Farm Dofes.

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 and thinks, in view of the years that have been spent in talking of cooperation that it is time something were done. The Courier is right. But "what is everybody's business is nobody's business" and each farmer is waiting for some other man to make a move. When, as shown by the Courier, the price of cattle to the grower declines from \$34.75 a head to \$18 04, and there is no reduction in the price the consumer pays for meat, something must be awry.

The San Francisco Visitor is sure this evil is not without a possible ramedy. The box of apples for which the fruitgrower gets 25 cents sells readily in San Francisco for \$1 or \$1 50, and when eggs are retailed at 45 cents a dozen, and good ones are hard to get, the farmer 100 miles away is glad to get 25 or 30. The remedy lies in the establishment of a market in San Francisco where the producer and consumer can come practically face to face. The only requisites in the manager or agent in charge of such a market would be a common degree of ordinary horse sense, a practical knowledge of the commission business and honesty. And the greatest of these is honesty.

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, and the fact were properly advertised to the purchasers in San Francisco that the best meat, fruit, vegetables, butter, etc., could be had there for about half what retailers now charge, which would still leave a margin after paying all the expenses and au increased price to the farmer, the market would be thronged. And an army of commission men would go to work for a

To Kill Foxtail.

"Montion has been made," says the San Francisco Chronicle, " of the loss caused in many localities by the prev-alence of what is known as foxtall grass together with methods which might be adopted to prevent the further spread of this nuisance. The alfalfa growers of Tulare and Kern counties have in nu-merous cases been greatly troubled by the growth of the obnoxious grass, and they are reported to be adopting one of the ideas suggested here for putting an end thereto. The foxtail comes up early in the spring, and is nearly mature at the time the first affalfa crop is ready to cut. The conclusion reached from this state of facts is simple. The alfalfa is cut with the foxtail grass, and when it is all well cured it is hauled to one side and burned up, thus effectually prevent-ing the seeds from being spread and thus ing the seeds from being spread and thus causing still further trouble. So generally is this plan being adopted that the Tulare Register says that in all directions in that county clouds of smoke by day and pillars of fire by night show where the destruction of alfalfa and foxtall is going on by wholesale.

"If the e who are adopting this heroic remety 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 These spots seem to increase in size from year to year. After the crop has been cut and burned as has thus been described it will not require any great amount of labor to lightly plow the patches of foxtail and reseed them with alfalfa. If this is not done it will prove of scant usefulness to simply cut and remove the obnoxious grass. More or remove the obnoxious grass. More or less of it will be almost certain to mature and scatter the seed, and in time the alfalfa may become choked out, though it would be a very difficult matter to entirely destroy a field of that grass. How-ever, since whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, it is certainly worth while taking every precaution to make as nearly perfect a field of alfalfs as possible while about it.'

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. I have kept from 500 to 1,000 fowls for several years, and have never used a spoonful of kerosene or a gill of whitewash in these houses, and have not seen a louse for years, and think one cannot be found on my premises, and I know some who have small lots of fowls and use all preventives recommended by fancy poultry keepers, and they are always troubled with them; but they are like the leper who was directed to go and wash in the river Jordan—they think my plan too simple. All I ever do for deodorizing or for destruction of vermin is to use plenty of coal or wood ashes, land plaster or air-slacked lime sown on or under the roosts, and thrown into every crack of place of ladgement of the parasites at least once a month at all seasons of the year, which not only has the desired ef-fect, but increases the value of the

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 crowd-

ing 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 mixed 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 sec-

ond degree and the pecple wish they had lynched him.

THE BOWSER'S AGAIN.

SOME PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOUSE-HOLD ECONOMY.

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



n returning from s trip down town the other week I left my shopping bag in the car and when I men tioned the fact to Mr. Bowser and asked him to call at the street railway office and get it, he re plied:

"No. ma'am. wont! Anybody careless enough to leave an article of value in a street-car de serves 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. 1 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 railways contract to carry passengersnot to act as guardians for children and

"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 ex-pected. Mr. Bowser took his dress cont 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 procrastinations 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 lose it going down, did you?"
"I-I believe I-I!" "You left it in the street car when you

came up?" "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 bair. One horse was brown and the other black. The driver had a cast in and five men in the

his left eye. There 問寫 car. We passed two "IT'S GONE!" loads of ashes, one of dirt and an ice wagon, The conductor wore No. 8 shoes and was near-signted. The street railways contract to carry passengers, Mr. Bowser, not to act as guardians for sap-bends and children."

