

MONTANA complains of grasshoppers, but there are no signs of serious trouble from the scourge elsewhere in the West as yet.

The recently-published story about the rending of Bald mountain in North Carolina is pronounced pure fiction—a lie out of a whole mountain.

The Irishmen of Pittsburgh and vicinity are raising funds to employ counsel for the defense of the five Grannahans and two Haggertys, whose trial for the murder of Lord Leitrim in the County Donegal, Ireland, begins at Dublin, July 25.

The hotel business is growing hazardous in Washington. Recently the furniture of Willard's Hotel, which cost nearly a quarter of a million a short time ago, was sold under the hammer, bringing only a small percentage of its original cost.

The trade in American beef and mutton has rapidly grown in England. A few years ago it was sold at a heavy discount under English stock. Now it is eagerly sought. Our trade in beef and mutton this year will amount to over \$8,000,000.

In the State of Rhode Island a foreign-born citizen cannot vote unless he owns property to the amount of \$134, though if his wife owns that much it will do as well. The Supreme Court, in a recent decision, declares a man can vote on his wife's property.

During the first ten months of the current fiscal year the total exports from the United States were \$620,265,206; total imports, \$391,356,251; excess of exports over imports, \$228,908,955. For the corresponding period last year: Total exports, \$550,091,501; total imports, \$396,516,322; excess of exports over imports, \$153,575,179; increase of export balance this year, \$75,333,776. Quite a "bonanza" for this country.

A New York doctor has a daughter, now 22 years old, whose head is that of a pig, though she is perfectly formed otherwise, is thoroughly educated, and is a pure, true woman. Her mother died in giving her birth, and the daughter has cultivated art in all its forms, being also very religious. She goes out in a closed carriage with her head muffled, and speaks without trouble, though her voice resembles the squeaking of a pig.

The hoax of the Cardiff Giant, according to the Popular Science Monthly, was the outgrowth of a heated argument between George Hull, a Binghamton tobaccoist, and the Rev. Mr. Turlie, regarding the former existence of giants. The clergyman argued that the Bible gave affirmative proof. Hull retorted that people were gullible about anything in support of which scripture could be quoted, and that idea, suggested the fraud that subsequently became notorious.

The son of the late Speaker Kerr says his father died absolutely without money. There was not a dollar. His account with the Sergeant-at-Arms was overdrawn, he having used the advance to pay local bills around New Albany. His life was insured, and the family's first application of that money was to settle his account with Congress. The people of New Albany and throughout the district he represented always believed that he was rich, and that he had hidden or invested funds.

MELISSA SMITH, the pretty daughter of the lighthouse-keeper at Hatteras island, on the cruel Carolina coast, recently met a sad, strange death. About to retire, after parting from the betrothed she was to wed in a few days, she had thrown open her door to get the sea breeze. Her pillow fell from her hand, and, in trying to catch it, she fell, striking the iron steps, down which she plunged screaming, into the sea, and was carried out by the surf as her father came to the door.

A GREAT INVASION of kangaroos recently occurred in various settled parts of Australia, especially Queensland, the animals being, no doubt, driven from the interior by the drought and its effects in search of food. They came in thousands, devouring everything in the shape of herbs or grain, so that the sheep and cattle were often reduced to dry leaves for fodder. The colonists promptly met the attack, in some places driving the kangaroos into an inclosure and shooting them. In one battue more than 4,000 kangaroos were killed in four days.

MASSACHUSETTS papers state that there are plenty of farms in Worcester county which can be obtained for less money than it would cost to transport a family to Kansas or Nebraska and settle them there in the rudest dwelling, more primitive than any farmer in Massachusetts

has occupied since the colonial days. The same is true of many farms in Maine, New Hampshire and other Eastern States, which their owners are anxious to dispose of at a great sacrifice in order that they may fall in line and "go West."

SINCE Edison invented the telephone and phonograph he has more orders for new inventions than he can attend to. One party wants him to invent a boneless shad; another asks him to turn his attention to a gas-meter that won't lie always in favor of the company; a third desires a pocket-book that will always contain a dollar or two; and while he is about it he might as well infuse some of his inventive genius into a flight of stairs that won't creak like all possessed when a man sneaks into the house at night.

