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Accidents will happen even to the
best-regulated airships.

The world of science will make great
progress this century if all is ac-
complished that Tesla is going to do.

The news that the Maine sardine
crop is not a failure helps to ease the
effect of distressful intelligence from
elsewhere.

Now that a mail coach has been
held up in New York State, the Wild
West may be regarded as having en-
tirely surrendered a very picturesque
monopoly.

With public opinion as the greatest
power in Europe, according to Fred-
erick W. Holls, the "federation of the
world" may have been one of the
dreams that held a prophecy.

Are the Alps being vulgarized? some
one asks. Certain small places of
Switzerland are cheapened by the
trolley cars and electric light; but five
miles away from the crowded resorts,
where dancing and table d'hôte are
the chief attractions, the lover of na-
ture may find himself alone in the
most beautiful scenery, with not a
tourist in sight.

The abuses inseparable from hang-
ings in public have become so revolting
that the Governor of Arkansas has
decided to ask the Legislature of the
State to pass an act which will
require all executions in the future to
be carried out in the presence of a
few official witnesses, and not in the
view of a morbid host of brutal and
turbulent spectators.

Some years ago readers of the news-
papers were regaled with medical
treatises concerning the "bicycle
face." It was then reported that the
amateurs of the wheel were haggard
and wan because their chariots needed
a lot of watching. The "automobile
face" is much talked about in these
days. Self-motors are often erratic,
and do strange things to those who
put their trust in them.

Those who recall the stories of hard-
ship and danger which attended the
voyage of the argonauts to the Klondike
are reminded by publications
made almost daily of additions to
traveling facilities in the North that
there is a great difference in the con-
ditions now existing in Alaska and
those encountered three or four years
ago. The latest news of this kind is
that a line of sleigh coaches have
been put on the Dawson route. The
trip to Dawson is now made with
such comparative comfort that it is no
unusual thing to meet men who go to
and return from there once a year.

Protection of property and life from
lightning flashes has been a subject
that has entrained the attention of
natural philosophers since Franklin
tent up his historic kite. The net re-
sult of more than a century of attempt
to secure protection has been the light-
ning rod, in its more or less ineffic-
ient forms, and the discovery that
buildings of modern construction hav-
ing metallic roofs, and often metallic
frames as well, are practically im-
mune from attack by lightning. The
total number of deaths due to light-
ning in any given summer is compar-
atively very small—in the ratio of about
one to each 500,000 population in the
United States.

What It Costs to Light Paris.
The lighting of Paris is a work of
magnitude to which the ordinary way-
farer perhaps seldom gives a thought.
There are no less than 50,000 lamps,
and it takes 6,000 men to attend them.
The cleaning alone occupies no fewer
than 3,753 men, and the cost of this
army of lamp-lighters, cleaners and at-
endants is nearly 25,000,000 francs a
year.

THE CLIMBER.

How should he know, who hath not won
Sure victories from sun to sun—
How can he know, who hath not tried
The perils of the mountain-side.
What strength of arm is his—what zeal
In combat with the brave to deal?
What prowess and what skill he hath
To find his footing on the path—
To cling, and cling, and always keep
His hold of faith along the steep?
Who tries is also tried. Who dares
To scale the heights, their danger shares.
But on the cliff's uneven face
He finds each day a higher place.
His strength expands; he thrills to know
How broad the breathing-places grow;
And every hour some gain is found,
Some view from wider vantage-ground.
—Frank Walcott Hunt, in The Chautau-
quan.

THE BISHOP'S BEHAVIOR.

It has been announced in several of
the best-read society papers that Sir
Archibald and Lady Crowley would
entertain a house party on Saturday,
the 6th, till the following Thursday
at Crowley hall, Berkshire. Among
the guests would be Lord and Lady de
Rigger, the bishop of Barleyston, Miss
Harborton of the Poplars, Hamp-
stead, and other distinguished people.
Miss Harborton liked these para-
graphs. She had been undistinguished
all her life until six months ago, when
she had gained celebrity by inheriting
a large fortune and a quantity of fa-
mously valuable jewelry from an un-
cle. But she was of an aspiring turn
of mind, and when she heard from her
friend, Lady Crowley, that the "char-
ming bachelor-bishop of Barleyston
would be her fellow-guest," she re-
solved to wear all her diamonds at
him and beguile him into letting her
rule his diocese as his lawful spouse.

