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Late English papers contain an order from the privy council which requires every local authority in England, Wales and Scotland to slaughter within two days of the existence of the disease becoming known to them all swine affected with swine fever, and all swine which have been in contact with such affected swine, the compensation in the former case being fixed at one-half the value of the animal and in the latter case at the full value.

Pagan Myo, on the bank of the Irrawaddy, just above Miala, and now in possession of the British troops, is the ancient capital of Burmah and in ruins. It extends for two miles along the river and is choked with jungle. Its pagodas are almost countless, and one of them ranks next to the famous Taj Mahal. The neighboring hills are dotted with ruined pagodas razed by the hill tribes (who are not Buddhists) for the sake of the gold and silver images of Gautama buried beneath each when it was founded.

The supreme court of Indiana has just decided that where property has been destroyed by fire from sparks negligently permitted to escape from a locomotive the owner may recover its full value from the railway company, notwithstanding the fact that the property was fully insured and the insurance company had paid the loss. In other words, if a person happens to be lucky enough to have his building burned by a chance spark, and also has it insured in a solvent company, he may get twice its value in solid cash.

A company of Americans are to lay a paper railway in Russia. The uses of paper are becoming amazingly extended, and will be likely to do some queer tricks with rhetoric as people now may think. Perhaps it will not seem strange some years hence to read in a newspaper of a locomotive "fiercely flagellating the all-enduring paper rails, and striking fire and thunder from them at every mighty bound," but it seems now as though it would. Inevitably cannon balls will come to be made of paper, and the New Yorker of the future may learn with sorrow and alarm of the demolition of Fort Hamilton by the "heavy paper hail" poured upon it by a hostile vessel lying far out at sea.

Now, when the mercury sinks out of sight and the water-pipes freeze up, there is a timely renewal of the proposition to dam the Strait of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador, so as to deflect the Arctic current which now passes through, turning it eastward and allowing the warm water of the Gulf Stream to flow northward close to the shores. It is claimed that this warding off of the frigid waters would give a mild and genial climate from Nova Scotia to Cape Hatteras, like that of Spain and Northern Italy in the same latitude. This stringing of new isothermal lines will be expensive, and the scheme is not likely to prosper. But it is better to dam the Strait of Belle Isle than to imprecate the weather.

During the past decade the savings banks of the United States have decreased to the number of fifty, while their total resources have increased \$227,000,000, and the aggregate amount of their deposits \$189,000,000. The average amount to each depositor has fluctuated from \$352 to \$356. From the best information obtainable the number of savings banks at the present time, by geographical divisions, is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Region, No., Capital. Totals: 631 \$4,000,000

Of the total number of savings banks about 500 are without capital, which explains in the table above the small amount of total capital.

The territory of Alaska is so far away and in the popular imagination is so closely associated with polar bears and everlasting snows that, though it is part and parcel of the United States of America, but little is known of it by Americans. There are reasons now for the belief that at no distant day Alaska will be more familiar to the people under whose protection it was placed by the purchase of 1867, and it would not be surprising if, in the development of its undoubted mineral and timber resources, it should become ere long an important and influential State. The territory is of vast extent, having more than 4,000 miles of seacoast, and so varied is its climate that, while portions of it are a most uninhabitable, other sections are, by reason of the warm currents from the Pacific ocean, made as salubrious as the middle Southern States.

The most dangerous counterfeit of a United States coin is a \$5 gold piece that is supposed to have been made through the rascality of some employes in the New Orleans mint. It was made with the genuine stamp. The outside is of 900 fine gold and the inside of spelta and platinum. There are hundreds of thousands of them in circulation.

M. de Lesseps, the great constructor of canals, has been making some statements that agriculturists might think of with profit. He says that one pound of flour is worth three pounds of beef. He asks why cereals are fed to cattle, hogs and sheep. "Why not," he says, "eat the grain instead of feeding it to animals?" He says that England is supporting \$2,000,000 cattle, sheep and hogs upon cereals she herself raises, while she imports flour from America to feed her people.