CAREFULLY-PREPARED statistics show that there are over 600,000 drunkards in the United States, and that 70,000 die annually who go to the grave of a drunkard. Every year 100,000 men and women are sent to prison under the influence of intoxication, while 300 murders and 400 suicides occur from the same cause. Two hundred thousand orphans are annually thrown upon the charity of the world by this curse of intemperance. Nine-tenths of our crime and not less than seven-eighths of the pauperism are the immediate results of whisky, and that at a cost to the Government, besides individual want, of not less than \$60,000,000 every year.

The terrible sufferings of a Tenth Cavalry company on the Staked Plain of Texas, through thirst, are described by Surgeon King. They were four days without water, and the weather was intensely hot. Their predicament was caused by the death of their guide, leaving them to wander by themselves until a spring was finally found. Their mouths became so dry that brown sugar would not melt in them. Their voices grew weak and strange, and their sight dim, and when asleep they dreamed of banqueting. A sense of suffocation was extremely painful. They drank water greedily, but it did not quench their thirst—which shows, the Surgeon thinks, that the sense of thirst resides not in the stomach, but in the general system, and, in this case, could not be relieved until the remote tissues were supplied.

If the English and the Russians in their Asiatic quarrels should ever get the Chinese stirred up and started on the war path there is no telling when or where or in what numbers these copper-colored Orientals would settle down again. There are 300,000,000 of them, swarming on the land and water of the Chinese empire, and waiting, as some ethnologists believe, for a fine day to overrun Europe as other Asiatics have done before. Just now, in the north-eastern provinces, they are dying by the million; according to the official figures of Minister Seward 15,000,000 are actually in the clutches of famine, while 60,000,000 others are suffering more or less from lack of sufficient food supply. This is nearly twice the total population of the United States—rather a big crowd of people to be starving at one time. After all travelers have had to say about the Chinese internal-improvement system, it is rather queer to read that this distress is due rather to lack of transportation facilities in the stricken districts than to a scarcity of food in the surrounding regions.

A PENNSYLVANIAN named Isaac Johnson, of the village of Port Penn, has had, according to the local gazettes, an eventful career, and inherited a fortune after he had lost several and completely given up the struggle of life. When a boy of 10 he stole a wash-tub, launched it upon the Delaware, got into it, floated down the river into the bay, and was picked up by a bark which carried him to Vera Cruz. Thence he made his way to the City of Mexico, where he was adopted by a rich merchant, Don Hidalgo Hernandez, given a liberal education, and, finally, a partnership. Having become a partisan of Maximilian, he grew so odious to the people that he was obliged to fly to Texas. At the outset of the civil war he entered the Confederate army, serving as aide to Albert Sydney Johnston. After its cessation, he returned North, went into the manufacture of shoes in Philadelphia, and flourished for awhile, but was eventually ruined by the dishonesty of his partners. Broken in spirit and estate, he went back to his village home to die a pauper. Recently he received notice that property to the value of \$200,000, most of it in Government bonds, had been left him by Don Hidalgo, and he is naturally rejoiced thereat. The moral of this is obvious. Steal a wash-tub early—never mind the size or shape—and wealth shall come to you unexpectedly after you have lost your last cent.

CAPT. CATERBY JONES, formerly commander of the famous Confederate ram Merrimack, was killed in Selma, Ala., last summer by J. A. Herral, a neighbor. The fatal dispute arose out of a quarrel between their children, and the excitement over the result was intense. Mr. Herral was lately put on trial for murder, but has just been acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Baby's Toes. O, the tiny, curled-up treasures, Just as cute as cute can be! Come and help me count them, Madgie, While the baby bends to see; Peeps demurely over dainty Skirts, drawn up to dimpled knees. Hey, my lady Lily! whose two Holy-poly feet are these? See the darling's round-eyed wonder— Does she really know they're hers? Now she reaches down to feel them, While new triumph in her eyes.

How Calista Went to Church. I am going to tell you a true story of something that occurred about thirty years ago, away out in Iowa. When Calista Moore was 6 years old, she was about as full of fun and mischief as any little girl need be. At that time her eldest sister came home, after a long absence. She had been away in Cincinnati, at her uncle's, but now she was going to be married, so she came back to her old home, with a trunk packed full of beautiful new clothes.

