

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...
By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Executioners.
At an early hour the following morning he sent for Omar, who soon answered the call.

"I have one word to say—one request to make," said Horam, after the morning's greetings had passed. "I wish you once more to tell me the story of Helena's innocence, and thenceforth to remain silent upon the subject. I may have dreamed some of the things that now startle my thoughts; for I am not clear at what point you left me last night."

Thus called upon, the king of Aleppo related all that he had told on the previous evening, and then made some further explanation of incidents which he had not before revealed. It was a plain, simple statement, bearing the stamp of truth upon every word.

"O!" groaned Horam, clasping his thin hands together, "what would I give to call Helena back to life! But it cannot be. She is gone—and she was innocent!"

He started up from his seat, and walked several times across the floor; and when he next approached his royal guest, he had grown calmer, and his lip had ceased its quivering.

"Omar, I have no blame for you. Henceforth let the book be sealed." He had taken one or two more turns up and down the apartment, when a messenger entered with intelligence that Benoni had arrived, and desired audience.

"Send him in at once. Good brother, you will remain with me." This last was spoken to Omar, who had turned to leave.

In a little while Benoni made his appearance, and Horam was sure he could see the flush of victory upon his brow.

"Now, my captain, what word do you bring?"

"Good word, sire. We have captured those whom you desired to see, and have also brought an old man and old woman who resided in the cave."

"Have you brought the Lady Ulin—and the robber chieftain—and Osmir and Selim?"

"Yes, sire."

"And these others are the old hermit, Ben Hadad, and the woman who lives with him?"

"Yes, sire."

"By the crown I wear!" cried the monarch, leaping up and clapping his hands, "this is enough to make me forget the wrongs I have suffered. Let the robber chieftain and the two treacherous guards be brought before me. But—hold. There was one other spoken of by the Arab—the lieutenant—Hobaddan his name was."

"He was not in the cave, sire; nor was he about the place."

"Very well. Let the chieftain be brought in."

The captain retired, and presently returned, followed by Julian and the two guards. They were heavily ironed, and six stout soldiers walked behind them. The youthful chieftain had schooled himself for the ordeal, and no sign of fear was manifest. Osmir and Selim stood like two deaf mutes, seeming to care nothing for the fate that surely awaited them.

"That is all," said Horam, after he had looked at the prisoners. "Take them out, and guard them well. Place twenty of your most trusty men over them, and remember that those twenty heads shall answer for the safety of the charge."

"Shall I conduct them to a dungeon, sire?"

"No—there is no need of it. They will not live to behold the setting of this day's sun!"

Ben Hadad did not tremble when he stood before the king; nor did Ezabel seem much frightened.

"Old man," said Horam, "I understand that you have harbored and protected the notorious Scourge, Julian."

"He hath found shelter with me, as have all who ever sought it," replied the hermit.

"And you also harbored the lady Ulin. You knew who she was, and that she had fled from her home."

"Yes."

"And perhaps you knew why she fled?"

"She told me her story, sire."

"It is enough," cried the king, impatiently. "I wish to hear no more. You both stand condemned, and the degree of your punishment shall be made known to you soon enough."

Omar was upon the point of making some remark, when Benoni entered.

"Now, Benoni," said Horam, with more nervousness in his manner than he had before exhibited, "I have a serious question to ask you; and I desire that you should answer me promptly and truly. You have noticed the conduct of the princess Ulin?"

"Yes, sire, she is in love with Julian the robber."

Benoni again went out; but he did not have to go far, as he met Aboul coming towards the royal apartment. The king greeted him as he entered, and asked him if he had seen his daughter.

"Yes, sire," replied the minister. "I have just left her."

"Have you talked with her?"

"Yes."

"I did, sire."

"Well—what did you observe?"

"O, mercy, sire—spare my child!"

"That is not the answer to my question, Aboul. I asked you what you discovered."

"I discovered," returned the minister, in tones of deepest dread, "that her love had been turned from you."

"Aye—and upon whom?"

"Upon Julian, sire."

"That is it, Aboul," cried the king, again starting up. "That is the thing that enters most deeply into my soul. And now I will tell you what the girl's punishment shall be. She shall witness the death of her robber lover; she shall see his head severed from his body—and then she shall be shut up, to lead a solitary life, through the rest of her days! None of her own sex shall attend upon her; but black guards shall be her sole companions. What say you to that?"

