

Southern Californian.

THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE RIGHT.

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Injurious Insects.

Continued.

SCALE OF FEMALE.—The scale of the female is circular, with the exuviae nearly central; the position of the first skin is indicated by a nipple-like prominence, which, in fresh specimens, is white, and is the remains of a cottony excretion, beneath which the first skin is shed. The part of the scale covering the second skin is light reddish brown; the remainder of the scale is much darker, varying from a dark reddish brown to black, excepting the thin part of the margin which is gray. When fully grown the scale measures 2 mm. (.08 inch) in diameter. In some specimens the part covering the exuviae is depressed, and when the scale is removed from the leaf and viewed under a microscope with transmitted light, the exuviae, which are bright yellow, show through this part, causing it to appear as described by Mr. Ashmead.

FEMALE.—The body of the female is nearly circular; it is white, marked with irregular yellow spots. The last segment presents the following characters:

There are four groups of spinnerets; the anterior laterals consist each of about eight, and the posterior laterals of about four.

There are three pairs of well developed lobes. The first and second lobes of each side are abruptly narrowed toward their posterior extremities on the lateral edges at about one-half their length; the third lobe is narrowed by a succession of notches on its lateral margin; all the lobes are widened slightly toward their bases on their mesal margins.

The lateral margin of the segment appears to be of the same structure as the lobes; it is serrate, deeply notched two or three times, and ends posteriorly in a lobe.

There are six thickenings of the body wall on each side of the meson.

These are linear, oblong, with the anterior end rounded and slightly expanded, and are more or less nearly parallel with the meson. One arising from the mesal margin of the first lobe exceeds it a little in length; one from the lateral margin of the same lobe extends nearly to the anus; one each from the mesal margins of the second and third lobes are about twice the length of the lobes, and with the anterior extremities further from the meson than the posterior; one from a point about midway between the second and third lobes extends anteriorly beyond any of the other thickenings; and finally, one lateral margin of the third lobe is short, inconspicuous, and sometimes wanting.

Between the first pair of lobes are two wide, oblong plates, with the distal margin of each deeply fringed; between the first and second lobes of each side are two, and between the second and third lobes are three similar plates; between the third lobe and the one at the end of the thickened lateral margin are three large compound plates, consisting of two long branches, which are toothed deeply and irregularly on their lateral edges.

On the ventral surface, near the margin of the segment, are situated four pairs of spines, there being a spine at the base of the lateral margin of each lobe, including the lobe of the thickened margin of the segment described above. On the dorsal surface there are only three pairs of spines, none being present on the first pair of lobes; each spine is situated near the middle of the base of the lobe it accompanies.

EGG.—The eggs are pale yellow.

SCALE OF MALE.—The scale of the male is about one-fourth as large as that of the female; the posterior side is prolonged into a thin flap, which is gray in color; in other respects the scale appears like that of the female.

MALE.—The male is light orange yellow in color, with the thoracic band dark brown, and the eyes purplish black. It very closely resembles the males of *A. aurantii*, but differs from that species in being a smaller insect, with shorter antennae longer style, wider thoracic band, and with the pockets of the wings for the insertion of the hair of the poisers farther from the body.

REMEDY.

The remedy used for the red scale (*Aspidiotus aurantii*) will prove effectual on this scale.

WALNUT SCALE.

SCALE OF THE FEMALE.—The scale of the female is circular, flat, with the exuviae laterad of the center; it is of a pale grayish brown color; the exuviae are covered with secretion; the position of the first skin is indicated by a prominence which is pink or reddish brown. The ventral scale is a mere film which adheres to the bark. Diameter of scale, 3 mm.

(.13 inch).

FEMALE.—The color of the female when fully grown is pale yellow, with irregular orange-colored spots; oral setae and last segment dark yellow. This segment presents the following characters: There are either four or five groups of spinnerets; the anterior group is wanting or consists of from one to four spinnerets, the anterior laterals consist of from seven to sixteen, and the posterior laterals of from four to eight.

There are two or three pairs of lobes. The median lobes are well developed, but vary in outline; the second lobe of each side is less than one-half as large as the median lobes elongated, and with one or two notches on the lateral margin; the third lobe is still smaller and pointed, or is obsolete.

There are two pairs of incisions of the margin, one between the first and second lobes of each side, and one between the second and third lobes; they are small, but are rendered conspicuous by the thickenings of the body wall bounding them.

The plates are simple, inconspicuous, and resemble the spines in form. The larger ones are situated one caudad of each incision.

The spines are prominent, especially those laterad of the second and third lobes; the fourth spines are a little nearer the first lobes than the penultimate segment; and the fifth are near the penultimate segment; there is also a spine at or near the union of the last two segments.

SCALE OF THE MALE.—The scale of the male resembles that of the female in color; it is elongated, with the larval skin near the anterior end; this skin is covered by excretion, but its position is marked by a rose-colored prominence, as in the scale of the female; the anterior part of the scale is much more convex than the posterior prolongation, which is flattened. There is a rudimentary ventral scale in the form of two narrow longitudinal plates, one on each side of the lower surface of the scale. Length, 1.25 mm. [.05 inch]

MALE.—Only dead males have been found; these were too much shriveled to be of use for description.

HABITAT.—On the bark of the larger limbs of the English walnut (*Juglans regia*). Described from sixty-three females, and many scales of each sex.

REMEDY.

This scale as yet has not done much injury to the walnut trees in this State. The old trees do not suffer from their attacks, as it only infests the main limbs. The scale also infests apple trees. The best remedy is the following, applied when the trees are dormant:

Lime..... 25 pounds.
Sulphur..... 20 pounds.
Salt..... 15 pounds.

DIRECTIONS.—Take ten pounds of lime, twenty pounds of sulphur, and twenty gallons of water; boil until

the sulphur is thoroughly dissolved. Take the remaining fifteen pounds of lime and fifteen pounds of salt, and when thoroughly slacked, mix together and add enough water to make in all sixty gallons of solution; strain and spray warm.

OLEANDER SCALE.

SCALE OF THE FEMALE.—The scale of the female is flat, whitish or light gray in color, and with exuviae central or nearly so. Exuviae dull orange yellow, the first skin usually showing the segmentation distinctly; the second skin is more or less covered with secretion; often appearing only as an orange-colored circle surrounding the first skin. Ventral scale a mere film applied to bark of plant. Diameter of fully formed scale .08 inch.

