

Harm Votex.

Raise more Stock.

The California farmer who is not exclusively engaged in the live stock business pays entirely too little attention to its production. Doubtless there are not 10 farmers out of 100 who have not had their attention called to this fact in a most realistic way when they found it absolutely necessary at the beginning of a season to buy mules or horses. On this subject, the *Rural Spirit* says:

A careful estimate of the annual drain upon the farm, through roasting and selling live stock, would show to any one that our farm animals are remarkable in the matter of usefulness as manufacturers of fertilizing material. They leave an enormous amount of this during the years before going forward to the market, the total being hardly within reasonable conjecture, while the drain made by their annual growth is really very moderate. An experienced farmer does not need to have his attention called to the fact of diminishing crops in the case of fields or farms where manuring has been neglected.

It would be an interesting experiment to most men, and a very convincing one to any man, to set apart a given piece of ground—say pasture or meadow, on high land, even on a hill-side, upon which the droppings from a single animal should be distributed, carefully providing against too free washing—and note the productivity of that surface as compared with others of like extent not so treated. The man who in this way sought evidence in regard to using it in his daily practice would be quite likely to reason that the larger the number of animals on the place, the larger would be the grass yield. It is, in any business, the skillful use of opportunities that proves the possession of tact; and it is upon tact that the farmer and stock-raiser must mainly depend for his success. The man who is within doors and out in the open weather, and he has nothing to rely upon but his own wit, judgment and vigilance in meeting the constantly changing conditions and outdoor circumstances. If his farm is pretty fully stocked, then he is ten times more likely to give his mind up to stock raising, and, as a rule, a hundred animals are more likely to receive marital attention than ten.

The man who has a carload of fat animals to dispose of at one time can rely upon a better sale than he who has only a fraction of a load. Also as to the price. A smart buyer will not bicker to have a penny split on a large purchase, because for every business reason he is the gainer in time; besides the convenience of getting into a train to advantage, by being able to concentrate a clever shipment promptly. Then, again, if the full capacities of a farm are given up to breeding and feeding an interest is enlisted in the subject of quality that quite generally insures attention to any needed improvement. A grass farm is, from every point of view, the easy farm to manage, while at the same time it is the farm that will hold its resources with a strong grip, because of receiving its daily rations from the stock it feeds.

Making Land Productive.

In this state the prevailing idea among farmers is that some particular crop will pay better than any others. They do not study their land and how to make it produce, but they try to find out what pays the best in this or that locality, and then plant the same.

Farmers are asleep to the conditions of the soil. It has been cropped year after year for three decades with no returns made to it in the shape of manure. What is needed is not a new and profitable crop, but a more thorough cultivation of the old crops. Fruit, berries, alfalfa, garden truck, hay and even grain will pay better here than in the east if the same care be given to the land. The truth is we know nothing about farming. We must put on our spectacles and read what has been done in other lands. See how soil is cultivated in France, Holland, England, the Eastern and Middle States. Read more, study more, think more. If land that is covered deep with snow three or four months each year can be made to pay, why cannot land that can be worked all the year be made to pay still better? The reason is that we have been wearing out the land, and neither giving it rest nor manure. Let half of your land lie idle for a year and thoroughly till the other half, and you will be better off at the end of the year than if you had worked the whole farm. The great trouble with California farmers has been in forcing their land year after year, to grow something without giving anything back to the soil.—*Oroville Register*.

Insect Pests Destroyed.

M. L. Rice informs us of an experiment and its results that may prove of vast value to the fruit interests in the state. He has an apple tree that has for some years been infested with codlin moth, almost every apple having a worm in it; and finally it was attacked with woolly aphis and the tree itself began to give signs of decay. It was some six inches in diameter, and Mr. Rice bored a hole in the tree to about the center, and filled it with sulphur, sealing it with wax. In order that it might be perfectly airtight he bored a second hole with the wax, but he bound a soaked cloth over the orifice. This he did last April, when the sap was going up. It killed every sign and vestige of the aphis and there is not a worm in this year's crop of apples, while the tree has grown more vigorously than ever before. This is Mr. Rice's experience with the one tree. It is worth the experimenting of others. We can vouch for Mr. Rice.—*Colusa Sun*.

The Australian lady bugs are voracious little terrors and cannibals. As soon as they have eaten all the white-seed bugs in an orchard they fall to eating each other and care has to be taken or they will exterminate themselves.

Leaving the wagons and tools out in the sun is often the cause of some of the parts becoming loose. The best seasoned wood is affected by moisture and dryness, and all tools and implements not in use should be under cover.

