



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of 'THE CUCKOO' (Copyright 1925 by the BOSTON HERALD COMPANY)

Unburying a City.

Herculaneum, the rich and splendid city that was buried, along with Pompeii and Stabiae, by the eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, is to be dug from the mass of tufa which covered it, and its buildings are to be disclosed to view. Prof. Waldstein of Cambridge University has induced the Italian government to consent to the work, on condition that it be officially directed by Italians, and that the assistance of foreigners, financially and otherwise, shall be unofficial. Should the enterprise be carried out, we shall soon have much light thrown on the manner of life of the Romans of the first century. Herculaneum, far more than Pompeii, was the residence of wealthy and cultivated citizens. Their houses were filled with artistic objects and their libraries contained the best literature of the period. In a partial excavation nearly 2,000 manuscript rolls were found in one house. Pompeii was covered with small stones and soft ashes from the volcano. Herculaneum was buried beneath a torrent of mud to the depth of from 30 to 120 feet. On top of it two large modern villages have been built. General excavation has not been undertaken, lest the stability of the villages should be threatened. Plans now making provide for tearing down these villages, so far as necessary, to get at the city beneath. In the comparatively near future, says Youth's Companion, we may expect to hear reports of the uncovering of the bronze and marble statuary, of beautiful mansions, of libraries filled with ancient books, some of them for centuries known by tradition only. In short, it will be as if we were taken back more than eighteen hundred years, and were able to look upon the city as its inhabitants suddenly left it when Vesuvius poured forth the flood of mud, molten rock and scalding water upon the towns of its seaward slope.

A New War on Opium.

The Chinese government has followed its recent edict against opium by stringent regulations which seem to show a sincere purpose to do all that can be done to suppress the use of the drug in the empire. The regulations provide that not only the cultivation of the poppy but the use of opium shall cease within ten years. No new ground can be placed under cultivation for opium production, and the ground now under cultivation for that purpose must be reduced one-tenth annually under penalty of confiscation. Persons already addicted to the use of the drug are required to use an annually diminishing quantity, and all persons are forbidden to begin its use. Officials are especially enjoined to set an example of abstinence. The importation of morphine is prohibited, and measures are to be taken to end the opium trade within ten years. These governmental regulations, remarks Youth's Companion, will be strengthened by a growing public sentiment against the use of the drug, which finds frequent expression in the Chinese press.

A corollary to the efforts at enforcing respect for the United States army and navy uniform is furnished in a suit begun at Leavenworth, Kan., against second-hand clothing dealers charged with purchasing uniforms and equipment from soldiers. In all cities near army posts the officers have more or less trouble with persons engaging in such traffic, and there is a strong suspicion that unscrupulous dealers tacitly the soldiers to this form of robbery of the government. In the Leavenworth cases fines of \$1,000 were imposed on dealers found guilty, and the soldiers implicated are also likely to be punished. The uniform is to be respected when worn, remarks the New York Post, and those who offend by stealing it must be dealt with accordingly, in the government view, which is correct.

Francis Josef, the emperor of Austria, has a bad for collecting menu cards, and as his stock is contributed to by other monarchs it is a truly wonderful one. His choicest specimen is one used at the dinner given by the czar to President Faure. This "card" is a block of the rarest black marble beautifully painted by a famous French artist, the names of the various dishes being lettered in white ivory.

The Nashville (Tenn.) American thinks that a man who mortgages his house to pay for his automobile has wheels in his head. This is the substance of what that paper says. We wish, says the Brooklyn Eagle, we had room for the many wise words which it employs to say just about that.

Kentucky's man and woman who kept a plighted troth for 44 years would not require a trial marriage to determine their felicity.

Scholars are inclined to scout the idea that an entirely new language has been discovered in Africa. Perhaps, says Washington Herald, the alleged discoverer simply ran about of a baseball extra somewhere in the dark continent.

The St. Louis four-year-old who twice saved his father's house is a real candidate for the Carnegie hero, because he was perfectly innocent of any attempt at grandstand play.

TRAPPED AND TRIMMED.