FEMALE.—The body of the adult female is nearly circular in outline, with the abdominal segments forming a pointed projection; light yellow in color, mottled with darker yellow. The last segments presents the following characters:

The anterior lateral groups of spinnerets consist each of about nine, and the posterior lateral of about seven.

There are three pairs of lobes; the first and second are well developed, the third is quite small.

The plates are well developed; they are long and usually fringed. There are two small ones between the median lobes. Those of each side are as follows: Two between the first and second lobes, three between the second and third lobes, and usually seven laterad of the third lobe, of which usually four are fringed and three simple. The number of the last named group varies from four to nine.

There is on each surface of the segment a spine accompanying each lobe; one between the fourth and fifth plates laterad of the third lobe and one at about one-third the distance from this spine to the penultimate segment. In each case the spine on the ventral surface is a little laterad of the one on the dorsal surface.

EGGS.—The eggs are very light yellow in color.

SCALE OF MALE.—The scale of the male is slightly elongated, with the larval skin nearly central; it is snowy white, with the larval skin light yellow; longest diameter, 1 mm. [.04 inch]

To be continued.

Paris public schools are overcrowded, and the authorities propose to help to remedy the difficulty by forbidding the attendance at them of children of foreigners. There 60,000 foreign children in the city, and at least 5,000 of them are getting a French education free at the public school.

Israel at Work.

MOTTO.—Not dull sloth but earnest activity. Is the Christian's high privilege through Christ our Lord.

When we walk toward the sun of the truth, all shadows are cast behind us.—*Longfellow.*

Remember in Christian life every moment and every act is an opportunity for doing the one thing of becoming Christ-like.

Four elements of Christian life and experience: First, admit; second, submit; third, commit; fourth, transmit.—*Canon Wilberforce.*

The promises of the Bible, like the beams of the sun, shine as freely in at the window of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace. A mountain of gold heaped up high as heaven would be no such treasure as the one promise of God.

The Spaniards say "choose not a wife on Saturday or Sunday. No woman is ugly when dressed in her best." The Italians say, "choose neither jewel nor woman nor linen by candle-light."

If thou seek rest in this life, how wilt thou then attain to the everlasting rest? Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for great patience. Seek true peace—not in earth, but in heaven; not in men, in any other creature, but God alone.

The sixty-fifth annual meeting of the American Tract Society was recently held in New York. The receipts of the benevolent department during the year were \$140,650; the expenditures of the business department were \$264,414, exceeding the receipts of that department by \$6,664.

At the recent annual meeting of the orders of the King's Daughters and the King's Sons in New York, Mrs. Bottome, the president, stated that every woman in the Central Council is a Trinitarian. Of the 150,060 members, all but a mere little handful, she added, are of the same way of thinking.

In every transaction between yourself and the devil, you will find him longer-headed than you are. You are despondent, tired of unsuccessful efforts, of unrecognized strivings; you long for sympathy, for love, for appreciation. This is the devil's opportunity, and he is not slow to recognize it. He knows how to approach you, the sympathy is wound about with softest tints and colorings; there are no ragged, gruesome edges that grate upon you, and thus cause you to look ahead, to recognize the peril to which your feet are leading you; you only feel the sweetness of that hour that brings you into closer communion with the soul that seems to beat in accord with your own. Or, you are ambitious of place; you long for praises of men; for secular prosperity. Between you and your desire is a gulf that can be bridged—but how? Perhaps the thought is repugnant, but your longing grows upon you; the object desired is so near as to be almost in your grasp;

the bridge does not seem so hideous the devil is painting it for you in subdued tones; you rise it? Dear reader, whatever dealings you have with the devil, whatever shape they take, you will find yourself worsted. The only possible way of escape is to deny yourself to any approach by way or thought. "Get thee behind me, Satan," is the only safe form of converse with him.—*Fourth Church Record.*

A Beautiful Incident.

A man blind from his birth; a man of much intellectual vigor and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to cast her lot with him and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon, while in this country, called upon him, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him:

"Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and could I have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now though it will cause you much pain."

"I can bear that," was the reply, "so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful; first there were faint glimmerings of light, then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelt one before, but had never seen one; then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed, "O why have I seen all these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him with tears and joy.

So when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories we shall not be content with a view of these. No; we shall say, "Where is Christ? He to whom I am indebted for what heaven is; show me him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise him through endless ages."

The Reward of the Faithful.

Unseen, unheard, undreamed! "But as it is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 Cor. 2: 9.

The Apostle Paul is here quoting a passage from the prophecies of Isaiah. The phraseology is not quite identical, but as in the case so often in the Scriptures, the one passage helps to expound and make clear what may seem indefinite and perplexing in the other. It may be laid down as a rule that the Bible is its own best expositor. The passage in Isaiah is a little different from the quotation in Corinthians, Isaiah says; "For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for his that waiteth for him." It is hardly needful to remark that this passage as expressed by Paul

has been frequently made to apply almost exclusively to the unimagined glories of the heavenly state. Such a use of these words is perfectly natural and reasonable. The deep-laid longings for life to come, the inborn yearnings for immortality, that form not only a part, but the very best part of our nature, are sure to give rise to many earnest questionings concerning that eternal state. We are not, and and perhaps could not well be content with only broad outlines and general promises. We long to pierce through the thick folds of that veil that hides from us the shekinah of the universe of God. In our earnest longings we forget our limitations. Wonderful as is this gift of mortal vision, we cannot see on a level prairie or at sea a hundred miles. How can we see into eternity? If a man should lift up his voice like a trumpet, or a choir should sing in loudest strains ten miles away, we should neither hear sermon or anthem, so limited is this wonderful gift of hearing. How then can we hear the music of the cherubim and seraphim who day and night without ceasing continually do cry "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of the Sabaoth." All that the eye has seen is nothing to the splendors that remain unseen. All that the ear has heard is as nothing to the music that shall break upon the ear attuned to heavenly song. Nay, more: all that the heart has yearned for of things high and holy, all that the mind has dreamed of in its loftiest flights will be more than realized—and the cry of Sheba's queen will break forth from the lips of the redeemed. They too, with grateful wonder will exclaim, "The half was never told." But while, as we have said, it is perfectly reasonable to apply these words to the undreamed-of glories of the life to come, it is almost certain that the words were not intended either by Isaiah or Paul to have this exclusive meaning and application. It is as true of the life that is as of the life to come, that God has in store for those who love Him, for the church and for those who wait hopefully and trustfully on Him, stores of grace and blessings of which we have no dream. Isaiah never dreamed of a Luther, and Luther never dreamed of the Wesleys. We may take these words and bind them about the history of our personal lives. And if they are thus bound about our lives and graven on our hearts they will inspire us with courage and with hope. Has not all our life that is passed been a continual history of God's ways? Let us look out gladly and hopefully to coming days. What doors of usefulness He will open up before us we cannot tell. We go not forth at a peradventure. A hand divine is leading us, leading us through more wonderful ways than the desert of old was to God's chosen people. God's reserve stores of benediction are infinite. He will be more to us than our largest hopes. His grace will be richer than our loftiest dreams. All that we long for, hope for, dream of, yearn for, will God be to us, and more abundantly if we love Him and wait patiently for Him.—*Toledo Blade.*

