

Farm Notes.

Why Not Co-Operate? The Petaluma Courier has an article showing that the agricultural producer does not get his just proportion of the price paid by the consumer for his products...

The San Francisco Visitor is sure this evil is not without a possible remedy. The box of apples for which the fruit-grower gets 25 cents sells readily in San Francisco for \$1 or \$1.50...

If a large building were leased, say in the Western Addition or the Mission, where rents are not too high, and if all the members of an organization of farmers were to commence consigning their produce to it...

To Kill Foxtail.

"Mention has been made," says the San Francisco Chronicle, "of the loss caused in many localities by the prevalence of what is known as foxtail grass together with methods which might be adopted to prevent the further spread of this nuisance."

"If those who are adopting this remedial remedy will do one thing more they will have little trouble in the future. The foxtail grows invariably in spots where the alfalfa has either died out or did not for some reason make a perfect stand at the start."

Poultry Lice.

A correspondent of an exchange gives the following simple method of getting rid of poultry lice: "Much is written about white washing and using kerosene for the destruction of lice, and keeping houses free from foul odors."

With good management ducks can be made profitable. Where young roosters can be sold at a fair price the sooner they are disposed of the better.

A large flock of hens do not thrive as well as a smaller flock, owing to crowding and competition. In the spring the early chickens sell the best, and for this reason fall hatching is the most profitable.

A few fowls of the best quality in with a lot of talked fowls will add nothing to the market value of the rest.

Kendrick, who murdered Otto Hugo, his father-in-law, in Elko county, Nev., has been convicted of murder in the second degree and the people wish they had lynched him.

THE BOWSER'S AGAIN.

SOME PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

The Master of the House Finds Out for Himself That Women Are Not the Only Careless People.

"I am returning from a trip down town the other week I left my shopping bag in the car and when I mentioned the fact to Mr. Bowser and asked him to call at the street railway office and get it, he replied: 'No, ma'am, I won't! Anybody careless enough to leave an article of value in a street-car deserves to lose it. Besides, you did not take the number of the car, and they would only laugh at me at the office.'"

"Do you take the number of every street-car you ride in?" I asked. "Certainly. Every sensible person does. Day before yesterday I came up in No. 70. I went back in No. 44. I came up to supper in No. 66. Yesterday I made my trips in Nos. 55, 61, and 38. To-day in Nos. 83, 77 and 15. The street railway contract to carry passengers—not to act as guardians for children and imbeciles."

"Mr. Bowser, other people have lost articles on the street cars." "Yes—other women. You never heard of a man losing anything?" "I let the matter drop there, knowing that time would sooner or later bring my revenge. It came sooner than I expected. Mr. Bowser took his dress coat down to a tailor to get a couple of new buttons sewed on, and as he returned without it, I observed: 'You are always finding fault with the procrustations of my dressmaker. Your tailor doesn't seem to be in any particular hurry?'"

"How?" "Why, you were to bring that coat back with you." "That coat! Thunder!" Mr. Bowser turned pale and sprang out of his chair. "Didn't I lose it going down, did you?" "I—I believe I—!" "You left it in the street car when you came up?" "Yes."

"Mr. Bowser, anybody careless enough to leave an article of value in a street car deserves to lose it. However, you took the number of the car, I presume?" "O—no!" "You didn't! That shows what sort of a person you are. Yesterday when I went down after baby's shoes I took car No. 111. When I returned I took car 86. When I went over to mother's I took car 56. The conductor had red hair. One horse was brown and the other black. The driver had a cast in his left eye. There were four women and five men in the car. We passed two loads of ashes, one of dirt and an iceberg. The conductor wore No. 8 shoes and was near sighted. The street railway contract to carry passengers, Mr. Bowser, not to act as guardians for sap-heads and children."

"But I'll get it at the office to-morrow," he slowly replied. "Perhaps, but it is doubtful. As you can't remember the number of the car, they will laugh at the idea, and perhaps take you for an impostor."

"He glared at me like a caged animal and made no reply, and I confess that I almost hoped he would never recover the coat. He did, however, after a couple of days, and as he brought it home he looked at me with great importance and said: 'There is the difference, Mrs. Bowser. Had you lost anything on the car it would have been lost forever. The street car people were even sending out messengers to find me and restore my property.'"

"One day a laboring man called at the side door and asked for the loan of a spade for a few minutes, saying that he was at work near by; and he was so respectful that I hastened to accommodate him. Two days later Mr. Bowser, who was working in the back yard, wanted the spade, and I had to tell him that I lent it. As it was not to be found, the natural inference was that the borrower had not returned it."

