THE JUGGLER.

During the first term of his Consulship, when Napoleon was unlimited master of the State which yet bore the name of the republic, Josephine lived at her Castle Malmaison, where every evening Napoleon came to visit her.

One day she was dining quite alone at Malmaison, and while the dessert was being served a man was admitted. He was abut 50 years old. While jugglers and magicians have a lively appearance, this man's features were deeply earnest. He carried a little table, which he placed before Josephine, and covered it with a worn cloth. After these preparations he drew out three tin cups, with which he executed all kinds of jugglery. The balls quadrupled themselves under his fingers and formed all kinds of figures and grotesque forms, only to disappear again in a twinkling. Like the magical composers, the magician also has his overture before he unfolds the panorama to the audience. After this he touched the magic cups with a stick of ebony and said: "Madame, you may express any wish, and it shall be fulfilled. I regret very much that you have finished your meal, else I could have brought you dishes which were wanting on your table to-day—the red feather of the Mediterranean, sardines of Royan or the little silver fish caught in the vicinity in which madam was born — for the great welfare of France. Madame, you may order whatever your heart wishes. Do you wish a spotless diamond or a grass fly on the heather, an Oriental ruby or a nightingale?" This man, who placed all the wealth of nations at Josephine's disposal, seemed to wish that she might decide upon the nightingale, for he put his ear to the cup and it almost seemed as if he heard the melting tones of the singer of spring. Josephine, whose desires, however, were modest, and who preferred a bunch of flowers to a diamond, selected neither a diamond nor a ruby nor a nightingale, but a rose. She had scarcely spoken the word when the juggler upset the cup and showed the astonished lookers-on a rose, which bent gracefully on its stem and filled the room with sweet fragrance.

"My goodness," said Josephine, "you have cut the prettiest rose in our conservatory, the rose which I intended giving Bonaparte to-morrow. It would have unfolded during the night."

"Beg pardon, madame," replied the juggler politely, "this rose belongs to me, and I have the honor to present it to the wife of the First Consul; I would never dare to touch her flower, and I have never been in her conservatory."

Josephine sent a servant to investigate the truth of this assertion and was told that the rose which was destined for the First Consul was unhurt. Incredulous as a creole, she could not hide her admiration, and, in fact, it was impossible to embarrass the man who was so entertaining and wonder-creating. He magically drew out of his pocket a swarm of singing birds which picked up the crumbs; then he filled a tumbler with water and as quickly as he would upset it numberless flowers flowed upon the persons around, and Josephine imagined herself in her conservatory.

When the wonders had reached their highest degree Josephine reached for the pompadour, which was hanging on her armchair, in order to give some gold pieces to the juggler. When the juggler noticed this he fell down at her feet, saying: "Madame, you can reward me a hundred times for this little pleasure that I have given you, but not in money—a mercy, madame, a mercy."

"Which?" she asked.

The wonderful man begged her then to eat one of the apples which were on her table. Josephine stretched out her hand for one and placed her knife on it with the determination of a woman prepared for a surprise. Mother Eve surely did not reach for the apple with such longing which caused such misery to her descendants as Josephine. She cut through the apple and found inside a petition to the First Consul.

"Madame," said the juggler, "before you is an unlucky one, who has mixed in the quarrels of the kings, and has taken part in the wars against the republic. I have fought in the Vendee with a Cocarde, which is no more that of my country, and when the party which I served was defeated I took flight, to live in a strange land. My country drove me out as a traitor. Branded like Cain, I wandered about; my name is crossed from the list of citizens and put on the emigrant roll. A word from your lips, madame, can make a Frenchman of me again and give me back to my own. You, the adored wife of the First Consul, have the power to give me back to my country and to my own."

"Sir," she said to the emigrant, "I will do as you wish. The Consul shall read your petition and I assure you that I will do everything I can in your favor."

The juggler arose, put his cups into his pocket, his table under his arm, bowed deeply and disappeared.

Josephine, inclined to be superstitious, could not see the enemy of her husband in this juggler. She believed in his magical power, which would be of use to the Emperor, and made up her mind to use all influence in her power with Napoleon to intercede for this man. The following morning at 6 o'clock Bonaparte breakfasted in the dining-room of the Palace Malmaison; they were getting his carriage ready in the court-yard of the palace when Josephine entered.

"What did you do yesterday, dear Josephine?" asked Bonaparte. "Who has visited you?"

"I have been well entertained; if you will dine with me to-day I have a pleasant surprise in store for you. Which reminds me, do have this name crossed from the emigrant list." With these words she handed him the petition of the magician.