"All that is gained by robbing God of aught that he claims for himself is likely to be a terrible loss in the end."

When one is not taking care of his own soul, he has no care for the souls of others. But, if walking in fellowship with Him who gave His life for the sheep, there is then a healthy concern for those around.

Life is short and is wearing fast away. We lose a great deal of time and we want short roads to heaven, though the right road is in truth, far shorter than we believe.—*Faber*

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Around some of these town sites and villages may be found orange land of the first quality, and around others raisin land, the very best, while near others may be had alfalfa and walnut lands. In short they are able to meet the demands of customers; and those who contemplate coming to Southern California will not go amiss to open correspondence with the Company, and those coming should call at their office and have some one to show these lands to them. And be sure to say you saw this notice in the SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN.

PACIFIC LAND IMPROVEMENT Co.,
Rooms 87 and 89 PHILLIPS BLOCK
LOS ANGELES CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Question of Weight.

Household.

A cook who had burned up a piece of veal weighing four pounds threw it away and afterwards explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat. "Very well," said the lady, "we shall see to that directly." So saying, she took the cat put it on the scales, and found that it weighed exactly four pounds. "There, Fredericka," she said, "are the four pounds of meat—but where is the cat?"

An English writer gives us the following Christian logic on the question of painting from the nude: "There is but one test by which to decide what it is right or wrong, moral or immoral, to propose to any human being to do, or offer to pay them for doing. Would you let mother or daughter, wife or sister, before an artists model nude, even under the pressure of direct necessity? There can, I think, be but one answer to that question from any creature above lowest social dregs, and if we should feel the proposal of it an unpardonable outrage to ourselves or our own, how dare we justify making it to others? It is quite beside the mark to talk of what was done in ancient Greece or the Italy of the Renaissance. The question is, what ought or ought not to be done in England, and by the English women of to-day. If the art of this day cannot flourish on the same ground as its morality, the first principal of which is respect for the rights and dignity of our fellow creatures, so much the worse for art. It must clearly have ceased to be the living expressions of the highest ideals of the true life of this living day, and have sunk into a cold, lifeless imitation of the ideals of a day that is dead."

Poisoned by Silk in Her Ears.

Miss Cyrena A. Boyd, a lady of 19 years, whose parents reside in Yolo county, died under peculiar circumstances. A few weeks ago she was visiting some friends in San Francisco and while there had her ears pierced. She was very particular to urge that white silk be inserted in the puncture, but the thread finally used contained some coloring matter. A day or so after Miss Boyd returned to her parents' home in Yolo. In a few days she experienced soreness about the ears, but did not regard the matter as of much consequence.

One day she and her sister happened to be out in a shower and Miss Boyd took cold. The effect of this exposure began to manifest itself in her ears, already swollen and sore. Then she became alarmed, and, upon her father's advice, came to this city to secure medical attention. Her ears swelled rapidly, the swelling extending to her face, and finally one of her eyes was closed completely. Erysipelas set in, blood poisoning followed, and then it was evident that her life was beyond the power of saving.—*Sacramento Letter.*

The shoe which is in the hands of the bootblack has a bright future.

The Home Paper.

When you get married to the brightest and best girl in the country, where did you look for that notice that meant so much to you, and so little to nearly every body else? To your home paper.

When your home was invaded by the blue-eyed girl, or the bouncing baby boy, to whom did you make it your business to convey early information as to the sex, the time and the weight? To the editor of that home paper.

In after years when some manly young fellow takes the blue-eyed girl to a home of his own, or your once bouncing boy—now a man—is given a partnership in the store, because he has just brought home somebody else's daughter and set up an establishment of his own, to whom do you personally exhibit the wedding presents and load up with bride's cake, and to whom do you look for that complete description of the interesting event down to the last pickle fork and individual salt, which once more, means so much to you and a very few others, and so little to any body else? To the same editor of that same home paper.

And when trouble comes in the home, and you add to your possession that desolate bit of reality, the lot in the cemetery, and somehow the sun doesn't seem to shine just as it used to, and there's the flutter of crape at the door and the odor of the tube-rose in the front parlor, and the chair that has for years been beside yours at the fireside and opposite you at the table is vacant—when all this happens who makes it his business to write in tender strains of the one whose life has grown to be a part of yours, and whose sympathy and good deeds to others have long been known and recognized, if never publicly announced?

The editor of the home paper; and he's only too willing to do the little that he can to help you over the hard spot in the road.

And all these years you've advertised in this home paper and done what you could to help the editor fight your battles in municipal and county matters, and encouraged him as he worked to build up the town and bring business to it?

Of course you have, and it has paid.

Japanese Paper Novelties.

The partitions dividing the houses are paper.

The yakonnine hat which passes you is paper.

The handkerchief thrown away after use is paper.

These rope collars which are taken for crape are paper.

The pane through which an inquisitive eye looks at you is paper.

The string with which the article you buy are fastened is made of paper.

The porter's cloak, who carries his burden singing a cadence through the rain, is made of paper.

Those elegant flowers ornamenting the beautiful hair of the Japanese ladies are made of paper.

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Covina Items.

Covina boometh!

