes that there has been another great battle, and in the list of the dead is found the name of that dear one. Recall, if you can, the terrible scenes, the great sacrifices, the unutterable woe of that fearful time, and then you can appreciate what is passing in the minds of the mothers, the widows and the orphans, and the surviving comrades, as they note the budding and blooming of the bright flowers of spring time. They are thinking again of the low grassy mound in the cemetery, where lie and sleep their last sleep the brave-hearted heroes who went down in the prime of their manhood.

At last the day comes. All business is suspended. A holy hush falls upon the whole land. The Grand Army boys gather at their post headquarters. They brush up their uniforms, polish their buttons, get out the flag, and beneath its folds with solemn step, and keeping time to the drum-beat, they march again. Not, however, to battle. The drum is muffled. The flag is draped. They are marching to the sacred spots where their comrades lie. The mothers, the fathers, the widows, the orphans, the whole community fall into the procession, and all wend their way to the places of the dead. Here are a score of the most beautiful little maidens of the place. They carry baskets of flowers. They are laden with the brightest garlands that can be woven. They look like very angels from heaven. The cemetery is reached. Patriotic words are spoken, and every head is bared and every heart is bowed, while Almighty God is worshiped, and His divine blessing invoked and received.

The little girls go forward. The flowers are scattered, and as they fall every eye is wet with tears, just as I see are the eyes of hundreds of you now. Every soul seems lifted up to a higher plane. It is a 'Nearer my God to Thee' time. All who have participated are better, purer and holier for having done so. They have performed a sacred and ennobling duty; they have done what every patriotic should do. It is almost impossible to believe that any intelligent, patriotic American citizen could allow the day to pass without its due observance. Look out through your mind and behold the picture of the whole land so engaged. See with your mental vision this beautiful ceremony occurring in every cemetery from one ocean to the other. Behold the widows, the orphans, the mothers, the veteran survivors there assembled. See the rising generations as they drink in the wholesome and inspiring lessons of patriotism. Listen to the prayers for our country, the dead, the living and the future generations of America. Hear the thrilling songs that are sung, and the words of patriotism that are spoken, and as you hold all this picture in your mind, remember that there is one man who, more than all others, has been benefited by the sacrifices that are being honored; one man more than all others who should manifest appreciation for those sacrifices, and be glad to engage in such patriotic, appropriate and sacred ceremonies; it is the President of the United States, who, but for the deeds of such heroes, would not have had any Government to be President of. Surely it must be a sacred day with him. Surely his heart is overflowing with emotion.

Surely he is somewhere, at some one of these cemeteries, engaged in these beautiful duties. Look and find him. It will be interesting to note how, with his whole soul, he enjoys them. You look in vain? What, can't you see him anywhere? Look again. You must be mistaken. Look at Gettysburg, Arlington, Nashville, Chattanooga. He must certainly be at some one of the National cemeteries, where sleep by the thousands the men who made it possible for him to be President. No, he is not there. You do look in vain. He is no part of the picture. Is he at home, sick? No, he is never sick. [Laughter.] Where, then, can he be? He's gone "a-fishin'." [Cries of "Shame! shame! shame!"]

