

One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00  
One Square, one inch, one month... 5 00  
One Square, one inch, three months... 10 00  
One Square, one inch, one year... 20 00  
Two Squares, one year... 35 00  
Quarter Column, one year... 80 00  
Half Column, one year... 100 00  
One Column, one year... 150 00  
Local advertisements ten cents per line  
each insertion.  
Marriages and death notices gratis.  
All bills for yearly advertisements collected  
quarterly. Temporary advertisements must  
be paid in advance.  
Job work—cash on delivery.

The number of commercial failures in the United States last year was fifteen per cent. less than in 1897 and forty-two per cent. less than in 1896, and the average liabilities per failure were the lowest on record. Such facts speak volumes for the soundness of present business conditions and the ease of the money market.

In an old paper was found the confident prediction of General Beranger, who had recently been Spain's Secretary of the Navy, that Spain "would conquer on the sea" because "as soon as she opens the crews of the American ships will commence to desert, since among them are people of all nationalities." How curious that forgotten prediction seems now!

Now that we are to have automobile street cars, trucks, cabs, private carriages, drays, wagons, butchers' carts and all the rest, we shall presently be in position to imitate the Chinese, who exclude horses from all city streets. But there is this difference: The Chinese by arbitrary rule have excluded horses for thousands of years when they were needed. We shall not exclude them, but only dispense with their use so far and so fast as we have something better to take their place. But what a relief it will be and what a boon to humanity when our cities cease to be great stables!

The magnitude of the financial operations of the consolidated city of New York is well illustrated by some statistics given in the annual message of the Mayor. The net bonded debt of the city amounted on January 1, 1899, to \$244,220,435.97. Its issues of bonds and corporate stock during the year 1898 amounted to over \$30,000,000, and the provisions of the Board of Estimate for the year 1899 contemplate issues in excess of \$85,000,000. The largest single item in the proposed issues for this year is for school houses and sites for which \$7,673,640 is set apart.

The output of English shipbuilding yards for 1898 was the largest yet recorded, reaching to 802 vessels, aggregating 1,559,125 tons. The unusually large number of warships now building both for British and foreign governments contributed materially to this, but the increase has been due still more to the effort to fill orders in arrears owing to the engineers' strike. The effect of cheaper material is also to be noted, and in this respect the purchases of American ship-plates is a factor to be taken into account. The amount of such purchases is unknown, but they changed conditions of production by entering the market and cutting down the price.

A sad record in criminology is the fact that in fifteen years Russia has sent 624,000 persons to Siberia. The record is relieved of something of its sadness, however, by the consideration that many of these exiles were not criminals really but only adjudged so by the harsh Russian political system. The gloom of the experience was somewhat mitigated too by the devotion of the friends of the exiles, fully 100,000 relatives of prisoners having gone voluntarily into banishment, that they might share with their loved ones the perils and privations of a life in dreary Siberia. The story of Russian despotism is a tale of numerous and varied chapters, involving alike many horrors and many heroisms.

The official reports of the German labor market in 1898, which have just been published, tell a story of steady commercial and industrial prosperity. In almost all branches of industry there was an increase in the number of those employed. The most conspicuous exception was in the textile trade, in which there was a depression, attributed to a diminution in the exports to the United States. In most cases the demand for labor exceeded the supply. In Lorraine Italian labor, which was formerly employed almost solely in building, mining and quarrying operations, was called into requisition for factories and iron works, although the Italian factory hand and iron worker were found to be inferior to the German. In industries where the work is peculiarly hard or disagreeable an increasing scarcity of labor was observed. The general state of the labor market led to a considerable rise in wages in many instances. But the standard of living of the working classes did not show a corresponding improvement. The price of the necessities of life and house rent also rose to an extent which neutralized the higher prices paid for labor. In some industries where activity was very marked there was no general rise in wages, the employers apparently apprehending a reaction.

### THE PRISONER.

A man's skull is his life-long jail;  
Behold its prison bars,  
From its eye-windows, doth the soul  
Peep at the earth and stars;  
But unlike jails of wood or stone,  
Its prisoner ever dwells alone.

Though through its front doors perfumed  
scents  
Are blown from glens of gladness,  
And through its back doors music strains  
Roll in waves of madness,  
And though we hear and heed each tone,  
The prisoner still must dwell alone.

