

MONEY MANIACS.

Unhealthy Habits Among Men and Women Who Rather Starve Than Buy the Comforts of Life—Some Peculiar Cases.

The strange mania for having money to a degree that shatters the health and mind is becoming common, and there are many strange cases reported, each one having its own moral. The case of M. Osterwald, who died at Paris in 1791, is remarkable as showing that the richest man in a city may also be the most miserable one. A few days before his death, some of his acquaintances saw that he was reduced to the most extreme poverty by want of nourishment, proposed to him to have some soup. "Yes, yes," he replied, "it is easy to talk of soup—but what is to become of the meat?" Thus died the man who was reported to be the richest man in Paris, more from want of food and proper nourishment than from disease. He is stated to have left to his relations, whom he had probably never seen, the sum of £3,000, and 800,000 livres in paper money. A miser died in Paris in 1880, leaving property supposed to be worth about £60. Some time elapsed before the heir presented himself, but in his doing so a search was made in the miser's apartment, and no less a sum than £32,000 was discovered in a cupboard.

In a recent case—that of William Rhodes, known as the Hounslow miser—two charities benefited largely by the miser's hoards. He died worth nearly £80,000, all of which he left to the Royal Free Hospital and the Lifeboat Institution. The miser's nephews and nieces tried to upset the will, but it was upheld, the two charities consenting to pay 1,000 guineas to the next kin. It is said that this miser commenced his savings by picking up cigar-ends and other unconsidered trifles. His household effects fetched £5 17s.

A still more extraordinary case is that of an English lady, who died in 1766, at a lodging-house near the Broadway, in Deptford, at the age of 90. Her name was Mary Luhrne. For upwards of forty years she lived in Greenwich and Deptford in the most penurious manner, denying herself the common necessities of life. She was known not to have had any fire or candles in her apartment for fourteen years prior to her death. She frequently begged on the high roads when she went on business to the city. Notwithstanding her wretched way of life, after her death there were found securities in the bank, South Sea, East India and other stocks to the amount of \$40,000 and upwards, besides jewels and other precious stones, plate, china, clothes of every kind of the richest sort, great quantities of the finest silks, linen, velvets, etc., unmade, of very great value, besides a large sum of money. To whom all this treasure reverted does not appear; it is to be hoped the miser's next of kin came in for a share of it.

The neighborhood where Mary Luhrne died seems to be still famous for its misers. In 1877 there died at Woolwich a Mr. John Clark, aged 86. He is described as having been a man of education, but a very singular character; although reputed as immensely wealthy, he was very miserly in his habits, and lived to the last in a squalid hovel in the poorest part of Woolwich. The greater portion of his life was spent in the accumulation of books, of which he left a large store. It was reported that the front shutters of his house had not been opened for over thirty years; he never took a regular meal, nor did he know the taste of wines or spirits. Yet, notwithstanding that he lived in such a den and suffered such privations, he reached an octogenarian age, and died worth £40,000, or thereabouts. This book-worm, as well as miser, seems to have been a strange combination of avarice and liberality, for, by his will, he left no less than £6,000 to his doctor, also £5,000 to his housekeeper, besides many legacies to local charities, and to a number of poor neighbors by whom he was surrounded. Knowing well he could not take his wealth with him, he appears to have tried to make some reparation for a wasted life by disposing of his treasures by a liberal hand. What his next of kin said about the legacy of £5,000 to the doctor is not recorded. Bequests of this nature are a prolific source of litigation.

An instance of miserable habits in the great and noble is to be found in the case of that renowned captain, the Duke of Marlborough, of whom it is chronicled that when in the last stage of life and very infirm, he would walk from the public room in Bath, to his lodgings on a cold, dark night to save 6d in chair fare. He died worth £1,500,000.

It is recorded of a Sir James Lowther that, after changing a piece of silver in George's Coffee House and paying 2d for his dish of coffee, he was helped into his chair (he was very lame and infirm) and went home. Some time after he went to the same coffee house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James is stated to have then had about £40,000 per annum coming in and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

Sir Thomas Colby, an official high in office, shortened his existence by his passion for this world's goods, as appears by the following anecdote: "He rose in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse perspiration, and walked down stairs to

look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in the parlor; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine, instead of which he himself was seized with a chill, and died intestate, leaving £200,000 in the funds, which was shared by five or six day laborers, who were his next of kin." Marvelous good luck for his poor relations.

