Colorado Potato Bug.

Editor Rutland GLOBE:

I noticed an article in your issue of the 20th, under the above caption; and to allay the fears that might arise in the minds of some of our farmers on account of that article, is the reason of my troubling you with this.

You say you have been shown some bugs taken from potato vines in your vicinity, which you fear are the dreaded Colorado bug. This is a cry that has been raised in different parts of this state for two or three years, but I always contend it is a false alarm. And for three reasons:

First. The Colorado beetle advances only from sixty to eighty miles a year, so it has not had time to reach Vermont yet.

In the next place, your bugs have not more than half the number of lines that the true Colorado bug has. So you see that your description of your bugs is insufficient of itself to prove that it is *not* the much dreaded enemy.

Those who have given attention to the subject will remember that the Colorado bug has always been called the *ten lined* beetle.

In the New York Semi-Weekly *Tribune* of June 13, is an article on this very subject by Chas. R. Dodge, etomologist, that throws some light upon this matter, and that would be well for every farmer to read.

It says the insect (Doryphora 10-lineata) is now as far eastward as Pennsylvania, and that it was first descriced in 1823 by Thomas Say. Between thirty and forty years afterward it was again brought into notice, and ever since it has been steadily marching eastward at the rate of about 60 or 70 miles a year.

Mr. Walsh estimated that if unchecked, it would probably reach the Atlantic about 1880, but at the rate it has traveled the last two or three years, five years more will suffice.

Then comes a description: The perfect beetle is about half an inch in length, oval in shape, of a yellowish cream color, with ten distinct black lines running down its back upon its wing covers, which when raised reveal a pair of pinkish wings. The head and thorax are of a yellowish brown, spotted or marked with points or dots of black, there being some 18 on the thorax alone.

So now, brother farmers, until you find a bug (or beetle) with ten black lines upon his wing covers, do not believe the dreaded enemy has come.

I have always been acquainted with potato bugs similar to those described in the GLOBE, and presume they were the same.

E. L. HOLDEN.

North Clarendon, June 30.

The Marriage of George E. Graves.

We find the following notice of the marriage of our well known townsman George E. Graves, in the Middlebury *Register*, under the heading of "A Brilliant Wedding":

"A public wedding is a rare occurrence in Middlebury, and when it became known some days ago that Wednesday evening Mr. George E. Graves of Rutland, would lead to the alter of the Episcopal church Miss Mary E. Sheldon, daughter of the late Harmon Sheldon of Middlebury, the fair sex, young and old, were thrown in quite a furor of excitement.

Seven o'clock was the hour appointed, but long before that hour, the little unpretending stone church, picturesque as it is, with the wreath of ivy that covers its walls and climbs its gables, was crowded with an anxious assemblage. Every available seat was filled.

Evergreen arches covered the aisles, festoons of flowers ornamented the chancel railing, and about the pulpit were arranged a profusion of choice flowers, showing that busy hands and good taste had been employed. The marriage rites were administered by the Rev. Gemont Graves of Arlington. The group forming the bridal party made a pretty picture. The bride dressed in full bridal costume of white silk and orange blossoms, and surrounded by elegantly dressed bridesmaids and groomsmen. The most conspicuous of the group, was that of the venerable Dr. Bass, grandfather of the bride and who gave her away. Over his head eighty-four winters have passed leaving his hair and flowing beard as white as the snows. The last rays of a setting sun struggled through the stained glass windows throwing a mellow light over the impressive scene.

As the happy couple followed by invited guests passed out of the church, and over the carpeted sidewalks, to the carriages waiting to convey them to the residence of Mrs. Sheldon and the reception, the organ gave forth a wedding march. The reception was a fine affair, and many costly presents were displayed. At an early hour the company broke up and the happy pair took the night express south. Middlebury has lost and Rutland has gained a very amiable lady.

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