The Williston Graphic

BY COPELAND & OVERSON.

WILLISTON, - - N. DAK.

THE DANCE OF THE CLOTHES.

The merry wild breezes are swinging
The tops of the cottonwood-trees,
And chimes of the bluebells are ringing
In belfries built low for the bees.
The long-fingered tendrils are reaching
Far out from the wind-loosened vine,
To join, with shy gestures beseeching,
The dance of the clothes on the line.

See the little blue sunbonnet nodding
Across to the white muslin hood,
And the petticoats, soberly plodding
Along, as good petticoats should.
See the light-footed, echoless prancing
Of stockings that move here and there,
As though unseen fairies were dancing
Their mystical rounds in the air.

Then the frolicsome wind, feigning quiet,
Creeps into the empty shirt-sleeves,
And fills them with tumult and riot
Until not a wrinkle he leaves.
He sets the wee pinafores flying
Like butterflies poised in a line,
And shakes, with the tenderest prying,
The baby-clothes, tiny and fine.

Thus follows the wind his vagaries,
And laughs with his hand on his side,
Till roughened hands, Bridget's or Mary's,
Take down the day's washing all dried.
He pulls the maid's hair as she passes,
And flings her checked apron up high,
And then crouches down in the grasses
To spring at the next passer-by.
—Curtis May, in Youth's Companion.

Her Ladyship's Bangle

By Helen Frances Huntington.

(From the Home Journal, New York. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

IT WAS distinctively eastern, very beautiful and inconceivably grotesque, a dull-gold spiral circled by deeply graven dragon heads with iridescent eyes that threw out points of green and yellow fire. I caught myself gazing at it fixedly more than once, and as often as I looked I met Bronkton's gaze focused on the same object.

"A birthday gift," said Mr. Leaming in my ear. "Fanshaw brought it from India, and I understand it represents enormous values."

After supper I met Bronkton and Lady Fanshaw walking down the moonlit path by the lake. Bronkton was always curiously indifferent to public opinion. It was well known that he had courted the beautiful Miss Elverton, and that Fanshaw's prospects had won the race. Bronkton went to India immediately after the announcement of the engagement, and by a curious freak of fortune met Lady Fanshaw on the very first night of his return to civilization. The present visit was unavoidable; but he need not have monopolized Lady Fanshaw so markedly.

Lady Fanshaw had changed greatly during those three years of married life, from a delightfully fresh, approachable girl to a very stately unapproachable woman of fashion.

I took a seat in a deeply shadowed nook overlooking the lake, and presently Bronkton and Lady Fanshaw returned and paused directly in front of me. The moon was dazzling; I could see very distinctly every detail of her dress with its crust of seed pearls, the glint of her pale-gold hair and the softly outlined profile as cold as snow against the placid surface of the water. Bronkton stood facing her, his hands clasped behind him, his fine, dark face unusually grave.

"I wish you wouldn't wear that," he said, abruptly, looking down at the bangle.

"And why?" she asked, raising her arm so that the scintillating gems took fire from the dazzling moonlight.

"Because it is the price of blood money."

"Are you superstitious?" with half forced raillery.

"We get to believe things in India," he admitted, quietly, "because of the inexplicable happenings that follow our lives in that strange country."

She looked down at the circle of prisoned fire, still smiling in open scorn.

"You arouse my curiosity sufficiently to make me wish to hear a story, but, unfortunately, it has none. It was made for me, and the artificer welded into it all the potential virtues known to mankind, to protect its wearer from calamity and sudden death."

"You mistake," he answered, calmly; "it belonged to an oriental woman; she wore it on the night of her marriage—"

Lady Fanshaw gave him a quick, upturned glance. "Are you sure?" she asked, alertly.

"Quite sure. There cannot be two such trinkets in the world. Curious how things circle back against all conflicting tides. To think that I should see this again, and on your arm! It was at Jeysulmere that I first saw it. I can see the wearer yet as plainly as though she stood before me! She was a Rajput, and they are all very beautiful, you know; totally different from any other race in India. She was the daughter of a despot, not too barbarous to understand our kind, but too proud to care whether she understood us or not. The English had pushed the old chief to the wall and sent a man down to tie him safely in governmental harness. This man, whose name does not matter, had almost finished his work when he met the young Rajput queen, and he was so dazzled by her incomparable beauty that he offered his enemy freedom conditional on his daughter's hand in marriage. The despot greatly feared English vengeance; he paid the price and fled into the wilderness, due explanations being invented to satisfy the administration in case it looked into the affair. That was all very simple, you see; but you will not understand the girl's part of the sacrifice unless you know something of the Rajput race pride, which you do not—"

"Did she care for him?" Lady Fanshaw interrupted, speaking for the first time.