"Isn't it dusty?" is the pass-word at this place now.

Mrs. A. Preston is on the sick list.

Rumor says Covina is to have a Brass Band in the near future.

Picking and hauling fruit is the order of the day.

The Taylor drying establishment at this place is doing a live business.

Miss Helen Lee is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Miss Mattie Bashor is spending a few days with friends at Glendale.

Mrs. Pendleton, of Downey, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. R. J. Pollard.

Jessie Minich has purchased five acres of land on the Houser tract.

The Rev. and Mrs. Tarr contemplate a trip East in about three weeks.

Misses May and Callie Stutman, of La Canada, attended services at the Brethren church last Sunday.

The Epworth League meets next Tuesday night in the church. All welcome.

Mr. L. D. Graham has bought 2½ acres of E. G. Prather and is building a neat house thereon.

Mr. Rogers has bought ten acres of land of D. Houser and has a fine house under way.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitson, of Los Angeles, visited at the Adams residence on Saturday and Sunday last.

Miss Borden, of Pomona, is spending a couple of weeks at this place guest of Miss Clara Eckles.

Misses Laura Kinley and Birdie Moxley spent Saturday in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, of Santa Ana, returned home last Monday after a week's visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Potter.

Mr. Stretch, of Los Angeles, who recently purchased ten acres of the Houser land is building a barn and will shortly erect a house.

Mrs. A. Deeter, formerly of this place, but now of Moscow, Idaho, with her three children, is visiting her daughter's, Mrs. John Wine and Mrs. Irvin Houser.

Mr. Houghton, of San Francisco, has donated a lot at this place to the Episcopal denomination upon which they will erect a church edifice at some future time.

Sunday the 27th inst. will be Quarterly Meeting at the M. E. church. In connection with the 10:30 services the sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered.

We are pleased to see the genial face of Mrs. J. S. Eckles in society again after being confined to her room for two months with a badly sprained foot.

Quarterly Conference will be held at the M. E. church on the 24 inst. at 2 p. m. Presiding Elder, J. W. Van-Cleave, will be in attendance. All members of the conference are requested to be present.

A fund of \$114 was raised last week for the purpose of securing a library for the M. E. church. We are glad to see the people so generous in their contributions as it is something all should interest themselves in.

On last Saturday a fire was discovered burning around and underneath

Covina Hall and had it not been for the timely action of some of the boys the hall might have been entirely consumed. How the fire originated is not known.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Houser and Miss Mary Dawson left last week for the Hot Springs. Mrs. Houser has been suffering for some time with rheumatism and her attending physician advised her to go to the Springs hoping the change might prove beneficial to her.

There was a party given a few of the little folks at the residence of Maj. Hamlin on last Thursday afternoon by Miss Lizzie who needs be complimented on the success of the occasion. The time was very pleasantly spent in music and games and the sampling of the excellent luncheon prepared for the occasion. Those present were:

Clara Amon, Nora Platt, Ada Bartley, Lulu McGinnis, Gracie Phillips, and Grace Potter.

There will be a Sunday School picnic held in the grove on the Hollenbeck ranch on next Wednesday the 24th. Ice cream and lemonade will be served on the grounds to all and to the teachers and scholars free of charge. Steps are being taken to secure the Monrovia Road for the day. Carriages will be in readiness at the M. E. church to carry those to the grounds who have no conveyance of their own. A general good time is anticipated. Everybody come and bring your friends.

Quite a number of the members of the Brethren church went to Glendale to-day to attend the funeral of Mr. L. W. Riley, who died at that place last Monday evening the 14th. Mr. Riley is well known to many in this community and owned considerable property at this place. He bequeathed to the Brethren church, of which he was an ex-ply member, the sum of \$8 000. He leaves a wife and an adopted daughter to mourn their loss "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea saith the Spirit, they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." U-NO.

July 16, '90.

On Southern California.

Article No. 10-

Continued from our last.

We shall tell you more about Esvena in the future.

As we leave this place we pass down through the Hermosa colony tract of about 240 acres which is enclosed by a wall 3 ft. high made of stone, lime and sand. When we look at this wall we are reminded of Nehemiah the Kings Cup bearer, who was concerned about the Walls of Jerusalem.

Hermosa's wall needs repairing, and the gates have been carried off. Come friends let's have the walls rebuilt and the gates brought back.

North Cucamonga is the Railway station where people make their shipments of fruits which are grown so abundantly in this vicinity. One can not help but admire its location. It is beautifully situated near the foot-hills of the Seirra Madra range, from which it is distant about five miles, and owing to its altitude it commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. The land scape in every direction presents itself as one of surpassing beauty.

The mountain scenery of Scotland and Switzerland may be more majestic and cultivated fields and orchards of England may present a more finished picture but we doubt in the rare combination of the grand and beautiful whether there can anywhere be found a "tout ensemble" to surpass the view from this place. Northward the mountains bound the horizon their summits defined against the sky in graceful outline.

East-ward the eye catches a glimpse of old Gray Back standing amid the hills of the San Bernardino mountains. A little to the north lies the great "thoroughfare" called "the Cajon Pass" through which runs the great Santa Fe route. Space forbids our tarrying longer. Hence our next stop will be at

ETIWANDA.

"This new town is on the California Central railroad, about fifty miles east of Los Angeles. The town site is on a broad level plain, with just enough incline south toward the Santa Ana river to insure perfect drainage. Northward are the precipitous sides of Cucamonga and Prospect mountains, several thousand feet high, with mountain ridges running off easterly to the Cajon Pass, thus forming a great wall that shuts out the hot winds of summer and the cold blasts of winter. Three miles north is the old Etiwanda colony which was founded by the famous Chaffee Brothers in 1883. The colonists purchased acreage property, and set out citrus and deciduous fruits, the cultivation of which has proved highly profitable to them. Water was secured from the mountain streams sufficient for irrigation and domestic purposes. Protected from the bleak blasts of the north by the mountain wall, which also gathers the warm rays of the winter's sun, and focuses them as it were on this spot, the conditions for citrus culture are most favorable. Added to this the most fertile of soils, and an abundance of water, always under control, and nothing more can be asked. All the favorite fruits grow here plentifully. Where five years ago was a barren mesa, excepting its annual growth of alfalfa and other native herbage, is now the perennial alfalfa. In place of the wild gourd is the mammoth squash. Strawberries of the most luscious flavor, guavas the finest, and peaches that rival those of their ancient Persian home.

