The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

JOHN S. RICHARDSON, Jr., Proprietor. | "God—and our Native Land." | WASHINGTON LOGAN Publisher.

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THE SUMTER BANNER

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday Morning

BY

John S. Richardson, Jr.

TERMS,

DOLLARS in advance, Two Dollars and ... at the expiration of six months or ... at the end of the year.

No ... continued until all arrearages are PAID ... the option of the Proprietor.

All subs... are expected to be paid for in Advance.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square for the first; Fifty cents for the second, and Thirty seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion under three months. Official advertisements inserted at seventy five cents for each insertion.

Single insertions One Dollar per square.

Semi Monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements charged the same as single insertions.

Business cards of five lines and under inserted at Five Dollars a year.

Three Months advertisements.—One square $1 00 two squares $7 00, three squares $10 00, four squares $12 00.

Six Months advertisements.—One square $7 00, two squares $12 00, three squares $16 00, and four squares $20 00.

Yearly advertisements with the privilege of changing three times, one square $10 00, two squares $18 00 three squares $25 00, four quares $30 00, and five squares $31 00.

A square to consist of the space occupied by 12 lines of minion type.

All job work, cash, and transient advertising paid for in advance.

Obituary notices and tributes of respect over ... lines charged as advertisements.

... advertisements not marked with the ... of insertions will be published until ... and charged accordingly.

Communications calculated to promote private interest, or recommendations of candidates for offices of honor, profit or trust will be charged for as advertisements

Announcing a candidate Five Dollars a year. For all marriages the printers fee is expected.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner.

To Annie.

BY R.

Mild is the setting sun's attemper'd ray,
Enchilled when he sinks in west to rest his eyes,
Streaking the clouds with beauty's variedies
Calmy bright, and closing gently day;
Sweet is the fragrant breath of jocund May,
As led by spring, she glads our eager eyes,
So long enured to winter's cruelties,
And forced to pine beneath his rugged sway:
Yet not the setting sun's attemper'd beam,
Nor breath as fragrant, of all jocund May,
E'er half so mild, or half so sweet can seem,
As thou, so sweetly fair, so softly gay.
Dear maid, sole object of my love supreme,
My heart to thee shall constant homage pay.

[SELECTED.]

Where is thy Home?

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child
In life's bright morning gay;
"On yonder mountain's brow," she said
And laughing turned away.

I asked a sailor: he replied
"'Tis on the rolling sea;
The freedom of a sailor's life—
The restless waves for me."

I asked an orphan, and he said,
"Alas! I have no home
My friends and parents all are dead,
No place I call my own."

I asked an aged white haired man,
And what was his reply?
Upwards he pointed, smiled, and said,
"My home is in the sky

"My heart is there, and all I love
Have left me long ago,
To dwell with Christ, their Savior there
Soon shall I follow too."

... one dear reader? say;
... or here?
... rth must fade away,
Must quietly disappear!

Then fix thy heart on things above;
Thou art a stranger here;
And let thy only object be
To find a mansion there.

Adventure With Buffalo.

BY A FRONTIER TRAPPER.

I was travelling with Bent's train from Independence to Santa Fe. One evening after the wagons had corralled, and my animal had got some rest and a bite of corn, I leaped into the saddle, and set out to see if I could find some thing fresh for my own supper. It was a rolling prairie, and the camp was soon hidden from my sight—as it lay in a hollow between two swells. Trusting to the sky for my direction, therefore, I continued on.—After riding about a mile, I should think, I came upon buffalo signs. It was not the first time for me, and I saw at a glance that the sign was fresh. There were several wallows; and I could tell by the tracks in the dust there had been nothing but bulls in that quarter. A cow track would have pleased me better; but after all, thought I, a fresh bull's tongue for a chance is better than salt bacon; so I followed the trail in hopes of getting one. Shortly after, I came to a place where the ground was ploughed up, as if a drove of hogs had been rooting it. Here there had been a terrible fight among the bulls—it was the rutting season, when such conflicts occur. This augured well. Perhaps there are cows in the neighborhood, reasoned I, as I gave the spur to the horse, and followed the trail with more spirit.