She was rather a fine looking woman—as she stood on the platform look-
ing for a nicely peopled carriage in
which to travel down to the Gunter's
Road Junction.

Her maid was already settled in a
second class carriage with her mis-
tress' dressing case, but the jewel box,
containing £200,000 worth of diamonds
and pink pearls, she took into an em-
pty first class with her, when finally
the door was slammed and locked.

He was a fine looking man, clean
shaven and with a remarkably open
and benevolent expression of face.

Younger, too, than Miss Harborton
had dared to hope the bishop would
be. She had no doubt of it from the
first.

He must be, he could be, none other
than the bishop of Barleyston, Lady
Crowley was right. Distinctly he was
charming, very charming.

She came to this decision even be-
fore he addressed her; but he was not
long in doing this.

In courteous tones he inquired if
she could tell him when this train
would reach Gunter's Road. She
blushed with pleasure as she told him
the time, and added that she, too,
was going to stop at Gunter's Road to
change for Crowley.

His pleasure at hearing this was
flattering and unfeigned.

"That capital fellow, Crowley, and
his charming wife will be astonished
to find we have made each other's ac-
quaintance, for when I last saw him
we were speaking of you and I had
to confess that I had not the pleasure
of knowing you," he said gallantly,
and Miss Harborton's eyes danced with
pleasure as she mentally decided on
her wedding dress and resolved that
she would keep the wives of the coun-
try and city clergy in their proper
places and only know the cathedral
people.

He was really a fascinating compa-
nion.

"I am quite at home in the house,"
he said. "Crowley and I were at Eton
and Oxford together. We're like
brothers. He has shown me a thou-
sand kindnesses and this, of asking
me to meet you, is the crowning one."
"Dear man! I shouldn't wonder if
he proposed to me before I leave on
Thursday." Miss Harborton thought,
and as she thought it she took off her
right hand glove, on which blazed
two or three superb diamond rings.

She was not in the habit of display-
ing her jewelry as a rule, but on this
occasion she wished her fellow-travel-
er to become acquainted with some
of her splendor.

"That's a nobby ring," he exclaimed
fixing his eyes on the finest with un-
erring discrimination, and though
Miss Harborton was rather startled at
hearing such an odd phrase from Epis-
copal lips, she was gratified at his
judgment.

"They are rather fine stones," she
said, drawing a huge marquise ring
off her finger and handing it to him
for inspection. "My poor uncle, from
whom I inherited my diamonds, was a
great connoisseur. But I suppose
you care little about such baubles."
He laughed and if he had not been
a bishop she could have sworn he
winked. As it was, she attributed the
movement to a nervous affection.

"I admire jewelry, especially old-
fashioned jewelry, immensely," he
said, slipping the ring on to one of
his fingers, and examining it criti-
cally. "My cloth prevents my ever
wearing it," he went on, seriously,
"but I have acquired a good deal in
my time and parted with it to a rela-
tion."

Her heart throbbed with exultation

as she saw her ring on his finger. She
hoped he would forget to remove it
until they reached Crowley. His being
seen with her ring on would show the
Crowleys at once what intimate terms
she and the bishop were on already.
Perhaps Lady Crowley would make
her lordship take her (Miss Harborton)
in to dinner that night, when she
would give him an opportunity of
studying more of her diamonds.

They had unbent towards each other
immensely by the time they had
reached Gunter's Road.

He had smoked a cigarette and fac-
tiously offered her one. If she had
not feared that it would make her sick
she would have taken it.

At Gunter's Road they had to change
trains. The bishop was delightfully
attentive. He sprang out, assisted her
to step on to the platform with tender
solicitude, pressing her hand warmly
the while. Really he was going very
fast for a bishop.

He relieved her of the weight of her
jewel box as they stood waiting for
their train to run in. When it came
he started off to look for a carriage,
having first given her the whispered
assurance that he would bribe the
guard to give them an empty one.

