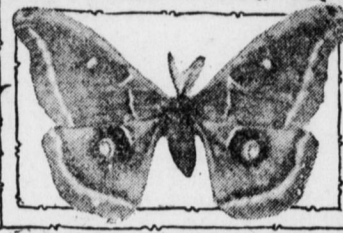


RAISING BUTTERFLIES AS A BUSINESS



CAPTURING RARE BUTTERFLIES



ONE OF THE RARE PRODUCTS OF A BUTTERFLY FARM



A BUTTERFLY EXPERT AT WORK



A BUTTERFLY HUNTER

HERE is no end of odd occupations in the world whereby people gain a livelihood, but certainly one of the most novel of these vocations is the raising of butterflies for profit. "Butterfly farming" is new to, as new as airship building in fact, and up to date not many people have taken it up but it is safe to predict that the number will increase considerably as time goes on for when one can get \$20 to \$25 for a handsome butterfly in the open market it goes without saying that such butterflies are worth cultivating and are enough more profitable than chickens to justify the extra trouble they cause.

Perhaps, at the outset, a word should be said about the market for butterflies and then the reader will better understand why men and women are devoting all their time to butterfly farming and to that other branch of the business,—the hunting of rare butterflies in out of the way corners of the world. First of all there is a constant and fairly heavy demand for butterflies from museums, schools and colleges and scientific institutions of one kind or another. Such institutions may be seeking individual specimens of butterflies to fill gaps in collections already fairly complete or (particularly if the institution be a newly established one) they may be in the market for a complete collection of butterflies representing the winged jewels that inhabit any country or region, and it is a commission such as this that brings joy to the butterfly expert, for great institutions of learning are usually willing to pay a fair price for the prizes they seek.

Yet another butterfly market and one that is broadening rapidly year by year is that wherein butterflies are sold to private collectors. It is very common in Europe and is yearly becoming more common in this country for people of wealth to have collections just as people of means and leisure amuse themselves with collections of stamps or coins or paintings

or old furniture. Certainly there is nothing in nature or art more beautiful than a collection of butterflies and it is a hobby upon which one may spend almost any amount of money, as is proven by the fact that one of the Rothschilds gladly paid more than \$3,000 for an especially rare butterfly which he had long sought for his collection. Most of these private collectors, of course, purchase their butterfly treasures merely for their own satisfaction and for the edification of their friends but there are other folk who buy butterflies as an aid to their work or business. For instance the great Parisian dressmakers buy butterflies in order to obtain new shades and suggestions for new color combinations for gowns. The famous Worth started the practice and other dressmakers who cater to the wealthy fashionables have followed his example.

The butterfly hunter penetrates to the wildest and most inaccessible quarters of the globe in quest of his precious prey and much of his butterfly hunting must be done at night with the aid of a dark lantern. A butterfly hunter is glad to get a rare butterfly dead or alive because the

price to be brought by that one specimen is apt to be well worth while but if the hunter has a "butterfly farm" at home,—as most of the experts in this field are coming to have,—he bends every effort to capturing alive the winged beauty, or, better still, several specimens, in the hope that such captives may be made the pioneers in a transplanted colony of the butterflies. However the mere capture of the butterflies, difficult as it may be, is not the sum and substance of the butterfly expert's troubles for if the butterflies are to live and thrive in their new home their keeper must be familiar with their habits and must have transplanted the vegetation necessary to give them the same environment they had in their original home or "something equally as good."

The most beautiful butterflies are the tropical ones and thus it comes about that the butterfly farmer is most eager to stock his farm with the live jewels from Central and South America and the West Indies. Some of these tropical butterflies measure six inches from tip to tip of the wings and they are resplendent in coloring of the most vivid hues. The butterfly dealer must handle his stock with greater care than is bestowed by any other merchant. Of course the butterflies sold to collectors, museums, etc., are dead but extreme care must be exercised in handling lest their delicate wings be broken or crushed. Each butterfly when unmounted is kept in a three-cornered envelope and the butterfly expert likes to mount a valuable specimen as promptly as possible feeling that the treasure is safer in that form. The latest approved method is to mount each butterfly between two glass plates so that both sides of the wonderfully colored wings may be seen. Another style mount consists of a square plaque of plaster into the hollowed side of which a butterfly fits while over the specimen is placed a glass lid which seals it hermetically. This permits butterfly trophies to be hung on the wall like pictures.

