

The Curio and Fire-side.

Curelio.

The importance of this subject, the demand for prompt and persistent action; the absolute necessity of arousing every peach, plum and stone fruit-grower to destroy the curculio, has led the editor of the Herald, as secretary of the St. Joseph Fruit Growers' Association, to issue this extra. Not a single day should be lost for with united action, 5,000 curculios may be killed in a single day.

There is no doubt on this point. This morning John Whitley called at the Herald office and stated that he killed 2,716 curculios about the roots of 200 trees and on the 15th, on the same trees in four hours he killed 1,536 by actual count.

Mr. Whitley also stated that Mr. Ransom, Mr. Bonnelle and himself had in five hours killed upward of 5,000 curculios in a proportion of three small orchards—that he had himself killed in two days of eight hours each killed one half more curculios than were ever taken by three men with the old-fashioned sheet in one week.

Mr. Whitley is one of the most successful and scientific fruit-growers of St. Joseph, whose word is a bond; but he said, "Do not believe me; go to Mr. Ransom's orchard and see for yourself."

Entering Mr. Ransom's orchard, the editor met Dr. Lyman Collins coming out. Dr. Collins is widely known for his successful peach culture.

"Well, doctor, is it a success?" "Most assuredly," I tried the experiment on eight of my trees in the evening and in the morning took one hundred and four curculios. I am going to begin to buy my whole orchard in this manner."

William B. Ransom, the discoverer of the new method of exterminating the curculio, was found on his knees in the back of his orchard, examining his curculio traps. This was at 10 o'clock, a. m., and he had already killed 1,257 on 300 trees.

The editor stepped down and lifted a corn-cob not six inches long, and killed seven curculios.

There is no doubt, whatever that the long desired means of exterminating the curculio is discovered. It is as follows:

Put the orchard in the best order; level down the soil about the root of every peach tree, and smooth a circle for a diameter of two and a half feet from the tree as a center. Have the ground very clean around the base of the tree. Do not leave a single hole next the tree. Leave no place where the curculio can hide, except under the shelter you provide. Now lay close to the tree and close to the ground, about five pieces in a tree, either chip, or bark, or board, or any other material, or old leather, or anything for a cover. The curculio will conceal itself under this shelter, and may be killed by the thousands.

Go around every day and turn over every chip, killing the curculio. They will generally adhere to the chip, but may often be found on the ground under the chip.

Probably no person in the United States has studied the curculio and its habits more closely than William B. Ransom. For fifteen years he has been trying newspaper experiments unsuccessfully.

Last year, when bugging, he discovered that all the curculios hatched in two or three feet of the soil of the peach tree, and on examination found the little Turk sheltered on the trunk and in the holes near the base and the under side near the principal limbs.

For the last fortnight, Mr. Ransom has spent most of the hours of the day lying on the ground in his orchard patiently watching and waiting for the first curculio to show itself.

On the 4th of May a few curculios were discovered singly, and on the 5th a few pairs were found coupling. Constant careful observation has led Mr. Ransom to these conclusions:

In the fall the curculio seek a warm and safe shelter to hibernates. This is either the ground, or leaves, stumps, logs, old fences, woods, or other congenial places of concealment.

The vegetable life calls the curculio forth, and it proceeds to its feeding and breeding grounds. They walk very fast, and they fly and feed generally at night, catching the young and tender leaves. The first warm days this year they fed, then the weather became cold and Mr. Ransom found no indications of their feeding.

Since Friday night, the 13th, the weather being warm, the curculio have been feeding. They scuttled all over the tree to feed and come down toward morning and as late as 7 a. m. to hide.

They crawl on cold days and nights, and hide under the shade of the trunk, waiting to feed when the nights become sufficiently warm.

The curculio uses the green peach only to hold its egg. It sometimes eats the ripe peach, also blackberries, quinces and other fruits.

Some idea of the quantity to be taken from a single tree may be formed from the following: Mr. Ransom states that on the 14th he took 25; on the 15th in the morning, 50; in the evening about sundown, 15; and on the 25th 60 were killed from the same tree; of these 41 were killed in a cluster under a chip 2 by 3 inches.

For the Boys and Girls.

THE TWO HUNGRY KITTENS.

To be recited at a Children's Party. Two kittens grew hungry with licking their feet, And ran around seeking for something to eat. "Meow!" said the curly tail, "I wish I could be a mouse."