Little Calista's eager, expectant eyes danced with delight as the carriage drove up, and she gazed about all the evening, with the new doll and picture-book sister Jennie brought her pressed rapturously to her bosom. When at last she was carried off to bed, she struggled a little, but the sight of the great unopened trunk in the hall awed her into silence.

"What's in it?" she whispered to her sister Jennie. "Lots of nice things, I guess, and sister Jennie's new clothes." This was enough to set Calista's imagination going, and all night long she dreamed of the most wonderful chests, all full of the loveliest toys, and beautiful dresses of every size and color. In the morning when she came down stairs, the mysterious trunk had disappeared from sight, but not from mind.

"Jennie," she said, timidly, "last night when I went to bed, I saw the beautiful trunk in the hall, and now it isn't anywhere. Where have they taken it to?"

"Let me see," said Jennie. "I believe they carried it up-stairs, and put it in the front chamber."

"What's in it, Jennie?" she persisted, with a soft, caressing motion of her plump little hands. "Nothing for curious little girls," said her sister; "only some clothes, which you shall see some day, if you are a good girl, and don't ask too many questions."

During the days which followed, there was many a long conference with closed doors in the front chamber, from which Calista was excluded. And the wonder grew and grew in the child's mind until she lived in a world of mystery. At last, one Sunday it happened that all the household went to church, leaving Calista alone with Nora, the house-maid.

But Nora was busy in the kitchen, and the child went roaming about the house at her own sweet will. "There can't be any harm," she said to herself, as she mounted the stairs, "in just going into the front chamber, and looking at the trunk. I'm sure nobody would care if I should do that." So she opened the door and stepped inside. Never before had the company-room, as she called it, looked so solemn and magnificent as then, with its high-post bedstead, and closely-drawn curtains.

She tiptoed softly up to the trunk, and stood for some time, spelling out her sister's name on the cover, J-e-n-n-i-e M-o-o-r-e. "That sounds pretty," she said to herself. "I wonder if I shall have a trunk with my name on it when I get big? I wonder what is inside? It couldn't be the least bit of harm to look. Anyway, sister Jennie said I should see sometime, and I might just as well now, as to wait until I am old." She tried to lift the lid, but it wouldn't come. It was locked. She knelt down by the side, and uttered a little exclamation of triumph. The key was in the lock.

For right then she shook so when she took hold of the key that she had to take both hands to turn it. Then she raised the lid and peeped in. In the subdued light she could not see plainly, but she passed her chubby hands over some soft, sheeny fabric. Then she gathered it up into her arms, and carried it to the window. "Pretty," she said, and held it up to her round cheek. And a pretty thing it was truly. A dove-colored brocade silk wedding dress. But Calista did not know this. If she had known that her sister was going to be married, and that these were her wedding clothes, I dare say she would never have done the thing she did do that day, and this story would never have been written. She laid the shining dress down in a chair and went back to her explorations. The next article she came to was a white crape shawl, with long silk fringe, and heavily embroidered.

She passed slowly down the graveled walk and out at the gate. Once she caught her foot in the abundant skirt and tripped a little, but the sidewalk was clean and no damage was done. The beautiful parasol was held directly over her head, and she walked straight to the nearest church (she knew that the family had gone to one more distant).

What a queer little figure it was that passed up the broad aisle to the wide-eyed astonishment of the congregation. But O, the troublesome parasol! She could not close it with one hand, and she dared not let go of the long skirt with the other, for fear she should trip and fall. Poor little Calista! The glory of wearing fine clothes was not mixed with bitterness that day. The lovely dove-colored parasol seemed to shut out all the sunshine of her young life, as she marched up the aisle with it straight over her head. Every eye was fixed upon her. Some smiled. One little boy giggled right out, and even the minister looked amused. But when at last the dreadful parasol was down, and he saw the little scarlet face, and the blue eyes brimming with tears, amusement changed to pity, and he at once gave out the hymn, which set every one to finding the page. Then the organ sounded, and the whole church rose to sing, and Calista's painful embarrassment began to grow less. Before the hymn was finished, she began to feel quite at home and almost happy, for she loved music dearly.

Then came the long prayer, then another hymn, and at last the sermon. It was when the minister was beginning his "thirdly" that a sudden anxiety seized her. What if her parents and the girls should come home and find her gone! Could she face the congregation again, and go out as she had come in? Yes, it must be done. For a long time she wringed and twisted on the seat, trying to get her courage up to the necessary pitch.