"This is a pretty state of affairs," exclaimed Mr. Bowser when he had given up the search. The longer some folks live the less they seem to know."

"What he looked honest?" "What of it? You had no business to lend that spade."

"I was sure he'd return it." "Well, he didn't, and anybody of sense would have known he wouldn't. If somebody would come here and ask for the piano, I suppose you'd let it go. Mrs. Bowser, you'll never get over your countryed ways if you live to be as old as the hills. It isn't the loss of the spade so much, but it is the fact that the man thinks you are so green."

"In the course of an hour I found the spade at the side steps, where the man had left it after using, but when I informed Mr. Bowser of the fact he only growled: 'He brought it back because he probably heard me making a fuss about it and was afraid of arrest.'"

Two days later, a colored man came up and asked to borrow the lawn-mower for a few minutes for use on the next corner.

"Certainly, my boy," replied Mr. Bowser, "you'll find it in the back yard."

When he had gone I observe that the man had a suspicious look about him and that I should not dare trust him, and Mr. Bowser turned on me with: "What do you know about reading character? There never was a more honest man in the world. I'd trust him with every dollar I have."

"In about half an hour Mr. Bowser began to get uneasy, and after waiting a few minutes longer he walked down to the corner. No black man. No lawn-mower. By inquiry he learned that the borrower had loaded the mower into a hand-cart and hurried off. It was a clear case of confidence."

"Well!" I queried, as Mr. Bowser came back with his eyes bulging out and his hair on end. "It's—it's gone!" He gasped. "I expected it. The longer some folks live the less they seem to know. If somebody should come and want to borrow the furnace or the bay windows you'd let 'em go, I suppose."

"But he—he—" "But what of it? You had no business to lend that lawn-mower, Mr. Bowser. You'll never get over your countryed ways if you live!"

"He would listen no further. He rushed out and sailed around the neighborhood for two hours, and next morning got the police at work, and it was three days before he would give up that he had been 'chorwoggled,' as one of the detectives put in. Then, to add to his misery, the officer said: 'We'll keep our eyes open, but there isn't one chance in five hundred. After this you'd better let your wife have charge of things. That darkey couldn't have bamboozled her that way.'—Detroit Free Press.

A MODERN NOVELIST. The Heroine of "A Little Journey in the World" meets a Young Novelist.

There was a young novelist present whose first story, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," had made a hit the last season. It was thought to take a profound hold upon life, because it was a book that could not be read aloud in a mixed company. Margaret was very much interested in him, although Mr. Summers Bass was not her idea of an imaginative writer. He was a stout young gentleman, with very black hair and small black eyes, to which it was difficult to give a melancholy cast even by a haughty frown. Mr. Bass dressed himself scrupulously in the fashion, was very exact in his pronunciation, careful about his manner, and had the air of a little weariness, of the responsibility of one looking at life. It was only at rare moments that his face expressed intensity of feeling.

"It is a very pretty scene, I suppose," Mr. Bass, that you are making studies," said Margaret, by way of opening a conversation.

"No, hardly that. One must always observe. It gets to be a habit. The thing is to see reality under appearances."

"Then you would call yourself a realist?" Mr. Bass smiled. "That is a slang term, Mrs. Henderson. What you want is nature, color, passion, to pierce the artificialities."

"But you must describe appearance." "Certainly, to an extent, for action, talk as it is, even trivialities, especially the trivialities, for life is made up of the trivial."

"But suppose that does not interest me?" "Pardon me, Mrs. Henderson, that is because you are used to the conventional, the selected. Nature is always interesting."

"I do not find it so." "No? Nature has been covered up. It has been idealized. Look yonder," Mr. Bass pointed across the lawn. "See that young woman upon whom the sunlight falls standing waiting her turn. See the quivering of the eyelids, the heaving of the chest, the opening lips; note the curve of her waist from the shoulder, and the line rounding into the fall of the folds of the Austrian cashmere. I try to saturate myself with that form, to impress myself with her every attitude and gesture, her color, her movement, and then I shall, imagine the form under the influence of passion. Every detail will tell. I do not find unimportant the tie of her shoe. The picture will be life."

"But suppose, Mr. Bass, when you come to speak with her, you find that she has no ideas, and talks slang?" "All the better. It shows what we are, what our society is. And besides, Mrs. Henderson, nearly everybody has the capacity of being wicked; that is to say, of expressing emotion."