"A Chonan!" said Napoleon, after he had read the petition. "One of the fanatical followers of Charente's and Laroche-Jaquelin's; one of the people who but a short time ago followed the armies of the Republic to murder the scattered soldiers and finish the dying. Marec! Marec! who comes from England, who secretly landed on our coast, probably to fulfill Pitt's shameless plan, brandishing their torchlights over the sweltering battlefields of France. Fox, my friend, has written me to be on my guard for this evil one. And how do you know him? Where have you seen him?"

At this Josephine burst into tears.

"Oh, do not cry," he said, "but answer me; your charity has been abused. The traitors imagined a petition which you should propose could not be denied, and then they would in Paris, under my very eyes, have begun their wretched play. Fouche is right; these people are irredeemable."

"I do not know him," replied Josephine; "do not get angry. Tear up the petition and we will speak no more of it; if you knew how it came to me."

Josephine related how the petitioner came to her, and the wonders he produced.

"And you open the door to such people? Jugglers and magicians, who try to strew sand in the eyes of the First Consul, because they could not deceive him! How childish you are, Josephine, to be blinded by magicians!"

With these words he approached the sideboard and took an apple from a basket.

"See, in such an apple I found the petition. These are on my table every day, and accident led me to it."

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders and cut the apple. It concealed a similar petition. Bonaparte showed Josephine the ingenuity with which the kernels were taken out, and the space filled out with a rolled up paper.

"The man could not but succeed," he said, "you may have wished as you would. He was in league with the fruiterer, who shall serve you no longer. I shall recommend your magician to Fouche and—"

At the mention of this name Josephine trembled. The name of this blood-thirsty person sufficed to arouse horror in an innocent person. Josephine knew now that her charge was irrevocably lost.

"Ah! Bonaparte, I pray you, do not have him taken here and do not soil the innocence of my house."

"With you? He is here, then?"

"No, but he will come again; I hoped to entertain you with his artful tricks this evening."

"Fouche will find him."

Without listening any more he tramped on the apple and its contents, which were on the floor, to hurry back to Paris.

Josephine's sorrow was indescribable. For the first time she felt that there was a place in Napoleon's heart to which she had no access. She instituted search in the vicinity of Malmaison and went to all imaginable trouble to find the magician. She wished to give him money and have him taken over the boundary line by one of her own people, but all her trouble was fruitless. Dinner time arrived and Josephine, worried with unpleasant thoughts, left the victuals untouched. But when dessert was served both folding doors opened and George Marec appeared with his little table, his fine ebony stick and tin cups.

"Fly, sir, fly!" Josephine addressed him, "or you are lost. You have murdered French soldiers and deserve death. I can protect you no longer in my house. The Consul has probably given you up to Fouche and you are helplessly lost."

The magician, on whose features were cast such a dismal look yesterday, looked quietly at Josephine and begged her to give him a quarter of an hour of her time. He set the table down and brought forth the cup from his pocket. This time he offered neither rubies nor diamonds, and neither did he let flowers rain, but there tumbled out little soldiers, footmen and riders.

"These," said he, "are the Austrians, these Prussians, and these Russians, and they all unfold on a level. Do you see their battalions, their squadrons, divisions? Do you see Melas on a horse? He is their leader, and the horse on which he is mounted promised the holy Nicolaus the guns of the French. There is the French army. Do you see the General with a flying plume? He stretches forth his hand and all the armies attack each other. Do you hear the thunder of the cannons and the sound of the trumpets? Do you see the tri-colored flag? Do you hear the enthusiastic shout of the rejoicing multitude. "Long live the Republic! Long live General Bonaparte!"

And all the soldiers seemed to tumble out of the cups and go in order ready for the battle on the table, where they performed the movements which George Marec commanded. When the battle was won, victorious and defeated returned to his pocket, and the magician offered to show the wife of the First Consul still more wonderful things, the Egyptian expedition and the battle of the pyramids.

Josephine could not enjoy the treat. Believing the man exposed to danger, she said to him: "Take this money and go away."

Marec, who was more quiet and collected than yesterday said: "I would not sell my art for gold yesterday, much less will I to-day. Show me a favor; open one of these apples."

Josephine did so and found the following letter:

Madame: I have just delivered proof unto the First Consul that this Marec, who has the honor to appear before you, is not the murderer who has deserved the punishment of law. The one you protect is an honest man, who has taken part in the expedition of Amberon and fought bravely, but emigrated after the defeat of the Royalists. He did not, however, go to England, but to Germany, and from there has brought with him the marionette plays, which will probably amuse you very much. The other Marec is not George, but Joes, and is in England, where his actions are watched. I am glad to announce that your protege is crossed from the list of emigrants.
FOUCHE.

