

WHO HAVE GRAPES TO SELL SMILE COMPLACENTLY

The Golden Harvest of the Vineyards

Grapes are grapes this year. The man who has them smiles complacently and says grapes are money. Queer how many things grapes can be! Some years they are dru.

The picking season is at its height now; pickers are in demand, wineries are crushing all day long, and all day the big wagons come down the roads piled high with full boxes or rattle back again with empty ones.

The gentle hills in all the grape valleys bear undulating lines of low green vines looking bare of fruit until one gets close, and then revealing treasures of purple, pink or white clusters, hung hidden beneath the branches. There isn't much landscape hidden by grapevines; they do not rise enough from the ground to change the appearance of the surroundings—nor nearly so much as a crop of corn would. And there is nothing of nature in a vineyard. Who ever knew Nature to grow anything in parallel lines? In a section devoted to grape culture one may stand on any slight eminence and see, as far as he can see, line after line, sloping up and then down, following and bringing into relief every curve or hollow in the land.

It isn't beautiful, but it looks thrifty; it has the air of prosperity and spick-and-spanness about it which comes with vain and care. Running through nearly every vineyard, cutting it in two or in four, are rows of orchard trees, like sentinels, or like a few grown-up people watching the work of many children. In some hollow, nearly hidden by trees, and vines allowed to climb, is the house, and if the place be large there are many outbuildings and a winery. Nearly all these buildings are white, contrasting well with the deep green of the vines and the brown of the earth. Roads and paths intersect the vineyard, and now, if one passes along these roads, at the sound of a footstep, up pops head after head from among the vines, where the stooping pickers have been hid.

A hopyard is more picturesque, perhaps, but less satisfactory this year than a vineyard. The man with grapes has no grudge against Providence or his neighbor, for the crop is good in quality, though light in quantity, and every grape sells at a good price. It is a golden harvest that is being gathered in all over the State this month, greater than any for many years—a boon from kindly nature to her burdened people.

Around the little town of Livermore are vineyards in every direction. One can take no road that does not lead to one. In all directions the hills are crowned with vines to their very summits, and in all directions come and go the great four-horse loads of grapes. Grapes everywhere! Great luscious grapes of every shade and degree of sweetness; great piles of grapes in front of the wineries; great piles of boxes full of grapes stacked about the vineyards. It would seem that there are grapes enough in this region to supply the State. It takes a small army to gather them in.

Some small vineyards hire two or three families to pick and then there's fun. They all come—father, mother and a flight of stairs, ending with the fat baby crouching under the shade of a vine. Even grandma picks in the cool of the day, feeling one more that she is of some use in the world, for every bunch counts. They are paid by the ton, from \$12 to \$24 a ton, according to the ground. The stems are cut with a hooked knife and the bunches dropped into a box, thirty-two of which

make a ton. Your heart would falter and your back would ache to think of filling thirty-two of these boxes in a day, but it has been done. That would be good wages if it could be kept up, but few do it at all, and some average half a ton a day through the season. "Still," they say, "it is living wages and we are glad to have it do."

A jolly, noisy crowd they are in the cool morning when mist hides the hills and a leafy screen, whence comes now and then a sharp voice and the sound of a slap, to show how maidens fair can keep swains in their proper places; and, farther down, a band of youngsters swarm over two boxes, eating, picking and squabbling in bliss.

These people will pick in the cool twilight as long as they can see the bunches, and go to their own homes to eat the supper the grandmother has ready, then in their own beds they will forget labor and pleasure alike in the deep, dreamless slumber given to those who labor in the air. They are not unhappy. Even when the noonday sun makes them less cheerful and they grumble about the light crop making slow picking they are a healthy, wholesome lot. They are working together, making more than they eat.

The next vineyard is larger, about 200 acres. The foreman looks askance at the

for our cold reception. The pickers are Chinamen, and the camera might hold them up to public scorn. "De boss he thinka you know he have Chiny crowd. He thinka you come setta, de picture them." Thus explains the Portuguese assistant after the foreman has gone. He need not worry. We want no picture of the twosome Chinese, each one just like the other, with their pots of cold tea conveniently near.

The Portuguese tells us further, with great effort, that Chinese labor is not pleasing to the people, but the boss thinks they work faster, and, above all, steadier than the floating class of white men he has tried. If he hires a gang of heathen he knows they will be there every day as long as the work lasts. We are not judging the boss, and he might just as well have been pleased.

The Chinese camp and have nice tents to

yard is subtle to a man of a family. With two cousins and seven children the man picks his crop alone, that is without hiring. He sends to the winery two tons, while the Chinese crowd sends six tons every day. He thinks the Chinamen have no business to touch the grapes, for the heathens don't know good wine when they taste it.

