

Army Worms.

A year ago people were startled at the appearance of these wonderful creatures, coming in their midst without any warning, which naturally caused uneasiness among the farmers throughout all of the Eastern States, they reaching back into the interior, where they were never seen before. This season they have given us the go-by, and have made their appearance in many of the Western States. Much fear was felt lest they should spread over the whole country and become firmly fixed with us.

The colony I have investigated and experimented with thickly covered an area of nearly four acres. This encampment was selected out of a field of about fifteen acres, in a high state of fertility, and was divided into strips across the field a distance of forty rods, on which were growing tobacco, rye and grass, they selecting the rye-patch and a strip of the grass alongside of the rye for their feeding, resting, and transforming ground. A noticeable feature in their movements is the exactness with which their encampment is lined out. About twenty feet in the grass the "dead line" was fixed the whole distance across the field, which was plainly traceable by the difference in the height of the grass. None were seen over the line save an occasional straggler. The tobacco ground made the opposite boundary, and, the ends being fenced, completely lined them in, which was strictly observed by them all through the season. Unlike many armies, they were well supplied with food in their own camp. When supplies are exhausted and "starvation stares them in the face," they prepare to move for other fields simultaneously. Forming themselves into a solid body, they move in military order, each "covering his file-leader," stopping at intervals to "take in stores" en route to their new feeding-grounds. Thus the name given them. Like all animals, they have their feeding and resting hours. These they observe with the same precision that characterizes all their movements. When feeding-time comes, the whole camp is in motion. They are seen crawling up the rye, until the whole field presents one mass of blackness. The repast over, they descend to the ground and conceal themselves under anything that comes in the way, where they rest in a sort of stupor.

It has been said by some writer that they puncture the blossom-end of the berry, and extract the milk or juice from it, which was claimed caused a shrinkage in the berry. I failed to see much difference in the size of the berry in the head and headless heads. The rye-stalks were left standing, not having been disturbed by them. The foliage and beard to the heads were cleanly stripped off, giving the field the appearance of having been sown to some "bald-head" variety. The heavy yield of straw and grain (forty bushels to the acre) was satisfactory to the owner. The grass fell short fully two-thirds of the average yield to the field.

I brought from the field some twenty that were in the pupa state, with a view to producing increase from them, for experimenting purposes. In about a week two millers came to the surface. One was perfect, the other very imperfectly matured and soon died. After waiting a short time for the delinquents, I made an examination of their condition, and found they had nearly all come out of the shell and were dead, showing they too had suffered in like manner. Thinking the trouble came from removing them from the field, I destroyed them, thus losing an important opportunity to investigate the cause of the trouble. A vigilant search was made in the field by night and by day for the millers, in their season. Two only were secured, which soon died.

All insects have their enemies. Insectivorous and parasitic insects destroy a large proportion of all insects, friends and foes. They hold in check vast hordes of destructive species that would otherwise devastate the whole country.

Not being quite satisfied with what I had already learned of their mysterious disappearance, I visited the field again soon after the crops were harvested. I began by prospecting on the surface, and then digging for something to "turn up," without finding so much as a pupa-shell to show where the millions had entered the ground.

We were told by some entomological writers two broods or generations might be expected in the same season. With kindred insects we might reasonably have expected it, as they entered the ground regularly and apparently in good order. Not a worm or miller (save the two mentioned) has been seen there or anywhere in that region since they entered the ground, a year ago, for the chrysalis change.

I know of no way to account for what appears to be a complete annihilation of the entirely colony, except through the agency of parasitic insects.—*Cor. N. Y. Independent.*

Unclassed Men.

If any one wishes to know something of the unclassified and their despair, he has only to advertise for a junior clerk, a time-keeper, night porter, or other employe of the untrammelled sort. For days he will be overwhelmed with letters from many parts of the country. Some of them will be concluded in Addisonian phraseology, betraying evidence of high culture and considerable mental power. Others will be pathetic appeals for a trial, concluding with assurances of life-long devotion if engaged. Others will contain recitals of a struggle for bread so painful as to equal anything found in fiction. But if the advertiser wishes to know the darker depths in which many of the unclassified dwell, he will receive the appli-