A few days later Josephine again importuned the First Consul, with the result that the name of the magician was expunged from the emigrant list.

THE BETTER CHANGE.

The road that hath no turning
Makes the traveler sick with yearning;
To hearts where sorrows enter
Come joys that sweetest sing;
A world without a winter
Can never know a spring.

Man's hope no fear can fetter
Where best may yet grow better;
Faith builds no walls of granite
Where time is but begun
And life, a changing planet,
Runs round a changeless sun.

O bliss of expectation!
O sweeter revelation
Beyond these fading pleasures,
Beyond these falling tears,
Where love's new given treasures
Grow never old with years!

Above all harm and hating,
Through rain of want and waiting,
Comes holy comfort's wooing,
In words of heavenly breath,
"This grief is not undoing,
This dying is not death."

Faith's martyrs, love's anointed,
Hope's toilers disappointed,
Shorn lambs to sheltered slumber
From earth's oppression passed—
All, with God's star-crowned number,
Shall find their meed at last.

To hold that future firmer
Is wise to do, nor murmur
Because its entrance only
Lies through the mortal gate.
The soul can not be lonely
Where friends so many wait.

Death's deluge boundless swelling,
May drift this transient dwelling;
When fear's foreboding raven
Hath flown across the sea.
The dove of peace my haven
Will find, and come to me.

And I shall rest securely
At anchor there, and surely
God's hand will break my prison,
And I my heaven shall view
When for His children risen,
He maketh all things new.
—*Youth's Companion.*

MILLIONAIRE ROCKEFELLER.

Once a Book-Keeper, Now the Richest Man in America.

Rockefeller's wealth, says Julian Ralph in the Providence *Journal*, has increased until it is said that he is now in receipt of an income of $20,000,000 a year. John D. Rockefeller's life story made him one of the marvels of the New World long before it was dreamed that he would ever reach the greatest height as a millionaire. A certain Dr. Rockefeller removed from the central part of this State less than forty years ago to establish himself and family in Cleveland. John D. and William were his sons. John D. finished his boyhood in the Ohio city and got his schooling there. Then he came to New York, and was proud to become a book-keeper in a little store for the sale of farm produce on commission in Water street in this city. At 19 years of age he and M. B. Clark went into the business on their own account. That was at the close of the war. While a book-keeper, Mr. Rockefeller had invested a little money in a small oil refinery up the river. The porter in the same store had put his small savings into the refinery also.

In time Rockefeller thought he saw a fortune in oil, and sold out his interest in his store to Clark. He and the former partner, now the millionaire Samuel Andrews, then devoted all their time to oil refining. Rockefeller was 26 and Andrews was under 25. Their refinery was not worth $5,000, and was not paid for. They prospered, and John's brother, William, became his partner in another refinery. The two refineries were presently joined, and a store was opened in this city for the sale of the oil they refined. They needed money to swing their plans with, and set out to find it. Away off in Saginaw, Mich., was Henry M. Flagler, sent there by a rich father-in-law to make his fortune in lumber and salt. He was not succeeding. The father-in-law heard of the Rockefellers, and calling Flagler to New York, put him and $60,000 into the new oil firm. From this stage in the Rockefeller history begins the unexampled career of the Standard Oil Company. Taking that name and a capital of $1,000,000, John D. Rockefeller rapidly consummated his plan to control the oil product of the nation.

The business grew so enormous that it was able to obtain the lowest freight rates from the railroads, and these were often such that Commodore Vanderbilt remarked that only one man in the world could dictate to him, and that was Rockefeller. Refineries were bought right and left for stock or cash. All who, like Colonel O. H. Payne, took stock became rich. The others got a fair price and that was all. The corporation was a monopoly until 1880. After that the railroads rebelled and then the Standard built its pipe lines and defied the roads. The company is incorporated in many States and managed by the Standard Trust Company in this city with John D. and William Rockefeller at the head. William owns and lives at the beautiful Aspinwall estate at Tarrytown, just above the limits of this city, on the Hudson. John D. lives near Greenwich, on the sound, with a coterie of business associates, who come to town every day in a private car that is fitted up like a club-house on wheels. Henry M. Flagler, whose income is now about $7,000,000 a year, has a grand house in town. These and the lesser magnates of the great oil trust are all quiet, plain, democratic citizens, not one of whom puts on the airs of the average hotel clerk.

Japanese Women.