"The executioners were not long in obeying the order. A large mat was brought in and spread upon the floor, and three stout baskets of palm-leaf were placed upon it. The mat and the baskets were darkly stained, and even Omar, used as he was to such scenes, shuddered when he beheld the preparations. When all was ready, Horam turned to his captain and ordered that all the prisoners should be brought in.

At length they came. Julian and Osmir and Selim came first. Then followed Ben Hadad and Ezabel, with Shubal and Ortok. And lastly came Ulin and Albia.

The robber chieftain was led up to the block. His arms were folded upon his broad bosom, with the heavy chains hanging almost to his feet, and his head was borne erect. There was a deep pain-mark in his face, but it was not of fear for himself.

"Outlaw!" spoke Horam, through his shut teeth, and with his thin hands clenched, "the hour has come in which you are to close your career of rapine and robbery; and these people who have been friends to you, and who have given you protection in your crime, are to see your head fall. Perhaps you would ask for mercy."

"No!" said the chieftain. "I ask no mercy at the hand of Horam of Damascus. Let the work be finished as quickly as possible, and thus shall one more be added to the list of thy bloody deeds. I could wish to live that I might take more vengeance on thee."

"And is there not one thing for which you would live?" asked the king, bending a searching, burning glance upon him.

Julian started, and struggled; but made no reply. And in a moment more Horam turned to his chief executioner.

"Bel Dara, go now to your work. Let this man's head fall first. Your arm is strong, and your hand is sure. Bend him upon his knees, and watch for my signal."

There was a low, wild cry breaking upon the air; and as Julian turned his head, he saw Ulin, white and faint, in the arms of her attendant.

Before the grim executioners could bend the robber chieftain to his knees there was an interruption in the proceedings. The voice of Ben Hadad, stern and authoritative, sounded above all else:

"King of Damascus, ere you stain your hands with that man's blood, I must reveal to you a secret which it is fitting you should know."

"Old man," he said, "you speak a secret. Do you think to trifle with me?"

"I have to cause a simple story to be unfolded to your majesty," replied Ben Hadad; "and if you will grant this woman speech, she will give you light."

The king looked hard into the face of Ezabel, and for the first time he seemed to be struck by something familiar in her features. A moment he sat as if irresolute, and then he said, starting up as though his mind were fixed:

"Let the woman approach."

Ezabel came near to the throne, Ben Hadad walking close behind her.

"Woman, what is it that you have to tell? Speak, and let not the words lag upon your lips."

"I speak by the request of Ben Hadad," replied Ezabel; "and the story which I shall tell you is known only to the old hermit and myself. Even Julian himself knows not the secret I have to impart, and were he now upon the verge of death, no persuasion should draw it from me. It may be that the disclosure will consign me to your executioner; but I care not. I shall waste no words. I was born in this city, and was married at an early age. One son was born to me, and then my husband died. Shortly after this bereavement I was called to nurse a sick child—a girl, some three years old—who was suffering from an accident. The child recovered under my care, and as I had formed a strong attachment for her, and as she had also conceived the same for me, I was retained to attend upon her. Her parents were of the wealthiest of Damascus, and while they made it very pleasant for me to remain with their daughter, they also provided a good place for my son, Hobaddan. My charge grew up to be a beautiful maiden, and became my mistress; and I served her with joy, for she was good and kind and generous; and I knew that she loved me. In time my mistress became a wife, and I went with her to her new home. For a few months all went pleasantly under this

new relation; but finally a dark cloud arose to obscure the heaven of my lady's joy. Her husband became jealous of her—became so jealous that his soul was fraught with deadly vengeance. He fancied that his wife's guilt had been proved, and he resolved to put her away from him forever. Her protestations availed nothing. He would not listen to her—he would not even allow her to approach him; but he gave her into the hands of his executioners, and bade them drown her in the waters of the Pharpar. I discovered what was to be done, and slipped away from the home of the cruel husband, and sought my son, who had then become a stout youth. Hobaddan and I hid ourselves near the gates of the city, and when the executioners came out, we followed them. They had with them a large sack, and I knew that my mistress was in it. We saw them sink that sack in the river—they sank it where the water was dark and deep—sank it in the middle of the night—and then went away. As soon as they were gone we hurried to the shore, and my son plunged into the stream, and succeeded in bringing the sack to the land. We opened it, and my sweet mistress was taken forth, cold and senseless; but she was not dead. Her heart still had motion, and after much labor we succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness. The next need was to find a safe shelter for her. We dared not take her back to the city. I thought of the hermit, Ben Hadad. I had heard that he was a benevolent man, and I resolved to seek him. We found his cave; and when he had heard my story, he promised to give us shelter, and to protect the unfortunate lady."