No lover ever knows the soul  
He loves in all its sweetness;  
The fullest love, however strong,  
Is marred by incompleteness;  
No heart is ever fully known,  
The prisoner ever dwells alone.

—Sam Weller Foss.

### A DAY OF WHOLE THINGS.

BY MARY E. MITCHELL.

You can sit down just a moment till I finish the jacket, Miss Florence; there, right by the window! That barrel-chair ain't so uncomfortable as it looks. I'm real mortified you should have to wait when I promised it the first thing, but you see, little Benny Holden is very low and I sat up with him most of the night, and I suppose I slept too long when I lay down in the morning.

"It's a shame for you to do a stitch!" exclaimed Florence, impulsively, as she noticed the red, tired eyes and the pale face. "Ted doesn't really need the jacket to-day."

"It's good in you to say that, but if it ain't the jacket it's something else; I can't afford to lose a whole day." Miss Ferry's needle flew in and out of the fine, blue cloth. "Your little brother'll look real nice in this snuff; he's a handsome boy, anyway," she said.

"How do you like my new gown, Miss Ferry?" asked Florence.

Miss Ferry looked at the girl. The brown hair waved about the soft face; the dark eyes sparkled with happy young life, and the cheeks glowed with healthful color. The new dress was simple, dainty and perfectly adapted to the girlish figure.

"It's sweet!" said Miss Ferry. "It looks just like you."

Florence laughed. "Do you know that's a very pretty compliment?" she said.

"I suppose, now, it's new—all new—not made over or anything?" asked the little seamstress.

"Why, yes," replied Florence, amused at the question. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing; only I was thinking how nice that must be. I never had a new dress in my life."

Florence stared at the small, thin figure. "What do you mean?" she said.

"Just this, dear. I never had a whole new dress in my life."

"I never heard of such a thing!" gasped the girl.

"Very likely not, Miss Florence. Your pa is a rich man and you're his only daughter. There were eleven of us, counting the boys, and little enough to feed and clothe us on. Six girls, and I the youngest. Dresses were handed down from one to another till they were all worn out. My gowns were mostly made of two or three put together. The children used to call me 'Patchwork Quilt.'"

"I remember one dress in particular," she went on smilingly. "I can see just how it looked. The skirt was stripes, the waist was in spots and the sleeves were kind of flowered all over. You see, it was made out of Ellen's and Jane's and Sarah's. Mother was real proud of having made me so neat and comfortable, but I was just mean enough to be ashamed. It makes me feel sorry when I think how hard mother worked for us, and we not half appreciating it."

"Didn't they ever buy you anything new?" exclaimed Florence. "I think they were unkind."

"No, no, dear child! You don't understand. There wasn't much money to spend on clothes, I can tell you. I remember one apron—'Bess,' we called them—that was bought on purpose for me, and I was proud as Punch, till it was made up. It was real pretty, white with narrow blue stripes, but being a remnant there wasn't enough to get it all out. So mother put it on a yoke made of a piece of an old dress of hers—dark brown calico with a yellow figure. Somehow they didn't go together very well!"

"But since you're grown up, Miss Ferry, you must have had new dresses."

"No, Miss Florence, never. I'm forty years old, and I've never had a new dress. You see, Jane got married and so did Sarah. Well, Sarah died and left me all her clothes. Her husband was pretty well off there was some real good things amongst them. Then the other three died here at home, and of course I got all their things, except what I gave to Jane. Jane has a hard time; her husband's a dreadful sipping man. Well, I've been wearing out the clothes ever since, and they ain't all worn out yet."

"It's been lucky for me getting all those clothes—no having so much sickness and not being able to earn right along. But once in a time I get real ungrateful, and think it would be kind of nice to have something new all over—not any scraps or piecings. There, you must think I'm awful complaining!"

"Complaining, Miss Ferry! But why don't you buy yourself a real pretty dress without waiting to use up all those old things?"

"No, dear," said Miss Ferry, "gentle. I need the money for other things. There's bonnets, too," resumed the little woman, biting off a needleful of twist. "I guess there are"

and let in the radiance of the early morning. The sun had risen into a blue and cloudless sky. The feathery tree tops stirred in the gentle breeze, and flower-scents and bird-voices filled the air. It was just the morning to fill one's heart with a pleasant premonition of coming good.