A Japanese letter says: The key to the character of the Japanese women lies in the word obedience. Ages ago her "three great duties" were religiously declared to be obedience, if a daughter, to her father; if a wife, to her husband: if a widow, to her eldest son. "The kid drinks its milk kneeling," says the Japanese proverb—even the brutes show respect to their parents. So at the will of her parents the Japanese girl accepts her husband or joins the slaves of Aphrodite, and Confucius is presumably happy at the devotion of his behests. Her education consists of reading and writing, the polite accomplishments of dancing and playing on the samisen and koto, the reading of the polite literature of poetry, the tea ceremonial, cha-no-yu and the flower ceremonial—all very civilizing studies, but involving no development of character.

Marriage is a civil contract, without religious or official ceremony. The ceremonies, which are elaborate, are confined to the families and friends of the contracting parties, and the legal recognition takes the form of registration in the Government records. Divorce again—the pis aller of marriage—is theoretically easier in Japan than in Chicago, but as a matter of fact the intervention of the families protect the wife from injustice or caprice in all cases where husband and wife are respectable enough to have any family ties at all. The higher you ascend socially the more hostile and influential are the forces arrayed against divorce. A woman may also sue for a divorce from her husband.

Notwithstanding all the foregoing, however, the position of the Japanese wife is higher than any other Oriental country. She is addressed as o-ku-sama, "the honorable lady of the house," and as a rule every consideration is accorded to her. Because of the innate gentleness of the people and their elaborate and rigorous etiqutte, the relations of husband and wife are far easier and happier than the actual facts regulating them could lead one to suppose. The wife is faithful to a fault, and adultery on her part is almost unknown. But the complete civilization of Japan wants for the enlightenment and greater safeguard of its women.

They Like Bold Lovers.

A friend of mine received daily calls from an admirer during the entire year, and at the end of that time the gentleman wrote her a letter of some ten pages, which after perusing she was still in doubt as to its purport. I was called in counsel, and the second reading proved to me conclusively that the writer of this most extraordinary epistle had intended to propose marriage to my friend. When I assured her of this she exclaimed:

"Then why on earth didn't he say so; he was here until midnight and I gave him an opportunity. He must have sat up till morning composing this remarkable letter."

This labored effusion did not win the lady. Women do not as a rule care for men who are timid in matters of the heart.

I have heard a great many modest young ladies declare themselves in favor of bold men.

There are a vast number of Sabine maidens left in the civilized world to-day, who would enjoy being carried off by the Roman soldiers as in the days of old.

The average woman prefers egotism to timidity in a lover—roughness to cowardice.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Wit on Tombstones.

The punster is irrepressible; he even indites his jokes on tombstones. An epitaph in Waltham Abbey (England) informs us that Sir James Fullerton died "Fuller of faith than of fears. Fuller of resolutions than of pains. Fuller of honor than of days."

On another tombstone the connubial virtues of Daniel Tears are recorded:

Though strange, yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her Tears.

This is written of an organist:

Here lies one blown out of breath
Who lived a merry life and died a Merideth.

And of Thomas Huddlestone the gravestone says:

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone; reader, don't smile;
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That death, who killed him, in a very short while,
Will huddle a stone upon you.

She Collapsed.

Here is a yarn about the incorrigible small boy which I heard yesterday. An Albany woman was telling a Binghamton woman, who was visiting in this city, of the rapidity with which rents were shooting skyward in Albany. The Binghamton woman, after listening awhile, began to tell of the Binghamton rents. Then her small son interrupted her, just as she had finished telling what she paid per month in Binghamton, by remarking: "Why, that wasn't for a month, mamma; that was for a day." Both the women laughed at the boy's idea, but the little fellow kept right on and paralyzed his mother by adding: "It must have been for a day, anyway, because the man used to come every day for the rent!" Reports sayeth that the Binghamton woman collapsed.—*Albany Express.*

Keep the Children's Faith.

Mothers, don't destroy your children's faith in you by not keeping your promises to them, no matter how trifling they may seem. The simple childish faith they place in you should be a reason, if there were no other, for keeping a promise once made. The child may doubt every one else, but will believe the mother. A child's faith is, involuntarily, born of weakness and conscious dependence, and his mother is his law and gospel. But let a child once distrust the word of his mother, and he loses forever his simple childish faith. It is a shock that his tender sensibilities never recover from, and often a cruel disillusion that makes him ultimately, perhaps, a cynic.—*Detroit Tribune.*

A Horse for the Saddle.

If, with advice you could disclose
Some easy way to follow it,
'Twould cease to be the nauseous dose
That sickens those who swallow it.