"My mistress so far recovered as to be able to sit up; but she could not get well. Her system had received too great a shock, and her poor heart was broken. In two weeks from the time when she entered the cave she gave birth to a son, and shortly afterwards she died. She died as pure and true as heaven itself, and her child was the offspring of an honor which no temptation could have tarnished. She died; but the child lived and thrived—lived, and grew strong, and noble, and bold. We told him how his mother had been wronged; but we did not tell him all. We did not tell him who his father was; only we told him that he owed his orphanage to the king of Damascus. When he grew up he resolved that the king should suffer for the deed he had done, and subsequent events have proved that his resolution was not vain."

"This, sire, is the son of the woman who was my mistress, Julian, the Scourge of Damascus is the child I have reared. Would you know more?"

Horam sat in his great chair, with his hands clasped tightly upon the golden arms, and his whole frame quivering.

"O," he gasped, "the secret is nigh to the surface! What shall I ask?"

The king of Aleppo moved to Horam's side, and whispered in his ear.

"Aye," exclaimed the quaking monarch, when he had listened to the words of his brother, "it shall be so. What ho! Benoni—clear this chamber of all save this old man and woman, and this—this—Julian! Lead them out quickly, and remain with them to watch them."

In a few moments the two kings were alone with the three prisoners who had been designated.

"Now—now—speak!"

"King of Damascus," said the aged hermit, taking a step forward, "allow me to tell you the rest. The suns of almost a hundred years have rolled over my head, and not yet have I willingly deceived a fellow creature to his injury. What this woman has told you is true. The lady who was brought to my cave three-and-twenty years ago—who gave birth to a child there—and who died in Ezabel's arms, was Helena, Queen of Damascus! And the son which she bore was the son of the king—I swear it; and in support thereof, I pledge my soul's salvation!"

(To be continued.)

Evidence of Desire to Sell.
Wu Ting-fang, who was a guest at a recent wedding in Washington, was approached after the ceremony by the best man and jocularly asked to go over to the young couple and pronounce a Chinese parental blessing.

The obliging Wu immediately complied. Placing his hands on the blushing bride and shaking groom, he said: "May every new year bless you with a man child offspring until they shall number twenty-five in all. May these twenty-five man-children offspring present you with twenty-five times twenty-five grandchildren and may these grandchildren—"

It is said that the little bride grew hysterical about this time, says the New York Times, and the best man made another request of Wu—this time to desist.

Not the Girl for Him.
The father was quite anxious for his son to marry, and on every occasion he was picking out what he thought was a suitable girl. One night at a dinner the old gentleman sat next to a very attractive young woman, and on his way home he was loud in his praises. "My boy," he said, "she's the very girl for you."

"Not much," replied the boy, with peculiar emphasis. "But I say she is," insisted papa.

"And I say not," insisted the son. The father became testy on the subject. "You're too hard to please. You don't expect a woman to be perfect, do you?"

"No." "Then why isn't this one just the girl for you?" "Because," replied the young man with an effort, "she's for some other fellow. She told me so last night."—Chicago Tribune.

THE DR. MILLER LETTER

Norfolk Institute for Insane Splendidly Managed by Dr. Teal.

STATE FUNDS—WHERE THEY ARE

Report of the Senate Committee Appointed to Make an Investigation of the Management of Our State Institutions—What They Found.

Lincoln, Nebraska, Oct. 10, 1901.

During the past few years our state institutions have been the subject of more scandal from one cause and another, and at times the people of the state have been very much incensed over the reports which in too many cases have been too true. The scandals have completely stopped, and, on the contrary, these institutions are the source of much favorable comment. Attention is especially directed to the Insane Asylum at Norfolk, which recently was visited by a most disastrous fire. Dr. George L. Miller of Omaha visited that institution some time before the fire and gave the following letter to the Omaha World-Herald, which was published in that paper the morning of October 4th. The letter reads as follows:

Norfolk Hospital for Insane.