cants in person. The veil which hides the obscurer movements of society will then be lifted, and the spectator will be amazed at what he sees and hears. What waste of life, what corrosion of energy, what desperate tragedies! The terrible epoch for the unclassified lies from the twenty-fifth to the thirtieth year. Friends and relatives of the same age are then entering upon the solid paths of life. They marry, set up establishments on their own account, become absorbed in new worlds, and forget bachelor acquaintances. The unclassified being, also human, longs, like others, to form those ties which are the dearest and purest. He desires a wife and a bright home, an arena and a prize to stimulate what powers he has. But position and assured prospects are needed. The maintenance of his own existence is difficult and problematical. What parent would intrust a daughter to such an anomalously situated man? What girl would embark upon such a mad enterprise? The intolerable misery of the position sometimes so rouses the forces of the man thus placed that he cuts through all impediments and makes a successful career after all. The affection of a good woman supplies a motive for exertion and perseverance which has saved thousands of men from the consequences of youthful mistakes and inaptitudes.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Nero's Engineers.

Modern engineers think they have carried the art of surveying to very great perfection, but a good deal of it must have been known in ancient times. No road is so imperishable as a Roman road, which indicates that the engineers not only built well, but chose good routes, especially in their exemption from the action of floods. The Indian engineers seldom find that they can improve on the routes selected for ancient native canals of the sites chosen for huge tanks, and this week Colonel Turr quoted a still more striking instance. He had been surveying for the canal to be cut through the Isthmus of Corinth, and after a most careful examination, of three alternative routes has decided that the one selected by the Emperor Nero's engineers is by far the best. Not to mention that it is shorter than all others, the "Trace of Nero" terminates at each end in calm and deep water; and "another advantage of the Nero trace consists in the disposition of the slopes, which favors it, inasmuch as the canal would be then protected against the floods in the ravines along the slopes, while the two other lines would catch these waters." That shows scientific surveying; and it is to be noted that Nero's engineers, like Alexander's, had freed themselves from the singular superstition which so greatly influenced modern opinion, that the waters of the two seas were never of the same height. This argument was actually thrown at M. De Lesseps as a serious one, not only against the Suez Canal, but the Canal of Corinth.—*London Spectator.*

Disparity in Ages.

The old man who marries a young girl does not do a very wise thing, and his bride risks her happiness and often loses it. But there is a certain beauty in the admiring protection of the husband, and, whatever her disappointment may be, in nine cases out of ten she keeps her own secret. Her romance may be dormant, but affection is very strong in women, and she may be fond and proud of a very old man who retains his faculties and his emotions and loves her well. But of the old woman who marries a boy what can we say, what can we think? In such a union there can be neither dignity nor beauty. The man's motive is usually a mercenary one, and the woman is simply his dupe. The clergyman who performs the marriage ceremony knows this at the altar; the friends who go to church to see them married feel it acutely. The congratulations are hollow and forced. Even where an old woman's lingering beauty has temporarily captivated a youth, the looker-on can feel nothing but sorrow—the intuition must be so brief, the rebound so terrible. Man's love is often so light a thing even when youth and beauty rivet it! A wife has sometimes so much to suffer even where she has chosen wisely. The contempt one cannot help feeling for the woman who warters her freedom, the scorn one must cherish for the man who sells himself for a fortune, are scarcely so strong as the pity that arises for two bound together for life under such circumstances as make even ordinary contentment an utter impossibility.—*The Daisy.*

Breaking Colts.

Colts should be broken to harness at three years old, and used in light work for two years, when they will become matured and fit for full work. If they are used for hard service before their joints become settled, or surrounded by a full-grown texture of muscle and sinews to support them, they are liable to become strained, causing spavins, or bony enlargements, that will destroy their future usefulness. Any imbecile can break down the colt; but it requires good sense to build them up after they have been crippled by ignorant taskmasters. It is not worth while to risk the experiment of converting sound colts into invalids, when they will live longer and perform more service if suffered to ripen into the full-matured horse before being put to hard work.—*Cor. of National Live-Stock Journal.*

—The Siamese Princes, before leaving Paris, bought 350 planes for the harem of their august brother.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Universalists of New England have 170 fewer churches now than they had in 1859.

—Mr. Sit Moon, the pastor of the Chinese church at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, reports that 248 of his countrymen in those islands are Christians.

—Increased observance of the Sabbath in Paris is shown by the fact that in the St. Roch quarter 6,000 tradesmen now close their places of business on the Lord's day.