Come with me to the Adirondack Mountains, and I'll show him to you. Here's a wildwood and a rippling brook that goes tumbling to the sea. Let us go up it and see what we can find. It is a rough path over brush and stone, and all the way through a wildwood, but we are making progress. We have come to a bend in the stream. As we turn and go up and ahead of us we catch a new picture. Yonder is an old moss-covered log that projects out over the stream. A man is sitting on it. He is of curious form and mold. He looks tired and is all doubled up and tumbled in upon himself. He would probably weigh 315 pounds, but he looks as though he might be twice that heavy. We come nearer—we see he is dressed in fisherman's attire. He has on a corduroy suit, with metal buttons and big pockets, blue flannel shirt and alligator boots. [Laughter.] And now, as we draw nearer still, we discover who it is. He is the President of the United States. He is fishing for trout. [Laughter and cries of "Shame."] But he doesn't look comfortable. He seems troubled. He looks like a bad boy who had run away from home, and was wondering how he should face the music when he goes back. [Laughter.] We find he has had a long, bad day of it. He had worked hard since early morning, but he has made a poor "catch." He has caught, all told, but one poor little starved, innocent and hungry trout. [Laughter.] He doesn't know what's the matter. Somebody ought to tell him. The fish have some sense. They know something about the eternal fitness of things. They are ashamed to bite. [Laughter and cheers.] He thinks the trouble is with his bait. He wanted to fish to-day with black flies, but not a fly could be found, and he had to turn over stones and dig in the ground to catch a lot of common fish-worms. He doesn't know why they could not catch the flies. The reason is simple. They, too, have some sense—too much to go fishing on Decoration Day. [Laughter.] They, too, are ashamed of him, and they take to their wings and fly away. They won't even blow anywhere about him. [Great laughter and cries of "That's so."] All nature is in revolt against him, and he doesn't seem to know it; and he doesn't care, so the Solid South is assured that he has no sympathy with these sentimental practices that keep alive the recollections of the war.

A little thing, is it, for the President of the United States to go fishing on Decoration Day? No, it is not a little thing. [Applause.] It is a shameful disgrace that can not be excused, even to one who hired a substitute; and just so surely as he is renominated in 1888 he will learn the truth of what I say. [Applause.] And that is not all. The people of this great State will not wait until next year to visit upon him directly their condemnation. They may not get a chance at him then. He may not be renominated. The Democratic party sometimes has spells of sanity. [Laughter.] The people of Ohio will make sure of their work by overwhelming with their ballots this year his champion and defender and candidate, Thomas E. Powell. [Applause and cheers, loud and long-continued.]

Grant and Lee at Appomattox.

General Horace Porter, who was an aid of General Grant, contributes to the November *Century* an account of his last campaign, which is profusely illustrated. From it we quote as follows:

"The contrast between the two commanders was very striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention, as they sat ten feet apart facing each other. General Grant, then nearly 43 years of age, was five feet eight inches in hight, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse, made of dark-blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had had on a pair of thread gloves, of a dark yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt 'sugar-loaf' stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder-straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

"Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in hight, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray, and quite thick except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia. His top-boots were comparatively new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean and little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs, with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gauntlets lay beside him on the table. We asked Colonel Marshall afterwards how it was that both he and his chief wore such fine doggery, and looked so much as if they had just turned out to go to church, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the 'shabby genteel.' He enlightened us regarding the contrast, by explaining that when their headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found they would have to destroy all their baggage except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one, naturally, selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the gods of destruction by a sacrifice of his second-best."

The Growing South.

Pig iron commands as good a price in Chattanooga as it does in Philadelphia, a condition of things hitherto unknown. Since the South has been a producer of pig metal, until now, prices in the East have ranged from $2 to $3 per ton higher than iron was selling for in the South, the transportation question entering into the calculation, which made the difference in price. We were compelled to ship our iron away in order to find a market, but we are beginning to see the dawn of a new era in this country. This is the most pleasing fact to those interested and alive to the development of the South that has yet been stated. When we begin to work up the product of our own furnaces, and to utilize the products of our own cotton fields, then we are on the rapid road to wealth, and the lane is not a long one. This is the process by which money is kept at home, and we will not only be able to hold our own, but the time is not far distant when we will hold the other fellow's. It is when this state of things shall have permanently taken place, that every interest will begin to feel the beneficial results, and the farmer, perhaps, more sensibly than any one else, for to his lands it will add great value, while he pockets the rate of freight which it now costs him to transport the products of his soil to market. A home market is the basis of the wealth of the tiller of the soil, the foreign demand for his wheat, corn and cotton, in competition with the home demand, keep prices stiff and enables him to derive a profitable return from the yield of the soil.—*Nashville American.*

A Wonderful Quilt.