Omaha, Oct. 1.—To the Editor of the World-Herald: I was much gratified to read in the World-Herald a few days ago what I previously knew to be true of the Hospital for the Insane at Norfolk. I was a guest of Superintendent Teal for a day at that institution a short time ago on his invitation, and am much indebted to him for the opportunity given me to see all its inmates and to observe, under Superintendent Teal's seal of approval, the information, not only the superior character of the great hospital, but to the uttermost opportunity to see with my own eyes one of the best appointed and most humanely and intelligently conducted asylums for the care, and also for the cure, of the victims of wrecked reason that I ever saw. Not a manacle, not a straight-jacket, not any other of the barbarous devices which in humanity begotten of ignorance and the love of power over the defenseless, which I know to be in full swing of operation in similar institutions not far from Omaha. The reason for the absence of these instruments of torture at Norfolk is that its intelligent and well instructed superintendent knows that they are unnecessary and cruel as means of restraint, and do more harm than good. Under the control of kind and competent attendants, and with simple and comfortable means of restraint, the widest patient at Norfolk knows no such thing as violent treatment. Nor is violence used in resentment in that superb institution. For instance, I called upon one of the most dangerous of his patients who, as his attention was turned from him for a moment, struck Dr. Teal a full blow in the face and caused his nose to bleed quite freely. Dr. Teal did not yield to his natural impulses to knock down his irresponsible assailant, but smiled upon him and walked away to repair damages. Had this thing happened in some hospitals for the insane of which I have definite information, the patient would have been beaten by amateur pugilists, choked, kicked and manacled. Dr. Teal's steadiness in dealing with the wildest of his patients is his humanity and interest in them and his intelligent adherence to mental sanitary treatment, with not so much as a suggestion of force beyond gentle and firm restraint, furnishes a high example and splendid proofs to the people of the state of the reforms that have come in the treatment of the insane.

Drs. Teal and Young and the house assistants in the late disaster to the Norfolk asylum command the admiration of everybody for their coolness and courage. The result is shown in the saving of human life and suffering and much property.

Norfolk should retain the great hospital. No doubt about it. No finer location was ever seen than the Norfolk location for such an institution for healthful inmates, for beauty of site and view and for natural drainage.

GEORGE L. MILLER.

Such splendid testimonials from such men as Dr. Miller cannot do other than give the public confidence in the conditions as they exist in our state wards.

The Treasurer's Statement.
State Treasurer Stuefer has made public a statement showing the whereabouts of the funds entrusted to his keeping as state treasurer. The report is for the month of September, and states that the funds are in regular depositories and drawing interest for the state. Mr. Stuefer had a balance on hand of some \$260,000. These funds, the state treasurer says, constitute the balance on hand and he further announced that he was then negotiating for the purchase of interest-bearing bonds to the amount of \$180,000, since which time these bonds have been bought. In his report he makes an item of over \$4,000, turned into the treasury, as interest money paid on the funds of the state. It might be well to mention that not a dollar of the state money is deposited in Mr. Stuefer's bank at West Point. On the whole, the state treasurer has made a remarkable record in the management of the state's money. Since January 1, 1901, Mr. Stuefer has invested over \$900,000 of these permanent funds in interest bearing bonds, and by so doing has kept the money so busy that it could hardly have found time for a deposit anywhere but in the state treasury had Mr. Stuefer desired it otherwise.

Report of Senate Committee.
During the closing hours of the legislative session everybody was so busy with the odds and ends and with the senatorial contest that some matters which should have been presented for consideration were left untouched.

Among the most important of these was the report of the chairman of an important committee of the senate hearing on the manner in which the taxpayers were preyed upon by the late fusion administration. It was the intention to submit the report to the legislature and ask that a special committee be appointed to conduct a searching investigation, with a view to requiring those who have feasted at the expense of the taxpayers to step up to the desk and settle their bills. In the rush of business at the close it was found impossible to carry the plan for an investigating committee into effect, so the report was held back, and is herewith published for the first time. It was information of this character which prompted the incumbent republican board of public lands and buildings and Governor Savage to make the sweeping general order requiring all officers and employees, excepting the superintendents, of the state families from the institution forthwith. The report reads as follows:

Senate Chamber, Lincoln, Neb., March 14, 1901.—To the Honorable Members of the Senate:

Report of the Penitentiary.