Very well, here's advice you can follow; you get it by inference from the following:

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—"Your Compound Oxygen Treatment cured me of Asthma." GEO. L. DOUGLASS, Louisville, Ky., October, 1888. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—"My daughter received decided benefit in a case of bronchial asthma from your Compound Oxygen Treatment." JOHN J. MASON, M. D., Columbus, Ga., August 13, 1888.

Drs. Starkey & Palen's office records show over 45,000 different cases in which their Compound Oxygen Treatment has been used by physicians in their practice and by invalids independently in cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all complaints of a chronic nature. Their brochure of 200 pages will be forwarded free of charge to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

The *American Cultivator* says that "it is not likely that civilization loses anything by the extinction of the buffalo. All that is good of the animal for civilized man is found in crossing it with domestic cattle. Its meat is better than that of the buffalo and its carcass is larger. The robe of a cross-bred buffalo is more valuable than that of the wild animal, because its fur is distributed evenly, instead of being bunched in a heap at the mane. As the hide of a cross-bred buffalo is worth $75, it is well worthy of being bred for that alone."

Winks—"Don't you marry that girl as you value your happiness." Jinks—"Eh? What's that?" "She's scheming, cold-blooded, hard and selfish." "See here! You don't even know her." "No; but in a crowded railroad train the other day I saw her sitting on the aisle end of the seat with her satchel plumped on the other end."—*New York Weekly.*

FARM AND ORCHARD.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO ALL PRODUCERS.

Grafting Fruit Trees—Foothill Apples—Olive-Tree Planting—Clover—Etc.

Many appear to think, says the *Country Gentleman*, that grafting, or inoculation, as budding is often called, has, like vaccination in the animal subject, in some mysterious way the power to so change the nature of the tree that it will bear better fruit than before. We have "grafted fruit" and "natural fruit," often used as equivalent to good and poor fruit. Grafting is simply planting a cutting, but instead of planting it as we do most cuttings in the soil, where, under favorable conditions, it will take root, the cuttings are planted in the body, or the wood of an old tree, and instead of forming roots, the graft unites with the old and "takes" and becomes in all respects a part of the "stock," as the tree that is grafted is called. There are several kinds of grafting, the mechanical operation varying, but all having the same end in view—to convert or change a tree from an undesirable kind to a variety we prefer.

The cuttings of scions, or grafts, demand as much care in their selection as if they were young trees to be planted. They are usually cut in autumn, after the leaves have fallen, and should be of the last summer's growth, new shoots at least a foot long. These should be cut from bearing trees, making sure that these are of the kind we wish to convert. The cions are to be tied—or better, secured with small copper wire, as string may decay—into bundles of convenient size, and accurately labeled. The bundles of cions are placed in boxes and carefully surrounded with sawdust or moss, and kept in a cool cellar. They must be inspected occasionally, and if the packing material is becoming dry, give it a slight wetting. Some pack their cions in boxes of sand or sandy soil, and bury them below the reach of frost, and where water will not settle.

Some methods of grafting are quite difficult, but the two most in use are very simple, and every boy can practice them. The cleft is the most simple and the most common. The cion is cut with a sharp knife, in the form of a wedge. A branch of a stock is cut off with a proper saw, and with a heavy knife, struck with a mallet, a split or cleft is made. This is kept open with a wooden wedge, and the cions usually two in a large stock, are carefully set so that the inner bark of the cut portion of the cion and that of the stock will come in contact. The wooden wedge being carefully removed, the spring of the stock will firmly hold the cions. All the bare places on both stock and cion are covered with grafting wax to protect them from rain and air.

Crown grafting differs in cutting the cion upon one side only, to form a half wedge. The bark of the stock, it being cut off as before, may readily be lifted with a wedge of iron or hard wood thrust between the bark and wood, to allow the cion to slip in between the two. The bare surfaces are waxed as before.

FOOTHILL APPLES.

That the best apples produced in California are grown on the hill lands is a demonstrated fact. They are better flavored and their keeping qualities are far superior to those grown in the valleys. The following is taken from a correspondence in the Oroville *Register*, which gives some facts regarding the profits in producing the fruit here in the hill lands: "I give you some facts as to the cost of producing the fruit here in the hills, and also the profits made from the fruit grown. I select the apple to start with. Plowing one acre, $4; pruning, $10; cultivating and harrowing, $4; picking and packing, $40; hauling to market (Chico), $30; making a total of $88. The boxes cost twenty cents each, which makes $258 for the boxes, or $346 for the total expense per acre of eighty-six bearing trees. Now we give what we receive for all this trouble and expense, without counting the land, the trees and the time of waiting for them to come to maturity. Now I take the Ben Davis. The tree is healthy, a good grower and a prolific bearer. The fruit is very showy and a good late apple. I had trees that bore more pounds of apples than this, but I will take an average amount.

