I know a lass in Norwich-town-Yonder trips she a-wending down
The little lane by the Rose and Crown,
With lips as red as a berry.

I know a lass in Norwich-town-Heigh-ho! but my heart's joily!
Ever a smile and never a frown.
And a cry to Puritan Care—"Go drown!"
And a mock at melancholy.

I know a lass in Norwich-town-Heigh-ho! but my heart's merry! Trustful eyes that are winsome brown. And feet as light as the thistle-down, And cheeks as pink as the cherry.

I know a lass in Norwich-town—
Heigh-ho! but my heart's jolly!
Though I've a name of no renown,
And she goes clad in a silken gown,
I have won sweet Mistress Polly.
—Clinton Scollard, in Harper's,

A FAIR COMPANION.

Once I was compelled to make the trip to Turin by the way of Corsica. Bo I took the steamer at Nice for

As soon as we were under way I began to look around and observe my fellow passengers. I noticed a modestlooking young woman sitting on deck alone and apparently a stranger. I im-mediately said to myself, "There is my traveling companion," so I placed my self where I could watch the graceful contour of her head and shoulders, the exquisite coloring of her richly tinted cheeks and the dreamy look of her dark eyes gazing far out at sea. I noted the fine lines of her hands, a little too large and strong, but white and beautifully shaped; the delicate, shell-like ears which always indicate good blood better than a certificate of birth, some-

As I watched my neighbor I asked myself all those questions we usually nak about an unknown woman in whom we are interested: "Who is she?" "Where is she going?" "Why is she Where is she going?"

traveling nlone?" Without seeming to notice my scrutiny, she settled herself comfortably in her chair, opened her satchel and took out a newspaper. I rubbed my hands exultantly and said, "Now, let me see what she reads and I will tell you her character and thoughts." I gave the paper a quick glance, and to my surprise saw it was a Parisian journal. She began at the first page with a dainty, satisfied manner; read on and on, sometimes a smile on her lips, but niways a look of interested attention.

I drew my seat near to her, took out volume of poems I had bought just before starting and pretended to be equally interested.

A good many passengers walked up and down, but she appeared to think of nothing but her paper. Finally she seemed to have finished and laid it down on a seat between us. I immediately bowed and said:

"Will madam permit me to glance over her paper?" "Certainly, monsieur, with the great-

est of pleasure." "In the meantime, allow me to offer you this volume of poetry. It may in-

"Thank you. Is it amusing?"
This rather disconcerted me. When one offers a volume of love songs to a woman, he does not expect to be asked, "Is it amusing?" Nevertheless, I an-

"It is more than amusing-it is

charming-delicious." She opened the book and began to run through it with a little bewildered air, as if she was not in the habit of reading poetry. Suddenly I asked:

'Don't you like it?" Yes, but I am not at all sensational. that she closed the book and we began to talk.

I learned that she was the wife of an officer at Ajaccio. She was going to re-join her husband. She added that she had been dragged from one little town to another, and now she was going to be buried in that lugubrious isle of

In some way I fancied she did not love her husband-loved him, perhaps, with that cool reserve a woman gives to a man who is not congenial to her. She said she preferred living in Lyons. She knows every one in Lyons It was her native place.

As we spoke of residences and places she preferred, I asked: 'How do you like Paris?'

"Oh, monsieur, do I like Paris? Is it possible for any one to ask such a ques-

But she began to talk of Paris with such ardor-such enthusiasm-I said to "This is the string to pull." She said she had never seen Paris—she adored it from afar off with the keen zest of a provincial-with the longings of a bird who gazes at the wild, free woods from the window where he is Then she began to question me with almost breathless eagerness. She wanted to know everything

"Do you know Alphonse Daudet and M. Sardou-oh, he is gay, so amusingand M. Zola-he always makes me cry! 'After reading one of his books I am ill for a week.

She ran on in this way for about an hour; then her questions began to be exhausted and it was my time to talk.

I related all the stories of the fashionable world I could think of. I gave her a beautiful idea of the grand dames of Paris, satisfied her curiosity in the most fantastic manner, told wonderful adventures of the gay city. listened with all her ears and all her heart. Then I mocked with cruel irony all those poor women who were bound to husbands who did not appreciate them and could not understand their delicacy of sentiment.

The little woman said no more-only sighed now and then-and once she

"Is it really like that in the gay world?"