Miss Ella Fike of Warrensburg, Mo., has just completed a crazy quilt which she has spent over four years in making. It is two yards in width and two and three-fourths yards long, and is bordered with heavy ruby-colored plush, and lined with gold-colored surah silk, and is beautiful in the extreme. The feature of the quilt is that it consists entirely of silk, satin, velvet and plush scraps from famous and noted persons, such as Presidents and their wives, most all of President Arthur's Cabinet and their families, most of President Cleveland's Cabinet, officials and families of the United States Supreme Court, members and families of diplomatic corps, United States Senators and Representatives and their wives, Governors and families of different States, actors and actresses and other noted persons. Every place in the quilt has a history. The quilt comprises nine large blocks, one of which contains pieces from the dresses and cravats of members of her graduating classes and her teachers. The kind of work which she has decorated it with are flat and raised wool and silk chenille and arasene tinsel embroidery, brush painting, Kensington painting, raised work in ribbon, velvet and plush, Kensington embroidery in silks and crewels, braiding, beading, applique, etching transfer, cross stitch, different designs in fans, palettes, plaques and bugs of silk, satin, velvet and plush. The quilt contains pieces of ribbon from two of Mrs. Cleveland's wedding bonnets.—*Washington Star.*

A CONNECTICUT GIRL AS A CAR CONDUCTOR.—An Ansonia young lady had occasion to act as conductor on one of the street cars one day last week under peculiar circumstances. In company with another young lady she was riding from Birmingham, and by mistake in depositing fares for both dropped a quarter of a dollar into the box whence no change comes. The quarter jingled against the glass sides with an unusually loud sound that caused the driver to take his eyes off the road for an instant and place them in the direction of the fare-box. As his optics caught sight of the quarter settling itself down the glass toboggan they also noticed an outstretched hand belonging to the young lady, and his ears heard the familiar sound of "Change, please." The Jehu explained away all thoughts that the young lady had of ever getting her fifteen cents change, and told her that the best way he saw was for her to collect three fares from the passengers as they entered the car. Accordingly the young lady, as any sensible person would do, bided her time, and from a trio who boarded the car collected the amount of her deficiency, thus balancing herself with the company's treasure.—*Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel.*

The company in which you will improve the most will be the least expensive to you. —*Washington.*

BROKE HIM IN.

A Brave Young Wife Successfully Reforms a Profligate Husband.

Not very long ago a young woman of this city married a man to whom her friends offered many objections. His ways were not the ways of pleasantness, and his feet were unfamiliar with the paths of peace. He had wandered aimlessly through the devious byways of iniquity, and there were those who believed him incapable of appreciating a woman of even average respectability.

Why he should wish to marry at all was the great question among his friends, while the minds of the opposition were haunted by the specter of womanhood wrecked and a fortune squandered.

But they were married, and in a few months the young wife began to realize the predictions of her friends. Domestic life was too tame for her high-spirited husband. He began to stay out nights. She sat up for him, to remonstrate when he came home. He staid later and later, hoping to tire her out, and frequently did not get in until daylight. Things were getting desperate. He had gone back to his first love, poker, and the last state of the man was worse than the first. She was a plucky woman and a proud one. Too plucky to be mistreated without a protest, and too proud to complain to her friends. More than this, she was in love with her husband. There were times when he felt that his deserts were small and his offenses rank, and at such times he resorted to the aged and transparent subterfuge of explaining his absence on a business basis. Sometimes these notes were accompanied by a nice hot lunch or a bottle of champagne, as if a woman could enjoy a solitary drink any more than a man. He knew the trick was old, and that it did not "work," and he sometimes though of offering a reward for something newer and better. There were moments in the early morning when a pale, tired face, with large dark eyes, floated mistily between him and the jackpot he coveted, but he regarded this as a weakness unworthy a man of the world, and steadily pursued his way.