At last, with a desperate "I will" between her teeth, she clutched the obnoxious parasol and sprang out of her seat, down the aisle, and through the door, and in a moment was out upon the street again. Then how she ran! When she reached the gate, the door and windows stood invitingly closed, so she knew the others had not returned. She ran in and shut the door behind her; then up the stairs in a trice, and in another moment was safe in the friendly, somber light of the great front chamber.

Nora had been sound asleep and never missed the little girl. Very quiet was Calista all the rest of that eventful day.

After dinner she went out under a large maple and thought it all over. Should she tell mamma and sister Jennie? She thought she should feel a great deal better if they only knew. But how should she tell them? Sometimes her mind was fully made up that she would confess all, but then a naughty little voice would say, "Don't you do it. They need never know, and you didn't do any real harm anyway." For hours the poor little soul was tempted between right and wrong, until she could hear it no longer, and, seeing Jennie walking alone among the shrubbery, she ran to her, and, before her courage had time to give way, stammered out the story of her morning's pranks. Was Jennie angry? Yes, at first, when she thought of her beautiful wedding garments, which she had guarded so sacredly, out on public parade. Then she thought of the old figure her mite of a sister must have presented with trailing skirts and parasol, and she laughed until she cried. Then she tried to look sober, but made a mistake and laughed again and again, until she was obliged to run into the house for fear the passers-by would hear her. Of course her father, mother and sisters came to ask what it was all about; and such a laugh as they had! But to Calista it was no matter. She had suffered too much at church that day.—Anna H. Dixon, in New York Tribune.

Terrible Tragedy in Virginia.

The community in the neighborhood of Tazewell Court House is in a great state of excitement over a remarkable and shocking tragedy that was enacted last night. In the woods, two miles from that place, is a small frame cottage occupied for a number of years by Mrs. Rebecca Baldwin, an old widow lady, who lived in a state of solitude. It was generally known that she possessed a little fortune in the shape of gold coin. The neighbors have often remarked that old Aunt Becky, as she was called, would some night be murdered for her money, and such has come to pass.

This morning early, a friend dropped in to call, when a sickening sight met his eye. Mrs. Baldwin lay on the floor, weltering in blood. Life was almost gone, but she was still able to speak. In the same room on the floor lay two dead men who had been killed, and lying around were two bloody clubs, a bloody ax, and a bloody knife. The old lady was able, in broken sentences, to give the following statement: Yesterday at noon, three strange men, whom she supposed to be tramps, called and asked her to change \$10. She complied with the request, and in doing so she displayed a good deal of money. At night, about 9 o'clock, after she had retired, her door was broken in, and one of the same party that had been there during the day rushed in. She jumped out of her bed, and in her excitement threw a large bag of gold into the fire. The man stooped to jerk it out, and as he stooped Mrs. Baldwin, like a plucky heroine, seized an ax, which she always kept at the head of the bed, and let the robber have a blow on the back of the head, and she did not stop until she had killed him. Then another man with a club ran in to the rescue of his comrade, and the old lady struck him in the head with the ax. They had quite a combat, but she succeeded in killing him. While she was administering the last blow, the third man, who, it is supposed, had been left outside as a guard, rushed in and stabbed her with a dirk, and thinking she was dead, he fled.

Mrs. Baldwin recognized all the robbers as the same tramps that had visited her to get the money changed. They had been lurking around the neighborhood several days. The old lady died this afternoon.—Wytheville (Va.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

WILLIAM THE FIRST.