West of Etiwanda a little ways is the famous Cucamonga vineyard over fifty years old, and whose vintage acquired a world-wide reputation before Coloma and its gold were known. This vineyard has been purchased by an incorporation, which has increased its acreage, and the quality, quantity and variety of its wines till it stands the peer of any in the world. Connoisseurs pronounced its liquored wealth the equal of that of Sunny France or the castled Rhine. The soil at Etiwanda is of the same quality and character as in the Cucamonga vineyard, and awaits only the hand enterprise to cause Etiwanda to acquire a similar popularity. Etiwanda is a warm, sheltered nook against the bosom of the mountains, were extremes heat, cold and moisture are unknown, and are experienced only in the slightest degrees. The westward flow of the great Anglo-Saxon tide will cover all the land of Southern California, and with it Eti-

wanda will be one of its best harbors of rest and comfort, and where mind and body and fortune can be repaired."

To be Continued.

Our Covina correspondent fareed us with a batch of items this week for which accept thanks. If people want a good paper they have it in their power to help make it so.

One of the most genial conductors on the Santa Fe line between Los Angeles and San Bernardino is Mr. Joseph Ramp who has just returned from a two weeks visit with friends in San Francisco and is at his post on duty. Such employes is what makes a road popular with the traveling public.

Parties in the East who expect to come to Cal., should address G. L. McDonough, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Church Directory.

BRETHREN—Sunday School at the Lordsburg hotel at 10 a. m., prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN—At Lordsburg school house, Sunday, May 11, at 3:30 p. m. Sunday school. At 2 p. m. and every other Sunday thereafter Rev. J. A. Gordon D. D., pastor.

BAPTIST—At Lordsburg school house, May 18, at 3:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. and every other Sunday thereafter. Rev. G. S. Bailey D. D., pastor.

**SANTA FE ROUTE.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA R. R.****TIME CARD.****GOING EAST.**

Atlantic Express (does not stop) 1:49 P. M.
Local mail, daily, 9:58 A. M.
San Bern'do accom. daily 5:36 P. M.
Local Freight daily 6:41 P. M.

GOING WEST.

Pacific Express, daily 1:37 P. M.
Los Angeles accom. daily 8:20 A. M.
Local mail daily 4:55 P. M.
Local Freight " " " " 8:48 A. M.

The Pacific Express, going west will stop to let off passengers from the east.

C. S. GILBERT, Agt.

Glass & tin fruit jars at Ewing & Prices.

Masons jars 1 qt., \$1.25, 2 qt., \$1.65 per doz., at Ewing & Prices.

Tin fruit cans 1 qt., 65c, 2 qt., 90c per doz., at Ewing & Prices.

WANTED.—Two good Jersey cows, call at this office.

INDUSTRIAL.

MOTTO.—The reward of industry is not alone in current coin, but also in an approved conscience.

The drying plant at North Ontario is turning out about three tons of dried apricots per day. It requires about 36 hours to complete the process. This firm has had an offer of 13 cts per pound, for all the fruit that they can cure F. O. B. at North Ontario.

The price quoted in Chicago last week was 15½ cts per lbs. Would it not be well to pay more attention to drying and not so much to canning? The subject is worth our attention.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT.

Prices Realized From Sales in Chicago Yesterday.

Times.

CHICAGO, July 8.—The Earl Fruit company realized the following prices for Californian fruits to-day: Bartlett pears, \$4.10 per box; Greman prunes, \$2.95 per half crate; purple Duane plums, \$2.40 per small box; Royal native plums, \$2.35 per half crate; peach plums, \$2.35 to \$2.75 per half crate; peaches, \$2.55 to \$1.80 per half box.

A Chicago firm sold one carload of fruit. Plums brought \$1.50 to \$3.50; peaches, \$2.70 to \$2.75, except one line in bad order at \$1.85; prunes, \$2.60 to \$3.55; Bartlett pears, \$4.05 to \$4.55.

Chickens for Profit.

Rural Californian.

It is indeed refreshing to note that for the past three months no eggs, poultry or butter have been imported into this market, the home supply being equal to the demand. This would seem to portend that production is on the increase, at least in these two staples. There has at times been expressed an opinion that the barnyard fowl will not do well in this climate, but that is a mistake. Chickens like many other things on the farm, must be carefully attended to. When properly fed and cared for they produce abundantly and thrive remarkably well. There is no adjunct of the farm that will, year in and year out, pay better than hen fruit, as is able demonstrated by the following experience of a practical farmer who takes a care of his poultry department:

Frank Daniels of The Palms bought March last, 16 thoroughbred Brown Leghorns, and he has received 512 eggs up to May 20, clearly proving that the hen industry pays. There was a great demand for the eggs for settings for which he received from \$1 to \$2 per settings. He himself took advantage of the opportunity and started his incubator and is raising chicks. The eggs he has sold and the chicks he has raised are worth \$200. If that is not success we wish to know what is. He did not spend his whole time either in looking after this little matter, but cultivated land, planted trees and only spent his leisure hours in bringing about the above results.

Outlook for Summer Fruit.

New York Sun.

The almost total failure of the fruit crop of Delaware, New Jersey and New York has been earnestly dis-

cussed among the fruit dealers of the city. Delaware and Maryland will have no crop at all for export, it is though the great peach growing section of New Jersey, through which the Delaware and Lackawanna and the New Jersey Central pass, will bear only about one-quarter of its usual product. In Warr-n and Hunterdon counties, which have produced vast quantities of peaches in the past five years, only a half crop is looked for, and discouraging reports have been received from the peaches in the past five years, only a half crop is looked for, and discouraging reports have been received from the peach growing district between Philadelphia and Georgia and from the peach belt of Illinois and Michigan. The outlook for Bartlett pears in Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, and the Hudson river valley is hardly more encouraging than for peaches.