"You take a gloomy view, Mr. Bass." "I take no view, Mrs. Henderson. My ambition is to record. It will not help matters by pretending that people are better than they are."

"Well, Mr. Bass, you may be quite right, but I am not going to let you spoil my enjoyment of this lovely scene," said Margaret, moving away.

Mr. Bass watched her until she disappeared, and then entered in his notebook a phrase for future use—"The prosperous propriety of a pretty plutocrat." He was gathering materials for his forthcoming book, "The Last Sign of the Prude."—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

The Value of a Life. Before our civil war the money value placed upon the working force in a slave, a young negro field hand, was \$1,000 and upward, and upon a skilled mechanic over \$3,000. Dr. Farr and Edwin Chadwick, both eminent sanitarians, practically confirm these estimates. Dr. Farr says that in England an agricultural laborer at the age of 25 years is worth, over and above what it costs to maintain him, \$1,191, and that the average value of every man, woman, and child is \$771. Edwin Chadwick says that each individual of the English working classes (mere children work there, we must remember) is worth \$890, and at 40 years of age \$1,780. Our values in this country are much greater. Take the probabilities of our length of life from the insurance tables, and put our labor on the market for that term of years and you will find that we are worth to the community.—Medical Classics.



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A PECULIAR PEOPLE. What Was Observed on a Visit to a Dunker Town in Pennsylvania.

Some fifteen miles from Lancaster by turnpike and twenty by rail lies the little village of Ephrata. It is a very secluded, sleepy-looking little place, in spite of the railroad that runs through it, shut in by surrounding hills and by a low line of mountains dignified by the name of Ephrata Ridge. The houses of the town straggle along a broad road which crosses the railroad near the station, dips away until it sweeps around in a curve over a bridge, past an old mill in front of a broad-built red brick house, and so away into the country. The houses, generally brick-built, in many cases old-fashioned, are very comfortable and home-like.

Here one meets the Dunker people in every by-road and lane—men with long beards and flowing hair parted in the middle. At the farm-houses are pleasant, matronly faces, stamped with humility and gentleness, while an air of almost saintly simplicity is given by the clear-starched cap, the handkerchief crossed on the breast, the white apron, and the plain gray or drab stuff on the dresses.

The style of living of these good people, their manners and customs, are of the most primitive type. Their aim is to imitate the early Christians in their habits of life as well as in their religious tenets. There is absolutely no distinction of caste among them.

They settled at first near Philadelphia, in a spot which has since been called Germantown, from the various German religious refugees who settled there in the early part of the last century. The sect is now chiefly confined to central and western Pennsylvania, but has spread to other States, principally those of the Northwest, though there are churches established in western Maryland, West Virginia, and North Carolina. Their dress is of the simplest description, quaint and old-fashioned in its cut; they offer no resistance to injuries; they observe no conformity with the world and its manners and customs; they refuse to take oaths in courts of law; in these and many other ways resembling the Society of Friends.

Some of their religious ceremonies are exceedingly curious. They celebrate the Lord's Supper after the manner of the primitive Christians.

The feast begins about the time of candle-lighting. The men are seated upon one side of the meeting-house, the women upon the other. The first ceremony is that of the washing of feet, each sex performing this duty for its own. Those who are to engage in the ordinance presently enter the meeting, carrying tubs of lukewarm water, and each member on the front benches removes his or her shoes and stockings. A man on the men's side and a woman on the women's then wash the feet one by one, taking the right hand of each individual, as they finish the washing, and giving the kiss of peace. After the one who performs the washing follows another, with long towel girded around the waist, who wipes the feet just washed, at the same time giving the right hand and the kiss of peace. As one beneficial has the ceremony performed, it gives place to another. While this ceremony is being conducted, the minister or teachers make a brief speech or read appropriate portions of Scripture relating to the subject.

The next ceremony is the supper itself. Each third bench is so arranged that the back can be turned upon a pivot at each end, so as to form the top of a long table. This is covered with a white cloth, and presently brothers and sisters enter, bearing large plates or bowls of soup, which are placed upon the tables. Three or four people help themselves out of the same dish. After this the communion is administered, and the whole ceremony is concluded by the singing of hymns and preaching. This the brethren hold is the only true method of administering the ordinance of the Last Supper, and also hold that it is similar to that ceremony as celebrated in the earliest Christian Church.

