

cluding gold seekers from America, Australia and England, whose modern progressive go-ahead ideas, fairly made the mossbacked Boers sit up and rub their eyes with astonishment. Railways were demanded; that was preposterous, it would ruin the transport riders (freighters) who made up the larger proportion of the Africander population of the Transvaal. Bridges were urged—"stuff a useless expense—our fathers got along without them, why not we?" Laws were made making the burden of taxation fall upon the shoulders of the alien mining population; at the same time, all privileges to have a voice in the government and vote, which these heavy taxpayers demanded, was made practically beyond their reach and this state of affairs has been growing worse since '90, until it culminated in Dr. Jamison's fatal expedition on behalf of the chartered company's police, ten days ago. Had the program been carried out in its entirety and the mining population, 15,000 strong, risen and outflanked the Boer ambush, a new progressive hustling republic would have been the sequel.

Taken as a class the Boers are a rough, uncouth lot of people with very few exceptions. After being in daily contact with them for a couple of years, I cannot recall any individual bright flights of eloquence or intellect on their part. From the fact that they are farmers more or less isolated from the outside world, their conversation never soars above cattle and horses, lungsick and redwater. A big percentage of them can neither read nor write and when told about modern inventions and distant lands they smile in an incredulous manner. Like the Hottentots, they are superstitious to an absurd extent. Modern inventions are looked upon as flying in the face of Providence. As for railways they are thought to be instigated by the evil one to ruin the transport riders.

I have in my mind's eye a typical Boer farm, say on the Karroo. You have been riding for an hour, and on all sides of you stretch out the veldt dotted here and there with conical shaped hills called Kopjes, which apparently are composed of huge boulders ranging in size from a house to a coal oil can, that appear to have been thus piled three or four hundred feet high by giant hands. The whole landscape seems to quiver under the brassy sun. Not a sound is heard but the occasional chirrup of a cricket, the squeak of your saddle and the patter of your horses' hoofs. Yes, there is a faint bark of a dog heard in the distance. On rounding a spur of a kopje, a low looking white stone house, with its adjacent sheds, Kraals, ostrich camps and Kaffir huts lies before you. According to Africander rules of hospitality you ride up and dismount amidst an assortment of yelping mongrel curs. A Hottentot boy clad in a fragment of a cast-off shirt and fresh air takes your steed. Ten to one no one will appear, so you stride on to the stoep and through the door. Ten to one again Oom Paul and family will be sitting in the room drinking coffee minus milk and sugar amidst a cloud of tobacco smoke and flies (screen doors are unknown in South Africa). Pater familias grunts "daag," and you proceed to make a circuit and touch the outstretched hands of the entire family, including the juveniles who are always omnipresent. They

all sit still and stare you out of countenance or make derogatory remarks in Dutch.

Silence reigns supreme for minutes. Finally you are offered a cup of awful coffee, and by degrees mine host starts the conversation by asking your name, occupation, age, destination, state of your finances, married or single, and other questions that would make the most callous census taker green with envy. Finally if you happen to be of foreign birth, you get nicknamed, rooinek "red-neck," because the way tenderfoot newcomer's necks burn in the sun.

Whilst on the coffee subject I highly offended a Boer family by refusing to participate. I caught the frau in the very act of wiping my cup, preparatory to filling it, with a napkin she had been using to wipe her opthalmic eyes with, just previously.

A visit to a Boer family is, to say the least of it a very trying ordeal until one gets versed in Africander etiquette. Lumber being a scarce commodity, the floors are constructed from a concoction of pulverized ant heap, cow dung and bullock's blood which forms a glossy cement-like surface. For fuel, the cattle and stock kraals are cleaned out twice a year, the deposit being cut up into blocks, that burn readily.

Taken as a representative class of people, the Boers are a phlegmatic, easy-going, hospitable and when they take a fancy to one, staunch race. The men are all good riders and wondrous shots, with mighty frames and hands like shoulders of mutton. The majority of them make their own shoes, veldtschoens, from undressed hides. They one and all entertain a great antipathy for the natives. The feminine portion of the community, like their consorts, have a tendency to accumulate avoirdupois, a three hundred pound "frau" being of so common occurrence as to cease causing comment.