In the first place we set eighty-six trees to the acre. Now, fifteen boxes of fifty pounds each, or 750 pounds to the tree, amounts to 64,200 pounds to the acre. This at one and a half cents per pound makes $967 50. From this must be deducted the taxes and the interest on the valuation of the land, and it is plain to be seen why so many of our wheat growers are setting so much of their land to fruit trees. There are other fruits that pay as well or better than apples.

For a second fruit we select figs. The cultivation is about the same except for pruning, which is less than half the cost of apples. I have one tree of the purple variety that had an enormous crop after the birds had destroyed the greater part of the first crop. I gathered and dried 567 pounds of these figs. This at the market price in San Francisco, at only 3 cents a pound, loose in cotton sacks, would bring $17 01 per tree, which would be $1,452 86 per acre of eighty-six trees. I have 300 one-year-old Smyrna trees, and if they yield in proportion to the purple figs I shall need some other method of getting them to market besides hauling them on a wagon, and my little orchard is but a speck in a large tract of country that is susceptible of like results."

THAT BRONCHO COW.

When I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering watermelons in the dark of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow; but I do not think so now. I do not milk a cow now unless the sign is right, and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity, a kind of a self-made cow. I remember her brow was low, but she wore her tail high and she was haughty, oh, so haughty. I made a common-place remark to her, one that is used in the very best of society, one that need not have given offense anywhere. I said "So"—and she "soed." Then I told her to "histe"—and she histed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it. Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a dull, sickening thud on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window. I asked the neighbors if the barn was still standing. They said it was. Then I asked if the cow was injured much. They said she seemed to be quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little, and see if they could get my plug hat off her horns. I am buying all my milk now of a milk man, I select a gentle milk man who will not kick, and I feel as though I could trust him. Then, if he feels as though he could *trust* me, it is all right.—*Bill Nye.*

FRUIT TREES AT THERMALITO.

Yesterday a representative of the *Mercury* visited the nursery of the Oroville Citrus Association at Thermalito. He was kindly shown through the grounds by the managing superintendent, Mr. Murray. The nursery presents a fine appearance and everything is growing well. About seventeen thousand young orange trees have been removed from the seeding beds this spring and set out in nursery rows, where they will be budded next spring. All those previously transplanted and budded are doing well. There are also many thousands of young olive trees of the various varieties, in different stages of growth—this spring's sprouting of cuttings number over twelve thousand. There is also a fine collection of ornamental trees and shrubbery among which are many beautiful varieties heretofore unseen in this section. The orchard, the trees of which were set out three years ago this spring, are loaded with fruit. The Association has been very fortunate in securing the service of Mr. Murray, as he is the right man in the right place.—*Oroville Mercury.*

OLIVE PLANTING.

J. G. C., writing to the Chico *Chronicle-Record* say: "When doctors disagree," what shall we do about it? A recent paragraph in our local press denounces the planting of young olive trees, the writer being of the opinion that better results are secured by planting three and four-year-old trees than one-year-old cuttings. Adolphe Flamant, an authority upon olive culture, with the experience of a life-time, strongly favors the planting of year-old rooted cuttings, as the shock sustained by transplanting is much less in the smaller plant, than in the larger one. Some years ago I planted an orchard of one-year-old cuttings, none of them a foot high, and they have made a magnificent growth, some of them being now six feet in hight, with a stem more than an inch in thickness. This orchard shows marked superiority over orchards planted with older trees in this vicinity. Some care needs to be exercised in irrigation. I killed a few trees the first year by irrigating when the mercury was somewhere in the hundreds. After that I gave them water only at night and morning, four or five times in the season, and I have sustained no further loss. If I plant more olives, I shall set out young trees in preference to old ones.

ENEMIES OF PLANTS.

Tobacco water is an old and useful application for the "green fly" and all other "plant lice" or *aphides*, upon house plants or upon those in the open ground. Tobacco stems, or any other kind of tobacco, may be covered with water in a keg or any other convenient vessel and allowed to steep for some days. This will make an infusion much too strong for delicate plants, and should be diluted with water until the color of strong tea. The early, tender growth of some fruit trees is often beset by dark-colored *aphides* in such numbers that the shoots look black. Young trees may have the branches bent down, and their ends immersed in tobacco water. Those that cannot be treated in this way should have the tobacco water thoroughly applied by using a syringe.—*American Agriculturist for June.*

RED CLOVER.