There are two kinds of dangerous temptations—those that tempt us, and those that don't. Those that don't give us a false notion of our resisting power, and so make us easy victims of the others. I thought I knew myself pretty thoroughly, and I believed there was nothing that could tempt me to neglect my business. With this delusion of my strength firmly in mind, when Anita became a temptation to neglect business, I said to myself: "To go up town during business hours for long lunches, to spend the mornings selecting flowers and presents for her—these things look like neglect of business, and would be so in some men. But I couldn't neglect business. I do them because my affairs are so well ordered that a few hours of absence now and then make no difference—probably send me back fresher and clearer."

When I left the office at half-past twelve on that fateful Wednesday in June, my business was never in better shape. Textile common had dropped a point and a quarter in two days—evidently it was at least on its way slowly down toward where I could free myself and take profits. As for the coal enterprise nothing could possibly happen to disturb it: I was all ready for the first of July announcement and boom. Never did I have a lighter heart than when I joined Anita and her friends at Sherry's. It seemed to me her friendliness was less perfunctory, less a matter of appearances. And the sun was bright, the air delicious, my health perfect. It took all the strength of all the straps Monson had put on my natural spirits to keep me from being exuberant.

I had finally intended to be back at my office half an hour before the exchange closed—this in addition to the obvious precaution of leaving orders that they were to telephone me if anything should occur about which they had the least doubt. But so comfortable did my vanity make me that I forgot to look at my watch until a quarter to three. I had a momentary qualm; then, reassured, I asked Anita to take a walk with me. Before we set out I telephoned my right-hand man and partner, Ball. As I had thought, everything was quiet; the exchange was closing with textile sluggish and down a quarter. Anita and I took a car to the park.

We walked for an hour, talking with less constraint and more friendliness than ever before, and when I left her I, for the first time, felt that I had left a good impression.

When I entered my office, I, from force of habit, mechanically went direct to the ticker—and dropped all in an instant from the pinnacle of heaven into a boiling inferno. For the ticker was just spelling out these words: "Mowbray Langdon, president of the Textile association, sailed unexpectedly on the Kaiser Wilhelm at noon. A 2 per cent raise of the dividend rate of textile common, from the present 4 per cent to 6 has been determined upon."

And I had staked up to, perhaps beyond my limit of safety that textile would fall!

Ball was watching narrowly for some sign that the news was as bad as he feared. But it cost me no effort to keep my face expressionless; I was like a man who has been killed by lightning and lies dead with the look on his face that he had just before the bolt struck him.

"Why didn't you tell me this," said I to Ball, "when I had you on the 'phone?" My tone was quiet enough, but the very question ought to have shown him that my brain was like a shouter in a cyclone.

"We heard it just after you rang off," was his reply. "We've been trying to get you ever since. I've gone everywhere after textile stock. Very few will sell, or even lend, and they ask—the best price was ten points above to-day's closing. A strong tip's out that textiles are to be rocketed."

Ten points up already—on the mere rumor! Already ten dollars to pay on every share I was "short"—and I short more than two hundred thousand! I felt the claws of the fiend Ruin sink into the flesh of my shoulders. "Ball doesn't know how I'm fixed," I remembered I thought, "and he mustn't know." I lit a cigar with a steady hand and waited for Joe's next words.

"I went to see Jenkins at once," he went on. Jenkins was then first vice-president of the textile trust. "He's all cut up because the news got out—says Langdon and he were the only ones who knew, so he supposed—says the announcement wasn't to have been made for a month—not till Langdon returned. He has had to confirm it, though. That was the only way to free his crowd from suspicion of intending to rig the market."

"All right," said I.

"Have you seen the afternoon paper?" he asked. As he held it out to me, my eye caught big textile headlines, then flashed to some other—something about my going to marry Miss Ellery.