Not in many years have the taxpayers of Nebraska been imposed upon more extensively than during the last two years. In nearly every state institution many people were maintained at the state's expense who were neither inmates nor employees, and, as a matter of fact, had absolutely no business there. I have made an investigation as thorough as circumstances would permit, and what I have already ascertained is proof conclusive that the most shameful methods were practised by those in charge of state institutions, in some instances due to pressure from those filling state offices.

Mr. Spence, the bookkeeper at the penitentiary, who is a democrat and who was bookkeeper during the administration of Warden Hopkins, or for the last two years, reports that Warden Hopkins kept in the neighborhood of twenty people, mostly relatives, at the penitentiary at the state's expense, and not one of whom was on the pay roll or had any right there.

He appointed a relative steward of the institution, a young, unsophisticated fellow, who knew practically nothing of the duties, and by reason of his incompetency there is an abundance of evidence to show that the state was preyed upon by dealers from whom he bought goods, which accounts in part for the large amount of deficiencies and unpaid bills. It is reported by this same bookkeeper, too, that during the last fusion state convention a prominent fusion politician from Holt county named Harrington brought down a large delegation of politicians in the interest of Howard, his preferred candidate for treasurer, and had Warden Hopkins board and shelter them at the penitentiary at the state's expense until the convention adjourned. Warden Hopkins kept seven or eight of his family, and sometimes more, at the penitentiary all the time he was there. In addition to this he brought two nieces from Iowa, and they attended school here and made their home at the penitentiary. A school teacher who taught school near the penitentiary made her home there for about six months, paying her expenses thereat to Warden Hopkins, of which amount he turned over to the state \$18, or at the rate of \$3 per month. Certain convicts were tacitly required to perform work for private individuals, for which neither they nor the state received any pay. These are only a few of the offenses committed at the penitentiary during the wardenship of Mr. Hopkins. Other reports of a very serious nature have reached me, but as I have not had the time to make a thorough investigation into them I have refrained from incorporating them in this report.

Industrial School for Boys.

Many irregularities are reported at the Industrial School for Boys at Kearney. Altogether there were twenty-two people maintained at this institution who were not employed by the state, and who were either relatives or friends of the management or of state officers. The superintendent maintained his wife and five sons; the bookkeeper had his family of four there; the chaplain had his wife, father and son; a teacher named Vosberg had two grown daughters; Mrs. Taylor, the cook, had one grown daughter; another teacher had a grown son and daughter, and the gardener had a grown daughter.

Industrial School at Geneva.

Secretary of State Porter had his sister, Mrs. E. S. Philbrook, appointed as matron and caused his aged mother to be kept there as a charge on the state for the last three years. The latter's physical condition was such as to require a great deal of attention, and the result is that while Mrs. Philbrook was drawing pay for rendering services to the state, she was, in fact, devoting the major portion of her time to the care of relatives. There were other irregularities at this institution, but of minor importance, and I will not here make mention of them, though it is a matter of economy that these errors should be given attention and corrected.

Hospital for State Incurable Insane at Hastings.

There is every reason to believe that shameful fraud has been practiced by the management of the Asylum for the Incurable Insane at Hastings. The claims presented for payment to the auditing department from this institution for the last three months in 1900 aggregated within \$85.75 of the entire amount for the first nine months of the year. During the first nine months the total expenditures were \$34,423.64; and during the last three months the expenditures were \$33,557.88. Upon investigation I discovered that from the 6th to the 31st of December bills were rendered against the state for 11,132½ pounds of butter at 15c per pound. This act stands entirely without precedent in the history of the asylum. Not alone was a vast quantity of butter purchased, but much of it was unpalatable and unfit even for animal food. Bills were rendered during the same period for upwards of \$6,000 worth of clothing without any good reason why such a surplus should be purchased. The clothing furnished is pronounced by reputable merchants who examined the samples, and who are competent judges as to quality, far below the sample in quality.

Superintendent Steele for one and one-half years kept his brother at the asylum at the expense of the state, and gave him room and board with no right whatever to do so, and for which the state received absolutely no compensation. Startling reports are made of occurrences at this institution, but I have been unable to go further than to consult the official documents and question witnesses as to the quality of the butter and clothing in question. It is due the management, and it is due the taxpayers of the state that these reports and charges be investigated to the bottom.

A man must have a whole lot of egotism to get up on the fence and lay claim to more of the earth than God intended for his neighbor.