The New York Times declares that "all the most successful farmers are now specialists. One grows apples and pears, and his name is well known in the markets at home and abroad, for thousands of barrels of choice fruit bearing his name are scattered over two continents. Another produces fine butter, and has a steady and regular market for his product. One grows potatoes and sells several thousand dollars' worth every year. Others breed stock, horses, cattle, sheep, and some poultry and hogs, but all gain a reputation in their own ways and have a sure and wide outlet for their products. It must now be so with the majority of farmers, for they have been cast adrift from their old landmark and have fallen into a network of cross currents which carry them wholly away from their former courses. An instance of this is the dairy, which is wholly at the mercy of a substituted artificial product against which there is no possible competition excepting by making the choicest quality of butter and cheese.

Ohio river flat-boatmen in old times used to have a saying, and believed in it too, that "water is clean after it has flowed over nine stones, no matter what it was before." "It would be comforting to fastidious New Yorkers," says a metropolitan paper, "if they had some such conviction as an offset to the hideous information made public by Inspector Lewis, of the health department, to the effect that "the territory from which the Croton water supplies is obtained embraces cesspools, barnyards, 9,455 cows, 1,244 horses, 1,500 pigs, and 20 sheep, and a population of 20,000 persons with their dwellings." The first thing we know some Philadelphia newspaper will be finding out about this and saying: "Why! Hello! Croton water is as filthy as our own Schuylkill!" This matter of pollution of the water supplies of our large cities is a most momentous one already, and must become more and more serious as our population increases. It is simply amazing, in view of the facts existing, that people are not more generally careful to have thoroughly filtered the water they require for household use.

The Birth of an Iceberg. The birth of a huge iceberg, a phenomenon that has been seen only once or twice by a European, and to a certain extent has remained a matter of theory, was observed by the Danish explorers on the east coast of Greenland last summer. The bergs are formed by breaking off from the perpetual ice of the unexplored interior to the coast and into the sea. The water buoys up the sea end of the glacier until it breaks by its own weight with a noise that sounds like loud thunder miles away. The composition of the water, as the iceberg turns over and over in the effort to attain its balance, is felt to a great distance along the coast. The natives regard it as the work of evil spirits, and believe that to look upon the glacier in its throes is death. The Danish officers, when observing the breaking off of the end of the great glacier Pualsortok through their telescopes, were roughly ordered by their Esquimaux escort, usually submissive enough, to follow their example and turn their backs on the interesting scene. They had happily completed their observations, and avoided an embarrassing conflict with the crew by a seeming compliance with the order.

Chinese Secret Signals. The Chinese wood sawyers have a sort of sign language of their own, in which the signs are made with sticks of cord-wood. When a Chinaman has taken a contract to saw a pile of wood he places several sticks on the top of the pile in a peculiar position, which informs all other Chinamen that the contract has been let, and thus the owner of the wood is kept free from the annoyance of having a dozen Chinamen a day ringing his bell and asking for a job. Should the wood pile belong to a man who is not good pay, several sticks of the wood are arranged by some Chinaman who has been victimized by the party, in such a manner that no other Chinaman will ask for the job of sawing it. Any one who has had a pile of wood lying in front of his premises for several days without some Chinaman applying for the job of sawing it may know that he is down in the black list, and will just pitch in and saw his wood himself.—Portland Oregonian.

THE WELCOME BACK. Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to meet us, Where hands are striving as we come To be the first to greet us. When the world has spent its frowns and wrath And care has been sorely pressing, 'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path And find a friends blessing. Ah, joyfully dear is the homeward track, If we are but sure of a welcome back!

CONQUERED. It might be said of old Sam Sladger that his counting house was his temple, his desk was his altar, his ledger was his Bible, and his money was his god. Next to his money he loved his only child, his daughter Julia. One could hardly realize that Julia was his daughter, or even that she bore the unromantic name of Sladger. She was beautiful, well bred and accomplished, and was sweetly winning in manner. Old Sam had determined that Julia should wed his friend Alderman Chozle, who was worth a mint of money, and would be mayor at no distant day. It was an excellent match from every point of view except one—Julia's. Julia would have nothing to do with Chozle, much less would she marry him. The matter was often debated between father and daughter, if that can be called a debate, which was all command and low voiced argument on the one side, and all tears and silent obstinacy on the other.