"All right," said I, and with the paper in my hand, went to my outside office. I kept on toward my inner office, saying over my shoulder—to the stenographer: "Don't let anybody interrupt me." Behind the closed and locked door my body ventured to come to me again and my face to reflect as much as it could of the chaos that was heaving in me like ten thousand warring devils.

well as to the ups. I had not—and have not—anything of the business man in my composition. To me, it was wholly finance, wholly a game, with excitement the chief factor and the sure winning, whether the little ball rolled my way or not. I was the financier, the gambler and adventurer; and that had been my principal asset. For, the man who wins in the long run at any of the great games of life—and they are all alike—is the man with the cool head; and the only man whose head is cool is he who plays for the game's sake, not caring greatly whether he wins or loses on any one play, because he feels that if he wins to-day, he will lose to-morrow. But now a new factor had come into the game. I spread out the paper and stared at the headlines: "Black Matt To Wed Society Belle—The Bucket-Shop King Will Lead Anita Illegally To The Altar." I tried to read the vulgar article under whose vulgar lines, but I could not. I was sick, sick in body and in mind. My "nerve" was gone. I was no longer the free lance; I had responsibilities.

That thought dragged another in its train, an ugly, grinning imp that loomed at me and sneered: "But she won't have you now!"

"She will! She must!" I cried



"HE GREW WHITE, A SICKLY WHITE." me either had reached him or would soon reach him. I knew he had an eye in every secret of finance and industry, and while I believed my secret was wholly my own, I had too much at stake with him to bank on that, when I could, as I thought, so easily reassure him.

"I've come to suggest, Mr. Roebuck," said I, "that you let my house—Blacklock and company—announce the coal reorganization plan. It would give me a great lift, and Melville and his bank don't need prestige. My daily letters to the public on investments have, as you know, got me a big following that would help me make the flotation an even bigger success than

at last, disgusted and exhausted, I flung myself down again, and dumbly and helplessly inspected the ruins of my projects—or, rather, the ruin of the one project upon which I had my heart set. I had known I cared for her, but it had seemed to me she was simply one more, the latest, of the objects on which I was in the habit of fixing my will from time to time to make the game more deeply interesting. I now saw that never before had I really been in earnest about anything, that on winning her I had staked myself, and that myself was a wholly different person from what I had been imagining. It was a word, I said face to face with that untamable mystery of sex-affinity that every man laughs at and mocks another man for believing in, until he has himself felt it drawing him against will, against reason, and sense, and interest, over the brink of destruction yawning before his eyes—drawing him as the magnet-mountain drew Sindbad and his ship.

that ever wandered into Wall street! A dead one, no doubt; but I'll see to it that they don't enjoy my funeral."

XVII. A GENTEEL "HOLD-UP."

In my childhood at home, my father was often away for a week or longer, working or looking for work. My mother had a notion that a boy should be punished only by his father; so, whenever she caught me in what she regarded as a serious transgression, she used to say: "You will get a good whipping for this, when your father comes home." At first I used to wait passively, suffering the torments of ten thrashings before the "good whipping" came to pass. But soon my mind began to employ the interval more profitably. I would scheme to escape execution of sentence; and, though my mother was a determined woman, many's the time I contrived to change her mind. I am not commending to parents the system of delay in execution of sentence; but I must say that in my case it was responsible for an invaluable discipline. For example, the textile tangle. I knew I was in all human probability doomed to go down before the stock exchange had been open an hour the next morning. All textile stocks must start many points higher than they had been at the close, must go steadily and swiftly up. Entangled as my reserve resources were in the coal deal, I should have no chance to cover my shorts on any terms less than the loss of all I had. At most, I could hope only to save myself from criminal bankruptcy.

There was no signal of distress in my voice as I telephoned Corey, president of the Interstate Trust company, to stay at his office until I came; there was no signal of distress in my manner as I sallied forth and went down to the Power Trust building; nor did I show or suggest that I had heard the "shot-at-sunrise" sentence, as I strode into Roebuck's presence and greeted him. I was assuming, by way of precaution, that some rumor about

It's bound to be, no matter who announces it and invites subscriptions. As I thus supposed that I lay in a jolly trap from the extremely humble level of reputed beach-shop dealer into the highest heaven of high finance, that I had made the official spokesman of the financial gods, his expression was so ludicrous that I almost lost my gravity. I suspect, for a moment he thought I had gone mad. His manner, when he recovered himself sufficiently to speak, was certainly not unlike what it would have been had he found himself alone before a dangerous lunatic who was armed with a bomb.