"I hope Crowley will have sent the
dog cart," he added; "then I shall
have the pleasure of driving you my-
self. Will you trust yourself to my
care?"

"Gladly, gladly," she said with ef-
fusion, and a brief spasm of emotion
convulsed his manly, ingenuous coun-
tenance for a moment.

The little platform was very much
crowded and as he walked along in
search of an empty first class carriage
Miss Harborton soon lost sight of him.
But she felt a good deal of elation in
the thought that he was putting him-
self very much indeed at her disposal,
carrying her jewel box and trying to
keep her all to himself for the re-
maining short bit of the journey.

Presently his man servant ran up
to her with a request that she would
get into a carriage he pointed out to
her, and as she hesitated he explained
respectfully:

"His lordship told me to say that
he would be with you in a few mo-
ments."

She held her head higher than ever.
Even his servant must notice how hard
hit the bishop must be by her.

She experienced a terrible shock
when the train, after an abrupt snort
and shriek, went off without the bish-
op having rejoined her. Poor, dear
man. He must have miscalculated the
time and had been driven into another
carriage at the last moment. How
disappointed he would be at having
been deprived of her society.

There was no bishop at the Crowley
station, but there was a good deal of
confusion and Miss Harborton was
hurried into a close carriage before she
had time to make inquiries about her
fellow-passenger.

She reached Crowley hall just in
time for dinner. When she was ready
she sent a note to her hostess asking
if the bishop had arrived and if he
had would Lady Crowley kindly re-
quest him to send Miss Harborton's
jewel box to her room.

The answer that came back nearly
made her faint.

"The bishop thinks you must be jok-
ing, as he never heard of you or your
jewel box before."

"The bishop's behavior is unpar-
donable," she cried angrily, as soon as
she met Lady Crowley. "He traveled
down with me, was marked in his atten-
tions and took away my jewel box when
he went away to look for an empty
carriage at Gunter's Road that we might
travel alone together."

"The bishop, dear old man, has never
left the house today," Lady Crow-
ley was explaining, "but here he is to
answer for himself," she went on, as
an elderly, wizened up little man came
into the room.

"I have been cheated and robbed,"
Miss Harborton cried; and she was
right, for she never saw either her
fellow traveler or her jewel box again.
—Waverley Magazine.

Too Many World's Fairs.
The industrial exposition is fast be-
coming an overgrown country fair,
a catch-penny spectacle without dig-
nity or value as a record of human
progress. What is needed to restore
it to its real dignity and usefulness
is to give it a needed rest. Let suffi-
cient time elapse for some progress
to show between them. Wait for a
really important occasion and then
make the exposition a feature of its
celebration, not the occasion an ex-
cuse for an exposition. Let it be got-
ten up under public auspices, as a
public event, not by private specula-
tors as a money-making proposition.
Fill the spaces with the representa-
tive products and apparatus of the
world, in process of operation; let
somebody who knows and is bold
enough to determine which is the
most worthy in the various depart-
ments and crown it so that the grand
prize or the gold medal shall mean
something. This would put several
professional projectors and a quantity
of peddlers and showmen out of a job,
but it would make an exposition mean
something.—Power.

Trolley Lines.
Interurban trolley lines, with fa-
cilities for carrying both passengers
and freight, are gaining a strong hold
in many states. Detroit and Pittsburg
will soon have electric railway con-
nection by way of Cleveland, which
will provide 375 miles of road under
one management. New York state
has been a little tardy in its trolley
connections, but it is predicted that
soon one will be able to travel from
New York City to Buffalo by trolley.
—Springfield Republican.

FEEDING BABY BIRDS.

QUEER WAYS IN WHICH FLEDGLINGS TAKE NOURISHMENT.

Industry of Feathered Mothers in Caring for and Schooling Their Young—The Pigeon's Breakfast—Learning to Fly—Birds Are Somewhat Like Children.

If you get up very, very early in the morning—long before breakfast—so very early, indeed, that the sun has not yet risen, you will hear the birds. You hear them through the day, of course, but they do not sing nearly so much nor so sweetly after the sun has risen.