But I'll get it at the office to-mor-

row," 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

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 im-portance 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

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 interference 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." But 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 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 countrified 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 in-formed 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, as Mr. Bowser sat on the front steps, a colored man came up and asked to borrow the lawn-mower for a few minutes for use on the next

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

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. Fd trust him

with every dollar I have."

In about halt an hour Mr. Bowser bears much greater. Take the proba-



"CERTAINLY, MY BOY." hand-cart and hurried off. It was a clear

case of confidence. "Well?" I quer 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 hwa mower, Mr. Bowser. You'll never get over your countrifled ways if you live"—

He would listen no further. He rush-

ed out and sailed around the neighbor-hood 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 "hornwoggled," 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 hambooxied 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 Be-hind Me," had made a hit the last sea-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 habitual frown. Mr. Bass dressed himself scrupulously in the fashion, was very exact in his pronun-ciation, 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 ssene. I sup-pose, 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.

is nature, color, passion—to pierce the artificialities."

"But you must describe appearance."
"Certainly, to an extent form, action, talk as it is even trivialities—especially the trivialities, for life is made up of the trivial. But suppose that does not interest

mar P1 Pardon me. Mrs. Henderson, that is

ecause you are used to the conventional, the selected. Nature is always interesting."
"I do not find it so."

ake you for an impostor."

He glared at me like a caged animal It has been idealized. Look yonder." and Mr. Bass pointed across the lawn. "See that young woman, the sunlight fails standing waiting her turn. See the quivering of the cyclids, the heaving of the chest, the opening lips; note the curve of her waist from the shoulder, and the line rounding in the ordinary also had been shoulder, and the line rounding in the ordinary also hold that it is similar to 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

hoe. The picture will be life."
"But suppose, Mr. Bass, when you some to peak 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 noteok a phrase for future use-"The prosperous propriety of a pretty plutocrat. He was gathering materials for his forth-coming book. The Last Sigh 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 esti-Dr. Farr says that in England an agricultural laborer at the age of 25 years is worth, over and above what ests to maintain him, \$1,191, and that the average value of every voman, and child is \$771. Chadwick says that each individual of the English working classes (mere children work there we must remember) is worth \$890, and at 40 years age \$1,780. Our values in this country

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

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 per se 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 handker-chief 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 reli-gious 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 Caro lina. 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 fact, he doubts whether he has a heart Some of their religious ceremonies are exceedingly curious. They cele-brate the Lord's Supper after the man-

ner 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 folpearances."

"Then you would call yourself a realist?"

Mr. Bass smiled. "That is 4 shy term. Mrs. Henderson. What you want is nature, color, passion—to place the right hand and the kiss of peace. As one benchful has the ceremony performed, it gives place to another. While this ceremony is being cardied. lows another, with long towel girded 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 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 broth-ers 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 ceremons concluded by the singing of hymns and preaching. This the brethren hold is the only true method of administering

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, of laying hands upon

them, and praying over them.

The ordinance of baptism is administered in running water and by threefold immersion, the officiating minister then laying his hands upon the recipient, who still kneels in

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 voter of the people, either viva voce in whisp ers, or by closed ballots. If no candi date has a majority, or if there are a greater number of blank votes cast than for any one candidate, the elec

tion 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 called Dunkers, or Tunkers, from the German tunken, 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." Haward Pule & Horn. culiar 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 i 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 gan to get uneasy, and after waiting a bilities of our length of life from the few minutes longer he waiked down to the corner. No black man. No lawn-mower. By inquiry he learned that the borrower had loaded the mower into a community. —Messeal Classics.

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

his capacity to enjoy what money

charged him \$1 for a short ride.

agony to him. Many a man in making

a great fortune completely loses the power of enjoying it. This is one of

the world's compensations. The hap-piness of sound sleep and a good di-

gestion is often enjoyed by a man with

their life getting control of a bank,

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

0il On His Hair.

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

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 150 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 mascu-

line 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 Gtobe.

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Living under the same roof,

can't even work any more.

Free Press from Long Branch:

A woman writes to the Philadelphia 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

CHICAGO

secures. Such cases are by no means rare. They are very common. I saw World Beaters a man to-day whose income is believed to be about \$1,000 a week, whose whole day was spoiled because a cabman over-

course the millionaire knew he could not possibly spend his income, but OVERCOATS nevertheless the idea of losing a dollar, of being defrauded out of it, of getting nothing in return for it, was almost

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The Hartford (Cal.) Sentinel tells Sizes and shapes suited to all kinds of plowing.

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 Circulars and Price List sent on application. that night, but about 5 o'clock in the

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