Had Chozle had no favored rival in the field it is possible the poor girl might have been bullied into accepting him. But there was a rival. He was an artist. He was very poor. He was a complete failure in his profession. He was exceedingly romantic, and his name was Vandeleur de Vere. Any one must see at once that these were quite good and sufficient reasons for any young man falling in love with him. At any rate they were quite sufficient for Julia.

At last Chozle became too much for Julia, even though she wasn't married to him. Her father seemed all Chozle. Her father served him up at breakfast, at dinner, and between meals. At last this incessant Chozle diet, as it may be called, became intolerable. So Julia went out one fine morning and married Vandeleur de Vere, according to a prearranged plan. "Now, if there was one man old Sam objected to more strongly than another, it was Vandeleur de Vere. He branded him, with fine scorn, as 'one of them good for nothing, ascetic fellows'—by which he was understood to mean the great aesthetic brotherhood in general. When, therefore, he received a letter from his daughter, putting him in possession of the state of affairs, imploring forgiveness for herself and 'darling Van,' the old man's feelings may, to use a novel phrase, be better imagined than described.

In their rooms in a back street, Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur de Vere awaited the outraged parent's reply with a good deal of anxiety. They did not expect that he would come around all at once—that would be too much; but they did hope that he would, after his first fit of passion, accept the inevitable, and his son-in-law. But they were soon undeceived—not quite so soon, however, as might be supposed, for two days elapsed before a letter made its appearance, bearing on the cover the stiff, awkward writing of Samuel Sladger. When it did come, the young couple found it very brief and to the point. It was addressed to Mrs. V. de Vere, and ran as follows:

MARRIAGE—Your favor of the 4th inst. to hand, and contents noted. As you have made your bed, so must you and your vagabond lie. You have not broken my heart by your wicked and disgraceful conduct, but you have closed it against you forever. I am a man of my word: that you know well. I cast you off; I disown you as a daughter. I forbid you or your M. de Vere to set foot in my house under any pretense whatever, and I tell you now, once for all, that you shall never have even one penny piece, or the value of it, from me. It will be quite useless to write to me, as all your letters will be returned unopened.

Writing to the obdurate old man under these circumstances was certainly a forlorn hope, but the young people did write—more than once, and each time the letter was returned unopened.

To do Julia and her husband justice, they bore up under their misfortunes pluckily. Van painted by the perch, rood and acre, but the pictures would not sell. By the time all Julia's trinkets had been turned into money, and actual starvation was staring the young couple in the face—for dealers and art shopkeepers wouldn't even look at poor Van's productions now—the landlady who was getting anxious about the rent, which was rapidly falling in arrears, volunteered this—to Julia—very mysterious piece of advice. "If you can't sell 'em," and she indicated the blushing canvases, "why not spout 'em?" "I beg your pardon, I don't quite understand," replied Julia, looking a good deal bewildered. The landlady, in a tone of ill concealed pity for her lodger's ignorance, explained that "spouting" the pictures meant pledging them at a pawnbroker's for whatever he could be induced to lend upon them.

Julia shrank from the idea at first, and Van was indignant when it was suggested that he should pawn his works of genius just as if they were flat irons or Sunday suits. But Julia had grown more practical of late—was beginning to come out of her shell, as the landlady said—and soon reconciled herself to the notion of obtaining small advances upon her husband's pictures. The work of pledging them was by no means a pleasant one. Only a few pawn brokers here and there could be induced to lend anything upon Van's priceless art treasures. And those who lent anything at all lent very, very little, grumbling that "pictures were a drug in the market," and suggesting that they were prepared to make really liberal advances upon any articles of solid commercial value.

In their keen struggle for life both Van and Julia became smart and artful to a degree which surprised even themselves. Van very soon got to know the sort of pictures upon which most money could be lent, and was lavish in the use of his brightest colors. But to Julia must be given the idea of Van's producing endless copies of his most popular piece—a red-cloaked maiden walking in a gamboge corn field under a brilliant ultra-marine sky. Van soon dropped into the knack of "knocking off" these masterpieces at a terrific rate. He worked upon some half-dozen at once, first putting on six brilliant skies, then calling into being six fields of waving grain, and then introducing into each the simple maiden in the excruciating scarlet cloak.