One evening, when they had been married just a year, she was sitting alone as usual waiting for him to come to supper. It was the anniversary of their marriage, and she had made preparations to celebrate it in a quiet way.

The daintiest of suppers was waiting upon the daintiest of tablest at the hour when well-regulated husbands are supposed to come to the evening meal. Close at hand was the present provided for the occasion, and, while she thought with some bitterness that he should have been the one to remember, she was determined that no shadow of reproach should intrude upon the enjoyment of the evening. The hours of 8 and 9 o'clock passed, and still the supper set untasted upon the table. About 10 o'clock the servant brought in a note. "The same old story," said the wife, as she crushed it in her hand. She tossed it into the fire, and after it she threw the inoffensive present. Turning to the servant, she said: "Don't go to bed, James; I shall need you after awhile."

When James services were next in demand it was 1:45 in the morning, and he was posting toward Jefferson street in search of a hack. His mistress, meanwhile, in hat and gloves, was impatiently awaiting his return. Twenty minutes later the hack stood before the entrance of a fashionable poker-room on —— street, and the servant was going up stairs with this message: "Tell my husband that I am here in a hack and I want him to come home." The message was as quietly delivered and as quietly answered. "Tell my wife to go home and go to bed; I'll come when I get ready." As the negro started down stairs his master was hugging a ten-full and gracefully sliding a stack of chips toward the center of the table. The operation was scarcely finished when a hand was laid upon his arm and a voice familiar, but unnaturally calm and measured in its tones, said: "Mr. B., I am waiting for you." To describe the effect upon B. and his companions is a task beyond the average pencil. B. was a man of few words, and he knew when the limit had been reached. He took his wife's arm quietly, but with no gentle grip, and went down stairs.

The humiliation was complete. That his wife should appear in such a place was enough. To be led away in triumph was a little more than the mildest-mannered man could endure. Half a dozen plans for revenge and self-protection flitted through his mind, but only one found utterance. "I would not live with you another twenty-four hours for the universe," he said, as they were whirling home. "This night's performance is a disgrace, and it will be all over town before daylight." "You are not compelled to live with me," replied the wife, "but as long as you do live with me you'll come home at a proper hour, if I have to go after you with a search-warrant."

When they reached home Mrs. B. retired, and counterfeited sleep, while B. flung himself into the nearest chair and looked the situation desperately in the face. Should he leave town? Should he get up and smother Mrs. B. with a pillow, or should he get a divorce? Just how the matter was settled never came out, but B. dallies no more with his favorite vice. The neighbor who lives opposite is ready to make affidavit that he comes home at a seasonable hour. Mrs. B. remarked innocently to a friend the other day: "I have the best husband in the world now, but I never would undertake to break in another man."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Short Stories in Natural History.

A fox was caught napping the other day near Pulaski, Mich. He was run over by the cars and killed.

A large flock of "chimney sweeps" took to roosting in a chimney of the house of John A. Butts, of Thomaston, Ga. One night he covered the chimney with a board, and early next morning replaced the board with a bag. When he removed the bag it contained 567 imprisoned birds.

A Brooklyn horse has an extraordinary passion for raw eggs. He quietly watches the hens that frequent his manger until they leave their nests, when he noses about until the eggs are discovered, then he breaks and devours them with gusto. The effect of this strange diet upon his physical condition is beneficial, and his sides have become round and glossy.

A confectioner of Newport, Eng., having missed from the bake-house time after time dainty morsels, set a watch, and a form resembling that of a boy was seen stealthily creeping along the roof of the adjoining bake-house. No attention was paid to cries to come down, and a gun was fired. The aim was good, and a dead monkey rolled from the roof into the road.

A very large block of granite is now being taken out of a quarry at Barre, Vt. It is 25 feet long, 5 feet thick and 5 feet wide. It is being taken out by steam power, and will then be transported four miles to the railroad station. It will require thirty spans of horses to draw it the four miles. The block will then be loaded upon cars and shipped to California, where it will do service in a bank vault.