Here is an instance of a grasping, ungrateful nature: Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, when nearly 70 years of age, was wholly deprived of sight; he was persuaded to be couched by a celebrated oculist, who, by agreement, was to have 60 guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. The oculist succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write, without the use of spectacles, during the rest of his life; but as soon as Sir William perceived the good effects of the oculist's skill, instead of being overjoyed, as any other grateful person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his 60 guineas. His contrivance, therefore, now was how to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing perfectly. For that reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means he obliged the oculist to compound the bargain, and accept of 20 guineas.

A covetous man thinks no artifice too mean which he may legally practice to save his money. This miserly knight was an old bachelor, and at the time the oculist couched him is reported to have had a fair estate, a large sum of money in the stocks, and not less than \$5,000 in his house! Dr. King, in Anecdotes of His Own Times, makes the following observation when quoting Sir William Smyth's case: "If you could bestow on a man of this disposition the wealth of both the Indies, he would not have enough, because by enough (if such a word is to be found in the vocabulary of avarice), he always means something more than he is possessed of."

The following is an instance (by no means an isolated one) of good fortune accruing to next of kin by a miser dying intestate. At Northfleet there died, in 1772, a Mr. Page, dealer in limestones and gun-flints, by which occupation, and by a most penurious way of living, he had accumulated a fortune of some £12,000. He lived alone in a large house for several years, no one coming near him but an old woman in the village, who, once a day, went to make his bed. His death was occasioned by his running a knife into the palm of his hand while opening an oyster; the wound inflamed, and at length mortified. Though repeatedly requested to apply to a surgeon, he refused, saying, "All of that profession were rogues, and would make a job of his misfortune." From his having died without a will, his money went to a relative in very embarrassed circumstances. During the latter years of his life the miser would never suffer this poor relative to come to his house, and never gave him the smallest assistance.

DEADLY BEASTS AND REPTILES.

As many as 20,000 deaths occur annually in India from snake bites, and since 1870 from 150,000 to 200,000 persons have perished in this way. India possesses more deadly snakes than any other country, and the bite of the cobra is often fatal within half an hour. In the year 1880, 212,776 serpents of all kinds were destroyed, and rewards, amounting in all to 11,663 rupees, were paid to their destroyers. In the north-west provinces and in Oude a body of Kanjars has been formed for the especial purpose of killing off the venomous reptiles in those districts. The men receive two rupees per month, and if a man is so fortunate as to destroy more than twenty snakes during that period, he is paid the equivalent of about three pence per head for all in excess of that number. In 1881 wild beasts caused the death of 2,757 persons, as against 2,810 in 1880, and the number of animals killed by them every year is enormous. The leopards are, perhaps, the farmers' worst foes, and the tigers rank next; but the wolves are but little less destructive. In 1881, 1,557 tigers and 3,397 leopards were killed.

A COOL CUSTOMER.—When Richardson's elevator was being erected, a remarkable exhibition of coolness and presence of mind was given by one of the workmen. He was standing on a scaffolding about thirty feet high, when one of his companions thoughtlessly removed a stone at the foot of the structure. The whole thing gave way, and the workman was only saved from being dashed to the ground by seizing a projecting plank. While hanging suspended in the air, he did not grow frantic and let go; he simply remarked to a friend below, "Jim, you'll find a ladder on the end of the wharf," and waited till the ladder was brought. Then he said he would take it as a personal favor if his fellow workman and companion would refrain from removing the foundations of the scaffolding again while he was up aloft.—[Kingston News.

Tracks of a human being have been found in Nevada showing the length of the foot to be eighteen inches and the width eight inches. If Chicago mothers don't keep their daughters at home, instead of letting them wander around Nevada, they will get the scientific world into a worse mess than the Cardiff Giant did.

The electric incandescent pocket-book is the latest; it is always light

SHEDDING TEARS.

The Methods of Sympathetic Women to Make the Most of Their Charms by Gently Weeping.