The third ranch is larger than the other two put together. We can catch no shots here for there is trouble. Yesterday the gang of Wandering Willies, who had been leisurely picking for a week, took stock, and finding they had a surplus they invested it in liquid joy and departed. The foreman is mad. He says he will take no more imported labor. If he cannot get together a gang of the people of the neighborhood he will be blessed if he don't take Chinamen—and he hates 'em like pizen.

There is something in his disgust. There

voluntarily lazy—also cause from effect. Down the road we go back we pass some of these weary gentlemen camped by a bridge. They look lazily good-natured, stretched out in the shade; perhaps they have a grievance and are willing to tell it. Just so, as long as we do not turn that machine in their direction they will talk to us all day.

"Why d'd they quit?"

Never have I heard such frankly confessed vagrancy. I mention that most people have to work six days and do chores on the seventh.

"Well, we don't do it, and we don't have to."

We may as well stop at this small field of grapes. The owner is a German, and our countrymen are funny sometimes. This one is jolly, with twinkling eyes and alternate teeth. "Grapes are good money this year," he says, "but it's a pity the crop is not heavier. If the frost hadn't burned so many he would be twice as well off."

I pointed out that the price might have been smaller had the crop been larger, but he doesn't think so. Still the grapes are good, and from his seventeen acres, with two pickers, he will clear a sum which makes his eyes twinkle more and brings into view his absent teeth.

Following this great load of grapes into town, to the winery there, we may learn about the fate of those great clusters of sweetness. They are dumped into a box, wherein crawls an endless chain which claws them up and up into the separator at the top of the house. The stems go down the dump and fall outside, while the grapes pass into the crusher. The mashed grapes, skins, seeds and all, are sent down pipes into the vats. Nice big vats they are, big enough to keep house in.

This is a good time to learn about different wines in theory. White wine and red wine are not made from different grapes. The difference lies in the way they are fermented. For claret the wine ferments skins and all; for white wine the skins are taken out before fermentation begins. The color comes from the acid uniting with the dark matter in the skins.

Grapes contain much tartaric acid. Perhaps some housewives have wondered whence comes the cream tartar used in making snowy biscuit and puff cake. It settles in wine-vats. The acid gathers in the bottom and on the sides in crystals. An old vat is coated inches deep with it. Often, too, some is extracted from the pomace by pouring a little boiling water on it. The acid gathers on it like frost on a window-pane. Nothing is wasted. The pomace, mostly seed and fiber, is dried and used to feed the engine. Ton for ton, it is as good as coal. This winery—one of many—handles thirty tons of grapes a day; quite a pile if it were in your front yard.

The yield around Livermore will exceed 4000 tons, and the wine made will equal 500,000 gallons. The price is from \$16 to \$25 a ton. That makes a tidy sum of money.

All over our great State this harvest is being gathered for wine, for raisins, for eating; thousands of men, women and children are making a living working with them, and immense sums of money are circulating. It would seem that we ought to have plenty to eat; but if we have them we must pay for them. The crop is not heavy enough to pay for coaxing the public. Every one can be sold straight from the vineyard. It is a great industry this year, and the wisecracks do say that such a year for grapes has not been seen since the early days. Blessed be the man who has grapes to sell, for he shall inherit riches even in these times of Bryanism and politics.

deep chill breath of air makes motion a pleasure. The fathers and mothers move their hands so fast the bunches fly in every direction, all of them, however, fighting in the box; the young lads and ja-ses, neighbors, and often bashful sweethearts, pick side by side, growing more saucy and happy than usual beneath that

camera, and has no welcome for the stranger within his gates. "There ain't nothin' to see and the pickers is way down the other end of the place," he asserts, very grumly.

Calmly impervious to snubs, we piod to the other end, which, by the way, is in the middle, and there we find the reason

sleep in near the barn. The sweet odors of their native cookery float on the evening breeze and over the fragrant vines as delicious as burning eucalyptus leaves in the back yard.

These men are slaves, the lowest class of our Chinese. They grunt and we pass on to where another part of the same vine

are crowds of teams now along the road, who seek work, and finding it they do not like it. They will work until each has a couple of dollars ahead, and then they vanish, leaving the man who employed them in the lurch. Oh, that there were some way to separate the wheat from the tares; the involuntarily poor from the

"Well, this fellow got fired just because he got drunk one day and now he wouldn't go back if every grape on the vines rotted, and the rest just got tired. No man ought to be expected to work for a dollar a day, and besides it got hot. Yes, they all had some money coming to them and when they get it they will go

to the SUNDAY CALL. Several foreign armies are training dogs as scouts, sentinels and messengers in war, and experiments show that they can be used successfully. For many years also have pigeons, although not four-footed animals, been used as messengers in war. During the Franco-Prussian war, a great many messages were sent out of the beleaguered city of Paris, and by such means communication with the outside world was maintained. But there are other animals also used, and the foremost among them is the well-known horse. Next to the dog, the horse stands at the head of the animal kingdom in docility to man's will, and intelligence in carrying out what he is taught. He is used both as a fighting animal and a transport animal.