For many a week did the young people live upon the proceeds of their gaudy manufacture, but there came a time when there was scarcely a pawnbroker in New York who had not in his keeping one of Van's outrages upon nature. But it gradually became harder to part with them, or any picture at all, and the young people were getting terribly anxious about the future.

"Van, dear," said Julia, for the thousandth time, "we must have money somehow. I'm getting desperate. I wish, oh, how I wish I could earn some! But what can I do? I was never taught anything useful. I can play decently, it's true, and I can sing; that's one thing I can do really well. But where can I sing? I have never sung in public. I have no recommendations nor introductions. I shall never make anything by singing."

"I'm afraid you're right, darling," said her husband, gloomily, as he clicked the few half dollars remaining in his pocket. "You could never make a public appearance unless—" and here he smiled at the quaintness of the idea—"unless you make it in the public streets, like that girl we saw with a crowd round her the other night, don't you know? How delighted your amiable parent would be if he knew it. Wonder what he'd do!" Julia was always ready to laugh at a quaint conceit, even in the midst of their poverty. But she did not laugh now. She started as Van spoke, and turned quickly away from the table. Van rose also, went to his case, began misrepresenting nature, and in that pleasing occupation very soon forgot about old Sladger and the cantatrice of the pavement.

All that day Julia was exceedingly quiet and thoughtful. "Van, dear," said Julia, suddenly, when they had been sitting talking for some time after tea, "I'm going out."

"All right," said Van, "I'm ready. Where do you want to go?" "Oh, not far! there are several little things to buy. I can get them quite as well by myself. You needn't come."

"Needs't come! But I don't like your going out alone at night, dear. Beside, why should you go alone?" "For a woman's reason. Because I want to. Now, don't be angry, Van. You must let me have my own way. I won't come to any harm I promise you." And Van gave in, of course.

But he had a fresh remonstrance to make when he saw Julia wrap herself in a faded old black shawl, and put on a bonnet which had long seen not only its best but pretty nearly its worst days. "What on earth are you putting on those wretched old things for?" he inquired. "We are poor enough, goodness knows, but you have some respectable clothes left, anyhow." "For the sake of economy, I don't care how I look about here," and with that she hurried out. Julia walked rapidly, looking neither to the right nor left. She feared if she proceeded slowly, or hesitated, the courage to carry out the resolution she had made might ooze away. At last she arrived near her father's house, a handsome corner building. It was about 9 o'clock, and old Sam and his guests, for he was giving a dinner party, were in the brilliantly lighted dining-room. Sam Sladger had changed a good deal since his daughter's departure from home. He looked aged and haggard. He missed her sorely, and yearned to have her back with him; but he had stuck stubbornly to his determination to have nothing further to do with her. He had found, too, to his bitter annoyance, that the opinion of nearly all his friends was that he had treated his daughter with undue harshness and severity, not to say actual cruelty. He feared that Vandeleur might be driven by poverty to resort to any shady means of getting a living that might present themselves, and he was filled with a vague terror that he might thereby find himself—the respected Sladger—involved indirectly in some scandal brought about by his son-in-law. The old man then was not happy. But on this particular evening he was less unhappy than he had been for a considerable time, for among the guests was one of the "nobs" he worshipped. "Well, as I was saying," remarked the aristocratic gentleman, continuing a

conversation, "there was quite a scene, Regular excitement; everybody upset. I don't say there was anybody in particular to blame. But a scene is a thing I really cannot stand; and so I've never been to the house since."

There was a murmur of applause at this very spirited and aristocratic way of treating the affair, which had hardly died away when Sladger's face suddenly became ashy pale. He listened with feverish eagerness, for it was something he had heard which had caused the blood quickly to leave his cheeks. Yes, there was no mistake. Tremulous and low at first, but growing louder and clearer now, a woman's voice singing a simple ballad could be heard.