And if you are very gentle and quiet, and know how to go where the birds are, you may see the little birds going to school or having their break-fasts. For birds have to go to school just as boys and girls do, only they learn different things.

They have breakfast shortly after sunrise. And it is very interesting to see the different ways and the different things they eat.

If you watch a nestful of young robins—queer, blinky, bald things, with great thick yellow folds of skin around the edges of their wide mouths—you will find that they eat worms. There is a little chuckling call, and a hard working mother checks in the air and comes softly down on the edge of the nest she built earlier in the spring.

Five wide mouths stretch up blind-ly. Two only get anything; the mother robin snips her worm and pokes the halves into the red throats so hard one would think it might hurt. Then away she goes with a reassuring "twit" after a careful look round to see that no boys, cats or snakes are near enough to get her little children before she can return again.

Now half a worm is no more than a spoonful of porridge in a young robin's breakfast, and so mamma has to make trip after trip to feed her brood.

But a pigeon's breakfast custom is even more curious, for the birdlets get their meals out of mamma's throat. The fuzzy heads go poking into her stretched mouth—one would think the down must tickle her—and get the grain that has already been chewed by the sharp pebbles in the mother bird's crop.

After breakfast school time comes for birds. The two things they never have to learn are the two things over which little girls have most of their troubles—they don't have to be told to wash their faces and comb their hair, because they know by instinct that when this is done they will be more comfortable. And they are not taught to brush their teeth, because they haven't any.

But they have to learn to fly, to follow, to talk, to hunt good food, and not to eat what is bad for their little tummies, and follow the seasons, if they are migratory families. People used to think that young birds needed no training, but came from the egg with heads as wise as their dad-dies had.

But when people began to get ac-quainted more with the birds they found this was not so. There are cer-tain birds who are very wise, of course. You may have seen the bird called the fly catcher—Lay's fly catcher. It is a bird common in Colorado.

A whole nest full of little fly catchers has been known to stretch wings for the first time and fly away together the width of the street—to a tall cotton-wood tree. And this was without any lesson or assistance from the mother bird. The instinct of the little crea-tures was all that guided them. And weren't they proud.

Once a man tried to be a mother bird. That is, he tried to hatch out bird's eggs by heat and to find out whether the young bird would know as much as other birds who had moth-ers. And he found that they really did know a good deal, but some things they never did learn. They were not afraid of people as the other birds are, and they could not understand the calls of their own mother.

Sometimes a mother bird, when she thinks it time for her babies to fly, will drive them away from their homes or push them off the nest into the world. But more often the little folk fall from the nest when rocked too hard by the breeze or the home grows too crowded and one lit-tle one is pushed out. Then the moth-ers and fathers show great anxiety for the little ones and they do all they can to help them back to the nest or to teach them how to use their wings. Mother birds love their chil-dren just as any mother loves her child.

One time a happy little family of robins lived in a tree just beneath a window where a little girl watched them day after day. The bird chil-dren grew very fast, just as all chil-dren do, and as there were five of them they soon quite filled the nest. One day an unusually heavy hail-storm came up, just as they sometimes do in the spring. The little girl wor-ried a great deal about those tiny birds, for she was very fond of them and was afraid they would be hurt by the hail. She went to the window to see if they were safe in the nest. And there was the dear mother robin hovering over them with her wings stretched out just as far as she could reach, trying to cover all her babies and protect them from the storm.

The hail came down hard and pelted her on the head and wings, but she shook it off and never stirred from her little home until the storm was over. Then she fluttered to the ground all bruised and quite exhausted.

Young birds grow very fast and eat a great deal of food just as you young children do. It keeps the mother and father birds busy all the time to find

ENOUGH TO FEED THE HUNGRY LITTLE MOUTHS.

Did you ever see a bird hunting worms for her babies? It is really quite amusing. When the earth is soft and damp the bird's know it is a good place for worms, and they dig with their beaks until they find a tempting, fat worm.

The other day I watched a robin collecting a meal for her young ones, who were safe at home. She dug along the edge of a lawn until she found a worm she thought her babies would like. Then she took it in her mouth and hopped further to another spot that looked nice and wormy. Here she put down her one prize and dug in the cool earth for a second. She did this over and over again until she had six lovely big worms.