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IN A BUSY VINEYARD OF LIVERMORE VALLEY WHERE NO CHINESE ARE EMPLOYED

GOOD MANNERS FOR HORSES

A man came to see me recently on a matter of business. He rode a handsome, lightly sleeping bay mare, and during our interview, which took place out of doors, he did mount and get on talking with the bridle-rein thrown over his arm.

"I came up," he said, "to see you about that—'" Then the mare thrust her head forward and upward, jerking the rein free, and the rest of the sentence was lost in the grab her master made to recover his hold upon her. Securing the rein again, he gave it a turn about his left hand and resumed the conversation, which related to pasturage. "Of course it's stubble," he said, "but there's nothing like it for—look out there, will you?" This last was addressed to the mare, who had ducked her head between her fore feet, nearly upsetting the speaker by the jerk. He hauled her nose up again, and, before he could proceed further, she made a sidewise turn, striking her head against my shoulder, and the giving it a toss which knocked her own head off. He picked it up and went on talking. During the whole conversation the animal kept up a constant motion, jerking her head up and down, stepping from side to side to the imminent peril of our toes, rubbing against her master and conducting herself altogether so much after the fashion of a spoiled child that at last I became impatient.

"Cannot you make that mare behave herself?" I said.

"No," was the reply, "she's nervous. There isn't a mean hair in the creature's head, but she's just naturally restless and uneasy."

Just then she "stepped over," unexpectedly, and brought one foot down forcibly upon my tenderest toe. A quick jerk at the bit headed her off, but my temper was quite spoiled for that day. "I'd teach her to stand still or I would send her to the boneyard," I said, irritated by pain. The man was full of apologies. He wouldn't have had it happen for a good deal. He was awfully sorry, but it was just naturally impossible to make that mere keep still, and presently he mounted and rode off.

A horse should be taught something more than to pull and to back, to carry weight and go at the various utility gaits. He should be taught good manners in addition to these things. It is a comparatively easy thing to do this with a young colt, but while far more difficult it is not impossible to inculcate lessons in deportment into the brain of an old horse. The creature is not like a dog in this respect. He can always learn new tricks.

The first thing necessary is to get control of his head. If the animal has not been allowed to travel with his nose thrust forward, or if he has been compelled to do this by the use of a tight overhead check, you will have some diffi-

culty at the outset. Do not despair, however; a little patience will produce wonderful results in this regard. To begin with, you must train the horse so that you can bring his head in from its usual nearly horizontal carriage. Until you can do this you can make no progress. The best method of giving this first lesson is both pretty and interesting. You must teach the animal to come toward you when you tap him, with a whip, on the breast. To do this stand in front of him with the whip in your right hand, tip downward. Now, taking a rein in each hand, close to the bit, strike the horse sharply on the chest. He will probably start back and try to pull away from you, but keep your hold upon the reins, speak quietly to him and strike him again. Keep it up until he makes a little movement toward you, as he will do, sooner or later. When he does this loosen your hold on the reins, pat him and praise him, letting him understand that he has pleased you. Then proceed as before. He will quickly learn that the way to avoid the whip is to come to you, and you have taken the first step toward controlling his head. As he comes toward you a slight pressure on the bit will draw his neck and bring his nose toward his chest, making him what is called "light in hand." You will find this alone a great advantage, as when riding him if he thrusts his head forward and bears on the bit, a tap with the whip on the chest will serve to bring his nose in and ease the pull upon your bridle-arm.

This is a lesson that any woman can teach a horse. I have myself taught a spirited filly to come to me from a distance of several paces when I stand before her whip in hand. The main thing is to make the creature understand that he has nothing to fear from the whip so long as he is obedient. Do not be afraid of a horse. Always remember that he is far more afraid of you than you are of him. He has learned that the creature that stands upright and has hands is his master, and it is your place not to let him forget this.