I had ridden full five miles from the camp, when my attention was attracted by an odd noise ahead of me.—There was a ridge in front that prevented me from seeing what produced the noise; but I knew what it was—it was the bellowing of a buffalo bull.—At intervals there were quick shocks, as of two hard substances coming in violent contact with each other. I mounted the ridge with caution, and looked over its crest. There was a valley beyond; a cloud of dust was rising out of its bottom, and in the midst of this I could distinguish two huge forms—dark and hirsute. I saw at once that they were a pair of bulls in battle engaged in a fierce fight.—They were alone; there were no others in sight, either in the valley or on the prairie.

I did not halt longer than to see that the cap was on my rifle, and to cock the piece. Occupied as the animal were, I did not imagine they would heed me; or, if they should attempt flight, I knew I could easily overtake one or the other; so, without further hesitation or precaution, I rode towards them. Contrary to my expectation, they both winded me, and started off. The wind was blowing freshly towards them, and the sun had thrown my shadow before them, so as to draw their attention. They did not run, however, as if badly scared; on the contrary, they went on, apparently indignant at being disturbed in their fight; and ever now and then bull came round with short turnings, snorted, and struck the prairie with their hoofs in a violent and angry manner. Once or twice, I fancied they were going to charge back upon me; and had I been otherwise than well mounted, I should have been very chary of risking such an encounter. A more formidable pair of antagonists, as far as appearance went, could not have been well conceived. The huge size, their shaggy fronts, and fierce glaring eye balls, gave them a wild and malicious seeming, which was heightened by their bellowing, and the threatened attitudes in which they continually placed themselves.

Feeling quite safe in my saddle, I galloped up to the nearest, and sent my bullet into his ribs. It did the work. He fell to his knees—rose again—spread out his legs, as if to prevent a second fall—rocked from side to side like a cradle—again came to his knees; and after remaining in this position for some minutes, with the blood running from his nostrils, rolled quietly over on his shoulder, and lay dead.

I had watched these manœuvres with interest, and permitted the second bull to make his escape; a side glance had shown me the latter disappearing over the crest of the swell. I did not care to follow him, as my horse was somewhat jaded, and I knew it would cost me a sharp gallop to come up with him again; so I thought no more of him at that time, but alighted and prepared to deal with the one already slain. There stood a solitary tree near the spot—it was a stunted one. There were others upon the prairie, but they were distant; this one was not twenty yards from the carcase. I led my horse up to it, and taking the trail rope from the horn of the saddle made one end fast to the bit ring, and the other to the tree. I then went back, drew my knife, and prepared to cut the buffalo.

I had hardly whetted my blade when a noise from behind caused me to leap to an upright attitude, and look round; at the first glance I comprehended all. A huge dark object was passing the crest of the ridge, and rushing down the hill toward the spot where I stood. It was the buffalo bull, the same that had just left me. The sight at first thought rather pleased me than otherwise. Although I did not want any more meat, I should have the triumph of carrying two tongues instead of one to camp. I therefore hurriedly sheathed my knife and laid hold of my rifle, which, according to custom, I had taken the precaution to re load. I hesitated a moment whether to run to my horse and mount him or to fire from where I stood; that question, however, was settled by the buffalo. The tree and the horse were to one side of the direction to which he was running, but being attracted by the loud snorting of the latter, which had begun to pitch and plunge violently, and deeming it perhaps a challenge, he suddenly swerved from his course, and ran full tilt upon the horse. The latter shot out instantly to the full length of the trail rope—a heavy "pluck" sounded in my ears, and the next instant I saw my horse part from the tree, and scour off over the prairie. I had knotted the rope negligently upon the bit ring, and the knot had come undone.

I was chagrined, but not alarmed as yet. My horse would no doubt follow back his own trail, and at the worst I should only have to walk to the camp. I should have the satisfaction of punishing the buffalo for the trick he had served me; and with this design, I turned towards him. I saw that he had not followed the horse, but was again heading himself in my direction. Now, for the first time, it occurred to me that I was in some thing of a scrape. The bull was coming furiously on. Should my shot miss, or even should it only wound him, how was I to escape? I knew that he could overtake me in three minutes; I knew that well.