"Sh-sh-sh!" cried the smutty nose, "I shall eat mice." The house of the mice was a hole in the floor, So small for the kits to get in at the door, So "puss-in-the-corner" they silently sat, And waited awhile for the mice to get fat.

"Who comes?" cried a beautiful mouse at her chere; The kittens replied, "We are rats if you please." "Not rats," said the nibbler; "your paws are not pink; Your eyes are too big, and your tail has a kink."

"Come out!" quoth the kits, and out tails and eyes Will then look exactly their natural size; Sweet mouse, we invite you to go to the fair, And you shall have plenty of crumbs in your hair!"

The mouse said, "Excuse me, for I am engaged." At which the two kittens grew fiercely engaged; They flew at the mouse-hole and awfully squaled; They fought one another, they tumbled, they sprawled;

They twisted their whiskers, they tangled their tails, Then, sent how they scampered, to milk-pans and pails! The mice and the kittens no longer were ends, Which every one knows, so the story here ends. J. H. S.

KITTY'S RELEASE.

BY V. F. B. "Mew! mew! mew!" faintly the cry reached Tiny's ears.

"Oh, Bessie, don't you hear a kitty cry?" "Bessie listened. 'Mew! mew! mew!' Bessie heard plainly enough, but no kitty was to be seen; and no kitten belonged about Tiny's home (though treasure she had long had coveted), great was the mystery of the pitiful cry.

Now the sound would seem to come from the ceiling, now from the hall, now from the front door-way. The children ran about as if 'hunting the handkerchief,' when guided by the cry, 'hot' and 'cold!'"

At last Tiny was 'hot.' The cry certainly came from the front door. It was open, and Bessie and Tiny looked up the posts, and at the deep peering roof, and all about the winding steps; then ran out on the pavement, where they could look on the roof; but no kitten was to be seen, only the plaintive 'mew! mew!' reached their eager little ears. Presently a sweet little girl from the next door came along.

"Have you seen my kitty?" she said. "She's lost. We had her this morning, but now she isn't anywhere." "She's somewhere," said Tiny; "some kitty is, for we've hunted her ever so long."

Mabel listened. "Mew! mew! mew!" "Yes, that's my Velvet, I'm sure. Where can she be?" "She's right here," said Bessie, putting her hand on a side-post of the door. "She's inside."

"She can't be," said Bessie's father, who had been attracted by the eager children to the door; "there's no place for her to get inside."

"But don't you hear her?" cried Tiny, bending her little body and peering about. "Don't you hear her? Oh! oh! I see her eyes!"

Sure enough, there was a small crack, less than an inch wide, at the top of the door-post, and two bright, anxious eyes glittered through the narrow space.

"I see her! I see her!" cried Mabel; "but oh, she can never get out!" "By this time Mabel's father had reached the spot, and he too saw the eyes through the crack. So Bessie's father and Mabel's father, followed by the excited children, went up stairs and down cellar to see if anywhere there was a possible place of entrance or exit for a Maltess puss—little Tiny consoling herself, if not the rest, by the sage remark:

"I should think if there was a place big enough for her to get in, she could come out there again!" But this was a secret known only to kitty herself, and she seemed to have forgotten it. So Tiny's father got some meat and put on a long stick and held it to the crack. Two little mouse-colored paws seized eagerly, and more was passed out. The puss was satisfied, and all was quiet.

"I guess she's gone at last," said Mabel; "I should think if there was a place big enough for her to get in, she could come out there again!"

But no; after a while the mewling began more mournfully than ever. It was evident something must be done. It was a new doorway, and if kitty hadn't been seen in the morning, she might have been supposed to have been built in some unaccountable way. Well, children, who do you guess she got out? I know I should have to tell you; Bessie's brother, who was now away at school, was quite a little carpenter. He was gone, but the 'senior partner' of his 'firm' was fortunately at home.

So Roger was sent for, and, understanding the errand, came with a narrow saw and an augur, and, standing on a high pair of steps, cut out from the roof of the entrance a square block right by pussy's lookout. Then she came to the little window, and it was good to see her whole face. But oh! it was so far down Fussy never could venture! She would put her head out, peep about, put a paw cautiously over the edge of the hole, and mow sadly. Then Tiny's papa brought a basket and held it up high, close to the little square hole, and down jumped Velvet into the basket, delighted as Paul to escape from his window in a basket, long ago.

Oh, how the children danced and basked over their father as he carried the basket and gave the lost treasure into little Mabel's loving arms.