Cud and Stomach of the Cow.

A writer in Forest and Stream says the food is received into the first stomach, passes into the second and finally into the fourth, where it is digested. The simple facts are these: The food is hastily swallowed and goes into the rumen, or large sac, which has a capacity of several bushels. Connected with the rumen or large sac, is the reticulum commonly called the honeycomb, and this is a mere adjunct of the rumen and appears to serve the purpose mostly of a reservoir of water, by which the food is moistened and reduced to a fine pulp between the leaves of the next compartment, called the omasum or manyplies; so-called because of the numerous leaves with which it is furnished and between which the food is ground into a soft semi-fluid pulp. From this the food passes into the abomasum, or true digestion stomach, in which it is partly dissolved by the gastric fluid here secreted.

Now let us go back to the food hastily swallowed by a ruminating animal. Right at the junction of the three first divisions is a curious bit of machinery called the esophageal groove. This is a small sac or tube a few inches in length, which connects the first and second divisions of the stomach with the third. This groove has a slit in it through which the hastily eaten food—moistened by the water in the reticulum—is forced by a contraction of the stomach, easily visible when the cow is ruminating, into this small canal, and by a process of regurgitation is carried to the mouth. This small quantity of food is the cud. It is simply a wad of food forced, as described, into the mouth, where it is chewed in leisure and with evident comfort and pleasure, by the healthy animal. Being reduced to a semi-fluid condition it is swallowed and goes to the omasum or manyplies on account of its numerous leaves between which it is macerated into a fluid which then goes into the fourth part of the stomach, where it is mixed with the gastric fluid, the solvent of the food, and then becomes nutriment, completely, when acted on by the bile in the duodenum.

How Much Seed Wheat to the Acre?

In the fall of 1877 an experiment was begun on the farm of the Ohio State University in seeding wheat at different rates per acre. The experiment was made on rich bottom land, and, although a yield of 34 bushels of wheat was harvested from five pecks of seed the yield for seven pecks was 37 bushels. The next year the experiment was repeated with great care, five duplicate plots of one-sixth acre each being sown with each quantity of seed, with the result again that the seven peck rate of seeding gave enough more wheat than any smaller quantity to abundantly compensate the extra cost of seed.

In 1882 this question was taken up by the Ohio Experiment Station, then located on the same farm, and was repeated nearly every year until the station was removed to its present location. The final summing up of these experiments, made in 1891, indicated a maximum average yield on that soil for quantities of seed ranging from five to seven pecks.

In 1892 the station was removed to its present location, the soil of which is naturally far less productive than that upon which it was first located, and after a few years the investigation of this problem was again undertaken, with the result that the most profitable harvests have been reaped from eight pecks of seed and upward, the nine and ten peck rates having given the best returns in unfavorable seasons.—Chas. E. Thorne, Director.

Fumigation Pays.

The Los Angeles Herald of September 1st says: Last year there were only about 500 tents in the country, and much loss was occasioned by the inability of the orchardists to have their trees fumigated. Oranges that had been fumigated last year sold from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per box, while those which had not been fumigated brought only \$1.10 and \$1.15 per box. The expense of washing the fruit is greater than that of fumigating the trees. It is estimated that there will be about 1,000 tents in use this year. With these the contractors will be able to fumigate about two-thirds of the trees in the country. When all the tents are in operation between 12,000 and 15,000 trees will be fumigated nightly, and the process will be continued from now until February. A. R. Lowry will have about 300 tents in operation and Dr. Dunn about 200. To maintain trees properly it is necessary to fumigate them once in two years. In some places it is necessary to fumigate them every year, and sometimes oftener.

Illinois.—Though apples promise a light crop in general, there has been considerable improvement in some of the central and southern districts since the rains came, and in those localities there will be good yields of excellent quality. Peaches have also increased in size with the renewal of moisture supplies and they are generally plentiful in central counties. There will be good crops of grapes and other fruits in many districts.

Professor Bailey says: "The germinative vitality of weevil eaten or 'buggy' peas is low, and the plants resulting from them are usually feeble. In an experiment by Beal 500 'buggy' peas were planted, being checked by a like number of sound peas. Of the sound peas 99.2 per cent germinated; of the 'buggy' peas only 26 per cent germinated."

Washington.—Apples are small on account of dry weather.