I had not much time for reflection—not a moment—in fact the infuriated animal was within ten paces of me; I raised my rifle, aimed at his fore shoulder, and fired. I saw that I had hit him, but, to my dismay, he neither fell nor stumbled, but continued to charge forward more furiously than ever. To reload was impossible. My pistols had gone off with my horse and holsters. Even to reach the tree was impossible; the bull was between it and me. Right in the opposite direction was the only thing that held out any prospect of five minutes' safety. I turned and ran. I can run as fast as most men—and upon that occasion I did my best. It would have put Gildersleeve into a white sweat to have distanced me—but I had not been two minutes at it when I felt conscious that the buffalo gained upon me, and was almost treading upon my heels. I knew it only by my ears—I dared not spare time to look back.

At this moment an object appeared before me that promised, one way or another, to interrupt the chase; it was a ditch or gully, that intersected my path at right angles. It was several feet in depth, dry at the bottom, and with perpendicular sides. I was almost upon its edge before I noticed it; but the moment it came under my eye, I saw that it offered the means of a temporary safety at least. If I could only leap this gully, I felt satisfied that the buffalo could not. It was a sharp leap—at least seventeen feet from cheek to cheek; but I had done more than that in my time; and, without halting in my gait, I ran forward to the edge and sprang over. I alighted cleverly upon the opposite bank; where I stopped, and turned round to watch my pursuer. I now ascertained how near my end I had been; the bull was already up to the gully; had I not made my leap the instant I did, I should have been by that time dancing upon his horns.—He himself had baulked at the leap—the deep chasm like cleft had awed him.

He saw that he could not clear it, and now stood upon the opposite bank, with head lowered, and sparkling nostrils, his tail lashing his smooth flanks, while his glaring black eyes expressed the full measure of his baffled rage. I remarked that my shot had taken effect in his shoulder, as the blood trickled from his long hair. I had almost begun to congratulate myself on having escaped, when a hurried glance to the right and another to the left cut short my happiness. I saw that on both sides, at a distance of less than fifty paces, the gully shallowed out into the plain, where it ended; at either end it was, of course, passable. The bull observed this almost at the same time as myself; and suddenly turning away from the brink, he ran along the edge of the chasm, evidently with the intention of turning it. In less than a minute's time we were once more on the same side, and my situation appeared as terrible as ever, but stepping back for a short run, I released the chasm, and again we stood on opposite sides.

During all these manœuvres I had held on to my rifle; and, seeing now that I might have time to load it, I commenced feeling for my powder horn. To my astonishment, I could not lay my hands upon it; I looked down to my breast for the sling—it was not there; belt and bullet pouch, too—all were gone! I remembered lifting them over my head, when I set about cutting the dead bull. They were lying by the carcase. This discovery was a new source of chagrin; but for my negligence I could now have mastered my antagonist. To reach the ammunition would be impossible; I should be overtaken before I had got half way to it. I was not allowed much time to indulge in my regrets; the bull had again turned the ditch, and was once more upon the same side with me, and I was compelled to take another leap. I really do not remember how often I sprang backwards and forwards across that chasm; I should think a score of times at least; I became wearied with the exercise. The leap was just as much as I could do at my best; and as I was growing weaker at each fresh spring, I became satisfied that I should soon leap short and cross myself against the steep rocky sides of the chasm. Should I fall to the bottom, my pursuer could easily reach me by entering at either end, and I began to dread such a finale. The vengeful beast showed no symptoms of tiring. On the contrary, the numerous disappointments seemed only to render him more determined in his resentment.

An idea now suggested itself to my mind. I had looked all round to see if there might not be something that offered a better security. There were trees, but they were too distant; the only one near was that to which my horse had been tied. It was a small one, and, like all of its species, (it was a cotton wood,) its branches branches near the root. I knew that I could clamber up it by embracing the trunk, which was not over ten inches in diameter. Could I only succeed in reaching it, it would at least shelter me better than the ditch, of which I was getting heartily tired. But the question was, could I reach it before the bull? It was about 300 yards off. By proper manœuvring, I should have a start of fifty. Even with that, it would be a "close shave," and it proved so. I arrived at the tree, and sprung up it like a mountebank; but the hot breath of the Buffalo steamed after me as I ascended, and the concussion of his heavy skull against the trunk almost shook me back upon his horns. After a severe effort, I succeeded in lodging myself among the branches.