Another peculiar ordinance among them is that of anointing the sick with oil, in accordance with the text in James, v. 14. The sick one calls upon the elders of the meeting, and at a settled time the ceremony is performed. It consists of pouring oil upon the head of the sick person, laying hands upon them, and praying over them.

The ordinance of baptism is administered in running water and by thricefold immersion, the officiating minister then laying his hands upon the recipient, who still kneels in the water, and praying over him or her.

The ministers or teachers, who receive no stipend whatever, are elected by the votes of the members of the church, he who receives the largest number of votes being pronounced elected. These elections are summoned by the elders of the church, who preside over them and receive the votes of the people, either viva voce, in whispers, or by closed ballots. If no candidate has a majority, or if there are a greater number of blank votes cast than for any one candidate, the election is pronounced void.

Such is a brief and condensed account of these people, and their religious customs and ordinances. They are called Dunkers, or Tunkers, from the German *tanken*, which may be interpreted to dip, or probably "to sop" is a better equivalent word. They assume for themselves the name Brethren on account of the text, Matthew, xxiii. 8, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." They also sometimes call themselves "God's Peculiar People."—Howard Pyle, in Harper's Magazine.

One Way to Carry a Baby. A gentleman who was walking through East street yesterday morning, says the New Haven Palladium, saw a sight which amused him very much, and he related the incident as follows: "A man and his wife came down the street, one carrying a bouncing baby and the other what looked like a ten-quart milk-pail. The man had the child and had become tired of holding it. He took the pail from his wife and put the child into it. Then she took hold of one side of the pail, and off they trudged with the weight of the child divided between them."

WRETCHED RICH MEN. Who Have Immense Fortunes but Take No Further Interest in Life.

A woman writes to the Philadelphia Free Press from Long Branch: "One of the saddest things in the world next to real poverty or distress is the sight of a man who has acquired boundless wealth and has lost his happiness and his capacity to enjoy what money secures. Such cases are by no means rare. They are very common. I saw a man to-day whose income is believed to be about \$1,000 a week, whose whole day was spoiled because a catman over-charged him \$1 for a short ride. Of course the millionaire knew he could not possibly spend his income, but nevertheless the idea of losing a dollar, of being defrauded out of it, of getting nothing in return for it, was almost agony to him. Many a man making a great fortune completely loses the power of enjoying it. This is one of the world's compensations. The happiness of sound sleep and a good digestion is often enjoyed by a man with an empty purse, while the millionaire epicure has neither painless digestion by day nor healthy rest by night."

"I saw on the ocean drive this afternoon one of Philadelphia's richest men. He is one of those wretched old millionaires who have spent the best years of their life getting control of a bank, or a brewery, or a boom of some sort. He is sitting back in a corner of his swell landau now and wondering what he did it for. He has a fine old face, a heavy gray mustach, bushy eye-brows and gold-rimmed eye-glasses. He is dressed carefully, and his face is absolutely empty of interest in anything. He can't even work any more. Because he has so much money all motive is gone. His wife! Oh, well, he loved his wife long ago and he bows to her now when he meets her in the hallway of his house, and they have never had a quarrel. Children? Yes, several of them. They used to be pretty, and were fond of him when they were babies. Then boarding school, college, balls, parties and—checks, checks. Now he hardly knows anything about them. All sympathy is lost between them. Living under the same roof, their hearts are always wide apart. In fact, he doubts whether he has a heart at all."

Oil On His Hair. The Hartford (Cal.) Sentinel tells this story: "A young man in this vicinity called upon a barber and had his hair cut. As usual, the barber applied some oil to the young man's hair. The young man retired to his blankets that night, but about 5 o'clock in the morning he awoke with the feeling that some one was trying to saw the top of his cranium off. Upon lighting a lamp he found the only trouble was that the oil on his hair had attracted a few thousand ants."

Female Army Officers. The idea of making Queen Victoria a colonel of German dragoons has struck a good many people as rather odd, but it is said that female officers were quite common in the British army about 160 years ago. At that time, it is said, persons who had a pull on the government were in the habit of christening their daughters by masculine names, getting them commissions in the army, and drawing pay for the service which the girls did not perform. Col. Victoria, of course, does not draw pay, but is content with the military glory which goes with it.—Toronto Globe.

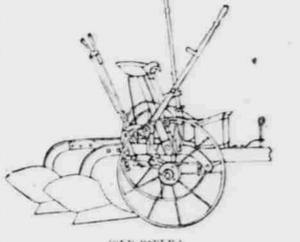
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