The Retirement of the Aged Emperor of Germany. After having passed the span of years allotted to man, and after a term of twenty-one years spent as Regent and King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, says the Chicago Tribune, William I., lying in his palace and suffering from the wounds of a cowardly assassin, retires from the cares and duties of the throne, and appoints as Regent his son, the Crown Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles, or "Unser Fritz," as the Germans familiarly call him. The old Emperor has had an eventful life. He was born March 22, 1797, son of Frederick William III, and Queen Louise, and as a boy marched with the allies into Paris after the overthrow of Napoleon. Coming into manhood as a soldier, he has always remained one, never giving up his military blankets upon a rude iron couch. When his brother, Frederick William IV., ascended the throne in 1840, he was recognized as the heir apparent. His military predilections gave rise to the idea that he was an absolutist, and so general was this idea that, in the uprising of 1848, he had to leave the country. After an absence of a few months he returned, put down the republican insurrection, and subsequently held several important military positions. In 1857, his brother, being incapacitated by illness, he assumed his functions, and the next year was formally installed as Regent, succeeding as King of Prussia in 1861. From that time until 1870 he accomplished a great work in giving Germany her present military strength and prestige. He reorganized the army as his first step. He made Bismarck Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1862; secured Schleswig and Lauenburg in the Schleswig-Holstein war; in 1866, extinguished Austria as a German power, and added Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Frankfurt to Prussia, and established the North-German Confederation; and in 1867 made Bismarck Chancellor. The candidature of the Spanish throne in 1870 precipitated war between France and Germany. The South German States joined the North, and the war was marked by a succession of brilliant victories achieved by the German armies, with which he remained from the firing of the first shot to the final surrender of Napoleon at Sedan. On the 18th of January, 1871, at his military headquarters at Versailles, by the request of the German States, he was crowned Emperor of Germany, and his first proclamation incorporated Alsace and Lorraine in the empire. Since that time he has comended still stronger the friendship of Germany with Russia, Austria, and Italy, and carried on a prolonged and severe contest with the Roman hierarchy during the Pontificate of Pius IX.

JAPAN.

Assassination of an Imperial Minister. Late advices from Yokohama, Japan, embrace particulars of the cruel assassination of Okubo Toshimichi, senior Imperial Councillor, and Minister of the Home Department. He was attacked by six men while riding from his residence to the palace, at 8 o'clock, a. m. His murderers selected an unfrequented part of the route, cut down the horses, killed the driver, and slaughtered their victim as he sprang from the carriage. The body was frightfully mutilated, the face and neck covered with wounds, and one hand cut off. The assassins immediately proceeded to the palace and gave themselves up. They proved to be fanatical followers of the late rebel Saigo, although not from his part of the country. Two of them wrote letters and sent them to the newspaper before setting out, declaring their reasons. They say Okubo was selfish and tyrannical, preferring despotism to liberty, overriding the law at pleasure, was arbitrary and proud, wasted public money, excluded patriots from a share in the Government, thus exciting rebellion, failed to sustain the dignity of the empire toward other nations, and, therefore, they killed him. A seventh accomplice surrendered himself the following day. It is not believed any further extension of the conspiracy exists. Okubo was the foremost member of the Cabinet for many years, and was next in rank to the two Ministers known as Dal Jin. He was the principal mover in the great reforms of modern times. His loss is severe, though fortunately irreparable. His colleague, Okuma, Minister of Finance, is recognized as not less sagacious, energetic, and progressive. Into his hands the leadership of the Government now falls. The Emperor has invested Okubo with the posthumous title of U. Dal Jin, one of the three officers nearest the throne, and augmented his rank. The funeral took place May 17, attended by an enormous concourse, including all foreign officials. Okubo was a little over 40 years old. He was originally of moderately good birth, and distinguished himself by reforms in his native province of Satsuma. He secretly assisted the youth of that region to travel abroad and study, while yet forbidden by law and usage. Of this early party were almost all the Japanese now representing their country diplomatically at foreign capitals. After the war of the restoration he came rapidly to the front in civil affairs, always maintaining his prominence, visited America and Europe in 1872, under Iwakura. He will be succeeded as Minister of the Home Department by Ito Hirobumi, hitherto Minister of Public Works.

The Bender Family Once More.

By telegraph we learn that the Bender family, who received such an unenviable notoriety for a number of murders committed by them in Kansas a few years ago, were seen at Grand Pass, Oregon, yesterday morning, traveling in this direction. They were seen by parties who arrived here from the Eastern States not

long since, and who claim to have known them at their old home. A large reward for their capture was offered at the time of their escape, but it has been generally believed that they were killed some time ago while trying to avoid arrest. Sheriff Manning is in pursuit.—Jacksonville (Ga.) Sentinel.