Then, with her mouth quite full of the dangling morsels, she flew away to feed her hungry birdies.

A blackbird does a very queer thing sometimes. She will lay her pretty little eggs in some other bird's nest and will leave them for the other mother to hatch with her own. And the other bird will care for the little black orphans just as though they were her own children.

Some of the birds that you see about now are the mountain bluebird, the house finch, the western meadow lark, the western robin, the western house wren, the catbird, the lark bunting, redwing blackbird, Bullock's oriole, the yellow warbler, the desert horned lark, red-headed woodpecker, mocking bird and the western spar-row.—Denver Post.

JOLO ISLAND.

Major Sweet Says He Finds Life There Quite Agreeable.

Major Sweet, commanding officer of Jolo, gives some interesting news regarding his island in the tropics. The report has been filed with the war department and a copy of it has been received at army headquarters in Denver. Miss Sweet, daughter of Major Sweet, is well known socially in this city. Her father has many friends in Denver.

Jolo, which, with the exception of Tawi Tawi, is the most remote island belonging to the United States, lies in the Sea of Jolo, in longitude 121 de-grees east of Greenwich and on the sixth parallel north from the equator, about 100 miles due west from the easternmost point of Borneo, 735 miles S. E. from Manila and 868 miles from San Francisco. The Isl- and was first occupied May 19, 1899, when companies B, C, D, E, F, G, H and L, 23d infantry, under command of Captain E. B. Pratt, relieved the Spanish general Huertas, who had with him a garrison of 24 officers and 800 men. The village of Jolo is thus described by Major Sweet:

"It is hardly more than a good-sized military post, beautifully laid out, with broad, clean streets lined with flowering trees and gardens and surrounded by a loop-holed wall about eight feet high and one and one-half feet thick. The population is es-timated at 400, mostly Chinamen, one German, no other Europeans. Four male Moros live within the walls. The public buildings are in a dilapidated condition. The governor's residence and office is one small building. There is one group of barracks (four build- ings) which will accommodate one battalion. The theatre will accommo- date one company and outlying block houses two companies. A commissary postoffice, schoolhouse, a hospital for about 100 beds, a market and some few small structures compose the re- mainder of the public buildings."

The commanding officer of the United States troops reported the day after his arrival that the situation, in so far as determined from our expe- rience, was as follows:

"Spain possesses the small walled town known as Jolo. The governor has complete control within the walls. There are no civil courts, no civil offi- cers. Outside the walls the Sultan of Jolo and Borneo is the ruler. Spain pays him \$200 Mexican per month. At present he is not on the island, but is visiting one of the neighboring is- lands about 20 miles south. He has recently returned from Mecca and now dresses in European costume. Span- ish soldiers seldom go beyond the range of the outlying blockhouses. The relations between the natives (Moros) and Spain are not altogether harmonious."

The Sultan of Sulu is addressed as "His Highness Hadji Mohammed Ju- malul Kiram Sultan of Jolo Archipel- ago, North Borneo and Palawan."—Denver Republican.

Underground Roads in South America.
Buenos Ayres is to have a system of three underground electric railways. The first is to be 4.88 miles long be- tween terminals, and is to be built at once. The equipment of the road will include cars similar to those on the New York elevated roads, with seat- ing capacity of sixty. Each car will be equipped with two electric motors of between fifty and sixty horse-power. Contrary to the commonly accepted practice for tunnel work, the line will not have the third-rail system, but the overhead trolley will be used. The reason for this deviation is said to be as follows: Sufficient head-room for trolleys in the tunnels, no expensive insulators or heavy bonds, elimination of any danger or inconvenience in track inspection or repairs, and no auxiliary locomotive required to switch cars at the terminal yards and shops. The company expects to have the road in operation in 1902.

Servia is described as a kingdom of peasants. Austria buys over \$3 per cent of her farm products and live stock.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The British war office has devised a new use for bullets expended upon target practice at rifle ranges. The present market price for spent cupro-nickel bullets is about \$80 per ton, and contracts have been made for the recovery and removal of these used bullets from the various ranges.