There is no such thing as "laying corn by," an expression applied to the period when the cultivator is no longer used. Corn requires cultivation as long as a horse can pass along the rows. Until all the weeds and grass are cleaned out, the work in the cornfield is not finished.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

THE PECULIAR PAIR DISCUSS TOPICS FOR CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Bowser Corners Her Better Half, as Usual—Talking Sense to the Two Year-Old Baby.

I had a caller the other afternoon when Mr. Bowser came home, and after she had gone he asked:

"How long was Mrs. Blank here?"

"About half an hour."

"And you talked about fashions, I suppose?"

"What else should we talk about?"

"Mrs. Bowser, did it ever occur to you that there was anything in life beyond millinery and dress goods and dressmakers?"

"How?"

"How! Why, select some subject of sense—art, science, mineralogy, the labor question or self-government—and discuss it with calmness and justice, and learn something worth remembering for half an hour. You women folks might as well have been born with a pumpkin on your shoulders instead of a head."

I made no reply to this, but determined to catch Mr. Bowser in his own trap before the week was out. Fortune favored me. It was only two days before a neighbor called over as he was at work in the back yard, and for two long hours those men sat down on a ladder and discussed the question whether a back gate should open inward or outward, and the advantages offered by either situation. Mr. Bowser contended for the gate opening outward and the neighbor for the opposite, and the discussion resulted in Mr. Bowser getting red clear back of the ears and jumping up to exclaim:

"Well, let's drop the subject right here. There can be cranks on alley gates as well as on politics and religion."

"And there can be lunatics outside of the asylums," hotly replied the neighbor.

"Don't call me a lunatic!"

"And don't you call me a crank!"



"DON'T CALL ME A LUNATIC!" SAID BOWSER.

"Go home and hang your old gate in the moon!"

"I'll hang it according to the rules of common sense, and don't you forget it!"

When Mr. Bowser came in to wash his hands he observed:

"Mr. Bowser, did it ever occur to you that there was anything in life beyond hanging a back gate?"

He replied with a "humph" of disgust:

"Select some subject of sense, Mr. Bowser—art, science, mineralogy, the labor question or self-government—and discuss it with calmness and judgment and learn something worth remembering for half an hour!"

He looked around in a desperate, helpless way, and put on his hat and went off without a word in reply. I wasn't going to let him off on that, however. When he came home that evening I had Mrs. Orford over to supper, and as soon as we were seated at the table I queried:

"Doesn't it strike you that Germany's policy on the Samoan question is one of conciliation instead of aggression?"

"It certainly does," she replied, "but there may be a hidden motive behind this seeming submission. Trace the record of the man back as far as you will, and his policy has been either aggression or strategy."

Mr. Bowser looked from one to the other of us in astonishment.

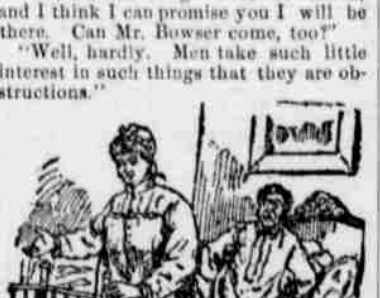
"I notice," said I as I passed the biscuits, "that the Spanish colonial policy is working toward a radical change. Indicated by the example of other and stronger nations, it is about to extend its arms and enfold new possessions."

The stare of Mr. Bowser favored me with made my flesh creep.

"I do so hope you can come down to the next meeting of the Woman's Scientific, Political and Literary Club," said Mrs. Orford, as she toyed with her strawberries. "Those gatherings are very interesting. At our last meeting we discussed the 'Drift Period,' and at the one next week we shall discuss 'Two Proposed Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.'"

"Oh, I'd like to go ever so much, and I think I can promise you I will be there. Can Mr. Bowser come, too?"

"Well, hardly. Men take such little interest in such things that they are obstructions."



MRS. BOWSER SOOTHES HER BABY.

And Mr. Bowser sat there, turning red and pale by turns, until the chair grew so hot that he had to pretend a headache and get excused. I anticipated an awful tragedy after my visitor took her departure, but Mr. Bowser contented himself with saying:

"Now that shallow-pated, long-nosed old nuisance has finally taken her leave, let's go to bed."

He regained his assurance after a couple of days, however. I was talking to our two-year-old baby, and talking as all mothers talk, when Mr. Bowser flung down his paper and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, you make me tired talking to that young 'un that way. No wonder so many children grow up to be sap-headed."

"How shall I talk?"

"Talk sense—the same as you would to an adult. He's old enough to understand, and I believe he will appreciate it."

"Very well, I'll try."

"Thank you. It's more than I expected you'd do."

The trial came that night. We had scarcely got to bed when baby awoke and began to wail. He had got cold and was feverish.

"Now, Harry," I began, "snug down and try to go to sleep. It's nothing serious, and I object to being kept awake."

He howled more lustily.