The full value of red clover has but recently become known, and in a comparatively limited territory, though it was introduced into the United States some time prior to the Revolution, being known and cultivated by all the leading husbandmen of ancient Europe; but up to within a comparatively recent date its management was such as not to show its super-excellent qualities. But this is a scientific era, and the experiments lately made have developed fact after fact which have demonstrated beyond a doubt its superior qualities, not only for one use, but for many.

Where red clover will not "freeze out" it is one of the best and cheapest crops a farmer can raise. If we look to our older States, or to where a system of regular rotation is practiced, we find that in all once in from three to four years the ground is seeded to red clover; and why? It has been found to be the cheapest crop for nearly all kinds of stock, and is, without question, the greatest renovator of the soil.

NOTES.

No matter how cleanly the business is otherwise conducted, if the milker continues to smoke while milking, the milk and its products will be tainted with the odor and flavor of tobacco. Nothing is more sensitive to outside odors than milk, cream and butter, and the air of any place where milking is conducted must be kept pure.

A good many dollars may be saved about the farm and in the kitchen if the farmer owns a soldering kit and gives a few hours' time during the year to mending leaks and cracks. Soldering is a simple operation, and a complete and useful soldering outfit can be had at a trifling expense.

Eggs from hens that are two years old will hatch better, and bring better off-spring than those from the youngest stock. Young hens are preferable for laying eggs for market.

DRINKING HABITS.

Changes in Them Since the Days of Our Grandfathers.

[From the New York Post.]

No feature of the centennial celebration attracted more general attention than the small amount of drunkenness in the great crowds. The streets were packed with people all day long, day after day, and yet cases of intoxication were so infrequent that they attracted attention by their very rarity. "It can fairly be said," remarks the *Examiner*, a journal representing the Baptist denomination, "that the city during the three days was remarkably free from drunkenness. The saloons were all open, and it is said that they did a large business. However that may be, the fact is certain that there were very few signs of intoxication. The remark is now made constantly by people who were about the streets for hours on every one of the three days, that they did not see a single person under the influence of liquor. This also is excellent evidence that the people at large are gifted with good sense, and know how to manage themselves even in strange cities and on gala days, and it may even be fairly said to show that they have in this respect made great advances over the people of 100 years ago."

There is no doubt that the *Examiner* is entirely right in the opinion that in respect of self-control the American people of 1880 are superior to those of 1789, and there is consequently less of drunkenness, and of the disorder which springs from drunkenness, on a gala occasion now than in the days of our great-grandfathers. Those were the days when people drank strong liquors, and were expected to get drunk on them; when ministers and deacons went from the examination of a theological student's orthodoxy, and his consequent fitness to become a pastor, to a dinner where the board was graced with brandy and rum—"good old New England rum"; when the glass of toddy was religiously presented to the young pastor at the house of every parishioner on whom he called; when ministers occasionally became intoxicated without incurring dismissal; and when public men of the highest standing might slip under the table at a banquet without forfeiting the confidence of their constituents. In those days tens and hundreds of thousands of people could not have assembled and shown only a rare case of drunkenness.

The change is in part due to the growth of the habit of total abstinence among the people. It no longer provokes criticism, or even causes remark, if a gentleman does not drink wine at a public dinner; society recognizes that it is a personal question, about which others have no right to concern themselves. But this is only a single element in the change, and we doubt if it is the most important. There were plenty of people in last week's crowds who are in the habit of drinking liquor of some kind, and who did drink during the days of the celebration. The point is that they did not get drunk, and the chief reason for this undoubtedly was that they generally did not drink the more intoxicating kinds of liquor. The introduction of lager beer in the United States "switched off" a large portion of drinkers from "hard" liquors to malt. The man who years ago would take two or three glasses of whisky and get "fighting drunk" on them, now takes two or three mugs of beer, and does not get drunk at all.

These changes in drinking habits are not confined to the United States. They are hardly less noticeable in Great Britain. In recently presenting the budget to the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer called attention to the fact that during the last quarter of a century there has been a great, a material, and a striking fall in the consumption of spirituous liquors, as shown by the receipts from the excise tax. "I have good news again for the friends of the temperance cause," he said, "though it has made and continues to make a gap in the receipts of the Exchequer. This great revenue does not grow in proportion to population. It might be thought, now that we are at a critical moment in the revival of trade, that this would again lead to an increase in the revenue from drink. But it has not done so." He proceeded to show in detail that spirituous drinks have fallen more and more behind for the last dozen years; that a corresponding change has gone on in wines, so that more than half the wine now consumed belongs to the lighter kinds, while formerly the lighter kinds were only one-third of the whole; that since 1876 the total consumption of wine has sunk from 17,000,000 gallons to 13,000,000 gallons, while the total consumption of the lighter kind of wines has risen from 6,000,000 gallons to 8,000,000 gallons; that less wine of all kinds was consumed last year than in the previous year, and that the total drink revenue last year showed a falling off despite the increase in population, the sole increase being in beer, and that increase only two-thirds of one per cent.