According to English correspond-ence, an automobile battery has been evolved abroad which threatens a revo- lution in horseless travel. In going down hill the motor is reversed and the battery recharges itself, so that it is much stronger at the bottom than at the top. A trip of over 94 miles was made on an American-built wagon equipped with this motor and battery, with no stop for recharg- ing.

As a consequence of the increasing demand for superior grades of sugar in Japan, attention is being turned toward improving the very primitive methods of crushing now employed at Tainan, and turning out a cleaner and higher grade sugar, says The Engineer. As a first step in this di- rection four iron mills—grushers—were introduced during the year to replace old stone crushers, but as the same motive power—bullocks—is used as before, this improvement is limited only to the extraction of a larger percentage of juice, and the quality of the sugar produced re- mains much the same.

Commercial agent Johnson, of Stan-bridge, Quebec, has sent to the state department a report on the discovery of a new wood preservative. He says: "The sap is removed from tim- ber and at the same time it is impreg- nated with chemicals to render the wood either fireproof or impervious to attacks of insects or to decay in salt or other waters. Beechwood can be made suitable for railway sleepers or for boat and shoe lasts. If neces- sary the impregnating plant can be used at the felling ground. The cost of impregnating is about two cents per cubic foot. The cost of the plant is about \$1000."

The product called "electroverre" according to the Montieur Scienti- fique, is made as follows: The materi- als in fine powder are fed into an electric furnace in several compart- ments; in about 20 minutes a clear liquid glass is obtained, which can be run into moulds or worked as usual, for finer kinds of glass the compart- ments are placed over one another, as the refining takes place more quietly. Fifty volts is sufficient with the Becker furnace, and the current can be either alternating or contin- uous. It is claimed as an advantage that the furnace can be easily started or stopped within a short time, and that the expense of pots will be saved. The trials are being made by a company at Cologne.

The geodesists are still measuring the earth, with a view to determin- ing its exact size and shape. People that do not follow closely the work that scientists are doing are under the impression, perhaps, that these points were determined long ago, and so they were approximately. But an ap- proximate conclusion is not satisfac- tory to science, and so the task of measurement goes on, and will go on until an accurate result is ob- tained. One of the most important steps recently taken in this direction is the remeasurement of the meridian arc in Peru, which is being done by French geodesists, the original mea- surement having been made by their countrymen in the early part of the 18th century. The new arc is nearly twice as long as the old one, and covers about six degrees of latitude, crossing the equator near Quito. The great peak of Chimborazo rises not far from the middle point of the new arc.

Gutta-Percha is Not Rubber.
Many persons think that gutta-per-cha and India rubber are substantial- ly the same product, but, while they resemble each other in some respects, they are distinctly different in others. A writer who was formerly a forester in the Dutch East Indies has recently called attention to these differences. So far as the qualities of the products are concerned the most noticeable difference is that rubber is elastic, while gutta-percha is not. Gutta-percha is obtained from one plant on- ly; rubber from upward of 60 differ- ent plants. The gutta-percha tree is cultivated with great difficulty, and the natives of the countries where it grows cut it down to get its sap. Three-fourths of this product comes from Sumatra and Borneo. The total annual production is only about one-twentieth that of rubber, which is es- timated at about 99,000,000 pounds, two-thirds of it coming from the Amazon valley, one-third from Central Africa and one-twentieth from Asia.

Rare Butterflies Bring High Prices.
About 20 butterflies and nearly 600 moths are supplied by Wicken Sege Fen in Cambridgeshire, England, but only a few of the rare and more val- uable specimens are sought after by the entomologists. Their value, from a monetary point of view, is some- what difficult to gauge; for instance, a scarce and inconspicuous brown moth, called Hydrilla palustris, which is only taken at long intervals, sever- al years intervening, is worth \$10 to \$15, while a swallow tail butterfly, al- though found nowhere else in Eng- land, is worth but 10 cents. A good specimen of the large copper butter- fly is worth from \$30 to \$40, but this butterfly is now extinct.—Pearson's Magazine.