"You know how anxious I am to help you, to further your interests, Matthew," said he wheedlingly. "I know no man who has a brighter future. But—not so fast, not so fast, young man. Of course, you will appear as one of the reorganizing committees—but we could not afford to have the announcement come through any less strong and old established house than the National Industrial bank."

"At least, you can make me joint announcer with them," I urged.

"Perhaps—yes—possibly—we'll see," said he soothingly. "There is plenty of time."

"Plenty of time," I assented, as if quite content. "I only wanted to put the matter before you." And I arose to go.

"Have you heard the news of textile common?" he asked.

"Yes," said I carefully. Then, all in an instant, a plan took shape in my mind. "I own a good deal of the stock, and I must say, I don't like this raise."

"Why?" he inquired.

"Because I'm sure it's a stock-jobbing scheme," replied I boldly. "I know the dividend wasn't earned. I don't like that sort of thing, Mr. Roebuck. Not because it's unlawful—the laws are so clumsy that a practical man often must disregard them. But because it is tampering with the reputation and the stability of a great enterprise for the sake of a few millions of dishonest profit. I'm surprised at Langdon."

"I hope you're wrong, Matthew," was Roebuck's only comment. He questioned me no further, and I went away, confident that, when the crash came in the morning, if comes it must, there would be no more astonished man in Wall street than Henry J. Roebuck. How he must have laughed; or, rather, would have laughed, if his sort of human hyena expressed its emotions in the human way.

From him, straight to my lawyers, Whitehouse & Fisher, in the Mills building.

"I want you to send for the newspaper reporters at once," said I to Fisher, "and tell them that in my behalf you are going to apply for an injunction against the textile trust, forbidding them to take any further steps toward that increase of dividend. Tell them I, as a large stockholder, and representing a group of large stockholders, purpose to stop the paying of unearned dividends."

Fisher knew how closely connected my house and the textile trust had been; but he showed, and probably felt no astonishment. He was too experienced in the ways of finance and financiers. It was a matter of indifference to him whether I was trying to assassinate my friend and ally, or was feigning at Langdon, to lure the public within reach so that we might, together, fall upon it and make a battue.

Not without some regret did I thus arrange to attack my friend in his absence. "Well," I reasoned, "his blunder in trusting some leaky person with his secret is the cause of my peril—and I'll not have to justify myself to him for trying to save myself." What effect my injunction would have I could not foresee. Certainly it could not save me from the loss of my fortune; but, possibly, it might check the upward course of the stock long enough to enable me to snatch myself from ruin, and to cling to firm ground until the coal deal drew me up to safety.

My next call was at the Interstate Trust company. I found Corey waiting for me in a most uneasy state of mind.

"Is there any truth in this story about you?" was the question he plumped at me.

"What story?" said I, and a hard fight I had to keep my confusion and alarm from the surface. For, apparently, my secret was out.

"That you're on the wrong side of the textile."

So it was out! "Some truth," I admitted, since denial would have been useless here. "And I've come to you for the money to tide me over."

He grew white, a sickly white, and into his eyes came a horrible, growling look.

(To be Continued.)

Believe or Not, As You Will

Anyway, the Man Who Wrote the Story Says He Saw the Eggs.

Colonel Adoniram Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Colohel Adoniram, Van Rensselaer and daughters, Miss Angelina Clementina and Miss Dorothea Dulcinea of Mocking Bird ranch, Scotch Owl township, came to town in the cool of the morning in their forty-horse power auto to do a little trading. The colonel and the Mrs. Colonel calling to see us, as everybody does. It seems that Miss Angelina Clementina's French maid has a great liking for poultry, and to please her fancy the colonel imported a setting of high-priced French eggs.

In the poultry yard is a low, swampy spot that seems to be the home of the firefly, or lightning bug, and one particular helpful hen stays out late of evenings to catch them. She gorges herself on fireflies every evening, before going to roost, and it was discovered a few weeks ago that the eggs laid by this helpful hen are not normally luminous, that each egg is of the brightness of an electric bulb of a thousand international ohms, or electro-magnetic units, and that by coating them with an impervious preparation they retain their brilliancy for an indefinite period. So Miss Angelina and Miss Dorothea

Painted the eggs with all the colors of the rainbow—blue lights for the blue rooms, red for the red rooms, white lights for the rooms done in white, green lights for the hay mow, always observing the proper effects.