I was now safe from immediate danger, but how ... I knew from ... that my enemy ... by the tree, perh... would be enough ... it long. I hungered, but a worse appetite tortured me—thirst. The hot sun, the dust, the violent exercise of the past hour, all contributed to make me thirsty. Even then, I would have risked my life for a draught of water. What would it come to should I not be relieved? I had but one hope—that my companions would come to my relief; but I knew that it would not be before morning. They would miss me, of course. Perhaps my horse would return to camp; that would send them out in search of me; but not before night had fallen. In the darkness they could not follow my trail. Could they do so even in the light? This last question, which I had put to myself, startled me. I was just in the condition to look upon the dark side of everything, and it now occurred to me that they might not be able to find me!—There were many possibilities that they might not. There were numerous horse trails on the prairie, where Indians had passed. I saw this when tracing the buffalo. Besides, it might rain in the night, and obliterate them all, my own with the rest. They were not likely to find me by chance. A circle of ten miles in diameter is a large track. It was a rolling prairie, full of inequalities, ridges with valleys between. The tree upon which I was perched stood in the bottom of one of the valleys—it could not be seen from any point over 300 yards distant. Those searching for me might pass within hail, without perceiving either the tree or the valley.

I remained a long time, busied with such gloomy thoughts and forebodings. Night was coming on, but the fierce and obstinate brute showed no disposition to raise the siege. He remained watchful as ever, walking round and round at intervals, lashing his tail, and uttering that snorting sound so well known to the prairie hunter, and which so much resembles the snuffings of hogs when suddenly alarmed.

While watching his manœuvres, an object on the ground drew my attention—it was the trailrope left by my horse. One end of it was fastened round the trunk by a firm knot—the other lay far out upon the prairie, where it had been dragged. My attention had been drawn to it by the bull himself, which he in crossing had noticed, and now and then pawed it with his hoofs.

All at once a bright idea flashed upon me—a sudden hope arose within me—a plan of escape presented itself so feasible and possible, that I leaped in my perch as the thought struck me.

The first step was to get possession of the rope. This was not such an easy matter. The rope was fastened around the tree, but the knot had slipped down the trunk and lay upon the ground. I dared not descend for it.

Necessity soon sugg... lan.—My "picker"—a piece of straight wire with a ring end—hung from one of my breast buttons. This I took hold of, and bent into the shape of a grappling hook. I had no cord, but my knife was still safe in its sheath; and, drawing this, I cut several thongs from the skirt of my buckskin shirt, and knotted them together until they formed a string long enough to reach the ground. To one end, I attached the picker; and then letting it down, I commenced angling for the rope. After a few transverse drags, the hook caught the latter, and I pulled it up into the tree, taking the whole of it in until I held the loose end in my hands. The other end I permitted to remain as it was; I saw it was securely knotted round the trunk, and that was just what I wanted. It was my intention to lasso the bull; and for the purpose I proceeded to make a running noose on the end of the trail-rope. This I executed with great care, and with all my skill. I could depend upon the rope—it was a raw hide—and a better was never twisted; but I knew if anything should chance to slip at a critical moment, it might cost me my life. With this knowledge, therefore, I spliced the eye, and made the knot as firm as possible, and then the loop was reeved through, and the thing was ready.

I could throw a lasso tolerably well, but the branches prevented me from winding it. It was necessary, therefore, to get the animal in a certain position under the tree, which, by shouts and other demonstrations, I at length succeeded in effecting. The moment of success had arrived. He stood almost directly below. The noose was shot down—I had the gratification to see it settle around his neck, and with a quick jerk I tightened it. The rope ran bullishly through the eye, until both eyes and loop were buried beneath the shaggy hair of the animal's neck. It embraced his throat in the right place, and I felt confident that it would hold. The moment it the ... upon ... he ... dashed madly out from the tree, and then commenced running in circles around it. Contrary to my intention, the rope had slipped from my hands at the first drag upon it. My position was rather an unsteady one, for the branches were slender, and I could not manage the matter as well as I could have wished.