Bronkton's thoughts had gone a-straying while he gazed into the flower-like face before him, and he did not answer until she spoke again, when he came back to a realization of tangible things with a start.

"No," he answered, gravely, "it was not possible with that insurmountable barrier between them; beside, she was a good woman, and she knew by instinct that he was neither good nor honorable."

"And he—did he love her?"

"Perhaps, after a fashion. He told her so, anyway; and she understood that her father's escape from death or even lifelong imprisonment, which was far worse, hung upon her decision."

"And he married her?" Lady Fanshaw asked, looking straight at Bronkton.

"No. He was too cowardly to face social ostracism; the government had placed him in the wilderness temporarily, and he chose his way to relieve the tedium; but he made her his lawful wife, understand, as far as her part was concerned, for he submitted to the simple marriage rites of her caste, which to him was nothing more than a meaningless pretense, but it saved her honor. There was another man—a subordinate officer—and she went to him fresh from the sacrifice that bound her to this alien, for, in spite of his smooth words, she mistrusted him, and—I think she hated him. She demanded to know whether she was his lawful wife in the eyes of his people, and he told her the truth—there was no possibility of evading it in the face of her presence. Hard, wasn't it?"

"It was hard," Lady Fanshaw echoed, in a clear, cold voice. "Did she care very much?"

"It is hard to say. I am certain that she did not love him; but we cannot judge of Hindus by our standard, for they are deeper than the sea and silent as the grave. Did I tell you that she was very beautiful? She wore fairly-wrought garments of cobweb texture, shot with the fires of priceless gems; the bangle seemed even more beautiful than now—pardon me—it was made for her, you know. She stood on the steps of the old palace awaiting his return till the blue dusk gathered about her and the stars lit up her white-clad figure nebulously. Beside her was a huge vase filled with blood-red dahk flowers, and campaks whose stiff, white petals exhaled the sweet pungent odor of sunless forests. It was very late when her husband returned; he saw her at once and sprang to meet her joyfully, and he spoke, but what she said will never be known. There was a glint of many-prismed fire as she raised her arm to ward off his caress, then it fell back limply and something stirred

I TOOK A SEAT IN A DEEPLY SHADED NOOK.

among the flowers, flung up a hooded head and fastened on her wrist just below the golden circlet; again and again it struck the down hanging hand, above and below the jeweled gaud, but she never stirred; her husband, a coward as well as a liar, was unarmed, and he fell back to summon help, but when his servant reached her she had fallen where she stood, and the overturned vase lay at her feet."

Lady Fanshaw's face quivered with irrepressible emotion, and she made as if to turn, but Bronkton's eyes held her gaze compellingly.

"He was not utterly without feeling," he went on, quietly; "he left her father the peace which she had purchased so dearly, so her sacrifice was not wholly in vain; but it was a sad ending of a young and innocent life. Do you wonder that I do not like to see that jewel on your arm?"

Lady Fanshaw lifted her deathly pale face to his, and their eyes met understandingly.

"And that man?" she demanded, authoritatively.

"He is a knave and a coward, but for the sake of other lives closely touching his he must be nameless."

"Ah! And the other man?" in an emotionless whisper.

"Your ladyship's humble servant."

She raised her jewel-girt arm while Bronkton slipped the glittering trinket from its resting place; it dropped from his fingers, glinted over the grassy terrace and cut the rippleless surface of the lake into little glassy wavelets. Her ladyship's hand dropped and she shivered as with sudden cold.

"It was not a pretty story," she said in the far-off voice of a dreamer, "and yet hers was the easier part!"

Bronkton's gaze followed hers across the widening circles that trailed off into a sheet of molten silver. "I think it was," he answered, slowly.

Cyclone Humor.