The night had come-soft and warm -the great steamer, throbbing from her machinery, glided over the sea, beneath an immense canopy of violet sky, starred with drops of fire Suddenly my neighbor was up and saying: "It is late. I must retire. Bon soir,

monstear." I answered, "Bon soir, madam," and

I knew she must take the night diligence from Baslia to Ajaccio-there

as soon as we landed in Baslia I hired the entire diligence for myself-engaged Suggestions for Preventing the Invasion , B. F. Sharpless, Prev. every seat.

The shades of night were falling when I entered the old vehicle for

The driver came to me and humbly asked: Would you yield any one of the seats to a lady?"

ed, laughingly said she had been asleep night trip across the mountains, thank- in combating this pest. ed me for my kindness and entered the

carriage. This old vehicle was like a hermetically closed box-no openings except a lows above. We were sitting face to face, opposite each other, and away we started, the horses going on a quick trot until we reached the mountains. the doors-that delicious fragrance that Corsica spreads around her, as if the ground was impregnated with perfume which the hot sun drew forth and scattered on every passing breeze.

tright, beautiful, bewildering Paris, she listened with keen attention. By now the night had grown so dark I could scarcely distinguish the face of my companion. It appeared like a whitish spot in the surrounding gloom. The horses were slowly walking up the strep ascent, the carriage lanterns the ily light to show the road. Every now and then the sound of a torrent dashing over the rocks would come to Then it would be lost in the dis-

Again I began to talk of Paris-

My companion had been very quiet for some time, breathing softly, ow and then a gentle sigh. The darkess and silence emboldened me. softly laid my hand on hers. not withdrawn. Growing still bolder, went on whispering a lot of sentimental rubbish; talked of "love at first sight," "kindred spirits," etc., with my the very near her ear-in truth, dangerously near her mouth. She was still silent. I fancied I could hear the beatings of her heart, mingled with her gentle sighs.

At last I softly placed my lips upon her cheek. She started as if just aroused from sleep. But such a start! It hurled me to the far sile of the carriage. Then, before I had time to comprehend, consider or even think, I received five or six frightful slaps full in the face, then a perfect hall of fisti-cuffs hard and sharp, falling everywhere, on my head, my face, my neck, quick and fast as summer rain.

In the thick darkness that surrounded us I vainly tried to parry the blows, to sieze her hands. Impossible! So I turned around and presented my back to her furious attacks, and hid my head in the corner of the vehicle.

She seemed to comprehend (by the sound of the blows, no doubt) this movement of despair, and suddenly ceased to beat me, and, throwing her-self back in the corner of the carriage, she burst into a wild paroxysm of sobs and tears, which continued for an hour or so, I shrinking back to my corner, distressed and very much ashamed. wanted to speak, but what could I say? "Excuse me?" That would have been tame and absurd. What would you have said? Nothing-just as I did.

She continued to weep, every now and then uttering great sighs, which nearly broke her heart. I wanted to console her, to take her in my arms, and soothe her as you would a crying child, to beg her pardon, to fall on my knees and entreat her to forgive me, I like something gay-very gay." With but I dared not. These situations are very embarrassing.

mained in our separate corners, mute steadily on, only stopping now and then for a relay of horses. When the light of the stable lanterns would flash into the carriage we would both close our eyes and pretend to be asleep.

We sped on through the night, the aromatic odor of the Corsican mountains caressing our cheeks and lips, sweet and exhilarating as wine. Christie, what a lovely trip-if-if

my neighbor had not been so foolish. The day begins to break. As the first pale rays of dawn begin to gild the carriage I look at my neighbor. She

seems fast asleep. The sun coming up from behind the mountains discloses an immense blue gulf, streaked with gold and surrounded by enormous peaks of granite. On the far side of this gulf a white city, steeped in the shading light of the early

morning, appears. My neighbor starts up as if just aroused from sleep, opens her eyes. They are very red. She yawns as if she had slept a long time, blushes, hes-

itates a moment, then stammers: 'Will we be there soon?" "Yes, madam, in less than an hour."