Three prospectors in Texas came upon a herd of three hundred cattle the other day just as eight big gray wolves cut out a cow and a calf and pitched upon them. The cow bellowed, and at once with a rush the herd gathered and drove away the wolves. The latter soon discovered another cow and calf and made a rush for them, and, in spite of the frantic efforts of the mother, got the calf down; but again the herd came to the rescue, and this time chased the wolves until they gave up the contest and disappeared.

The Lynn (Mass.) *Bee* tells a story of an intelligent horse. He had lost one of his shoes, and, as usual, was put into a box stall for the night. In the morning the driver went to the stall to feed the horse and he was not there. No one had gone to the stall, and where the horse had gone no one knew. On a search being made he was found at a blacksmith's shop, not far from the stable, waiting patiently for his turn to be shod. The blacksmith stated that he came to the shop by himself and walked in.

The pupils in science at one of the normal schools have been much interested lately in the exploits of some common, black, household spiders. These little insects, tiring probably of the usual diet of flies, or being deprived of sufficient rations, attacked larger prey. Under the cellar stairs they found a snake, and immediately proceeded to wind him with a carefully constructed web, which fastened him securely to one position. Then they waited for the snake to die. For ten days they watched their prey, but his snakeship probably found the spiders' parlor very comfortable, for he lived until cut down by the janitor, and was exhibited to the pupils as a unique scientific study.

The Pope's Income.

A foreign diplomatist accredited at Rome gives the following account of the Pope's revenue and of the way in which it is spent. It is derived from three sources. 1. The interest of an enormous sum left by Pio Nono to the pontifical treasury and invested in the English public funds. This interest amounts to about 3,000,000 lire, or about £125,000. Leo XIII. is a great speculator, and subscribes to the Italian loans in order to sell when the value rises and invest the profits in the English consolidated fund. 2. The proceeds of Peter's pence. This branch of the revenue has suffered greatly in recent years, but nevertheless, the average amounts to about 2,000,000 lire, or about £83,000. These two sums, which represent £208,000 per annum, constitute the ordinary income of his holiness. It is distributed by the Chamberlain among the Cardinals residing in Rome—about £1,000 per annum for each Cardinal—among the prelates of the Papal Court, the Secretaries, the nuncios, the guards of the Pontiff's body, etc. 3. The extraordinary part of the Papal revenue is depived from the receipts of the apostolic chancery. The items include the sums received for the titles of nobility, Papal decorations, benedictions in the article of death, privileges of the altar, private chapels, dispensations, ecclesiastical titles, and many other things. This department yields about 2,500,000 lire, or £104,000 per annum. The wholeannual income of Leo XIII. therefore, reaches the enormous sum of about £3,000,000.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Press Censorship in Italy.

Printing in Italy is still subject to strict censorship laws. Any publication which may offend the authorities is at once seized and the printed copies confiscated. The most popular journal in Rome is the *Messenger*, turning its title over into English. The other morning the editor, who had delivered a copy to the censor, and had in the meanwhile gone on printing, was notified that he must stop the press, distribute the type in the presence of the police and destry what copies he had on hand. This was done to the satisfaction of the officials, and the tipstaves then departed. The glee of the editor was great. He knew how to circumvent them. His paper is printed on a Marinoni press from a stereotype plate, made from a paper mold. The mold was preserved, as was also the plate. Hence the next night, after business ended for other people, he put the plates on his press and quietly ran off the requisite number of sheets of the suppressed issue; these were then carefully made up into unsuspicious-looking packages. Thus the objectionable number was issued, care being taken to place these packages in the hands of tried and trusted agents, who distributed the copies throughout the kingdom. Next day the objectionable article was everywhere. The police had no knowledge of any improvements in the art since 1848, and were completely mystified. The editor's joy at outwitting the authorities was so great that it more than compensated for the pecuniary loss incurred by printing the lot over again.—*American Bookmaker.*

A Rat Catcher.