Every woman, no matter how obtuse, who knows the value of beauty seeks to make the most of her charms by secreting moles, freckles, pimples, harsh angles, gray hair and crows' feet by the use of lotions, powder, rouge, cosmetics and pencil. Every movement, attitude and expression is done according to a prescribed method for performing that operation. Her voice is modulated to a melodious pitch, and in company she is never without good manners. She is strapped up with bands of steel, whalebone, cable-cords, shoulder-braces, stocking-suspenders and web-belts to keep the hips down, until one might fancy her in armor. If her hips are low and her back hollow, she has to load her fragile form with a wire bustle and a pair of hip-pads that never allow nature to forget her heedlessness in leaving those tantalizing depressions. False hair, false teeth, false eyes, false eyebrows and lashes, false blushes, false dimples, false voices, false laughs and even false tears are manufactured, and nothing that study and art can devise for enhancing beauty is permitted to go unrecognized. In spite of all the witty and satirical allusions to woman's makeup she is perfectly justified in having recourse to any and every method conducive to personal attraction. Beauty of face and form, especially if offset by the charms of moral and mental beauty, has other values besides that of aesthetic pleasures. It is equivalent to so many dollars and cents—in husbands, homes, social standing and influence. It is hateful for women to acknowledge this, but, nevertheless, such is the state of affairs in modern society. Unfortunately, women do not always make the most of their charms. Gray hairs, those first flakes of hairy storms, and the coming of crows' feet are too often hastened by anticipating them. These plunderers of beauty should never be looked for, and the less one sees the fewer they will find, for thinking brings them on. If they must come, they will come, and there's an end. Truly they do mar a pair of pretty bright eyes, but very little artistic skill is necessary to tone them down with chalk, Egyptian black, or the end of a burnt match. The fashion in vogue a few years ago of laughing with the eyes has proved disastrous, and not a few ladies charge the cluster of creases that radiate from the corners of the eyes to the shut-eye-tight laugh.

Another cause for wrinkled faces is in the habit of making faces or grimaces during laughter. If the habit is too well set, beautifiers give up the case, and center their attention on children who get it by imitation. "A laugh," says the poet, "is the ripple of the heart," and of such importance is it that dozens of ladies in this very city take lessons in the art. This ambition is gained by society people who are too often jealous of the accomplishment as displayed on the stage. To be sure a woman is not giddy enough to apply for lessons in laughing. If the instruction is required from one of the professors of the art of pleasing she has no hesitancy in divulging crudeness, but these artists are as scarce as blue bottles in January, and \$50 is not an unrequited sum to invest in merry ripples. So the silly maiden takes elocution lessons, and selects for study only such poems and recitations as require a great amount of laughter. Such practice, if assiduous, often produces very charming results, but such study is not recommended for young children, lest they destroy the spontaneity of nature. A voice must be a melody of sweet sounds to be loud. If produced with open mouth the coral and pearls must be superior to criticism. It is considerable of an art to laugh audibly, merrily, sweetly, and not to open the mouth wider than is necessary to utter the word "doh."

Many ladies who are compelled to laugh behind their handkerchiefs smother the vocal sound. If only the upper lip is covered the result will be much more agreeable, and a long mouth, ulcerated gums or defective dentals be concealed. Although a woman's greatest power is her tears, few know how to shed them. Aside from adding to the mute eloquence of the eyes, tears enhance a woman's beauty and overpower the giants whom the pugilists can only master with difficulty. They should be brief, not too wet, and by no means too bitter. They must rush to the eyelids, linger like dew drops, and when they fall the precipitation must be speedy. To be effective they must be premeditated. A whiff of the tearful onion, a fresh inhalation of pungent smelling salts, a few grains of pepper or a slight irritation of the outer corners of the eyes with a match or tooth-pick will suffice for a copious flow, and if the lover, husband or father can be cornered the shower will have the desired effect. But avoid a frown or scowl. Mannishness is a feeling of sadness, hold the breath to get up color, pout judiciously, incline the head to one side, droop the body but not the shoulders, use a small, soft-finish cambric handkerchief with both hands, taking care to rub the eyeball down and out. The object in rubbing out is to have the tears roll over the cheek. There is too much of the deer sentiment when they course down the innocent nose in piteous chase.