The Healing of a Breach
By MARIAN C. WALTON

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"If I were only a man," Ellen exclaimed, her eyes dark with tears. Clayton's eyes twinkled despite their open admiration. "No doubt it is possible to improve on the ways of providence," he said. "Still—in this case, I don't see any misfit."
"Of course not—you believe. Whatever is, is right," Ellen flung at him in a tone meant to be crushing. Clayton took her hands in his, looked carefully at the pink palms, soft as a baby's, at the flbert nails, the tapering tips and went on: "It really seems to me the powers that be knew their business. What could you do with those hands? Besides—men are not allowed to cry merely for getting vexed—nothing short of losing a fortune or a wife excites them for being lachrymose."
"Hush! You are too hateful for anything! Anything!" Ellen burst out. "Of course, if I were a man I shouldn't be the ridiculous nuisance I am—I should have reach and strength of body to match my strength of mind."
"Dear me! Where do you keep it? I always thought you adorably feminine—not the least bit strong-minded," Clayton interrupted, teasingly. "It alarms me—dreadfully—to find myself mistaken. You know I've quite made up my mind to marry you."
"Indeed!" The monosyllable spoke volumes—of scorn, of anger, of smothered satisfaction. Clayton caught the smothered note and smiled covertly.
Ellen saw the smile, read it aright, and grew angrier than ever. "Maybe I am ungrateful," she went on, choking slightly, "but really, it seems to me I have some rights in the case."
"All rights," Clayton conceded, promptly. "But see here, honey-bug,



"SO I OFFER HIM THROUGH YOU MY SINCEREST APOLOGY"

don't, don't let's quarrel, even before we are engaged."
"Then—when can we quarrel?" Ellen demanded. "We surely never will be engaged."
"Do you mean that?" Clayton demanded, a hint of seriousness creeping into his voice.
Ellen looked him up and down. "I mean it. Utterly, positively!" she said. "So I had better say good-by to you—I fancy you won't care to stay for dinner."
"No; but I am not going until you hear me out," Clayton said half sternly. "We have got beyond jesting. Let me state the case. You know I love you—I've been showing it the best I know how this year and better. I think you love me—no matter what you say—now. But you are flouting me, angry with me over the most foolish thing in the world. An old quarrel, one that belongs to the men of your family. If it means anything, I'd joy to take it up. You are precious to me—so precious any hurt or shame or death to you would be worth a man's life if I knew it. But I don't intend to make myself a laughing stock for the county by refusing to speak from the same stand with General Peabody at the rally next week. I want to speak—for many reasons—I ought to do it—it belongs to me as a man and citizen. You wouldn't have me sit back, a snail in my shell."
"I would when that creature Peabody was around. My father simply couldn't wear him. If I were a man I'd show him the blood was true to itself—no Burton ever forgets," Ellen said, her eyes flashing.
Clayton was not sure whether he wanted most to kiss her or to shake her. He compromised by kissing her hands, murmuring fond words as he did it.
She snatched away the hands, saying scornfully: "No doubt you think I'm clay—to be molded as you choose. But this I tell you—and you may believe it—the day you shake hands with General Peabody, that day you cease to be—even an acquaintance of mine."
After the last word she turned away. Clayton whistled, and took an instant departure. He felt he had made the grand mistake of arguing where he should have entreated. "But Nell was always so sensible—until now," he told himself. "How could

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Tea Etiquette in China Some of the Formalities to be Observed at a Business Interview.