"Cherries and plums will be just as much of a failure in this region," said E. W. Goodsell of 103 Park place, "as peaches and pears. Grapes and apples may be fairly plenty. Most of the fruit buds were killed by the cold snap late in March. Last year New Jersey and Delaware sent 2,500,000 baskets of peaches to New York. This year they may send 500,000 baskets, although probably not so many. The demand for peaches, cherries, plums, and pears will have to be supplied from California. Many canning establishments have already been transferred from the East to California in anticipation of the approaching scarcity of Eastern fruit. The remaining consumers will buy the shipped fruit. Last year 300 carloads of California fruit were brought here. This year we shall get at least 600 carloads and of which will contain between 600 and 1000 packages. California fruit will be the only fruit used by New Yorkers, because there will be no other kind in the market. Peaches which were \$1 a half bushel basket last year at wholesale, will cost twice as much this season. Plums will sell for about twenty cents a quart, twice the price of last summer. Cherries too, will bring as much again as they brought.

"Nevertheless, the big California shippers have combined to bring down the transportation rates, and have done it. To-day a carload, on which \$1200 freight charges from California to New York were collected, pays but \$400. Further lowering of the rates and the increase of the California product, at present hardly one third of the State's capacity, will give a monopoly of the Eastern market to the fruit-growers of the Pacific slope. The movement of capital westward is also a feature of the fruit situation this year. Two million five hundred thousand dollars, which usually went to New Jersey and Delaware peach growers, will now go to California, to say nothing of the railway transportation profits. The agriculture of Delaware will, I believe, be revolutionized by this change in the location of the supply. The 10,000 men once employed in picking, packing and shipping Delaware peaches will have to find something else to do. The same holds good of the men engaged in preparing Eastern cherries, plums and Bartlett pears for the market."

Prosperity unmask the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.

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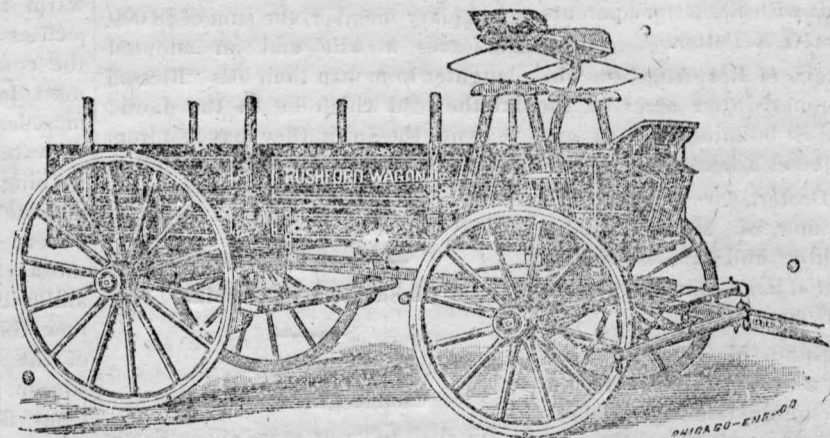
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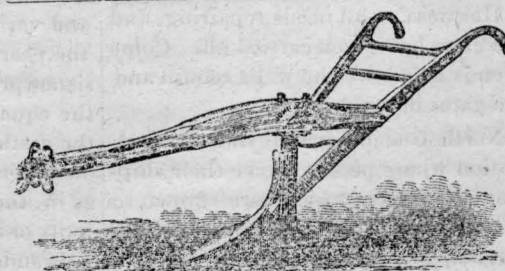
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EDUCATIONAL.

MOTTO.—To illuminate the mind, is to lay the foundation of sound government and human happiness.

The bolo flower, discovered by Dr. Schadenberg growing upon a volcanic mountain in one of the Philippine Islands is perhaps the largest flower in existence being about three feet in diameter and twenty-two pounds in weight.

It is stated that in Paris 1200 unclaimed bodies of persons who have died in the hospitals have been cremated, besides the bodies of 300 persons of the well-to-do classes. At the new crematorium is a furnace which reduces a body to ashes in less than an hour, and at a cost of about 30 cents for fuel.

The temperature of the snow next to the ground is found by Signor Chistoni to vary but little, while that of the uppermost layer is sometimes 20 degrees Fahrenheit higher. The air, an inch above the snow, is always colder than the top of the snow, and colder than the air twenty inches higher.

The belief that chimney-sweep's cancer is disappearing from London with improvement in methods of sweeping does not seem to be well founded. Dr. Butlin shows from the Registrar-Generals's statistics that the liability of the sweeps to malignant disease is about eight times as great as the average liability of all males.

WHERE WILL IT END?

The Wonderful and Perilous Journey Through Space Which the Solar System is Making---100,000,000 Miles a Year and the Goal Is Unknown.

Sag Harbor Express.
Continued.

Another incident of this wonderful voyage is the approach of the meteors. Now and again the world is startled by a fiery shower filling the heavens as the globe plunges through the debris of some disintegrated comet; but encounters with more scattered meteoric matter are taking place all the time. Millions of these little bodies, large enough to make a streak of fire at night as they dart into our atmosphere, fall to the earth every twenty-four hours. And vastly more numerous are the still smaller particles that sift continually down through the air. Prof. Winchell has put the fact very picturesquely:

"Out from the depths of space, beyond the clouds, beyond the atmosphere, from a granary of material germs which stock the empire of the blue sky, comes a perpetual but invisible rain of material atoms—like the evening dew—emerging from the transparency of space into a state of growing visibility.

In some respects the most interesting of all the incidents of this vast journey are the falls of meteorites. It is one of the most singular facts in scientific history that, while stones have fallen to the earth in every age and country, yet it is only within the past hundred years that men of science have convinced themselves that such a thing is really possible. We all read the story in Livy how it

rained stones in Picenum the first winter that Hannibal was in Italy, and how the superstitious Romans expiated the prodigy with a nine days' festival, which one commentator assures us was the "established remedy for a fall of stones." Ancient history contains many references to such events, but it remained for the present century to demonstrate that the stones actually come tumbling out of the sky upon the earth. They are simply part of the forage of space that the earth gathers as it rushes along with the sun. They bring us strange things; iron in a condition which we cannot produce upon the earth, nickel and more than twenty other known substances, including carbon, which in one instance, at least, appears in the form of minute diamonds.

But it is the sun that is the leader in this explorations of the universe, and the sun gets most of the spoils. It is the sun, not the earth, that captures the comets and the meteor swarms, and so prepares strange spectacles to brighten the long nights of his unending voyage.