There was nothing much in that to other hearers, but there was a good deal in it to old Sladger. It was his daughter's voice. Surely he could not be mistaken. Making some trivial excuse for going to the window, he raised the curtains and looked out. There before his very doorstep, was a small crowd; one of those crowds which spring up in New York as if by magic; and in the center of it was a young woman wrapped in a faded and old black shawl, with a patched and shriveled bonnet on her head. In spite of this it was clear from her general appearance and the timidity of her manner that she was not a woman accustomed to get her living by singing in the streets. Some in the crowd were sympathetic, others were misanthropic, and others again, merely looked on and listened, and wondered vaguely.

Old Sam knew her in a moment. He had not mistaken the voice. It was his daughter he saw before him. He looked out at her for some moments, unable to decide how to act. He must not have a scene, and he must have his daughter. He cursed himself for having held out so long. This sort of thing must be put a stop to, at all hazards. His daughter singing in the streets! It would certainly come to be known and talked about. The scandal would be too great.

Leaving the dining-room with as composed an air as he could assume under the circumstances, he went quietly to the hall door, opened it and passed out. As he did so the song came to an end. Stepping up to his daughter who looked at him with steady eyes, he said aloud: "Very well done, young woman—very well done! You must be tired. Come in and take a little refreshment!" And then, in a tone that reached only her ears, "For heaven's sake, Julia, come into the house and stop this horrible masquerading! You'll disgrace me forever! Don't hesitate or make a scene. I wouldn't have a scene here for anything. I'll take all back I wrote you. I dare say your husband's a very good fellow—in his way. I'll make friends with him too. You shan't want for money, either of you." And so saying, the old man drew her into the house.

What passed between father and daughter then, is, perhaps, hardly worth relating, but a reconciliation must have been effected, for the young couple and the old man are now on the friendliest terms. Strange to relate, Sam has come to be fond of his son-in-law, for Vandeleur has made a name as the founder of a new school of art, by his friends and admirers called the Mystic, and by his detractors called the Moonstruck, and which, whatever its claims to consideration, is talked and written about a great deal, and that is the main thing, after all.

Julia says she has no secrets from her husband, but, all the same, Vandeleur has never learned what became of his wife when she donned the old bonnet and shawl, or how it was that Sam Sladger's heart warmed so suddenly to his runaway daughter and her husband.

Food of the Burmese.

The flesh of the python is much esteemed by the Karens for food, and the gall bladder for medicine. All lizards of the varanide family are highly valued for food, and sought for in hollow trees by the aid of dogs. The Karens steal up the tree with a noose at the end of a bamboo, and snare them while leaping for the water, or catch them in a boat beneath the tree. The head is deemed venomous; but the flesh of the other parts is preferred to fowls. If not needed for immediate consumption, the captive is rendered helpless by breaking some of the toes and knotting the sinews. The eggs are equally esteemed. The padat (Liopelus guttatus) is herbivorous, and in high favor as a viand. The flesh of the mijyoung (Crocodylus), which is very common and reaches thirty feet in length, is in great request for food. A kind of turtle during the inundations becomes scattered about the country, and on the subsidence of the floods, and during the grass burning in April, many are either caught alive, or their scorched bodies are found afterward, and greatly relished by the people. The flesh of the soft turtles is generally eaten by the Burmese, and may be good, though the animals are carnivorous. The leikpeny is algivorous, and is the "edible turtle" of India. The boatmen on the river make it a practice, when mooring at a spot, to hunt in the neighboring thickets for lizards, chameleons, snakes, and similar reptiles, with which they favor the invariable dish of boiled rice. Even lizards found dead are esteemed a great delicacy when cooked. The Burmese exhibit decided peculiarities in their choice of comestibles. There is a small kind of beetle which fabricates balls of clay as a nidus for its progeny. About the same size as tennis balls, and buried them in ground where cattle are stalled. These balls are eagerly sought after by the Burmese for the sake of the dainty grub contained within, which they devour with uncommon relish.—The Field.

Only twenty-five per cent. of the 50,000 Indian children in this country are receiving any education.

LOVE'S APPEAL.

If I should listen, listen, love, With longing ear, in time of leisure, Unto a redbreast's song above, Feeling a thrill at every measure, 'Twould be ingratitude, my love, If, when the song had ceased above, I took the life that gave me pleasure.