"I feel as if something nice was going to happen!" said Miss Ferry to herself, as she looked out into the beautiful, fresh world. "But there! What am I thinking of? It'll be buttonholes, or maybe Jane'll want me to tend Willie through one of his colic spells!"

Breakfast over, Miss Ferry sat down in her little sewing chair and took up her work; but for some reason the needle would not go, and her thoughts would wander far from the little garment she was fashioning.

She was gazing at the swaying clumps, and her work had fallen from her hands, when a rousing rap at the door started her into the consciousness of the present.

"Good land! What's come?" she exclaimed, springing up, to find that it was only Colonel Heath's coachman with a bundle.

"The work, Mrs. Heath promised me," thought Miss Ferry, as she laid the big parcel on the old lounge. "I don't believe I'll open it now; somehow I don't want to see more work to-day."

In a moment, however, she changed her mind. "Mrs. Heath's real good to me, maybe it's something she wants done right up," and she proceeded to undo the numerous wrappings.

"Seems to me it's done up mighty careful for just being sent down here. What under the sun is it, anyway?" she said aloud, as she took off the cover of the long pasteboard box and unfolded a pretty dark blue dress, all made and finished.

"Something Miss Florence wants altered, I guess. It's too small for Mrs. Heath. Here's the directions," she continued, as an envelope fell from the folds of the skirt.

As she read, her thin face flushed and she laid the note down with a gasp. "Oh, I can't! And after all I've said to her!" she whispered. Then she read it again.

Dear Miss Ferry—I was in the city yesterday and saw this dress, which made me think of you. I thought that as you were so busy taking stitches for other people, perhaps it might be a little help to have something all made up, and I think it will fit you. Will you accept it with my love? Please don't mind my sending it, dear Miss Ferry, for you share so much with others you must let others share with you sometimes.

Mamma wishes me to ask you if you will come and spend this beautiful day with us. We are going to drive in the afternoon to Pine Point, and it will give us so much pleasure to have you with us. Please come and wear the new dress. James will call for you at eleven. Yours very truly,  
FLORENCE W. HEATH.

"The good Lord bless her!" said Miss Ferry, with a little sob. "It seems as if I couldn't take so much from any one, but it would be downright ungrateful not to." And then the joy of possession entered into her soul.

She examined the dress with the appreciation of a skilled seamstress. "Just see those silk facings; and it's finished elegantly. I never expected to live to see this day. And after all my complaining, too! I ain't deserving! But, oh, even Miss Florence can't know what it means to me to have a new dress!"

Promptly at eleven James, impressive in dark blue livery and shining buttons, helped the fluttering little woman, in her trim new suit, into the soft-cushioned carriage.

I am not going to describe the welcome Miss Ferry received at the Heath's; nor the long day of delight she passed in that beautiful home.

It is needless to say that the dainty lunch bore no suggestions of being warmed over, and that beans and hash played no part in the elaborate dinner, like unto none that Miss Ferry had ever before tasted. It was such a satisfaction to rise from the table with a feeling of luxurious leisure! Not even her kind hostess could appreciate what it meant to the little woman to leave the dining-room with no thought of unwashed dishes on her mind.

After lunch came the drive. The roomy victoria rolled over the roads with delightful ease, and the sleek horses, that tossed their heads and shook their glossy manes, bore their load along at a pace that was pleasure to their well-exercised limbs. They drove through pleasant wood roads, and the fragrant breath of the pines was like balm to Miss Ferry's tired lungs. They drove by the beach-bordered bay, and the sea sparkled and danced before them.

It seemed to Miss Ferry that the out-of-door world was never so bright and fresh and clear as it was that afternoon. She lay back in rapt enjoyment, knowing that seams would be less monotonous and buttonholes not so much a nightmare when lightened by the memories of that drive.

When the long day was over and Miss Ferry bade the Heaths good-by, she tried to make plain a little of her gratitude.

"It's the first day of whole things I ever had," said she. "You can't quite guess what that means to me, who hasn't had anything but pieces and patches before; and then she was driven away, smiling through happy tears.