"Oh, I wish we were there. I could well understand that wish. Her voice was a little tremulous, her

manner a little confused; otherwise she seemed to have forgotten everything. Oh, what diplomatists women arediplomatists by instinct as well as by birth! How I envied her her savoir

In about an hour we arrived at Ajaccio. A great dragon-a kind of Hercules-was standing at the office door waving his handkerchief as the dili-gence appeared. The driver had scarcely brought his horses to a standstill before my neighbor leaped into his arms with a bound, embracing him again

and again, as she exclaimed: "Oh, I am so glad to see you! How I longed to be with you again!" My trunk had been taken down from

the imperial. I was about to retire dis-creetly when she called out: "Oh, monsieur, you are not going without bidding me adleu?"
I stammered: "I leave you to your

happiness, madam." Then she turned to her husband, saying: "My dear, you must thank moniour for his kindness to me. He has been charming, even offering me a seat in the diligence which he nad engaged entirely for himself. It is delightful to

meet with such an agreeable traveling companion." The husband warmly clasped my hand and thanked me with the greatest effusion. His wife, standing by, rewas no other way to cross the moun-tains so I haid my plans to meet my smile, while I felt and looks I very for tains—so I inid my plans to meet my smile, while I felt and looks I very for at this office on fair companion again. Next morning ish, I assure you.—Guy de Maupassant. reasonable rates.

of the Army Worm.

Department of Agriculture.

OFFICE OF THE STATE ZOOLOGIST.

HARRISBURG, PA., July 10, 1896. Inasmuch as numerous reports have What lady?" I brusquely demanded.

"The wife of an officer going to department from various sections of Ajacelo to Join her husband."

"Certainly. Tell the lady I gladly the state asking information as to the best method of dealing with the army following suggestions are worm, the following suggestions are all the afternoon preparing for the offered as a means that may be used

The fully developed worm is a little over an inch long, of a gray or dingy black color with black stripes and door on each side, with little glass win- narrow lines of white on back, and the under surface is of a more or less greenish color; the head is smooth and yellowish, with two black lines The fresh, pungent odor of aromatio running from top to mouth. It has berbs came through the lowered glass sixteen legs, and those from the middle of the body are each marked with a shining black or blackish band.

The worms when disturbed curl themselves up like "cut worms," and drop to the ground. They complete their growth in about one month, at the end of which period they burrow into the ground and each caterpillar changes to a brown pupa, from which in two or three weeks the moth emerges. The female moth is said to lay about 750 minute and white eggs, and these hatch in from eight to ten days.

TO PREVENT THEIR SPREAD.

The best authorities recommend the mowing of a wide swath around the invaded field, then plow a deep furrow with the straight side toward the part to be protected, and at interof a few feet make holes with a crowbar, or dig small pits into which the wo ms entrapped in the ditch will fall,

Where the number of worms is very great and the ditch becomes partially filled, plow a second furrow throwing the earth over into the first furrow, thus covering up the worms and providing a second line of defense.

Some authorities recommend the use of kerosene sprinkled over the worms entrapped in the ditch and thereby destroy them; others use a slight covering of straw which is set on fire, and accomplish the same

It is also recommended that ordin ary fence boards be set up on edge. end to end, across their path, and then apply a coating of tar or kere sene to this wooden barrier, which checks their progress. Some entc mologists recommend the spraying of the grass ahead of the worms with Paris green, thus poisoning the forage on which they subsist. For this purpose one pound of Paris green to 150 to 200 gallons of water is a proper proportion.

The most effective method seems to be the constructing of a ditch with the plow as stated above, cutting the side next to the part to be protected perpendicular, and then attending to the destruction of the worms as they are entrapped in the ditch.

B. H. WARREN, M. D., Zoologist.

They Want Better Water.

The city of Philadelphia will make an attempt through the courts to compel the Reading Coal and Iron Company, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, the Silver Brook Coal Company, the Broad Mountain Coal Company, the Roberts Coal Company and the Stoddard Coal Company to cease polluting the waters of the Schuylkill river with coal dirt. At present the people of Philadelphia are drinking a fine quality of coal mud with their water. A glass full of Schuylkill water on a rainy day will yield half an inch of culm. A petition has been filed in the Supreme Court asking leave to file a bill in equity against the coal companies naned.

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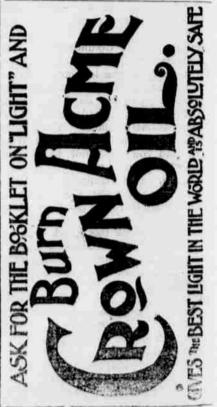
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