Now, having gotten his head into the proper perpendicular position, do not try to teach him anything further at this lesson, but, say the next day, put on a double bridle—that is, a bridle with curb and snaffle bits, bring him toward you with the whip, and get him light in hand, that is, with nose in and head perpendicular, stand at his right side and, with the right curb rein in your left hand and the right snaffle rein in your right, quite near the bit, draw your hands gently apart, being careful not to jar or hurt the horse, but keeping a steady tension until he opens his mouth. When he does this relax the reins and pat him. Repeat this lesson say twice, daily, for a few minutes at a time, until he opens his mouth with-

out resistance at a gentle pressure on the bits. Then practice with him until you obtain the same result with the snaffle alone. You will find, in a very short time, that by these lessons you have established a means of communication between yourself and the horse, through the bit. Action in a horse soon becomes instinctive, his motor impulses are largely reflex.

If you have not a double bridle at hand you can accomplish the flexions of head and jaw by the use of a rope in connection with the curb bit. Pass the rope through the animal's mouth, drawing the end through the bit ring on either side. Now stand at the horse's right and take both ends of the rope in your right hand and the left curb rein in your left. Draw your hands apart as before, making a little

SOME FOUR-FOOTED SOLDIERS

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She Sits All Day on the Narrow-Gauge Mole



When the moon is on the wane and the tides small an old woman may be seen seated all day by the pier north of the Oakland narrow-gauge pier slip. She is the most industrious angler that ever wet a line. When accosted she says smilingly: "Je suis la vieille pecheuse," and no further information will she give.

In her basket is always stowed a variety of lunch, sandwiches, cheese, fruit and a tin of claret, so she evidently is not fish-

gentle play with the curb until he opens his mouth. The rope is more severe than the snaffle bit would be, so proceed gently and watch that he does not get his tongue over the bit—a bad trick for a horse to acquire.

To yell "Stand still there, will you?" at a restless horse only increases his restlessness and his contempt for you. But the horse that has been taught to obey the bit and to yield to it intelligently will stand still without being yelled at. The pressure of the iron in his mouth is a reminder that he is on duty, and having learned the lesson of cheerful submission he ceases to fret and thrash about like a spoiled, unreasonable child. No matter how good a traveler he may be, how fearless or willing, if he is not responsive and easily controlled, well mannered as well as well sited, he is not a well-bred horse—a thing to be carefully considered if you are offering the animal in the market.

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ing for the pan alone. She has a keen appreciation of the sport. She baits her hook with the most care. When she gets a bite her withered features glow with animation.

She positively quivers with excitement when she feels the plunging fish at the end of her line.

"Hal un grand peche," she shrieks, and looks about to mark if any one is observing the reward of her skill and patience.

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sound of firearms stampedes him and he has to be unharnessed and his place taken by the patient bullocks, who draw the cannon anywhere on the battle-ground, apparently oblivious of all danger. Our illustration shows a heavy battery of the Indian army on parade. There are four such batteries in India, each composed of six heavy guns—40-pounders and six three-inch rifles—and each gun is drawn by two elephants. The guns are manned by Englishmen and the officers are English. But all the transport of the battery is drawn by bullocks and on the battle-field they are changed with the elephants. The picture shows a single division of a battery only. The entire strength is one major, one captain, three lieutenants, two sergeants, six corporals, twelve bombardiers and seventy-two gunners, with an Indian contingent of 163 mahouts, drivers and servants, etc.

An animal little thought of for military purposes is the domestic, humble pussy cat. This will be news to most people, but puss takes her place among the animals that all armies require, especially Sam's; yet so it is. Mice and rats flourish quite as well in Government storehouses as they do elsewhere—indeed, some people think more so. The services of Tabby are called into requisition far oftener than supposed, and without any equivocation it may be said that Puss is among the most active of her country's defenders in her war against that enemy of the entire human race—the tribe of rats. To wage ceaseless war against the vermin of rats and mice is at least all Government warehouses is really a war to Puss, and often she will be found covered with battle wounds and scars and worthy to be put on the retired list and pensioned.

Among the many four-footed soldiers must not be forgotten the pets that nearly all regiments or companies in service have. These pets are of all kinds, and with Uncle Sam's forces have been known to run from the big grizzly to the little badger, or even the mole or squirrel. In some English regiments it is the custom for the drum-major, or, as he is called there, the sergeant-drummer, to have marching with him the pet of the regiment as he parades with the band up and down the line. The animal in all such cases is richly caparisoned, and, indeed, there are no pets better looked after than the four or two footed ones of soldiers.

At Fort Du-las, Salt Lake City, are two immense grizzlies that were captured by men of the Sixth United States Infantry when they were cubs. They are now immense beasts and are the pets of the Sixth. The history of the famous war eagle "Old Abe," which went out with the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment during the war, is known to all veterans.