John Gregory, of New York, is a professional rat catcher. He recently cleared Jay Gould's steam yacht Atlanta of rats and was paid $400 for the job, and has made a contract to keep her clear of rats for $200 a year.

He is employed by such men as Baldwin, Lorrillard, Bonner and Dwyer, to keep their stables clear of rats. He is kept busy, does his work well and makes money.

A branch of his business was furnishing the New York rat mains with live rodents, when such sport was fashionable.

In clearing a stable, cellar or steamer of rats he uses from five to ten ferrets, two terriers and a rat net. The dogs scent the rat holes. Then the ferrets are put in the holes. The rats run from the ferrets to the holes, where they run into the nets. Sometimes a she rat shows battle to protect her young, but a rat is no match for a ferret. The ferrets only kill about one rat out of ten. The rest of the rats run into the nets and then the dogs kill them. A ferret catches a rat by the throat, sucks its blood and then leaves it. The ferrets destroy all the nests and young rats, but after a ferret has appeased its appetite it is useless until it gets hungry again, and for this reason are kept as hungry as possible.

It costs a large amount of money to keep up a stock of ferrets for this business, as they are lost in various ways, poisoning, falling into well holes, getting killed by dogs, etc. Besides they are short-lived. "English Jack" imports all his ferrets, and pays $10 to $15 each for them.—*The California Cackler.*

HOW THE FAIR SEX USE PERFUMES.—The indiscriminate use of perfumes is a thing of the past among the creme de la creme. A lady no longer tips a bottle of triple extract over her handkerchief or sprinkles it ad nauseum over herself. Patchouli and musk are shunned now in any form, and delicate odors, such as violet, heliotrope or orris root, are used. Even these milder odors are employed in the shape of sachet powders, instead of liquid extracts, in many cases. Laces, underwear, ribbons, note paper, gloves and all smaller articles of dress are made fragrant by large sachet bags that are of a size corresponding to the bureau or dressing table drawers. These bags are composed of silk and lined with raw cotton, upon which the powder is spread. This, in addition to a very moderate use of a faint, suggestive odor, such as the wood violet, for instance, is all in the way of perfume that is allowable by a really refined woman. Parisian dressmakers have a way of sending perfumed gowns to their customers. A strange feature connected with this fashion is the fact that the odor remains forever.—*Exchange.*

QUEER NEW JERSEY LAW.—A very vague law has been discovered which is, in effect, that it is unlawful in this State for any who sell farm and garden products to allow the basket or package to go out of their possession without first demanding and receiving a sum of money equal to its full value, the money to be refunded upon the return of the basket or package, provided, however, the owner's name is displayed upon them. The penalty is $20 and costs, to be sued for by any person. This is what the wise men at Trenton laid down as the law last winter. They probably meant that grocers, etc., should not dispose of their customers' baskets without first obtaining full value therefor; but the law is drawn in such a way that no one can loan even his own baskets.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

WHAT A CAVALRYMAN SAYS ABOUT HORSES.—An old cavalryman tells in *Golden Days* that "a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that should a man become dismounted he must lie down and be perfectly still. If he does so the entire company will pass over him and he will not be injured. A horse notices where he is going, and is on the lookout for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking down, and not by stepping on them."

THE PROCESS OF PETREFACTION.—It is an error to suppose that the bodies of animals ever turned into stone. Animals become imbedded, their surroundings forming a mold. The flesh rots away, leaving substances forming rock to enter, filling the mold thus formed and making a rock cast of the animal. Wood may be petrified by taking equal quantities of rock salt, rock alum, white vinegar, chalk and pebbles, powdered, and mixing them. Ebullition will ensue. After it has ceased throw the wood into the liquid and in four or five days it will become petrified.

THE NEGLECTED PATTERN.

A weaver sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a