But if, when it had died away, And I had listened, listened, love, 'Twere only just if I to pay The redbreast that had made me gay Should build for it a nest above.

Thou, thou has listened, listened, dear, With strange delight, in time of leisure, Unto a love song wondrous clear, And smiled and blushed at every measure. Now, 'twere ingratitude, my dear, When old does seem the song you hear, To wound the heart that gave you pleasure.

But, dear, when it has thrilled its best, And thou hast listened yearningly, 'Twere only just within thy breast To rear for it a gentle nest And soothe the love that sung for thee.—Edward A. Fuller, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is a great deal of Balkan among the war horses of the East. A roadbed is for the convenience of wheels when they are tired.—Pittsburg. A proverb says—Hunger is the best cook. That may be so, but hunger hasn't anything to cook.—Sifting. A New York tailor says every man should have five overcoats. Not a bad idea—from the tailor's standpoint.—Chicago Ledger.

An exchange tells "How to boil onions." What we want is a recipe for boiling the man who eats them.—Burlington Free Press. "I'll drop your acquaintance," remarked the big man as he held one robber by the throat while he knocked down the other one.—Merchant-Traveller.

Oscar Wilde declares that he can see angels where other men see only flesh and blood. A slaughterhouse must look like heaven to him, then.—Loves Olden. Prisoner (desirous of flattering the court)—"I think there is a fine expression in your honor's face." Judge (ur banly)—"So there is, and the fine is \$10 and costs."—Boston Courier.

SHAKESPEARE SLIGHTLY ALTRIED. "He never spoke a word; Cut with a look of deepest melancholy He sat, like Patience on an ottoman, Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."—Lynn Item. A California man has a defect in his eyes which causes him to see every object multiplied nineteen times. He would be a treasure in a thousand ways. What a man to take the Chicago census.—Philadelphia Call.

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful, quietly; "sometimes he indulges too much, doesn't he?" They no longer speak to each other.—Rambler. EPITAPH ON AN HONEST MAN. Here 'mong the dead his body's laid, But his soul is in heaven a dweller; For this man never failed, while he lived, it is said, To return a borrowed umbrella.—Boston Courier.

A South Carolina woman rode twenty-five miles through a drizzling rain to marry the man she loved. Seems as though a man would be rather shy about marrying a woman with so much energy as that.—Burlington Free Press. Ethel—"Mamma, I think Frank means business." Mamma—"Why, what a way to talk, child! But tell me what makes you think so?" Ethel—"He gave me a pair of sleeve buttons last night and they were linked."—Kentucky State Journal.

He asked, "Why is that look of pain Upon thy lovely face?" "I'm me! Why on that brow hath agony Set its corroding trace! Ah! tell me, dear, why misery Thy sinless soul doth blight?" "Oh, darling," she replied, "because My new boots are so tight."—Boston Gazette.

A boy who bought a quart of New Orleans molasses at a Cincinnati grocery store the other day found a diamond ring worth \$900 in the stuff. Grocery clerks should have their rings made to fit tighter—somebody will get choked on a cluster ring yet.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Japan Village Shops.

Japanese villages are full of shops. There is scarcely a house which does not sell something. Where the buyers come from, and how a profit can be made is a mystery. Many of the things are eatables, such as dried fishes, one and a half inches long, impaled on sticks; cakes, sweetmeats composed of rice, flour, and very little sugar; circular lumps of rice dough, called mochi; roots boiled in brine; a white jelly made from beans; and ropes, straw shoes for men and horses, straw cloaks, paper umbrellas, paper waterproofs, toothpicks, paper mouchoirs, tobacco pipes, hairpins, and numerous other trifles made of bamboo, straw, grass and wood. These goods are on stands, and in the room behind, open to the street, and the domestic avocations are going on, and the housewife is usually to be seen boiling water or sewing, with a baby tucked in the back of her dress. A lucifer factory has recently been put up in one place, and in many houses men are cutting up wood into lengths for matches. In others they are husking rice, a very laborious process, in which the grain is poured in a mortar sunk in the floor by a flat-sawed wooden pestle, attached to a long horizontal lever, which is worked by the feet of a man, invariably bared, who stands at the other extremity.