SINGULAR ROMANCE.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction. We published a few days since, says the Troy Times, the story of the courtship and marriage of Lieut. Philip Reade, of the regular army, and Minnie Murand, of Topeka, Kan., and the subsequent death of the bride in Europe, whither she had been sent by her husband to complete her musical education, and especially to cultivate the possibilities of her wonderful voice. The Lieutenant had been so fortunate as to save the life of his bride from the assault of an enraged bull, which he dispatched with a well-directed shot from his pistol. The young lady and her mother were very poor, and subsisted upon the small salary she obtained as a church singer. The adventure with the bull, a frugal supper in the little cottage of the girl's mother, a sight of Minnie's pretty face and the ravishing sweetness of her voice, settled the Lieutenant's fate. He laid his hand, his heart and fortune at her feet. These were accepted. It was agreed between them that the bride should go to Europe and study music, while the Lieutenant remained at home and pursued his soldier's duty. They were married, and from the altar the young wife went direct to the steamer and set out for her long voyage. Placing herself under the best masters, she made rapid progress in her studies, and in a little while the husband was repaid for the sacrifice he had made by hearing wonderful accounts of his wife's success as a lyric singer. She remained abroad five years, when her education having been completed, the husband left his distant post in Arizona to go to Paris and accompany her home. On the way a copy of the New York Herald fell into his hands; it contained an account of her sudden death in the French capital. We need not dwell upon his anguish. In due time the remains of his young wife arrived, and lovingly and reverently they were laid away in the tomb at her old Topeka home. All this is as strange as fiction itself. But what follows is still stranger, and once more shows how events in real life eclipse the most startling and tragic incidents invented by the romancer. From certain reports that the Lieutenant received from friends in Europe the extraordinary tale impressed him that his wife was still alive and well, and was living in Paris with an actor of the most distinguished character as a ruse. So fast did these stories cross the ocean that at last he determined to have the body exhumed and the coffin opened, which had not been done on its arrival in consequence of the advanced stage of decomposition of the corpse. Then was it found that instead of his wife's body being in the coffin it was that of an old woman about 60 years of age, with the square jaws and unmistakable features of the lower Basque provinces. Extraordinary pains have been taken to keep these facts quiet and from the press, but now they are common talk among a small circle, and are discussed as forming one of the most romantic episodes that have ever occurred in this or any other country. Lieut. Reade is now in San Diego, Cal., in charge of the telegraph construction party of the signal service.

DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.

Prof. Riley's Report on the Locust—His Bureau at Work to Save \$150,000,000 Lost Annually by Insects. [Washington Cor. New York Tribune.] Prof. Riley, the Government Entomologist recently appointed to the Agricultural Department, is engaged on the last pages of his report as Chief of the Entomological Commission appointed last year by Congress to make special investigations concerning the Colorado locust. The brief paper upon the subject read by the professor before the Academy of Sciences, which recently met in this city, attracted an attention which gives proof of the interest of the forthcoming report. The Entomological Bureau has existed in name for the last fifteen years, but, until the present time, it has contributed very little to our knowledge of insects. The law establishing it has been practically a dead letter. It is now proposed by the department to make this bureau one of the most active and useful if possible. Since his recent installment in the office of Government Entomologist, Prof. Riley has begun work with the view of securing large and immediate practical results for the benefit of agriculture throughout the United States. One of the chief functions of his bureau will be the investigation of the habits of insects injurious to all sorts of crops, and of the remedies against them. It is estimated that the annual loss to agriculture in the United States, from destructive insects, is not less than \$150,000,000. Specimens of these insects are constantly being sent to the department from every part of the country, with requests for directions for their destruction. Prof. Riley asserts that in every instance, if a proper investigation could be made, an effectual remedy of extermination might be found. One of the most recent of these requests is from an Iowa farmer cultivating an orchard of several thousand apple trees, which he says have been rendered non-productive for several years past by the ravages of a worm. The specimen sent to the department is that of a worm entirely new to science and demanding, for the interests of Western fruit growers, immediate investigation. The loss from the ravages of the cotton worm alone in the Southern States has sometimes amounted to \$20,000,000 in a single fortnight. Until the present session of Congress no adequate steps had been taken for the investigation and eradication of this pest. It is asserted now that the \$5,000,000 recently appropriated for the employment of a special entomologist for this purpose would have been much more advantageously expended by the Bureau of Entomology itself, inasmuch as the appropriation will be almost entirely consumed by the salary of the entomologist, leaving next to nothing for the cost of experiments. Under the care of the Entomological Bureau, the Department of Agriculture is at present feeding several thousand French and Japanese silk worms.