Humor adds color to tragedy, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in the Atlantic. Michael Angelo Woolf understood this when he made his wretched tenements waifs so comical; Kipling understood it when he wrote "Danny Deever." The cyclone also understands it. That is why it picked up a locomotive and stood it on end in a garden, but left a rosebush in that garden uninjured by so much as a crumpled petal; that is why it twitched the water out of every well in town; that is why it gathered up half an acre of mud and plastered it all over the Methodist church; that is why it carried a baby a mile and deposited it unhurt in the crotch of a tree; that is why it plucked the feathers from a rooster and stuck them into an oak plank, while the shivering fowl stared and wondered what next! This is the art of the storm: In the midst of the tempest see "Laughter holding both his sides."

The English Vocabulary.

The English language—according to a German statistician who has made a study of the comparative wealth of languages—heads the list with the enormous vocabulary of 260,000 words. German comes next with 80,000 words; then Italian, with 75,000; French, with 30,000; Turkish, with 22,500, and Spanish, with 20,000.

FUNNY FOLKS

Its Cost.

"Is the anti-fat treatment expensive?"

"It cost me about $135."

"That was ridiculously exorbitant."

"It wasn't the medicines or the treatment itself that cost so much, but the tailors charged me almost as much for cutting down my five suits of clothes as I would have to pay for new suits."—Chicago Tribune.

Why the Cook Left.

You asked me why I left there.
It really made me grieve;
But master and missus quarreled so much
That at last I had to leave.
Their langwidge it was so dreadful,
And awfully they looked.
You ask me what they quarreled about—
'Twas the way the meals was cooked.
—Tit-Bits.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Mr. A.—It is astonishing how much alike in appearance the Miller twins are. They always dress alike, drink the same kind of wine and beer—

Mr. B.—Yes, and each of them owes me 60 marks!—Fliegende Blaetter.

As Others See Us.

Said the dudelet to the maid:
"I hope you'll excuse my plight;
My talk will bore you, I'm afraid,
For I feel like a fool to-night."
Said the maiden unto the dude:
"Oh, that's all right; but, pray,
Pardon me if I seem to be rude—
Don't you always feel that way?"
—Chicago Daily News.

Something New.

Merchant—What's the matter with your writing this morning—new pen?

Bookkeeper—No, sir.

"New ink?"

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"Neuralgia."—N. Y. Weekly.

An Alluring Argument.

Agent—Like some awnings, mum? We fit and fix 'em cheap.

Housewife—I don't want awnings. They keep out the sun, and we get little enough sunshine here as it is.

Agent—You need never use 'em, mum. They'll roll up.—N. Y. Weekly.

Vindicated at Last.

"My dear," he said, "I forgot to mail that letter this morning." "Oh, you dear!" she cried. "That was just what I wanted. Now I can blame you when that supercilious Sadie complains that I don't answer her notes."—Philadelphia North American.

And Find Himself Famous?

McJigger—What do you think of that Delaware mechanic who discovered the secret of perpetual motion in a dream?

Thingumbob—Oh, I suppose he'll wake up some morning.—Philadelphia Press.

His Trouble.

"It should be happiness," she said,
"For you to earn our daily bread."
Her husband raised his tired head.
"It is not this, my dearest dear,
That draws me nearer to my bier.
It is the frosted cake, I fear."
—Town Topics.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Uncle (an old friend, to daughter of the house)—Good-by! I won't kiss you, my dear, I've got such a cold!

Nephew (with alacrity)—Can I do anything for you, uncle?—Fun.

Cumulation.

Alas! 'tis true beyond a doubt;
Our sorrows come together.
There's nothing now to talk about
Excepting war and weather!
—Washington Star.

How They Did It.

"Mamie wouldn't sing for us because she wanted to be teased."

"And did you tease her?"

"Oh, terribly! We didn't ask her again."—The King.

Her Preference.

Cholly—I shall speak to your father to-morrow, by telephone.

Edith—Then be sure to ring him up at his office. It is such a nuisance to have him smash the house telephone.—Judge.

And There's Lots of It.

"It's in the air," he asserted.

"What is?" asked the official of the street cleaning department.

"Dust," replied the citizen.—Chicago Post.

Hardly Blamable.

Jack Hyfly—So old Millyuns is looking for a divorce from his young wife? On what grounds?

Tom Topnotch—On the grounds of economy, I guess.—Judge.

In Apple Pie Order.

"How did you find your uncle, John?"

"In apple-pie order."

"How is that?"

"Crusty."—Tit-Bits.

By Implication.

"Most of the crowd," said the matron with the square jaw, who was presiding at the picnic, "seems to have gone boating down the creek. Is there anyone here that ever lived on a farm and has a good voice for calling hogs?"