"Well," said Florence, standing out in the moonlight and watching the carriage roll slowly down the drive, "what fun it was! I thought I was the one who was to do the giving, but I declare, I've got lots more than I've given. It's been a day of whole things to me, too—a whole day of good happiness."—Youth's Companion.

"Was that your daughter I saw you with last night?" asked Kip. "No; it was her sister," replied Heep, absently.—Philadelphia North American.

She gazed open the green blinds

### PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

15.—A Metagram.  
Whole I am to abhor, change my head and I successively become destiny, a fruit, a companion, a feminine name and a tax.

16.—A Word Square.  
1. Extended. 2. Elliptical. 3. A boy's name. 4. Joy.

17.—Six Decapitations.  
1. Beheld translucent and leave equitable. 2. To choose and leave to allude. 3. To dishearten and leave a relative. 4. Dextrous and leave a boy's nickname. 5. Acme and leave a number. 6. To ponder and leave to employ.

18.—A Diamond.  
1. A consonant; 2. a drinking cup; 3. a kind of silk; 4. coins; 5. great; 6. to devour; 7. a letter.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.  
15.—Word Half Square—  
COMMIT  
O N I O N  
M I N T  
M O T  
I N T

16.—Curtailments—R r m e. Out-e, Regal-e, Rag-e.  
17.—A Rhomboid—  
B A C O N  
T A P E R  
D E W E Y  
N E V E R  
R E S E T

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The high price of ivory and the great waste of its dust have induced an English manufacturer to offer \$500 for a process of so consolidating the dust that it can be used for making handles. The belief is expressed, however, that although a fortune doubtless would be realized, no process will be found.

A French physician recently reported to the Academie des Sciences the result of his experiments on blind children. Among 204 he found five boys and four girls who were able to recognize the Rougen rays. Some saw the X, cathodic, and fluorescent rays, others only the cathodic and X-rays, and one described them as being of reddish color.

A saw that will cut cold steel hard and for armor plate must be a very good saw. Various attempts to make such an article in this country have been recorded within the last few years. The Bethlehem Iron Works and the Carnegie mills have tried both the foreign and American saws, but now have found a new one, made in this country, that is said to eclipse them all.

Considerable discussion has naturally been elicited by the recent announcement of newly discovered gases in the atmosphere, an especially interesting fact being brought to public notice by Professor Berthelot, viz., that the green line of krypton almost exactly coincides with the green line of the aurora spectrum, and the suggestion is consequently made that the element in question should be called eosin.

A notable advance in the art of making nuts is reported. An Ohio firm has recently completed a machine which produces a complete nut with two movements of the operator, the machinery used heretofore requiring four movements. It is said a boy that can handle the bar of iron and do the feeding can make a ton of nuts a day. The machine has just been completed and put in operation. It is expected it will revolutionize the manufacture of nuts. Large orders from these works have been sent to Leeds, Manchester and other points in England.

The hitherto unavailable forests of the extreme northeast part of Russia in Europe are about to be made accessible, and within a short time the fine redwood trees of those virgin forests bordering on the Arctic Circle will be put upon the English and other European markets in the shape of lumber. A commission has been granted to a strong Swedish company, with cutting rights, to fell about one million trees in the basin of the Petchora River, and arrangements have been made for transportation of the logs down to the mouth of the river and along the coast westward to the port of Oserka, on the Murman coast, Kola Peninsula, within a few hours' steaming of the Norwegian frontier.

An Eastern Romance.  
The Dutch Panglima Kinta, a member of the State Council at Perak, whose first wife died about two months ago, is so grieved at her loss that he has had erected a temporary house over her grave, and will live there for three months and ten days. The Malays of Ipoh are treated to a feast every Friday, and a buffalo is killed weekly for this purpose.—Perak Pioneer.

Newspaper Writers' Union Organized.  
A Newspaper Writers' Union was organized recently in New York City under a charter from the International Typographical Union. The objects of the union, its constitution states, are, among other things, to raise the status of newspaper men and improve their condition. It was stated that the union expects to have over 100 charter members.

### REGULARS ARE GOOD NOW.

A Great Decrease in Trials in the Army, Especially in the Fighting Year.