GEORGE E. CARPENTER.

FRUIT TREE INSPECTION

County Fruit Tree Inspector Fred W. Price has filed his annual report with the county court for 1895. It is as follows:

In compliance with the request of your honorable body, I herewith submit for your consideration my report. The horticultural law has demonstrated beyond a doubt that it is the one thing needed to protect the horticultural interests of Utah. It is one of the most beneficial laws ever enacted by our Territorial Legislature. For the first time, I believe, in the history of the State we have been able to supply our own market with apples, pears, etc., as well as having shipped some to other states. The average proportion saved where the trees have been cared for has been from 85 to 95 per cent. In a few isolated cases there have been complaints that the spraying has not done the amount of good claimed for it. In all such cases I have found that the work has not been done properly. Squirting a few quarts of water at a tree as you go past it is not spraying. A tree is thoroughly sprayed when it is wet all over, on all branches and on both sides of the leaves. An insect is not killed until the poison is placed where the insect is. Bugs do not search for the poison in order that they may accommodate the orchardist by committing suicide. The one spot which is not sprayed may be the very

place where one of the many pests is getting his dinner.

Where the work has been done thoroughly and honestly, magnificent results have been attained.

I cannot lay too much stress upon the proper pruning and cultivating of the tree. It is of equally as much importance as the spraying. The winter work, unfortunately, has been retarded by the decision of Judge Merritt. A large number of progressive orchardists have gone ahead with the work notwithstanding the decision of the court, but complain greatly that their neighbors cannot be compelled to do likewise. The only practical time to fight the sap-sucking insects is in the late fall, winter or early spring, before the buds swell, or any time while the tree is dormant, because then you can use poisons a great deal stronger than at any other time and also place coatings over the myriads of eggs that are laid in the fall, thus preventing them from hatching. A few seasons work would practically exterminate that class of insects.

The fruit imported into the Territory upon the whole has been good, with the exception of the early peaches and apricots that were shipped here from California. They were generally in bad condition, being covered with shot-hole fungus, birds-eye fungus, etc., and all sold to the unsuspecting consumer. There is only one remedy for diseases of that character, and that is fire, but the law makes no provision for such a cure.

I have kept a comparative table of the results obtained in two of the staple fruits—apples and pears—and find that Salt Lake county raised 43,470 bushels of apples in 1894, as compared with 90,000 bushels during the year just ended. In 1894 the number of bushels of pears reached 1,665, while the yield last year was 4,000 bushels. Fully one-half of this has gone upon the market and the balance has been converted into cider and vinegar.

I wish to call attention at this time to the nursery business of this county. We have as fine nurseries right here at home as they have in any other state, and we can furnish the horticulturist with any tree or shrub desired. This is a very important matter, as the fruit grower not only buys trees that are acclimated, but also prevents the introduction of diseases and pests from other sections of the country. There was sold by the various nurseries of this county a total of 570,000 trees. There was imported into this county a total of 85,000 trees, most of which came from California, Oregon and adjoining counties. There were planted in this county during the year about 120,000 trees, outside of the nurseries. Most of the trees planted were one and two-year-olds, and it will be but a short time, if the proper and beneficial laws are enacted, when this county and State will rival any county or state in the Union for the excellence and quantity of her fruits.

Before closing, I wish to call the people's attention to the fact that they cannot expect the spraying to be an unequalled success if they do not keep up their arsenical spraying throughout the entire season or as long as the thermometer registers a temperature of 60 degrees at night. There is no necessity to commence arsenical spraying until all the trees are through blooming, because there is nothing to fight. No leaf or fruit-eating insect puts in an appearance until after that time.

I also want to caution the public against certain unscrupulous sprayers. If you cannot attend to your own orchard inquire very closely into his record as a sprayer, or better still, make him produce a certificate from the county court or the fruit tree inspector before allowing him to work. The law should be so