"Yes'm," answered one of the men standing by.

"Well, I wish you'd just go down to the bank and holler out that dinner's ready."—Chicago Tribune.

Setting Him Straight.

Cholly Gayboy—I undahstand you wemahked that no girl would evah be likely to marry Gussy Whitless or me because we are too fastidious?

Miss Sharpe—Oh, no! You misunderstood me.

Cholly Gayboy—Oh—aw—then you didn't say that?

Miss Sharpe—No; I said you were "two fast idiots."—Catholic Standard.

A Bright Youngster.

"I suppose you expect him to grow up to be a bright boy?" said the friend, patronizingly.

"Well," answered the young father, "I think I detect tendencies in that direction. He wants to eat the quicksilver off my pocket mirror and succeeded in making a meal off a package of stove polish."—Washington Star.

A Peaceful Existence.

"Ever quarrel with your wife?"

"No."

"Have you any trouble with your servants?"

"No."

"Children worry you?"

"No."

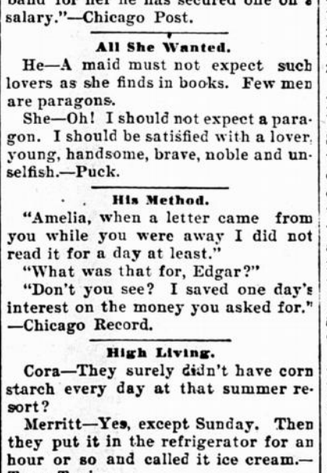
"Great Caesar, man, how's that?"

"Ain't married, and live by myself."—Tit-Bits.

The Angel Without Wings.

Call her Duckie, if you please,
And she blushes, and she sighs;
Say she's chick and straightway she's
Wafted into sunny skies;
Call her Birdie and she's glad;
Call her Goosie and she's gay—
Say she's just a hen, and then
Something warm will be to pay.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HE WAS CLEAN GONE.



"I think this would be our best way."

"Why, it's twice as long as the other!"

"Exactly so!"—Ally Sloper.

Difficulties of Deceit.

E'en idleness has woes profound,
For when a man is shirking,
He often has to hustle 'round
To act like he was working.
—Washington Star.

Only Wise Plan.

"Her marriage seems to be happier than the majority of that kind."

"Yes, and it's all owing to the wisdom of her father. Instead of settling a fortune upon them he gives his titled son-in-law an allowance that is to cease if they ever separate."

"Oh, I see. Instead of buying a husband for her he has secured one on a salary."—Chicago Post.

All She Wanted.

He—A maid must not expect such lovers as she finds in books. Few men are paragons.

She—Oh! I should not expect a paragon. I should be satisfied with a lover, young, handsome, brave, noble and unselfish.—Puck.

His Method.

"Amelia, when a letter came from you while you were away I did not read it for a day at least."

"What was that for, Edgar?"

"Don't you see? I saved one day's interest on the money you asked for."—Chicago Record.

High Living.

Cora—They surely didn't have corn starch every day at that summer resort?

Merritt—Yes, except Sunday. Then they put it in the refrigerator for an hour or so and called it ice cream.—Town Topics.

He Knew Her.

"Home already, Percy dear? Come, give me a kiss."

"Let me see your hands first."

"Why, you suspicious boy?"

"I want to see whether you have a dressmaker's bill in one of them."—N. Y. World.

Imaginary Longevity.

That if married you'll live longer
Than if single may be true;
The belief grows strong and stronger
It will longer seem to you.
—Judge.

VANITY EARLY DEVELOPED.

"Your dolly looks just like you, doesn't she?"

"Why wouldn't she? I picked out the prettiest one I could find."—N. Y. Journal.

FIGUREHEADS FOR SHIPS.

Less Decoration Outside and More Inside Than Formerly—The Carvers' Trade Gone.

The days of the fancy figureheads on ships are almost forgotten in this age of plain bowed five and six masters. There was a time when a ship without a fancy bowpiece was the exception; now the reverse is the case. The appearance in a Maine harbor of one of these old specimens of the artistic era in Maine shipbuilding would be hailed with enthusiasm by the veteran shipmasters and by the younger generation of sailors would be regarded with wonder. It would, at all events, be a curiosity to the occasional waterfront visitors.