The longer the way the greater the spoil, for the realms of space appear to be inexhaustible. Is there any peril involved in the adventures of this great solar fleet of ours? The possibility of collision exists, but it is so remote that it may be entirely disregarded. As to what effect of a collision between the sun and another body of equal mass and moving with equal or great velocity would be there can be little doubt. In the withering heat developed by such a collision we should be shriveled up like flies in a furnace. Still other possible perils have been thought of. Space is sprinkled with nebulae. The old idea that these nebulae are enormous masses of gas, but Mr. Lockyer's new theory that they are swarms of meteorites is finding wide acceptance. Suppose the earth or the sun should plunge into a nebulae, what then? If it was a large and dense nebulae, the results might be disastrous; but if its constituent meteorites were widely scattered, the effect would simply be the production of an uncommonly brilliant meteoric display. But if we were approaching a nebula we should know it, unless it had not sufficient density to be visible, and in that case it could not cause any disastrous effects through collision. On the other hand, it may be asked, might not the introduction of foreign matter into our atmosphere, even in comparatively small quantities produce deleterious if not fatal effects? It is not possible to rely positively to this question. In fact epidemic diseases and strange conditions of the atmosphere have several times been ascribed to such a cause. When the celebrated red sunsets made their appearance half a dozen years ago, many supposed they might be due to an encounter between the earth and a cloud of meteoric dust. Later investigations, however, seem to have demonstrated that they were caused by the enormous quantity of volcanic dust thrown into the upper air by the stupendous eruption of Krakatoa in 1833. The great dry fog of 1783, which covered Europe for two or three months and was accompanied by diseases of the respiratory organs, has been ascribed to a meteoric origin. The annually recurring

cold spell in May, which we have just been experiencing again, has been explained to the satisfaction of some people by the theory of the interposition of a cloud of meteoric matter between the earth and the sun, the cloud being, of course, a permanent member of the solar system now, although it might have been picked up originally by the sun in the course of its travels.

But leaving out of account mere possibilities, the established facts of our peregrination in the universe, appear sufficiently astonishing. Who would not wish to view with an all-seeing eye this caravan of worlds on its way? Always gathering new material from the realms of space, adding comets and meteor swarms to its dominion, the sun sweeps on, and the obedient planets follow in wide, circling orbits; but whither we are going and how it will all end even the astronomers cannot tell.

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We have bought everything at the lowest prices and our customers are to have the benefit of this.
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Wishes to inform the people of LORDSBURG and vicinity that he will continue to handle

BOOTS AND SHOES

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GOOD GOODS at Low Prices

hopes to merit your trade.

RESPECTFULLY,

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Nowadays, those who love nature are accused of being romantic.

YOUTH'S HAPPY CORNER.

The Free Column.

If the young readers of this the "Happy Corner" wish to exchange books, toys, specimens, etc., they may advertise free on this page, by sending their names and addresses and naming the articles they have and those they wish. Notices must not exceed five lines.

The coming man is now a boy who is a lover of good books and good men and good ways.

On the 8th of July Master John Howard, eight years old, left Southern California for Dayton, Ohio, with none but train hands to look after him.

Wait Till the Time.

Do not hurry before time. When the apples are ripe, my dear boy, with one kick of your foot you may bring down twenty, whereas with a club you may only bring down one. When you strike the trunk of the tree dozens of apples that have been waiting for a thump will come rattling through the branches and you get twenty or forty times as many as if you plied the stick. You may from this learn the lesson of never doing a thing before the right time.

How Marbles are Made.

For the Southern Californian.

Nearly all the marbles, which cause so much delight to many boys, are made at Oberstein, Germany. Here are large quarries and agate mills, the refuse of which is turned in small balls, nearly all of which are bought to America.

The hard square blocks are broken into pieces with a hammer. Then those pieces are thrown into a mill which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone with a number of eccentric grooves on its surface. A block of hard oak wood, of diametric size is placed over the stones and lightly resting on them. Now water is turned on the slab and the block of wood is made to revolve. This causes the pieces of stone to turn into spheres and out they come to be known as marbles to be tumbled and knuckled by the boys of America. One factory turns out about sixty thousand marbles every day.

Chips on the Way.

For the Southern Californian.

In going through valleys over the mountains, by towns and cities one is reminded of King Solomon's utterance: "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." How true, yet how little understood.

Though we crossed the Mojave desert in the night, it was exceedingly warm in the car. Our porter insisted that unless we kept our windows closed we would likely take fire from locomotive sparks. We knew it was warm but could not agree with the colored gentleman that we were hot enough to ignite, so we lifted our window just a little and slipped a slipper under it to keep it open.

At a number of stations in Arizona there was a plentiful supply of Indian

squaws, maidens and papposes—the latter were exhibited by their mothers for a nickle provided the passengers were willing. Probably the men were out hunting white people—getting scalps and destroying stock.

There is still some snow on the San Francisco mountains, and as we passed them they sent a cool refreshing breeze which we very much appreciated. Ah! how our soul yearns to climb to the top of one of those mountains, where, at an altitude of 13,000 feet, we could see the walls of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River sixty miles away and also take a survey of the rolling plains for 250 miles in almost every direction. And now we think of the Cliff Dwellings only three miles from the little station Cosnino which we are passing. A visit to the Cliffs would be interesting indeed and we hope some day to gratify our wish.

Now we go past Flagstaff, where the saw-teeth are eating their way through thousands of pine logs to make lumber for man and beast, and are going down through the pretty groves of pinyon cedars which stand in groups and rows as if planted by an intelligent hand and doubtless they were.

Did you ever see the picturesque and ancient Indian village of Luguna, sixty-six miles west of Albuquerque? It is built upon a rock and the railway track runs around it affording an excellent view of the village. Boys and girls, do not fail to see it when you travel over the Santa Fe.

At Navajo Springs there was a fine shower of rain and then appeared a beautiful rainbow one end of which rested on the ground not far from our car, but we had no desire to go and see if there were any gold dollars there.