It has been observed that only

those women who are prettiest when they are coldest can cry with advantage. Such ladies get deep rosy cheeks and lips, while their noses and ears blanch like the lily. They truly are blest, and can wrench diamonds by the peck, sealskin saques, dresses, bonnets, bonbons, in fact, anything tangible, from their susceptible husbands with their tears. But when, as ordinarily, a floodtide of salt tears makes the eyelids, nose and lips swell, pickles the dimples and gives the face the appearance of being parboiled, the game is lost. The weeper is not only uninteresting but positively hideous, and if the looker-on does succumb it is only as a means of escape. When such a deluge comes on, and every woman knows when to expect it, she can do herself a gracious favor by immediately hiding herself.

Women cry because their lovers neglect them; cry because they are too ardent; cry because their dress doesn't fit; cry because their bonnet is being duplicated; cry when their gloves tear, or their shoes don't squeak; cry with vexation at the triumphs of their friends; cry because their diamonds are wanting; cry because their arms get tired before they can make their hair stay up; cry at the taunts of big brothers, and little brothers, too; cry when they get the toothache; cry when they get a proposal; cry when they don't; cry to look pretty, and cry when they can't. They are a simpering set of mortals, and if they had the faintest idea that these incessant showers not only spoil the face but produce a peevish temper and petulant disposition, they would shut off the fountain and depend on other persuaders. An argument that can be effectually used in cutting off this water supply is the unquestionable fact that tears injure the sight. Tears are romantic enough on paper, or in the eyes of the poet's ideal, but every-day women should be made of sterner stuff.

FUNNY FANCIES.

The Lord may call man to preach, but he goes on lecturing on his own account.

"As free as water" is an old saying which does not hold good in this city. Ice, however, is freeze water.

The Khedive of Egypt must be the proprietor of some paper, or else he owns some stock in one. His income is \$735,000 a year.

A Southern man who, during the height of the craze, named his son "Pinafore," hopes he'll die before the boy gets big enough to lick him.

A Harrisburg, Pa., man is bithering the Pension Office in Washington because he lost a tooth during the war. He should be told to hold his jaw.

Brooklyn dismisses from its police force an officer who gets drunk and beats his wife. He can now get drunk and beat his wife uninterrupted by official duties.

The title of a new song is: "Put Your Arm Around Me, Dear." We haven't seen it yet, but presume it is the invitation of a lamp-post to a "tired" pedestrian.

The new license bill recently passed by the Ohio State Legislature imposes a tax of \$300 upon spiritualistic mediums. This is a unique way to strike the happy medium.

Cucumber green is the new shade for ties. The man who is tied up in a knot from the cucumber he has eaten will have the intense satisfaction of knowing he is in style.

There is a good deal of fitness in the selection of Mr. Everts as the orator for New York at the opening of the big bridge. He can suspend a sentence in the air longer than any other man in America.

A farmers' journal recommends "blanketing the bees in winter." A man should be careful which end of the bee he grasps when he goes to put a blanket on it, or he may "blank it" considerably more than he bargained for.

A living tortoise is on exhibition at Natchez which has not eaten anything to speak of for thirteen months, says an exchange. That's more than likely, for, perhaps, the food it eats is something that nobody would care to speak of.

The New Orleans Presbyterian Synod has decided that marrying a deceased wife's sister is not an infraction of the Divine Law, but it is, nevertheless, an attempt to dodge the responsibility of two marriages by having but one mother-in-law.

In Hindoostan, when a husband dies, his widow burns herself to death on a pile of cord wood. This custom possesses one excellent feature. A Hindoo doesn't pay the interest on a life insurance policy for \$10,000 for his wife's second husband to spend.

The Carpenters are the latest family to discover \$200,000,000 of property belonging to them in England. Now, you young fellows needn't hurry off and marry the Carpenter girls on the strength of that. When they get the money you won't be on hand to hear of it.

London Truth says that donkey is infinitely better eating than beef or mutton. "There are, however, a good many persons who could not eat donkey without exposing themselves to the charge of cannibalism," confesses the cannibal of the Chicago Times.

A young city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes which tapered to a point in the modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on these shoes. He looked at his own feet and then at his visitor's, and then looking up, said: "Mister, is all your toes tucked off but one?"