In the shiploft of Edward S. Griffen, No. 465 Fore street, says the Portland (Me.) Express, may be seen implements, long since idle and rusting, of the ship carver's trade. "Yes," said Mr. Griffen, as he soliloquized over the lost industry, "the ship carver's occupation is gone. In the old days the ship sailing into port without a figurehead at the bow was like an unpolished shoe. It was all the fad and entered into the plans for a vessel about as much as the hull or rigging. It gave a finished appearance to the craft which we don't see in these days and was not an expensive addition, either.

"I believe I am the only one of the old carvers now in the business. I started over 40 years ago. The only work in the ship carving line of late is confined to repairing, principally in cabin work. I remember the elder Nahum Littlefield and Edward Chapman were in the business nearly 50 years ago on Central wharf. Mr. Littlefield was succeeded by his son Nahum, formerly chief engineer of the fire department, who continued the business under the firm name of Nahum Littlefield & Brother, but when the demand for this work disappeared they retired. Theodore Johnson was also in the business on Union street, but he, too, gave it up when the decline in the ship carver's trade set in.

"The designs for bow and stern adornments were varied. Busts and full length figures were considerably in demand, although the dragon was a popular bowpiece. Those that didn't have a figure on the bow usually had what we called a billet head with carved trail boards. In such a case there was usually on the stern some fancy carved molding intertwined with small figures. There were quite a number of busts and full length figures and spreadeagles both on bow and stern. The reclining figure of a woman was also in much demand. For instance, if a ship was named for a woman it was probable that a bust or full length figure of a woman would be used as a figurehead.

"In some cases the bust or full length figure of a man would be used if the vessel had been named for some well known citizen. I remember the old ship William G. Davis had a bust of him in the stern moulding. I believe the ship Philena, owned by J. S. Winslow, had a full length figure of Mrs. Winslow. The Philena was a handsome ship, but was lost many years ago. The ship Alice Cooper, built at Knightville by ex-Mayor Randall's father, had one of the handsomest figures of any of the vessels coming into the harbor. It was the full length figure of a woman. In my time I did considerable work for vessels built by J. S. Winslow and Russell Lewis. The business began to decline when the profits in vessels commenced to disappear. The carving of figureheads grew to be looked upon as unnecessary, although the expense of such an adornment usually ran from $100 to $300. The first decline began with the demand for lighter and less expensive mouldings, until finally the fad or custom dropped out entirely. As a substitute common rope came into use. A coil of rope with a knot in the center was at first used, but now not even this is seen on one-half the vessels. The eye for the artistic in ship building seems to have been blinded in these later days by purely financial motives.

"Many vessels of the present time have head and trail boards on the bow, and some have the scroll head. Some have a fancy quarter board on the side for the vessel's name. Fancy carving on the interior and exterior of the cabin, with a trussed knee on the forward of the cabin, are somewhat in use now. But all the inside and outside cabin decoration can never take the place, from an artistic view, of the handsome figurehead of the old days. The old business is gone," said Mr. Griffen, "and I do not expect to live to see its revival."

Mr. Griffen explained that the figureheads formerly in use were usually made of hard pine and were carved by hand.

A Rule of the Thumb.

In the notebook of the late Bishop Walsham How there is a story of a former young curate of the English village of Stoke which shows the value of a little common sense in deciding a knotty point.

The curate, being exceedingly anxious at all times to do things in the order of the liturgy, once insisted, when marrying a couple, on the ring being put on the fourth finger. The bride rebelled, and finally said:

"I would rather die than be married on my little finger!"

For an instant the curate wavered, then he said: "But the rubric says so."

Matters were at a standstill—the bride tearful, the groom uneasy, the curate determined—when the parish clerk stepped forward and said:

"In these cases, sir, the thoomb counts as a digit."

Rapid Locomotion.

Mistress—You say you are well recommended?

Maid—Indeed, ma'am; I have 39 excellent references.

Mistress—And you have been in domestic service?

Maid—Two years, ma'am.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shipping Soft Crabs.

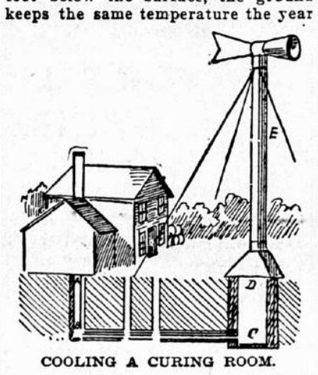
Soft crabs are being shipped from Maryland this season in lots of 16,000 each, the express companies carrying them direct to the northern and eastern markets, where the demand for them is greater than ever and the prices obtained excellent.—N. Y. World.

