

very difficult to detect with the naked eye, owing to its color being so much like that of the scale.

"To secure this palm-tree was not an easy matter, it being one of a pair standing on each side of the front-door steps, and the owner did not at first want to part with it under any circumstances. But when I finally offered him a five-dollar bill (Mex.) he changed his mind and let me have it. In another garden I found another old sago-palm tree growing in the open ground, the lower leaves of which were thickly covered with red scale and thousands of the little yellow parasites at work. Owing to its size and age, I could not have the tree dug up, but I cut every infested leaf off and the half I am sending with this. If they reach you in anything like good condition, you should have no difficulty in obtaining thousands of parasites from them. All told, there are seven packages, five of which will have to be placed upon the manifest. One small package contains two species of *Novius* and a few slides, together with a little wild-pear seed.

"The greatest precaution must be taken in the handling of the trees I am sending, as they are attacked by about every species of insects known which attack the citrus-trees, as well as fungi. They should be kept in a closed room under lock and key. The packing and boxes should be burned at once, as the boxes are infested with white ants. And I would advise that, as soon as you secure a stock of the parasites from the trees, the trees be burned up also.

"I am at present in a bad fix in send-

ing things from here to Australia, owing to the blockade of the Suez Canal by a sunken steamer, which will not be cleared out for five or six weeks. There is no chance to send via Colombo, and the boats going direct to Sydney from here have very poor cold-storage accommodations. Having only a very limited stock of the Macao red-scale parasites, and no possibility of finding any more this season, and there being so much need of it both in California and Australia, I have made up my mind to leave here on October 4, with the insects, for Sydney, and breed them on the way upon the infested palm-leaves. From Sydney I can send them north to Perth with safety. . . . It is all very well to visit Chinese seaport towns, but in a region where you seldom see any Europeans it is another matter. One takes his life in his hands by going alone to these out-of-the-way places. The better class of the Chinese are a fine race of people and treat you well, but when you get among the coolies in the country districts you are not safe a moment."

The trees of which Mr. Compere writes, bearing the parasites of these two dangerous scales, reached San Francisco in good condition and were placed in the breeding-cases to await the issuance of the parasites. The balance of nature, by Mr. Compere's report, is well maintained in the Chinese districts where the scale and the parasite are found together, and there appears to be no reason why the distribution of the parasites over the infested regions of California should not result in the control of the pest.

W. S. Harwood.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Uncle Sam to his Best Girl

NOTE. The Yankee school-marm has become a power in the Philippines.

HERE 'S to the best of my very best—
To the girl with the spirit to
Pull out from the old things of the West
And go to the East and the new;
To take to the youth of the Orient
Her Yankee ways and the heart
To teach them what
A kid has got
To tackle to get a start.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

Her scepter 's a switch, and where she rules
The little and big must obey;
She bosses the best in the white man's schools,
And the yellow must come her way.
She will show to the kids of the Orient
The paths in which they should tread;
And if they shy,
Her switch will fly
Till their yellow skins are red.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

She steps straight out, prepared to go forth
In her country's cause and its name;

She comes from the South, she comes from
the North,
But she 's Yankee just the same;
And she goes to the far-off Philippines
With her mind made up to guide
Those Philippine youth
To the light and truth,
Or take it out of their hide.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

William J. Lampton.

The Testimony

It has been demonstrated that docking a horse's tail
is a painless operation. *Daily paper.*

THEN up stepped Reggie Toodlekens, the
celebrated whip,
Who 's tooled the good coach *Tally-ho* on
many a summer trip;
He bowed before the jury and he smiled
upon the judge,
And when they asked, "Does docking
hurt?" he answered them, "Oh, fudge!
"I 've driven sixteen hundred steeds and
every one was docked,—
Indeed, had they been otherwise, e'en they
would have been shocked,—
And I assure you—'pon my word, I 'll
gladly swear to it—
I never felt the slightest pain, not e'en a
tiny bit!"
Then up rose Pauline Vandergold, the
sporting heiress maid,
Who gazed upon the jury with a blue eye
unafraid.
"Does docking hurt?" She giggled then.
"Excuse me if I smile,
But really that 's the funniest thing I 've
heard in quite a while.
"I 've thirty horses in my stalls, O Mr. Law-
yer-man,
And banded is every tail of them from Jessie
V. to Dan;
And though I 've lived among them since
'way back in '93,
Not one of all my equine pets has e'er
complained to me."
Then up spake Mike O'Shaughnessy, a
fresh-faced stable-boy—
A corner he in freckles, with a brogue
without alloy.
"Doos dockin' hur-ur-rt? Will, Oi din-naw!"
he added with a cough;
"Oi niver hod a tail mesilf, so no wan 's cut
it off.
"If Oi'd your job, your honor, judge, a-sittin'
in the chair,
And yours, O jury gentlemin, a-frownin'
over there,

Wid such a ca-ase for sittlemint, Oi rather
t'ink moi course
Would be to l'ave dood witnisses, an' go
an' ashk the horse."

John Kendrick Bangs.

'Lasses an' Buttermilk

DERE 's two things dat we useter hab
Endurin' slave'y time
Dat I ain't neber had none like—
Ha! but dey sho was prime!

De fust was good thick buttermilk,
Right fresh from out de churn:
Ol' mis' was mighty 'ticular
About de tas'e er hern.

An' 'lasses was de udder thing—
An' *good!* Well, I should say!
I 'd give five yehs from off my life
Fo' some er hit to-day.

Dey useter cut de sugah-cane
Right dere on marster's place,
An' I ain't had no 'lasses since
Dat had dat ol'-time tas'e.

Dey say de streets er heaben flow
Wid milk an' honey sweet,
An' *some* folks think dat dem two things
Are mighty hard to beat.

But I cyan't keep from hopin' dat
At leas' *one* street will flow
Wid 'lasses an' fresh buttermilk
Like dat er long ago.

Eloise Lee Sherman.

Progress

TRIUMPHANT ART! Proudly we see to-day
Thy colored pictures in the magazines;
Perfervid pigments vividly portray
The atmosphere of realistic scenes.

Here note a maid, with rich plum-colored
cheek,
Plucking red-flannel roses from a tree;
Green and vermilion clouds with feeling reek,
And pale-pink ships float in an ocher sea.

Again, behold in violet evening dress
A youth beneath an orange chandelier;
His light-green face aglow with happiness,
He murmurs in his love's magenta ear.

What matter, then, the lithographic slips
Which show a bright-green blossom
scarlet-leaved,
Or crimson teeth laughing 'twixt pure white
lips,
Since color-process pictures we 've
achieved?

Carolyn Wells.