"My son," I continued, "this exhibition of ingratitude astonishes me, and I insist that you change your course of conduct at once, or leave my house. Filial respect, if nothing else—"

"What in thunder and blazes are you talking about?" roared Mr. Bowser, as he sat up in bed.

"I'm talking sense to the baby."

"Not by a jugful you ain't!"

"Then you try it."

"I'll try it by wringing his neck if he doesn't shut off steam! He's howling out of spite!"

"Then warn him that he's howling out of spite!"

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TREES ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER.

The Little Forest Growing on the Greensburg, Ind., Courthouse.

In the center of the business portion of Greensburg, Ind., is a handsome park, which has a gradual slope toward the different points of the compass and contains within its bounds a nice, grassy lawn and a well selected variety of shade trees. In the center of the park there was built in 1854 one of the finest courthouses in all Hoosierdom, with architecture of latest design and workmanship of the best quality. On either end of the building are two large towers, the one on the east standing 156 feet from the level of the ground to the fancy stone ornament at the top. In the construction of the tower, about thirty feet from the top, an arch was made of brick, and on this stone was laid about two feet in width and three or four feet in length. In 1868 a few leaves were seen protruding from between the stones on the tower, but in a short time they disappeared. In 1872 the leaves again appeared in about the same place and continued to thrive through the warm months.

"Large oaks from little acorns grow," so with these leaves. In the course of a couple of years a well defined and proportioned tree spread its limbs and leaves from the towering height above. From this curiosity the city became known all over the state as the "Lone Tree City"; but time banished the name, as in '76 more trees appeared and now six, instead of one, adorn the tower. John H. Goodson of Cincinnati climbed the tower to the top and from him was learned the first accurate report of the size and kind of trees in this elevated forest. They are of the silver poplar variety, and measure in height from three and one half to nine feet four inches, with limbs measuring a fraction over three feet. They cause the stones to spread about one and one fourth inches apart, but just above the crevices spread out and measure from four and one half to seven and three fourths inches in circumference, with a firm rooting and healthy appearance, so we may yet have a dense forest on the tower of our palace of justice. They can be plainly seen from our union depot and attract the attention of thousands of travelers every year and are the pride of the city.

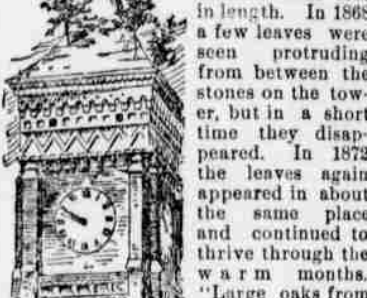
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TREES IN THE AIR.

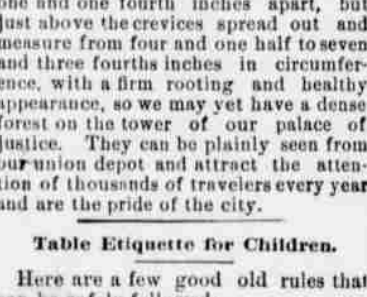
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THE MACHINE AT WORK.

The reporter squared himself before a small closed opening in the cabinet opposite his face. He dropped a quarter in a slot lower down. Instantly a little metal door unlocked the opening, exposing the eye of a camera. There was a flash of light. The opening closed. And in a couple of minutes a finished photograph of himself fell on a salver before the reporter.

"How did you strike the idea of such an invention?"

"A Board of Trade man suggested it," said he. "He said there was big money in it. Eleven weeks ago I started at it, and here it is, patented, with a corporation behind it—all ready to take in quarters. And it will take them in, for it is the only invention of the sort that appeals directly to the universal vanity of the public."

While apparently complicated, the mechanism of the machine turned out to be simple. It is run by an ordinary cell battery, the quarter completing the current. An instantaneous camera is supplied with the necessary light by a flash of magnesium and chloride of potash, dropped for each photograph on a pan above the opening and ignited by the heat of a platinum wire. The photograph is taken on a celluloid sheet about the size of a tintype. A set of rollers and a preparation of collodion in emulsion develop and dry the impression. The likeness issues much better finished than the ordinary tintype.

"The machine cost about \$50," said the photographer. "The expense of operating them is next to nothing. We will soon have them in every hotel, drug store, and saloon in the country."

"Are you going to utilize the invention for any other purpose than amusement?"

"Yes, for two serious purposes. I have a machine under construction which is to have the appearance of a clock which can be placed at the railings of cashiers and tellers in banks."

"What for?"

"To enable them to take the photograph of any one who cashes a check in case they should want to identify him afterwards. While the man is before the railing the cashier or teller will press an electric button and the man's photograph will be taken in a tenth of a second. He will see nothing but a slight flash in the clock, and couldn't get away if he tried before the instrument had indelibly recorded his features."

"And the other purpose?"