It has grown to be customary in the United States to consider any practise of so old a country as China as being of barbaric or heathenish origin and often as crude or uncivilized in its nature. A young American just returning from a three years' business trip in China which took him all over the empire tells of a custom practised by the Chinese which might well be used to advantage in this young and inexperienced republic, where too little time or thought is given to the finer points of etiquette.
When a salesman or person seeking a business interview presents his card at the entrance to a Chinese merchant's place of business the possibility of an audience depends altogether upon how he departs himself while awaiting the return of the card bearer. Should he be so indiscreet as to put one foot over a twelve inch

railing that intervenes between the step and the doorway no manner of persuasion can prevail upon the merchant to grant him an interview.
In case he waits patiently in the space allotted to unknown callers this fact is noted and he is usually ushered in.
Once in there is still a more delicate matter to be disposed of, and in case the newcomer is ignorant of the custom he fares ill with his errand. Immediately upon the caller's entering and taking a seat a servant brings a serving of tea, which includes a small cup for each person present. The point of etiquette demands that this tea shall not be touched until the guest is ready to depart in case the interview has been a pleasant one, in which case the caller is supposed to take up and drink his tea at parting and at this signal all the others do likewise. However, should it

so happen that the Chinaman is not pleased with his caller and is in any way annoyed by him the merchant takes up the tea and begins to drink at once, which act is a direct and decided hint that the interview is ended and has not been to the pleasure of the merchant. The caller is then expected to take his immediate departure.
When a caller has become well acquainted so e of the formality is broken by the Chinese, and on a cold day a cup of tea is served immediately to the guest in a social way. But the "formal" tea is still to be observed and partaken of at parting, irrespective of the cup given to warm and greet the caller on his arrival. This, however, is done only after many visits, when the business dealings have been of such a nature as to warrant friendship and this hospitality.—Youth's Companion.

Training the Modern Child

Two Women of a Past Generation Discuss With Some Regret the Present Methods.
A mother and a mother-in-law living in the same house with their respective married son and daughter were, contrary to all generally received ideas of such relationship, the best of friends. They sat one evening, after the departure of the young people to the theater, exchanging views upon the difference between old and present-day practices in the bringing up of children.
"Alice just tumbles the baby into his crib," said the maternal grandmother, "shuts the door upon him and leaves him to go to sleep when he gets tired of lying awake. She says she has little enough time for getting ready to go out even then. I always counted upon singing my babies to sleep and enjoyed it as much as they did. My daughter sings a beautiful little lullaby in the parlor to her guests sometimes, but her baby has never heard it."
"I think my son's devotion to me," said the other grandparent, "began when his baby eyes used to devour me with love while I rocked him to

sleep in my arms. I used to look forward to that hour as a recompense for the trials of the tiring day. The present day mothers do not teach the little ones a prayer and haven't time to hear them say it, if they learn one. As for rocking a baby in a cradle you would think it was a crime the way the suggestion is received. They say it injures the brain, as though Shakespeare and the greatest minds the world ever has known weren't rocked in cradles."
"Maybe the death of cradles explains the death of geniuses in these latter days," laughed the other old lady. "There are not as many surely as in the days of lullabies and cradles."
About Diamond Cutting.
In the diamond cutting industry the sawing-machine has superseded the cleaver's hammer and splitter to a large extent during the last few years. To divide diamonds by sawing, a thin disc of steel or phosphor-copper, revolving some 3,000 times a minute, slowly cuts through the diamond in any desired direction.
In Amsterdam, as elsewhere, the diamond industry is for the greater

part in the hands of members of the Jewish community. It was originally a home industry, and was conducted in attics, of which there are many in the old tumbledown houses of Amsterdam. Gradually better workshops were seen to be essential, and the first factory to use steam power was erected in London in 1824, and the first in Amsterdam in 1840. Electricity is now largely used. The largest diamond polishing factory in the world is that of Messrs. Asscher of Paris, and Amsterdam. The total value of diamonds handled in Amsterdam per annum exceeds \$21,250,000, of which the United States, the most important buyer, purchases about \$10,000,000 polished, and \$500,000 rough.
Change Enough.
Walter Winans was talking about our weather.
"American weather," he said, "bears the palm of quick and incredible changes. Its like, in this respect, is found nowhere else in the world. The wife of a friend of mine had Palm Beach or San Barbara in her mind the other day when she said to her husband:
"George, the doctor says I need a change of climate."
"All right, dear," said George. "It's going to be 55 degrees colder tomorrow."