But I am reminded, by pussy's door with a door, that kittens, as well as children, should mind the old proverb—"Never jump into a well before you are sure you can jump out!"—Young America.

Miscellaneous.

The Proprietor of a Tanyard.

The proprietor of a tanyard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for purpose of attracting attention to the new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were one after the other adopted, and on further consideration rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door post, and stuck a calf's tail in it, with the bushy ends flaunting out. After awhile, he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, dumbly absorbed, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the hide dealer was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning." "Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign. "You want to buy leather?" said the stockholder.

"No." "Do you want to sell hides?" "No." "Perhaps you are a farmer?" "No." "A merchant, may be?" "No." "Are you a doctor?" "No."

"What are you, then?" "I am a hide dealer, having been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger hole!"

The Railroad Kings at War. That eminent railroad potentate Commodore Vanderbilt, says the Sun, is fertile in expedients to make all competing lines pay tribute to the New York Central. In his eager pursuit of his object, however, he sometimes overlooks the mark, as in his contest with the Erie Company. Failing to bring Fisk and Gould to terms, he cut off connection with their road between Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Suspension Bridge. Of course, his refusal to receive passengers and baggage on Erie through the route works injuriously to the interest of the Company, by depriving it of the business of the Great Western Railway of Canada, and compelling the through travel to take the Central and Hudson River lines, or submit to vexatious delays and enhanced rates of fare. This the Commodore believed would put the Erie Company in his power, and compel a compromise. For a week, however, he was mistaken. Fisk and Gould were equal to the emergency. They resolved on obtaining a patent of their own, independent of Central control; and, with their usual promptitude, yesterday signed a contract for a broad gauge line from Buffalo to Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, to be completed in the brief space of ninety days. Already the track has been laid for the length of the route, and the work will be pushed night and day to completion.

No Fee for this Advice. After it is too late to protect them against fraud many of our people lose the important right of being able to sign their signature, when attached to a promissory note, when there is no seal, and the note is transferred to a third party before it becomes due, the maker thereof can offer no defence in law against its payment, no matter that he may have paid most of it to the second party or been wholly swindled in the contract for which it was given. But a seal following his signature, no matter in whose hands he may find his note, serves to the giver thereof the right to prove full or part payment thereof, or the want of consideration therefor. Patent right men, particularly if they are in the swindle, in selling a thing that is not patented or a patent that they have not, they have no right whatever, are always anxious to get notes on time without seals, so that they can readily dispose of them for whatever they will bring, making very large discounts to get the money. A seal protects against this transaction, and every person giving notes ought to know just what they are doing. A little caution in this matter may protect against sharp practice, but can hurt no honest man.

The following story is told of an unlucky Englishman in Paris, who did not know one word of the polite tongue: "Seating himself in a restaurant, he pointed to the first article on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter, who he mistook for a waiter, handed him a fragment of paper on which was written 'What is despised by the pointed to the second line. The waiter brought him a vegetable soup. "Ratier more soup than I want," he thought, but this is the Paris, fashion. He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tallow bath was brought him again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrowroot. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some ground kept for invalid. He determined to get as far from the soup as possible. He pointed, in despair, to the last article on the bill of fare. The waiter politely handed him a bunch of tooth-picks. "This was too much," the Englishman paid his bill and fled.

Trained Dogs in Churches. The new proposed church in Clinton Avenue, Newark, is to be built in the last part of the year. The main floor will have a gallery and 172 pews. The pews will be a gallery around the whole church, with twenty-nine square compartments or stages for families, each capable of holding twelve chairs.

The agricultural worshippers can thus perform their devotion apart from the common throng. The ceiling will be 24 feet high, the gallery 10 feet and 12 feet wide. Dimensions of the church 103 feet by 64. The estimated cost will be \$70,000. The present chapel which is to remain as an extension, cost \$40,000.

A Puzzled Portier. A lady occupying a room, letter B, at a hotel in New York, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B; seven; and if letter B says 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor letter B, because if you let letter B by letter B will be unable to let her pass to Mr. B, who is to call half past ten." The porter is a much better boot-black than orthographer—after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake up letter B or to "let her be."

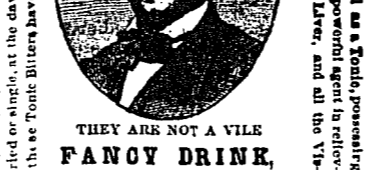
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To Physicians.

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