But I now felt confident enough—The ball was tethered, and it only remained for me to get out beyond the length of his tether, and take to my heels. My gun lay on one side of the tree, where I had dropped it in my race; this of course I meant to carry off with me. I waited, therefore, until the animal, in one of his circles, had got round to the opposite side, and then slipping down the trunk, I sprang out, picked up my rifle, and ran. I knew the trail rope to be about twenty yards in length, but I ran one hundred at least before making halt. I had even thought of continuing on, as I still could not help some misgivings about the rope.—The ball was one of the largest and strongest I had ever seen. The rope might break, the knot upon the tree might give way, or the noose might slip over his head. Curiosity, however, or rather a desire to be assured of my safety, prompted me to look around, when, to my joy, I beheld the huge monster stretched upon the plain. I could see the rope as taut as a bow string; and the tongue protruding from the animals jaws, showed me that he was strangling himself as fast as I could desire.

At the sight, the idea of buffalo tongue for supper returned in all its vigor; and it now occurred to me that I should eat that very tongue, and no other. I immediately turned in my tracks, ran towards my powder and balls—which in my eagerness to escape I had forgotten all about, seized the horn and pouch, poured in a charge, rammed down a bullet, and then stealing nimbly up behind the still struggling bull, I placed the muzzle within three feet of his brisket, and fired. He gave a death kick or two, and then lay quiet; it was all over with him.

I had the tongue from between his teeth in a twinkling; and proceeding to the other bull, I finished the operation. I commenced groping my way back to the camp; but before I had got halfway, I met several of my companions. My horse had got back a little before sunset—his appearance had of course produced alarm, and half the camp had turned out in search of me. Several who had a relish for fresh meat galloped back to strip the two bulls of the remaining tit bits; but before midnight all had returned; and to the accompaniment of the hump ribs sparring in the cheerful blaze I recounted to my companions the details of my adventure.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

How to Begin Business.—One of the wealthiest merchants of New York city tells us how he commenced business:

I entered a store and asked if a clerk was not wanted. 'No,' in a rough tone, was the answer, all being too busy to bother with me—when I reflected that if they did not want a clerk, they might want a laborer; but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again, 'No, sir,' was the response—when I exclaimed, in despair almost, A laborer! Sir, I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object I want to be useful in business. These last words attracted the attention; and in the end I was hired as a laborer in the basement and sub cellar at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. In the basement and sub cellar I soon attracted the attention of the counting house and chief clerk. I saved enough for my employers in little things wasted to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let any body run out common petty larcenies without remonstrance and threats of exposure, and real exposure if remonstrances would not do.

If I was wanted at 3 A. M., I never growled, but told every body to go home, 'and I will see every thing right.' I loaded off at day break packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short, I soon became indispensable to my employers, and I rose, and rose, until I became head of the house, with money enough as you see, to give me any luxury or any position a mercantile man can desire for himself and children in this great city.

A Suspicious Tavern in New Orleans.—Mr. Wm. H. Magill, an old Texian, now living in Burnett county, and a gentleman in whose statements we place the utmost confidence, related to us circumstances and occurrences connected with a certain house in New Orleans, near the steamboat landing, that demand investigation at the hands of the authorities of that city. Mr. Magill went to the house in question, it being convenient to the landing where he debarked from a Mississippi steamer, with the purpose of remaining until he took passage in Harris & Morgan's steamer, for Galveston; he had under his charge three families of ladies and their children, and several negroes; after breakfast, and while Mr. M. was out on business, the families were shown to their rooms. They found the bedsteads and walls stained with fresh blood and several newly made bullet holes. One of the party in passing through the house saw a lot of negroes secured in a room. In another was a conclave of ruffianly looking men, and in another apartment another man was loading a revolver. The ladies became alarmed, and from the conduct and character of the persons seen about the house Mr. Magill became satisfied that it was no place for him or those under his charge.—On asking for his bill, they having only taken breakfast, the keeper of the house, a woman, exorbitantly demanded $40, which he paid. After leaving the place, Mr. M. was informed that it was a suspicious house, and, if reports were true, his life, if he had money or negroes, might not have been safe. After getting on board the Texas steamer, Mr. M's nephew found some of the same negroes seen at the tavern, on board, and at the instance of Mr. M., he interrogated one of the younger ones as to whom they belonged, &c. The reply was that they were brought to the house in New Orleans from Montgomery, Ala., by a Mr. Shackelford; that on the morning of embarking on the Texas steamer they were told that Mr. Shackelford had sold them and left the city in a steamer before day. Mr. Magill believes that the owner of the negroes has met "foul play," and that they were run off under pretence of a sale. The experiance of other Texicans at some of the New Orleans emigrant stopping places and subsequently with the police, deterred him from having the matter investigated. A Mr. Shackelford, neighbor of Mr. Magill, left the State last summer to buy negroes, and was on his way home about a month ago, and from his failure to return as expected, Mr. M. fears that he may have fallen a victim, at this house. The name of the establishment we deem it proper to withhold, but the above statement should put emigrants passing through New Orleans on their guard against suspicious taverns, and they should not stop at any place purporting to be a public house, without first enquiring its reputation.—*Houston Tel.*

Ill news are swallow winged, but what is good walks on crutches.