FARM AND GARDEN

COOL CURING ROOMS.

The Dairy Which Is Without Them Rarely Succeeds in Producing High-Grade Cheese.

One of the great obstacles to the proper curing of cheese and the enhancement of its price is poorly constructed curing rooms, which result in an unripe or badly cured article. The cheese factory should be so built that the curing room is as near impervious as possible to heat and air and on the ground floor. At a distance of 20 to 80 feet below the surface, the ground keeps the same temperature the year



COOLING A CURING ROOM.

round, and this temperature is about four degrees higher than the average temperature for the year in that place. Pure air from 20 to 50 feet above the ground, passed through a deep underground duct, as illustrated, may be cooled and brought to an even temperature and utilized in the curing room. In northern Wisconsin the mean temperature for the year is about 40 degrees, so low that the utilization of this cold may be made of great value even in the hottest weather.

While there are various plans for the making of sub-earth ducts, the one illustrated herewith is simple and inexpensive. The duct should be placed at such depth as the soil-temperature may indicate. The outside end consists of an upright pipe (e) 20 to 50 feet high with a funnel, and a good sized hood 36 inches across. A vane extending to the rear turns the hood on a vertical axis so as to catch the air, similar as in the mechanism of a windmill. The ducts a b and c d are of brick and the top of duct c d is also surmounted with brick to make a solid place for setting the pipe extension, as well as because of weather and soil conditions. If it is desirable to make openings for any purpose, in duct c d, this may be done as illustrated, or if the current of air is to be broken, it may be done by placing drain tiles in the duct so that the wind will pass through them, thus making a set of multiple ducts. The inlet to the curing room (a) is of brick. The flow of air should be regulated by a register. For a curing room of 400 square feet the shaft should be at least ten inches square, inside measurement.

In ripening, cheese emits certain odors and gases which may prevent a normal cure, unless the gases are removed. A ventilator must be provided, and as illustrated (o, t, f), should rise directly from the ceiling of the curing room to above the roof. If only one ventilator is used, it should be placed at the end of the room opposite to that occupied by the ventilator. It should be at least ten inches square, inside measure, for a curing room of 400 square feet floor space, or 14 inches for a room of 1,000 square feet. Never make the mouth of the ventilator and the in-take funnel of the same height.—Farm and Home.

RAISING WHEY CALVES.

They Should Be Fed Three Times a Day in Clean, Elevated Troughs or Fixed Buckets.

In raising calves on whey, avoid two extremes; do not feed it too sweet or too sour. It should be moderately acid, nothing more. Insist on your cheese maker keeping a perfectly clean storage whey vat, and if he fails to clean and scald it every day, take a clean barrel to the factory for your portion of whey. I have known farmers to go to the factory to get sweet whey every forenoon, for immediate feeding to calves, but the young animals did not particularly thrive on it.

The majority feed it to their calves when the whey is 24 hours old. It depends on the receptacle the swill has been kept in, whether it is then in a proper state for best results. If it has been stored in a filthy whey vat or barrel, it is unfit to feed to any domestic animal. In hot weather, even after daily washing and scalding of the storage tub, care should be taken that the whey does not get too sour. Keep it in a cool, airy place. Above all, do not depend on whey alone for the successful rearing of calves. If you do, they will become pot-bellied and stunted. Give them the range of a nice pasture partially shaded, so that half of their sustenance at least will be from grass.

Feed them whey three times daily in a clean, elevated trough, or fixed buckets. If they do not thrive sufficiently on this, add a little oil meal. Keep calves by themselves, and do not tolerate swine or sheep in the same inclosure. The idea is to keep calves growing and developing naturally, if you would obtain healthy, vigorous cows. Cramped quarters, lack of variety of food and insufficient nourishment make puny, unprofitable heifers.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A Monster Butter Factory.

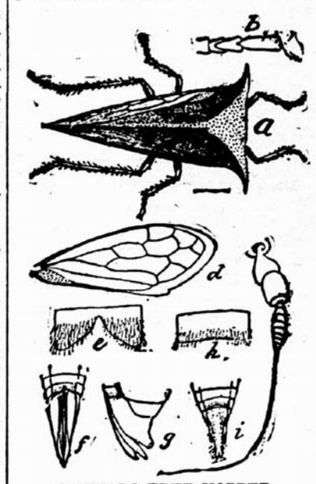
The Glenorminster butter factory in Australia is probably the biggest thing of the kind in the world. The supply of milk in the flush for several weeks reaches the enormous amount of 165,000 pounds per day. It is also stated that some of the patrons furnish as high as 5,000 pounds per day; and the average is about 2,000 pounds; and these amounts are produced on farms of from 100 to 200 acres each. In the separating-room are 16 large separators of 400 gallons per hour capacity each, that when necessary can handle 6,000 gallons per hour.