About 3:30 a. m. of the 10th the porter of our car came down through the aisle yelling, "Every body get up; change cars!" This was "awfully" new to all of us and we sat up, rubbed our eyes and wondered if that was down on the bills. But down or not, the porter insisted on our getting out of our bunks. Men, women and children—twenty of them—got up and made ready to change. There was a lot of kicking, but as one only gets his shins hurt by kicking against railroads, we just saved our toes and did as we were bid. The trouble was that the El Paso train was "behind time on account of a washout," or a washin, I do not know which or whether at all, and a drawhead on the Kansas City west-bound tourist car had got lame, so to fix it and wait for the train from Mexico, we got the reason for our change. E.

How Boys do Not Get There!

By Foggy Fogg.

For the Southern Californian

I've been thinking, boys. I have been wondering whether you will all "get there." You know there is a great deal to do on the farm and the "old man" is tough enough to do it and willing too, so he "gets there" every time, while you lay abed or swing in the hammock, just to rest a little, because you were out late, got a little beer or soda-water and a "stinkadora," some poor beef and stale cheese, and now your stomach needs rest while the "old man" is hoeing the potatoes or pruning the

trees or digging out the brush. Of course it is easy for him—he doesn't amount to much any how; he never went to high school or college, and he might as well have something to do to keep him from sitting in the shade and drinking choice lemonade, which, by your mother was made. It is the "old man's" business to think of your brothers and sisters, what they shall eat and what they shall wear, where the rent is to come from, how to pay the taxes; little annoyances like these he does not mind, you know; they do not amount to a hill of beans; it is his business to be patient and toil and plan, and sit up nights to see you have a jolly time because you are "Young America."

"Then if the 'old man' gets a little stirred up on account of your riotous living and suggests that you do something for yourself, just go to snapping, growling, fretting, fuming, and snarling like a dog, which, when it has no other dog to bite, bites its own leg. It makes every body love you so when you get in such a mood, and they would like to help you into a sweat-box, where you would have a lonesome time all alone to think of your wild ways. Of course the "old man" can wallow around in the mud or snow or ice and see that you get bread and meat and nice pie and sweet cake while you read some trashy dime novel or other fol-de-rol. If the "old man" should get lame or sick and want a little help, get mad, like an old hen with chickens, raise the wings of your wrath and flap them against his dear old heart—it will make him and your mother feel so good, you know. In short, if you want to be hoggish, go on and be it; people will all be afraid of you and you will have lots of friends among the inmates of the almshouses. That is how *not* to get there, boys.

ABINGDON, ILL., JULY 7th 1890.

DEAR MR. EDITOR OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN:

No doubt you will be surprised to receive a letter from a stranger so far from your home, and wonder, perhaps, how I, who am not a subscriber to have the knowledge that you had given the children a corner. Well I will tell you; your paper dated June 19th reached us third handed. It has Mrs. J. Smith's name at the top and she kindly gave it to my Grandpa, Mr. Scott Purdy, who lives at North Pomona and he sent it to us. After I had seen your invitation I thought I would venture to write perhaps you will have a place in your paper for this letter.

About a year ago Grandpa went to North Pomona; soon after Grandma went and quite recently papa. My sister and myself expect to be two of the pupils enrolled at the Lordsburg school in the fall term. We probably will not begin with you if your school begins when ours does, (the first Monday in Sept.,) but soon after.

We also expect to be two of the Sabbath School scholars that attend your place of worship.

We were very much surprised indeed when we saw in one of your issues some time ago, that you had organized a Sabbath School. We were expecting then to come to California and had always been accustomed to attend. We would miss it very much where there were none. You asked the children who wrote

for your Corner to describe their home. Ours is a quiet, shady little college town. We have two colleges; one named Hedding, just two blocks south-west of us, a large, brick structure with a beautiful shady campus. It is owned by the Methodist denomination. The other is equally as nice, called the Abingdon college and owned by the Christian denomination. They are both flourishing.

My home is a pleasant place, surrounded by large maple, cherry, apple and evergreen trees, and a nice blue-grass lawn. Just in front of our house stands a large brick school building with seven rooms. It has been my school for a number of years and I sometimes think when I leave it I will experience some of Wadsworth's feelings when he wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket." But then I have made up my mind to enjoy myself in California. I know that we do not have the mountains and valleys with their picturesque scenery and their flowers, especially the calla-lily which flourishes there. I am told that is their native climate. With us they are very rare. They are something we see but never dare to touch. It would be considered very extravagant to wear a calla-lily for a button-hole bouquet. When I get there I mean to have a large lot.

I will close hoping to hear from the boys and girls of the HAPPY CORNER.

Sincerely Yours,

MABEL BREWER, AGE 13.

P. S. Mr Editor, after looking over my letter I was astonished at the length of it. I tried to make it short but you know how that is when you try to make a letter short you are sure not to. M. B.

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½ column one mo.....	2.75
¼ column one mo.....	3.75
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We make discounts for ads by the year.

RED RICE'S.

LOS ANGELES, JULY 13.—RED RICE'S suggestions for hot weather.

Firstly—About matting, the nicest of summer floor coverings. You can save dollars by buying now at Red Rice's. Good matting is not only nice, but its cheap and lasting. We have all the latest and prettiest patterns, including the fashionable damask; also, the Jap jointless matting which can be turned at pleasure; also all the fancy and white mattings at 15c, 18c, 20c per yard.

Secondly—About tinware. We have received two carloads of tinware, etc., bought so low that we are retailing at less than Los Angeles wholesale prices. Many dealers are buying from us to sell again, and yet we make a fair profit.

Thirdly—In furniture, our specialty. We have lately made some splendid buys, including new as well as some little-used furniture. It will please you to look through our stock and see how cheap we can sell you goods. We have been in the business a long time, and could never before offer better opportunities for close buyers. There is about everything in furniture at Red Rice's this week. Pretty bedroom sets for \$10, 12 14. In parlor furniture we surpass ourselves almost. We have lots of it, and will give you a bargain, so pick out what you want. In chairs, tables, carpets, etc., there are many to select from.

Fourthly—In stoves there are hundreds to choose from at prices that please the buyer. A good cook for 6; a fair one for 4.

Fifthly—In crockery, glassware, agateware, lamps, cooking utensils, etc., we could fit out three or four common stores and still have a variety left.

Lastly—In the hundred and one articles used by man, from a jackplane to a jig saw, a mouse trap to an iron safe, behold, they are in countless numbers at Red Rice's. Main of Trade, 143 & 145 S. Main st., or at the store 46 & 48 S. Spring st.