Russian Discipline.—No army in Europe equals the Russian, in the resemblance it bears to a machine moved by the word of command. An amusing instance of this is given in a French work published some time ago. It occurred when the Empress Elizabeth was carrying on a war against the King of Prussia. The army being then on the frontiers of Germany, a small piquet was placed at some distance from the camp, with a view of waiting the motions of the Russian troops. The soldiers employed in the service were supplied with provisions for 24 hours. The enemy, however, came on unexpectedly from a different quarter, and a battle ensued, which entirely drove from the mind of the commander all thoughts of his piquet. Some days after, however, recollecting the circumstance, he caused enquiries to be made through the army, if any one had seen or heard of it. The answers were all in the negative; upon which a messenger was dispatched to the place where they had been stationed, where accordingly they were found, fixed to the spot, and reduced to the last extremity of hunger, but never thinking of removing. On their being asked, why when their provision failed they had not returned to the camp!—they were astonished at the question—they had no orders!

Artful Expedient.—A laborer in Italy, employed in throwing down rubbish from a house, called to the passengers to take care; but one of them paying no attention to the warning, was wounded by a stone. He cited the man at the court of justice, and demanded damages. A celebrated advocate undertook the defence of the laborer; but finding it impossible to prove that his client had really warned the passenger to take care, he had recourse to an expedient to gain his object.

When the case ... come to be tried, and the ... why he had thrown ... so heedlessly, he stood ... tionless. The Judge repeated his question, but he maintained an obstinate silence; and when the Judge expressed his surprise at it, the advocate said that his client was, unfortunately, deaf and dumb.

"No, no," exclaimed the plaintiff, off his guard, "it is false, it is an evasion; I myself heard him very plainly say, 'Take care!'"

"And why, then, did you not follow his warnings?" said the Judge, smiling, as he dismissed the case.

Tom Moore.—Alluding to Tom Moore, Mr. Irving said he took extraordinary pains with all he wrote. He used to compose his poetry walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden, and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanzas polished to his mind he would go to a little summer house near by, and write it ... He used to think ten lines a ... work, and would keep the ... by him for weeks, waiting ... word. On one occasion he was riding with Mr. Moore in a cab, in Paris, and the driver carelessly drove into a hole in the pavement, which gave the vehicle a tremendous jolt. Moore was tossed aloft, and on regaining his seat, exclaimed, "By Jove! I've got it." "Got what?" said his companion in some alarm. "My word," was the reply. "I have been trying for it these six weeks, and now that rascal has jolted it out of me." On reaching his room, Moore inserted the word, and immediately despatched the finished song to the publisher in London. "Moore," added Mr. Irving, was a most captivating companion, and the sweetest ballad singer I ever heard.—No one could forget him that heard him sing."

Insects destroyed by Ants.—A correspondent of the Chicago *Prairie Farmer*, writing from Freeport, says:

"I have noticed in the far West, that in certain localities, where the ant existed in great numbers, a very considerable absence of insect life; this may have been accidental, but I am persuaded that the ant has something to do with it.

"If any person will take the trouble to observe their operations, he will readily comprehend how they will be able to destroy incredible numbers of insects in all their various forms—eggs, pupa, larva and perfect form.

"I have seen buffalo robes and blankets covered with vermin, completely cleared of the "nasty varmints" in a remarkable short time.

"In observing their perpetually moving columns on trees, we will at once perceive that their principal prey from the tree is insect life.

"Query—Will they not prove a valuable assistant in the destruction of the bark louse? Would not a few ant hills, planted, protected and cultivated (!) in the orchard, destroy more curculio in a season than our average farmers are likely to?

THIS PAGE CONTAINS ...