BUFFALO TREE HOPPER.

Apple Growers Are Just Beginning to Realize the Extent of Damage Caused by This Insect.

Prof. A. E. Popenoe, of the Kansas experiment station, sends out press bulletin 68 in which he has the following to say on the Buffalo tree hopper:

Numerous inquiries received by the entomological department of the Kansas experiment station from different parts of this and neighboring states, accompanied by specimens of apple twigs and branches showing the work of the Buffalo tree-hopper, lead us to believe that the apple-growing public is becoming awakened to the abundance of this orchard insect, though not aware of the method of avoiding the injury of its numerous punctures. The facts brought forward by correspondence with those who report the damage confirm the previously published deductions of this station, where the true nature of these injuries was first made known. Upon inquiry as to the condition of the injured trees during the previous August and September, it appears in each case that the trees were grown at that time in weeds and grass, cultivation having been suspended, for one cause or another, and the orchard weeds allowed to grow unchecked. Inquiry from the same reporters as to the amount of injury in orchards where cultivation was not thus suspended shows in such an almost entire immunity from the work of the pest. The inference is too plain to need special argument. Clean culture during the late summer, to keep the grounds free from weeds on which the young hoppers feed, will protect the young orchard from attack. When the trees are already badly punctured, the only thing that can be done is to cultivate generously the coming season, to keep the injured trees in the best of thrift, and to assist them in outgrowing the injury. It has been suggested by some that the injured branches should be pruned out and burned, thus reducing the number of the pests the next season, but if such a plan were to be put in practice, it would result in many cases in the removal of entire trees, no part of the small tree being exempt from attack. The eggs which are laid in August in the wounds in the bark, hatch the next May or June, and it is suggested by this station that at the time when observation shows the insect to be emerging, it will be possible to destroy most of the tender young by a spray of kerosene emulsion at a moderate strength. So much reliance may be placed upon clean culture, however, that this spraying is not considered as necessary, though a practical method of destruction, if done at the right time.



BUFFALO TREE HOPPER.

(A, female much enlarged; b, foot of same enlarged; c, antenna or feeler; d, wing; f and g, last segments of the female abdomen; i, last ventral segments of the male.)

NEW FRUIT VARIETIES.

Those Who Develop Them Should Always Put Their Names on Trial Packages They Send Out.

Every fruit grower should be on the constant outlook for new varieties during the fruiting season. The fact that not one seedling in 20,000 is better than our standard varieties makes it exceedingly difficult to originate them in a systematic way.

It requires years of selection and testing on different soils and locations to determine their true value. Occasionally we find one in some out of the way place which has survived its fellows and attracted attention by its superior fruit and foliage and all such should be carefully transplanted to the most favorable environments where its best qualities may be developed and brought out.

In sending to others for trial do not neglect to put your name and address on the package, and at the same time writes them a letter giving a full description of it.

Last year we received five packages by mail without the name of sender on it or any description. One of them is proving exceedingly valuable, but we cannot arrange for its introduction or give it commendation because we do not know whose property it is.

In sending out new varieties always mention that they are sent for trial. A person receiving such under restriction and should propagate them for sale could be held for full damages.—R. M. Kellogg, in Farmers' Voice.

Good Cows and Rich Food.

Rich foods will no doubt assist in the production of rich milk by providing the proper materials required, but it is natural for some cows to give richer milk than others, no matter what the quality of the food may be. Rich foods affect the quantity of milk, however, and especially when a variety is allowed. Good cows and rich food should be used and the profits will be larger.

Overfeeding Means Loss.

The importance of feeding only as much food as an animal will eat up clean at each meal may be demonstrated by the fact that a waste of only one pound of hay or grain per day for each animal amounts to nearly a ton a year for a herd of six cows. Give them all that they require, but nothing more.

Cut out raspberry and blackberry canes as soon as they have fruited, so that next year's canes may have the full benefit of the sun and air to develop them.