The seventeen rooms of the home, the barn and outbuildings are all brilliantly lighted with these eggs, so the buildings, which occupy a prominent tree-embowered and vine-entangled hill, can be seen for miles. We accompanied Colonel Van Rensselaer to the city garage, where his forty-horse power auto was. Each headlight of the machine carried an egg instead of a lamp. Taking one of the eggs into a dark room, the light thrown off from it was of the brightness of the sun, and we were at once convinced of the truthfulness of the story.—T. B. Murdock.

Comparatively few people know that ringing a bell ruins it. That is, a bell has a definite length of life, and after so many blows will break. A 900 pound bell, struck blows of 178 foot pounds of force, broke after 11,000 blows. A 4,000 pound bell broke after 18,000 blows of 350 foot pounds force. A steel composition bell weighing 1,000 pounds broke after 24 blows of 150 foot pounds, but its maker said it was calculated for a lighter blow.

It is a good thing for the horse's hoofs to throw the manure or wet straw under so he can stand upon it and keep his hoofs moist, but don't let the soft manure get packed in the shoe and stay there.

A farm for boarding horses is remunerative if one has good stables and skillful attendants. You must be able to return the horse to its owner in a condition that will speak well of the feed and care he has received.

Farmers' institutes should make it a point to have a Babcock milk tester demonstrated at their sessions, as there are many dairymen who do not know how to use them. A good plan is to invite farmers to bring samples of their milk and have them tested.

Experiments continuing for three years at the Indiana experiment station with barnyard manure as a fertilizer for corn, showed that while three tons to the acre increased the yield to 14.3 bushels per acre, six tons made an increase of but 16.2 per acre. The addition of the second three tons of barnyard manure, estimated as having a value of two dollars per ton as a fertilizer, or six dollars for the three tons, increased the yield only 1.3 bushels or about 25 cents in value.

No sooner does science conquer one insect enemy of the farmer than another intrudes its unwelcome presence upon the plant world. The continual expansion of the means of intercommunication between different countries is no doubt responsible for much of this. The Paris Academy of Sciences has just reported that a kind of fly, *Ceratitis capitata*, has recently made its appearance in great numbers in the environs of the French capital, where it threatens great damage of apricots and peaches. With a view to combating it successfully, the French entomologists are called to arms, and the study of the biology of this fly amid its new environment in France is already under way.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Sunshine as well as fresh air are needed to make the stables sweet.

Broad-headed horses are the cleverest.

A barn without small fruits—what a barren, uninviting place it is.

A hole in the stable soon wears a hole in your pocketbook.

Clean pork cannot be grown in filthy pens, remember that.

The pig must be a good mathematician, for he is good at square root.

It is an old saying that the "Sheep never dies in debt to its owner," and the same may be said of many cows.

A breeder has made the statement that there are no dun horses among Thoroughbreds.

Good ventilation will solve the dampness problem in the poultry house to large extent.

It is claimed that grapes at two cents a pound are more profitable than wheat at one dollar a bushel.

Hard work can be given the horse-bred, well-cared-for horse earlier than to the other kind.

Study and know your horse, his strength, his speed, and never force him beyond the limit.

Cool the milk quickly and thoroughly, and the butter will keep much better and longer.

Where corn stalks in the main feed the sheep should be given some grain and roots to balance the ration.

It is well to remember during these cool windy days never to leave the horse tied with his head to the wind.

Heavy woolled sheep should not be allowed to get wet, as the weight of water is sufficient sometimes to prevent the animals from rising.

Some of those sweet apples you don't know what to do with will be a regular treat to the hogs, and they make good flavored pork.

Many a cow is encouraged to kick by the rough, hasty manner of taking hold of her teats at the beginning of the milking operation.

The best milking machine which man has yet been able to devise is the four finger and the thumb combination.

Sometimes the obstruction in the throat of cattle cannot be dislodged and relief may be found in pouring down their throats lard or warmed lard or tallow.

Green food is particularly advantageous to animals that are fed largely on corn in the winter. Cabbage, sugar beets, turnips, carrots, and the like are much appreciated.