"A similar machine will be made for use in police stations. The photographs of suspects and criminals may be obtained without their knowledge and the consequent distortion of features which characterizes so many of the forced photographs in the rogues' gallery."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

Certainly, of course.

An African correspondent writes: "We were present at the funeral of Unjiji, king of the Mijjok. As he lay in his coffin, anointed with oil from head to foot, he shone like the leg of a piano. For a wonder he is said to have been good and kind." Nothing very wonderful. A box of good black-king is bound to shine.—*Detroit Journal*.

"Vehel, by goodness, dot beats der slot machine. Dot's all right. You give me a quart of dot guinea big pain killer. I tont felt poony stout some more and I tont want somedings to happen by me till I seen N York knock some stuffs out of Shecago on dot World's Fair puzze. Und better as you belief vedder Jacob Praisgaff was det or alive he tont buys some more beer by Shecago."—*New York World*.

A Dairy Puzzle.

A dairyman said to me the other day: "Do you know there is one thing in my business which I cannot understand?"

"And what is that?" I asked.

"Why, do you know that dairymen charge 40 cents a quart for cream, and when the same amount of cream is churned it produces only three-fourths of a pound of butter, which is worth only 30 cents. In other words, the raw material is held at a higher price than the manufactured article. Why don't dairymen sell their cream at say 25 cents a quart and get rid of all the work and trouble of churning?"—*Atlanta Journal*.

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DHULEEP SINGH'S BRILLIANT KOHINOOR.

The Famous Diamond Now Sparkles on Queen Victoria's Breast.

The famous Kohinoor diamond, or "Mountain of Light," which, according to a recent dispatch, Queen Victoria has been asked to restore to its rightful owner, Prince Dhuleep Singh, is one of the great jewels of the world. During hundreds of years it has been looked upon with superstitious reverence by the Hindoos, who believe that its possession carries India. On the other hand, it has been regarded as an omen of ruin and disaster, and its history shows that every sovereign owning it up to Victoria lost either his life or his empire. It belonged to the Mogul dynasty of rulers, but there is a tradition that before it shone in the Peacock throne it was owned, countless ages before, by the mythological Pandoos.

At all events, sovereign has been stealing it from sovereign for nearly a thousand years. The court circles of London would, of course, be shocked at the application of this term to the method by which her Majesty acquired the gem, but it is the plain language of Prince Dhuleep Singh to the Empress of India. "It is a demand for the restoration of my Kingdom, swindled from me by your Christian Government, but which I hope shortly, by the aid of Providence, to retake from my robbers. But my diamond, the Kohinoor, I understand, is entirely at your own disposal. Therefore, believing your Majesty to be that most religious body that your subjects pray for every Sunday, I do not hesitate to ask that this gem be restored to me or else that a fair price be paid for it to me out of your privy purse." Queen Victoria has not yet replied to this polite request for restitution, but even should Dhuleep be successful in getting his kingdom back there is not much probability that he will ever see his diamond again unless he receives an invitation to Windsor Castle.

The magnificent gem is, it is needless to say, part of the spoils of India. It was brought to England about 1850 in the Medea, sloop of war.

Naturally enough, the gem caused a great sensation in England. A glass model of it was made and put into the Tower of London for loyal Britisners to admire. When the Crystal Palace Exhibition was opened in 1851 the Kohinoor, strongly guarded, was put

in a case and shown to all the Queen's subjects. It was badly cut, and the general opinion was that it was not so much of a gem as it was supposed to be. Meer Jumia, the Prime Minister, stole it from the King and presented it to the Emperor, who rewarded him the gift of the throne of the sovereign he had betrayed. That transaction carried the jewel to Delhi, where it remained until 1739. BACK VIEW, RE- CUT.

Shah came along, and, having given the Mogul dynasty a fatal blow, carried the Kohinoor with him to Khorassan as one of the spoils of conquest. The Persian ruler did not keep it long, for the excellent reason that his subjects assassinated him one morning. There was in his service a body of Afghans, commanded by Almeer Shah. Unable to save his master, Ahmed cut his way through the Persian army and reached Cabul, where he succeeded in consolidating the Dooranee Empire. He brought the Kohinoor with him from Persia.

In An "Art" Gin Mill.

George, how did that Venus of Milo lose her arms?

George—Wore 'em out motioning fellows to come in and get a drink, I suppose.—*Texas Siftings*.

Mr. Holdfast, to the editor—"Yes, sir, there was more than \$19,000 in my pocketbook when I lost it. You can add to the notice that I will pay a liberal reward for its return. I'm always willing to encourage honesty." Mr. Holdfast, the next morning—"So you found my pocketbook, did you, little boy, and brought it back to me with its contents untouched? That's right, sonny, that's right. Here's 10 cents for your trouble."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

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