The American regular army soldier has been growing better steadily since 1893. The last report of the Judge Advocate General of the army shows a decrease in the number of trials by general courts-martial every year since then. There were twenty-eight general courts-martial in 1893 than in 1892. In 1894 there were nine fewer than in 1893. In 1895 there were 481 fewer than in 1894. In 1896 there were 242 fewer than in 1895. In 1897 there were 102 fewer than in 1896 and in 1898 there were 139 fewer than in 1897. So in the six years there was a total decrease of nearly 1000. That is to say, whereas in 1892 there were 2242, there were last year only 1242, and this in spite of the fact that last year the regular army numbered 55,365, or more than 30,000 more than in 1892.

The principal offence of the regular was being absent from post without leave. The record shows that 238 men were accused of this offence. Next came the insubordination, or disobedience to commissioned and non-commissioned officers. There were 235 men court-martialled for such offences. There was a great variety of other offences, but many of them were technical, such as losing public property, failing to attend drill or roll call, and being out of quarters after taps. There were 176 prosecutions for desertion during the year.

With the improvement of the morale of the army it is interesting to note that the desertions have fallen off wonderfully. In 1894 there were 518 deserters; in 1895 the number fell to 254; in 1896 it was about the same; in 1897 it dropped to 244, and last year, when there was real fighting to be done, it fell to 176. In 1894, it should be remembered, the regular army numbered only about 25,000; and last year, as stated before, it was considerably more than twice as large.

In the volunteer army there were eighteen desertions last year, and there were 623 courts-martial for various offences. The principal offences were disobeying superior officers and sleeping on post. Ninety-eight men were accused of the former offence and ninety-seven of the latter.

### Recruiting in France.

Every year about 300,000 Frenchmen reach the age of twenty. After the physically unfit, and those who are exempt under any of the above clauses, have been weeded out, the actual number of men required to maintain the standard strength of the army is chosen by ballot. They spend three years in the active army, and are then dismissed from permanent service and return to civil life. But for the following ten years they are numbered among the reserve of the active army. They are then drafted into the territorial army for six years; at the conclusion of which they pass into the territorial reserve for another six years. Not until the age of forty-five does a Frenchman become free from all obligation to the military service; for thirteen years he is liable to be called upon to serve either at home or abroad, and for the following twelve years to defend his country against invaders.

No exemption can be purchased. Unless a conscript is exempt either on the ground of physique or for family reasons, he is bound to serve his twenty-five years. Until 1890 there was a class of conscripts known as "one-year volunteers." These were men of good education, who were allowed to purchase their discharge after one year's service. The extent to which conscription has militated France may be gathered from the fact that every fourth male is serving or has served in the army.—Chambers's Journal.

### Foreigners in France.

In France, says Le Chasseur Francais, there are 1,130,241 foreigners, while in foreign countries there are but 517,000 Frenchmen. The Europeans of various nationalities residing in France number 1,112,072; there are, on the other hand, but 217,000 Frenchmen dispersed through Europe. Of Belgians, 465,870 have emigrated to France; only 52,000 Frenchmen have settled in Belgium. The hospitality of France is accorded to 286,942 Italians, while in Italy there are only 11,000 Frenchmen. Of Germans there are in France 83,333; the number of Frenchmen living in Germany is 24,000. France has within its borders 14,337 Russians, but in Russia itself there are but 5200 Frenchmen. The number of Austrians in France is 12,000; the number of Frenchmen in Austria 3000. For Spain and Switzerland the figures are more nearly equal. There are 77,000 Spaniards in France and 25,000 Frenchmen in Spain; 83,117 Swiss in France and 54,000 Frenchmen in Switzerland.

### Occulated at His Own Marriage.

On file in the office of the provincial registrar in Toronto, Ontario, are papers of a most unusual nature, testifying that John William Poble did marry Louise Markie, the ceremony being performed at Windsor, October 12, 1898, by the groom. The officiating clergyman is signed as the groom himself. This is the first time that a man has in Canada performed the ceremony for himself. Accompanying the paper is a plaintive note from the division registrar of Windsor asking for instructions in the matter, as up to the time of writing he had been unable in any way to find evidence that the return was not made in good faith. The question naturally arises whether the man's solemnization of marriage of himself by himself is legal. The only way, in the opinion of the Deputy Attorney-General, to determine this would be by laying the case before the courts.—Detroit Free Press.