THE COON TRICK.

How Crockett, the Killer of Grizzlies, was Elected to Congress by an Ingenious Deception on His Constituents.

In 1827 Crockett was elected to Congress. In this canvass he played the famous 'coon-skin trick,' which he relates as follows:

"Well, I started off to the Cross Roads, dressed in my hunting shirt, and my rifle on my shoulder. Many of our constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates at orating. Job Snelling, a gander-shanked Yankee, who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay and been shipped to the West with a cargo of codfish and rum, erected a large shanty and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his speechifying and treating, when they spied me about a rifle-shot from the camp, sauntering along as if I were not a party in business. 'There comes Crockett,' cried one. 'Let us hear the Colonel,' cried another, and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down for the occasion and began to bushwhack in the most approved style.

"I had not been up long before there was such an uproar in the crowd that I could not hear my own voice, and some of my constituents let me know that they could not listen to me on such a dry subject as the welfare of the nation until they had something to drink, and that I must treat 'em. Accordingly I jumped down from the rostrum and led the way to the shanty, followed by my constituents, shouting 'Huzza for Crockett,' and 'Crockett forever.'"

"When we entered the shanty Job was busy dealing out his rum in a style that showed that he was making a good day's work of it, and I called for a quart of the best, but the crooked critter returned no other answer than by pointing at a board over the bar on which he had chalked in large letters, 'Pay to-day and trust to-morrow.' Now that idea brought me all up standing; it was sort of cornering in which there was no back out, for ready money in the West in those times was the shiest thing in all nature, and it was most particularly shy with me on that occasion.

"The voters, seeing my predicament, fell off to the other side, and I was left deserted and alone, as the Government will be when he no longer has any offices to bestow. I saw, plain as day, that the tide of popular opinion was against me, and that, unless I got some rum speedily, I should lose my election as sure as there are snakes in Virginia—and it must be done soon, or even burned brandy wouldn't save me. So I walked away from the shanty, but in another guess sort from the way I entered it, for on this occasion I had no train after me, and not a voice shouted 'Huzzar for Crockett.' Popularity sometimes depends on a very small matter, indeed; in this particular it was worth a quart of New England rum and no more.

"Well knowing that a crisis was at hand, I struck into the woods with my rifle on my shoulder—my best friend in time of need—and, as good fortune would have it, I had not been out more than a quarter of an hour before I treed a fat coon, and in the pulling of a trigger he lay dead at the foot of a tree. I soon whipped his hairy jacket off his back, and again bent my way toward the shanty, and walked up to the bar, but not alone, for this time I had half a dozen of my constituents at my heels. I threw down the coon skin upon the counter and called for a quart of rum, and Job, though busy in dealing out rum, forgot to point to his chalked rules and regulations, for he knew that a coon was as good legal tender for a quart in the West as a New York shilling any day in the year.

"My constituents now flocked about me and cried 'Huzzar for Crockett,' 'Crockett forever,' and finding the tide had taken a turn, I told them several yarns to get them in a good humor, and having soon dispatched the value of the coon, I went out and mounted the stump without opposition, and a clear majority of the voters followed me to see what I had to offer for the good of the nation. Before I was half through one of my constituents moved that they would hear the balance of my speech after they had washed down the first part with some more of Job Snelling's extract of corn-stalk and molasses; and the question being put up it was carried unanimously. It wasn't considered necessary to tell the yeas and nays, so we adjourned to the shanty, and on the way I began to reckon that the fate of the nation pretty much depended on my shooting another coon.

"While standing at the bar, feeling sort of bashful while Job's rules and regulations stared me in the face, I cast down my eyes and discovered one end of the coon skin sticking between the logs that supported the bar. Job had slung it there in the hurry of business. I gave it a sort of quick jerk, and it followed my hand as natural as if I had been the rightful owner. I slapped it on the counter, and Job, little dreaming that he was barking up the wrong tree, shoved along another bottle, which my constituents quickly disposed of with great good humor, for some of them saw the trick, and then we withdrew to the rostrum to discuss the affairs of the nation.