Give the horse a dry bed to sleep on. Clean his stable every day. Separate the wet bedding from the dry. The wet that is not too much soiled may be dried and used again.

The tops of sugar beets make excellent feed for stock, and may be well preserved in a silo. Sometimes they are left on the field and the stock turned in to eat.

Help is scarce in the south. Only 60 per cent of the cotton machinery is running, as competent help cannot be secured to run the other 20 per cent.

When the ice gets thick enough is the time to begin ice cutting. Delay may lose you your opportunity and there have been seasons, you know, when the first chance has been the last.

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The farmer that pushes the work and gets the most for a winter's work is the farmer that generally looks time for attendance upon the farmers' institutes, and other places where he can gather new ideas for next year's work.

How would you like to go from morning till night without water, especially when working hard? Remember it is just as hard or even harder for the horse. Even though in the middle of the day, water then it is a little extra trouble.

Look out for dirty wheat screenings. Only the use of a microscope will detect the dodder and other noxious wheat seeds. Clean mill seed can be used with profit by farmers, but they should be sure of the quality of wheat they are buying.

Corner stones of successful dairying are, healthy herd, good feed and care and rigid selection of animals; avoidance of unnecessary milk contamination; ability to make fine dairy products and to dispose of them in the best markets.

What kind of care does your plow get? When through with it for the season or even for a few days, always cover the share and moldboard thoroughly with lard oil. It will keep it free from rust and when wanted for use a little kerosene oil and a little brist rubbings will put it in prime condition for the work.

One way in which farmers are able to get good quality of seeds is to inform the seedsmen at the time of asking for samples that both the sample and the seed when received will be sent to either the seed laboratory of the agricultural department or the state experiment station for examination.

One lesson for the farmer which they may learn from the railroads that are discarding the small engines and installing the great moguls that can pull 40 to 60 cars each, is that it is high time they discarded the light horses and bronchos and secured the big stout horses capable of pulling a 16-inch to 24-inch plow.

An experiment tried on a farm in England recently shows that fields can be so illuminated by acetylene gas that harvesting may be easily carried on at night. In the test made two mowers, each cutting a six-foot swath, were employed in a field of 15 acres, which was mowed in 3 hours and 35 minutes. The power was furnished by a gasoline traction engine.

Many farmers are working too much land. They spread their energies out over so much space that their efforts do not bring in the net returns they should. A good authority has stated that if the average farm of the central states, which ranges from 100 to 150 acres, was cut into two farms, the owners would prosper just as well upon the small farm without so much labor.

Make a working map of the farm, noting on each section or plot of ground the crop grown last, the changes that would be advisable in rotation, the plots most in need of fertilizer, where repairs are most needed or special work must be done during the winter and early spring. In this way the work on the farm will be kept well in hand and you will remember some things that would otherwise be forgotten.

A German professor named Ferdinand Luerick has gone to Colorado, where dry farming is practiced, with a chemical compound of his own invention which he claims will when applied to the land mature oats and wheat from a month to six weeks sooner than is now possible. The compound he uses resembles sand, and is made up of tiny flakes, which are drilled into the ground with the grain when it is planted. If he can make good his claims it will be a great thing for the semi-arid sections.

The experiment station at Stillwater, Okla., is advertising its third annual course in stock judging and seed selection January 7-12, 1927, announcing the purpose of the course to be to enable the "farmers to get into closer touch with the experiment station and the work it is doing for Oklahoma farmers in the way of improving agricultural conditions." Such specialists as John Hamilton and A. D. Shamel, of the agricultural department; Joseph Wing, A. P. Groot, will deliver lectures, and there will be a fine display of German coach and Belgian draft horses.

The following good story is told by a farmer, which illustrates the splendid profit there is in successful breeding: This farmer's sister possessed a quarter which she wished to invest. With it she bought a runt pig from a neighbor. As the family lived in town this pig received all the slops from the house as well as from the neighbors. When the pig was fattened she sold it for ten dollars. This she invested in two sheep, which she gave to her uncle, who lived on a farm, to raise on shares. The profits were put back into the flock the next year. Gradually the flock so increased that in a few years the girl sold out to her uncle for \$540.

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