### WASHINGTON'S NATAL DAY.

Palo is the February sky,  
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours,  
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh  
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,  
Not even when the summer broods  
O'er mounds in their frost array,  
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again  
Brings in its annual round, the morn  
When, greatest of the sons of men,  
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,  
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows  
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,  
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through  
space,  
And rends the oak with swiftest force,  
Can raise no ripple on his face,  
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live,  
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,  
And years succeeding years shall give  
Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cutler Bryant.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Isn't Mande's bloomer costume impressive?" "I should say so. She looks a perfect gentleman."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Grandmother—"And is John's new watch going all right?" His Father—"No, mother. It's gone, long ago!"—Jewelers' Weekly.

"He has cultivated an extremely mobile face." "Well, he ought to." "Ought to what?" "Automobile!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The man who never makes mistakes should not be boasting too much. The chances are he is a man who never tried to do much.

"In one respect every woman is ambidextrous." "How do you make that out?" "She can throw just as well with her left hand as with her right."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Smallcannon—"I see you are as much of a gallant with the ladies as ever." Major Slaujamah—"Indeed, that was always a strong weakness with me."—Harlem Life.

She—"It has always struck me as a curious thing that we don't hear more anecdotes about doctors and their patients." He—"You forget, madam, that dead men tell no tales."

"Well, I'm surprised to hear that Hastings has political ambitions." "I don't know that he has." "But didn't you just say that he had begun studying law?"—Chicago News.

"I have invented something very useful." "What is it?" "An alarm-clock letter-box which rings when a man goes with a letter in his pocket to mail for his wife."—Chicago Record.

"Yes, George," whispered the maiden, a rosy blush stealing over her sweet face. "I think I shall be satisfied with love in a cottage. I have always lived in a flat."—Chicago Tribune.

"Chollie told me he was burning with patriotism, but between you and me, I think he is too green to burn." "Yes, Chollie might appropriately be called a fireproof flat."—Indianapolis Journal.

Despondent Tremlo (mournfully)—"Well, by gosh! This is the irony of fate for keeps. Here I've spent my last fifty cents to commit suicide with gas, an I get a room with 'lectric lights.'"—Judge.

"No man has ever kissed me," said Belle. "How about it?" asked Willie. "My statement still holds good, you silly boy," she replied in non-committal fashion.—Philadelphia North American.

Equal to the Emergency.  
"What!" exclaimed paternfamilias Van Millions, waxing wroth and rosy at the thought of such a proposition. "You marry my only daughter? You, a clerk in my office at \$15 a week! Well, hang me if I don't admire your nerve, young man; but—it's absurd, my dear boy; it's preposterous! Why, to begin with, you couldn't even clothe my daughter on your present income!"

"I know that, sir," admitted the unabashed and persistent suitor, nothing daunted as yet when the old gentleman had somewhat subsided and the atmosphere was considerably less serene. "I know that, sir, but," he paused for a final brace and his second wind—"the fact is, your daughter wants to marry me, nevertheless, and besides, sir, it should be necessary—that is, in case my salary shouldn't happen to double or even quadruple itself within a month after our wedding—why, sir—well—er—I suppose we could marry and settle down in—er—er—in some warm climate!"—Town Topics.

Head of a Large Family.  
To be the head of a family of 163 persons is a record seldom falling to the lot of man. But such is the case of John Chandler, who resides in Allen County. This gentleman is the father of twenty-nine children, twenty-one of whom are now living and have families. These twenty-one children have an average of five children to each family, thus making Mr. Chandler the grandfather of 105 persons. But this is not the full extent of his offspring, for he has thirty-five great-grandchildren. So it will be seen that Mr. Chandler stands paternfamilias of 162—an achievement rarely equalled. It certainly is not paralleled when the fact is considered that the members of this large family are all living.

The Rarest Bird.  
The rarest bird in existence is a certain kind of pleasant in Anam. For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plumage was in much request by mandarins for their headgear. A single skin is worth \$400, and the living bird would be priceless, but it soon dies in captivity.