—A special fund is being raised in England to forward a project for establishing school-banks throughout the country in connection with the elementary schools. The National Thrift Society is moving in the matter.

—Of the fifty-one liberal Scotch representatives in Parliament twenty-five are Presbyterians (seventeen of the Established Church); twenty-three are Episcopalians, and three are Congregationalists. The nine conservatives include seven Presbyterians, all of the Kirk, and two Episcopalians.

—A Free Education League has been formed in Great Britain to procure the abolition of all fees in connection with National education. The League cites the example of the United States in free education, and notes that France, profiting by the experience of other nations, has this year established free education in all her primary schools.

—The American Cecilian Society has just held its annual convention in St. Louis. This is an organization of Roman Catholic priests and laymen for the purpose of suppressing the operatic style of music long in use in Roman Catholic churches, and substituting for the glorias of Mozart the credos of Haydn, the tone benediction of Von Weber and other musical embellishments of the service in the simple Cecilian music, which is not unlike the Gregorian chant.

—About 200 Chinamen are said to attend the different Sunday-schools in Brooklyn. On Sundays they go through the streets following each other like Indians, marching in single file. Two rarely walk side by side, and when addressing each other they talk over their shoulders. Their Sunday-clothes include embroidered, thick-soled sandals and black cambric blouses buttoned up at the side. They are taught in the schools the English language and the duties of citizenship, as well as the truth of the Bible. They are very fond of their schools and soon become much attached to their teachers.

Arctic Explorations.

Every once in a while a newspaper breaks into declamation over the perils of Arctic navigation. Referring to the fact that it is now two years since the departure of the Jeannette and that nothing has been heard of her, the Springfield *Republican* remarks: "The search for the golden fleece fades into that prose beside the daring and futile sentimentalism which sustains those repeated and perilous assaults on the great mystery of geography." In the first place it shows a weak head to assume yet that an evil fate has befallen the Jeannette. She was provisioned for three years, and other supplies were cached at St. Michael's to provide for the emergency of the abandonment of the vessel and the return of the crew upon the ice to that point. It is hardly to be believed possible that the vessel and her entire company should disappear and leave no trace. Only once in modern times has a whole expedition been lost, and the fate of Sir John Franklin's companions was due to the fact that he had no steam power, and that the art of traveling on the ice had not then been reduced to the perfection which the genius of Sir Leopold McClintock afterward developed. Indeed, under the improved condition of later day Arctic explorations, it may be questioned whether there is anything more perilous in undertaking a voyage in search of the pole than in embarking in the fall of the year on an overladen wheat-carrying schooner at Chicago for Buffalo. Nordenskjold made his great voyage from sea to sea without losing a life. Even on board the *Polaris*, a vessel ill-prepared for everything except mutiny and disorder, with two rival captains who were sailors and a commander who was not, the only men who did not come back safe and sound after all these romantic adventures was the chief. During the search for the Franklin expedition, which was carried on by a large fleet first and last, and was kept up for many years, although several vessels were abandoned very few lives were sacrificed—probably no more than would have been lost in the ordinary naval service covering an equal period of time. Neither the ice, nor the snow, nor the cold, nor the sea, has been the explorer's worst enemy, but the scurvy, and the process of "canning meat and vegetables offers an excellent means of defense against this scourge. It is said that Nordenskjold's defiance to the disease. As it is too soon by a year to give up the Jeannette, so long as anything remains unexplored, it is too soon to talk about the futility of exploration. We know no more what we may find or to what use we may put the knowledge to be gained than Christopher Columbus knew of America when he sailed from Palos to find a new passage to the East Indies.

—According to Sir W. Armstrong, of the British Association, there is no prospect that the steam engine will ever be converted into a really economical motor. At present not more than one-tenth of the total heat energy developed in a good condensing engine is realized as useful work, the other nine-tenths being dissipated in one way or another before it can be utilized.

The "Utter" Young Man.