"I don't know how it was, but the voters soon became dry again, and nothing would do but we must adjourn to the shanty, and, as luck

would have it, the 'coonskin was still sticking between the logs, as if Job had flung it there on purpose to tempt me. I was not slow in raising it to the counter; the rum followed, of course, and I wish I may be shot if I didn't, before the day was over, get ten quarts for the same identical skin; and from a fellow, too, who in those parts was considered as sharp as a steel trap and as bright as a pewter button.

"This joke secured me my election, it soon circulated like smoke among my constituents, and they allowed with one accord that the man who could get the whip-hand of Job Snelling in fair trade could outwit Old Nick himself, and was the real grit for them in Congress. After the election was over I sent Snelling the price of the rum, but took good care to keep the fact from the knowledge of my constituents. Job refused the money and sent me word that it did him good to be taken in occasionally, as it served to brighten his ideas; but I afterward learned that when he found out the trick that had been played upon him he put all the rum I had ordered in his bill against my opponent, who, being elated with the speeches he had made on the affairs of the nation, could not descend to examine into the particulars of a bill of the vender of rum in a small way."

PROCESS OF ELECTRICAL INVENTION.

Some very interesting and suggestive facts are stated by Mr. E. M. Bently, one of the examiners in the electrical division of the Patent Office, regarding the wonderful progress of electrical science in the past few years. About 2,000 applications for patents on electrical inventions were filed in 1882, of which about two-thirds were granted. In 1877 electricity was a sub-class in a division; now it is the largest and most important division in the Patent Office. This astonishing growth is due chiefly to two causes: First, the invention of the telephone; second, the development of the magneto electrical machine. The former has stimulated invention of improvements and collateral appliances, and the latter has afforded a cheap and convenient source of electricity. Immediately following the discoveries of Faraday and others from 1830 to 1840, there was a widespread effort to make practical use of them, and special activity was manifested in the line of electric lighting. The arc light was put into practical form, and the foundations of incandescent lighting were laid. But no economic source of electricity was at hand, for the galvanic battery consumed too much zinc for profit. The principle of the magneto-electric machine had indeed been long known, but it was left for the Italian Piacinotti, in 1880, to perfect a machine wherein continuous and constant currents were generated. The idea literally lay on the shelf, however, until 1870, when Gramme reinvented practically the same machine and pushed it into notice. He was speedily followed by the Siemens brothers of Berlin and Mr. Brush and others in the United States. The magneto-electric machine, affording a cheap and abundant supply of electricity, immediately rendered practical all the half completed inventions of thirty years, and opened the way to many new ones. Brush got his patent in 1877, Weston soon after, and many other inventors have made new applications of the marvellous force.

TREE FENCES.

Economy has led to tree planting on an extensive scale in the far West and Northwest. Belts of timber are taking the place of pine fences along the exposed portions of the railroads where some barrier must of necessity be maintained against snow drifts. The fences that have been relied upon have to be eight feet high, and, besides costing \$800 a mile, need constant attention and repair. Furthermore, the farmers carry off the boards, and the stoniest oak posts snap like pipe stems in a thorough-going prairie gale. Trees answer all the requirements much better. The white willow, which grows to a height of twelve feet in four years, has been found to be the cheapest and best, though the box elder, cottonwood and green ash will serve. The soil must be prepared by harrowing, however, and prairie soil is often so poor as to require two or three years' work. Even then, it is said that it is cheaper to use live fences than dead ones. These tree fences are constructed by planting two parallel lines of trees on the side of the tracks exposed to the strongest winds, and one line on the other side.

The rapidity with which the Codling Moth has become disseminated throughout California has aroused the greatest anxiety among fruit-growers. At present there is hardly an orchard between Del Norte and San Diego in which the pear and apple trees are not more or less infested. The few and praiseworthy exceptions are in those cases where the owners have done good, hard work in combating the pest. In the Golden State the Codling Moths begin to show themselves about March 1. Bandaging the trees should begin by the 1st of April, and if the season is early, two weeks sooner. From all accounts the orchardists are preparing for an unusually successful assault on the enemy this year, as the State Commissioner has sent out additional directions to aid in the warfare. The Legislature, now in session, is expected to pass more stringent laws, enlarging the powers of the horticultural officers and enforcing a stricter responsibility upon the owners of infested orchards.

Did you ever see a fisherman try to walk a rod, and reel? We have.