Such facts show conclusively that in both Great Britain and the United States the number of people who abstain entirely from the use of liquor is steadily increasing, and that those who use liquor of any sort are more and more inclined to drop rum, whisky and brandy for the lighter wines, ale and beer. That these changes in habit have already gone far enough to produce noticeable effects is demonstrated by the wonderful sobriety of last week's vast crowds. Public opinion now frowns on drunkenness, and a man suffers serious harm who allows himself to be overcome by liquor. The next step should be the organizing of a public sentiment which will suppress the saloon by making it disreputable for a man to enter such a place. That the next centennial celebration will find the United States a nation of total abstainers, is in the highest degree improbable, but it is not too much to hope that it may find the country, although consuming a large amount of liquor, freed from the demoralizing influences of "stand-up drinking" in rum-shops.

Humor of Irish Blunders.

An Irishman, testifying in a Police Court, was asked to explain why he had "shown the white feather" on a certain occasion."

"'Tis better to be a coward for five minutes than dead all your life," he replied. Another Irishman, while accompanying a fishing party, had a bad fall down a steep mountain slope. Picking himself up he devoutly exclaimed: "Glory be to God that I wasn't walking back over the mountains a dead man!"

The humor of these blunders lies in the inability of the speaker to regard life as excluding death, and death as excluding life. But neither of them is a nonsensical expression; on the contrary each illustrates what an Irish writer says of Irish blunders. "They are frequently humorous hyperboles, and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's opinion."

An Irish peasant talks of a "sthrong weakness," and says that "the water is dry in the river," and tells you that "the only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens." He will confess "I can always remember things in advance," or, "there I sat, expecting that every moment would be my next," and describe drops of rain as varying in size, "from a shilling to eighteen pence."

These expressions are "bulls," but they are also picturesque blunders, such as could be made only by a peasantry gifted with wit, metaphor and ingenuity. "Even the cutters of turf and drawers of whisky are orators," wrote Maria Edgeworth of the Irish peasants, more than eighty years ago.

A writer on whose essay in the London *Spectator* we have drawn, points out that there are bulls of action and conduct as well as spoken bulls.

An Irish lady, observing that her bed curtains had caught fire, hurried away to fetch water. She caught up a can of water, and as she was about to pour it upon the flames remembered that it was hot water, and mentally decided that it could be of no use. An Irish school boy placed a cup full of coffee on a sloping desk. Finding that it overflowed, he sought to remedy his difficulty by turning the cup around. An Irish tenant wishing to raise the roof of his cabin, began by excavating the floor.

An Irishman, on a gentleman saying to him, "How did you like that whisky, Pat?" at once replied, "Sure, your honor, it has made another man of me, and that other man would like a glass, too." A temperance lecturer might make that bull do good service in illustrating the fact that "the first glass" does the mischief.

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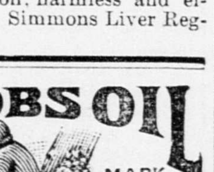

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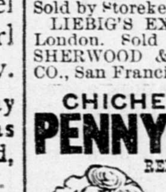

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WE CERTIFY THAT WE CONSTITUTE A partnership transacting business in this State. Its principal place of business is Sacramento City, California. Its name is M. J. AZEVEDO & CO. The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated May 15, 1889.
MANUEL J. AZEVEDO,
Sacramento City, California,
JOAQUIN L. AZEVEDO,
Freeport, Sacramento County, California.

State of California, County of Sacramento, ss. On this 15th day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, before me, Matt F. Johnson, a Notary Public in and for the County of Sacramento, personally appeared MANUEL J. AZEVEDO and JOAQUIN L. AZEVEDO, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, at my office in the County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[SEAL.] MATT. F. JOHNSON, Notary Public.
Indorsed: Filed May 17 1889.
WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.
By L. P. SCOTT, Deputy. my18 4tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF ADAM NESSEL, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the estate of ADAM NESSEL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to them at the office of Matt F. Johnson, 607 I street, Sacramento City.
CHARLES NESSEL,
PETER FUCHS,
Executors of the estate of ADAM NESSEL, deceased.
Dated May 18, 1889. MATT. F. JOHNSON, Attorney for Executors.
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