A correspondent says: "Utter" young men at Long Branch wear pink-topped gaiters just like the girls." That isn't the only distinguishing characteristic of the utter young man. He has so many, and they are all so intolerable to people not "utter," that enumerating them would be a task at once wearisome and thankless. A few will be sufficient to give an idea of the consistency of the pulp of his brain. He always rides with one foot out of the buggy. Why he does this he and the invisible agencies of his destiny alone know. He wears his hair Sing Sing style in summer, and parts it within a thread line of the middle of what he calls his head after the first fall frost. He smokes cigarettes instead of cigars, because they are supposed to be an index of his delicate tastes. He wears hats which reflect the extreme dilution of the brain. Where he gets them nobody outside the "utter" school ever finds out. At the theater the "utter" fraternity affect superior dramatic knowledge, find fault with everything, and, by a dozen ways, give the audience to understand that they are bored. Not infrequently they leave at the beginning of the last act, contriving as they go to give out the impression that they have reached the very limit of human endurance. The opera is the delight of their watery hearts. They pretend to cultivate their ears. When the tenor rises to his very highest expression of sentiment they one and all half close their eyelids in the dreaminess of delicious languor of spirit, and try to look as though their souls were sailing in the Vesuvian Bay. The baritone they scarcely heed, but they draw a continuous breath when the soprano executes a solo. They manage to make the rest of the audience feel a sense of their abstract insignificance. This is done by a glance of the "utter" eye. The inhabitants of "utterdom" are usually superior to operaglasses; regard them as rather vulgar and out of date. The naked eye of the "utter" youth is made to do heroic work, and is considered quite discerning and deadly. On the street it sustains its owner's reputation for "utterness"; it doesn't stare interestedly, but coldly and protractedly. In speech, the "utter" school reach the apex of imbecility. Their language is so foreign to smooth, sensible English that it is actually taking rank as a distinct patois. He who can mutilate the most words and invent the greatest number of meaningless idioms takes higher rank as a master of letters. The manners of this clan of weaklings are farther from precedent than their speech, if possible. They cultivate the cold and cutting with their financial inferiors, and the adoring toward their superiors. Equals they have none; hence a line of bearing has never been decided on in that direction.

Perhaps it is in the parlors which he penetrates where the "utter" young man reaches the perfection of mental feebleness. He succeeds in taking attitudes which exaggerate his importance and belittle others. His silence is a contemptuous commentary on the opinions of others. Somehow he conveys the impression that he has progressed beyond views of any kind; and he even succeeds sometimes in creating a momentary desire in another mind to join the "utterists" and bid farewell to thought and sense forever.

The lily and the "utter" young man resemble each other in toiling not nor spinning. All questions of labor and capital are to him as dead as the Ptolemys.—*Indianapolis Review.*

The Man With a Fish Story.

He answered to the name of Elijah Gould, and he had a black eye and a torn shirt.

"Run over by an ice-wagon, I presume," remarked his honor.

"No, sir; I was run over by three or four men."

"How was that?"

"Well, I went fishing day before yesterday."

"And they bite?"

"They did, sir. I caught a pickerel which measured over four feet long and weighed thirty-seven pounds."

His Honor fell back with a look of despair on his face, while a number of the spectators laughed outright.

"There! That's it—that's it!" exclaimed the prisoner, "that's just what brought me here. I was in a grocery last night telling them how much that fish weighed, and everybody laughed and giggled and gave me a racket. I was telling the solemn truth, and when they doubted my word I pitched two of them over the stove."

"Do you pretend to say that you caught a fish over four feet long?" asked the court.

"Protest! Why, I'm ready to make oath to it!"

"And it weighed thirty-seven pounds?"

"It did. I weighed it on four different scales, and it kicked the beam at exactly thirty-seven."

"You can go," quietly observed the court.

"How's that! I thought I was arrested?"

"So you were, and perhaps I ought to fine you, but a man who will stand up and tell such a fish story as that cannot be exactly in his right mind. Pass out."

The prisoner passed, but at the door he halted long enough to growl:

"I never saw such people in my life! A man who catches a fish ten feet long in this town will have to fly for his life."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

—There are 60,000 boatmen employed on the "raging canal" known as the Erie.

WEATHER--OR NOT.

We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, said, "Well, there'll be weather and taxes left, at any rate." Alas! weather is the "yellow dog" of all subjects; everyone thinks it his special right to try to better the weather, and huris his anathemas against "Old Probabilities," and all who endeavor to assist him in regulating the weather. The following communication is from Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, Mo., the renowned meteorologist and weather prophet of the West. It does not discuss the weather, but something surely of more importance to those who suffer with that painful malady he speaks of: "The day after concluding my lectures at Burlington,



Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 25; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours, I thought—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to St. Louis that night if a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

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