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Edward Goodby, an English statistician, has been figuring up the cost of the Franco-German war, the Russo-Turkish war, the Russian conquests in Asia and the French operations in Tunis and Tonquin, and puts the figures at \$2,787,400,000.

The new marriage license law in Pennsylvania has proved a bonanza to New Jersey preachers living near the State line. Hundreds of Pennsylvania couples avoid the publicity and expense of a license by crossing the river to have the knot tied.

The Indian women are coming hourly to the front. At a late meeting of the Presbyterian synod of Dakota, the Indian women reported having raised \$500 for missionary work among their own people.

There was a novel affair in Paris lately. Two French women entered into a contest to determine which of them could talk fastest. A common friend was appointed umpire, and the sum of \$200 was to go to the victor. For three hours they read from a novel, and during that time the victor succeeded in pronouncing 896,811 words. Her adversary came in at a second with 203,560 words.

Coral jewelry is daily becoming more costly, owing to the diminished supply of the material. The fisheries this year have been unsuccessful. Few persons are aware of the extent of the coral traffic. Naples alone employs five hundred vessels and five thousand men in this fishery. The Naples merchants export \$2,000,000 worth yearly to India alone, to say nothing of exportations to other places in Asia and Africa.

Lawrence Barrett, the actor, has been talking to a reporter, and gives to the world the information that he is now a vegetarian. It appears that he met a physician who told him that Americans eat altogether too much underdone beef, and ruined their lives thereby. Barrett at once determined to live off beef eating and, although the struggle was hard, he has finally conquered, and says he believes the vegetable diet has improved his voice.

Washington seems to have two very successful bill collectors. One of these rides a home-made triangle of peculiar build. If a man doesn't pay he sits on his machine in front of the house, and gazes mournfully up at the windows, bill in hand. The "Triangle Man" is well known, and his machine always attracts attention, so he has little trouble in collecting even the most hopeless bills. The other sends in his bill in a big envelope that has his name and vocation printed on it in large type. A man doesn't like to get these great circus poster envelopes and so pays up.

We read in the Florida Herald that "the eyes of the Northern mill men are turning eagerly to the comparatively virgin forests of the South, and heavy sales of timbered land are constantly being announced. If the ravenous saw must be fed, and no better and cheaper building material than wood can be devised, then the people of the South should not dispose of their heritage for a mere trifle of its actual value. These huge tracts of yellow pine can be converted into yellow gold, and should not be sacrificed as a worthless possession. We should make the most of our opportunities, and not yield too readily to the pressure of greedhacks. These huge areas of undisturbed trees are daily enhancing in value and importance as the supply in the North and West diminishes. It is idle to talk of the "inexhaustible" forests of the South, when Mr. Little of Montreal, an authority on the subject, estimates that the saving capacity of the North is sufficient to consume the merchantable pine of this State in less than a year. The South possesses mines of wealth in her noble forests, and they should not be disposed of carelessly, and without a full appreciation of their true and real value."

A leading Northern physician calls attention to the fact that one of the most common and fatal forms of disease at this season of the year, especially if the temperature is above the freezing-point, is pneumonia. The illness results from exposure to violent changes in the atmosphere, such as are experienced on going from overheated rooms into the damp, chill air outside without sufficient protection in the form of wraps. Men are tempted to leave off overcoats when called to go short distances, and women neglect to put on the same weight of garments for a brief walk which they are accustomed to wear under ordinary circumstances out of doors. This folly is too apt to be indulged in by persons who room in one house and take meals in another. "It is only a step," they say, but that "step" may be long enough to produce a thorough chill, which induces the conditions favorable to disease. Another danger, particularly to women, lies in the thin-soled shoes worn without rubbers. Ladies dressed in heavy furs and woollen are frequently seen upon the wet streets shod with light foot-gear, regardless of the fact that the extremities are the parts which should be best protected. These common means of defying the simplest laws of health keep the doctors busy and increase the mortality statistics of cities.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

The summer comes and the summer goes. Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes. The swallows go darting through fragrant rains. Then all of a sudden—it snows. Dear heart, our lives so happily flow. So lightly we heed the flying hours. We only know Winter is gone—by the snow. We only know Winter is come—by the snow. —T. B. Aldrich.

THE WRECKERS.

A SAILOR'S STORY. Speaking about sharks, alligators, pirates and such, may be I can interest you in an adventure which occurred so recently that all the particulars are yet fresh in my mind. I am a sailor man, and I am as honest as the front door of the house I was in New Orleans, knocking around for a berth, when one day on the levee, at the foot of Canal street, a man with a blink to his left eye seems to take a great shine to me. He invites me to drink with him and to join him at dinner, and when he believes the time to be ripe, he says, "You look like an honest chap, and I don't deny that I've taken a liking to you. How would you like to ship with my captain?" "And who may your captain be?" I asked.

"Captain McCall," of the schooner *Glance*, and I'm saying to you that a better man never gave orders from the quarterdeck, and that a better vessel than the *Glance* was never put together. "I must go to my confusion that I am a drinking man, as most sailors are, and that this chap with a blink to his eye had me half-seas over before we left the saloon. We had another drink or two before reaching the schooner, and when we went aboard I was in no condition to judge of men or things. I remember of meeting three or four men and of drinking again, and then all memory was gone. When I came to my senses the schooner was in the Gulf of Mexico, heading almost north and the hour was 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Stiff and sore, and thoroughly frightened to find myself at sea, I crawled out of the close and ill-smelling forecastle and made my way on deck. The crew were all there, including the captain. There were five white men, two negroes, and I made the eight man. There was a light breeze from the southeast, and an island was in sight off to the northwest. A single look satisfied me that we were headed for Chandeleur Bay, on the Mississippi coast.

I was greeted in a pleasant fashion by the men, and the captain beckoned me into his cabin, poured out a stiff glass of grog. "You'll feel better after drinking it. It's good grog that puts heart into a sailor man."

"Why, man, have you gone clean daft?" he calls out. "You came to me for a berth on the *Glance*, and I, Captain McCall, signed you for a trip to Santa Rosa Island, and return. You were sober enough when you signed articles. Come! down with the grog, and wish us a successful voyage."

"Captain McCall, I never signed with you, and I'm looking him straight in the eye. 'And if you are bound to the north,' said, why are you holding to the north?" "Tut, tut, man! I am not used to such talk aboard this vessel. Go on deck and do your duty, and if you dare talk mutiny, I'll put a bullet through your head."

With that I turned and left him, and to say that I was in a rage would hardly describe my feelings. My sailor's instinct had shown me that I was on a wrecker, and such wreckers are no better than pirates. I had been duped aboard to make up the complement of men, and if they discovered that I was not hand and heart with them they'd have little hesitation in taking my life. I went forward to the bows, and presently I saw a man with a blink in his eye, and I laid all the trouble to him. He spoke very softly, but I was so bold and bitter that he soon, sly mad and abused me in the foulest manner, and finally ordered me on, and getting out the oars, we punched, dived, and waiting to increase our distance, when all of a sudden the waters around us grew alive with sharks. I have sailed in most seas and have seen a sailor's share of sharks, but never before nor since did I witness such a congregation of the voracious monsters. They seemed determined on destroying us, and every minute dealt the boat such thumps that we looked to see the planks crushed in. They jumped half their length out of the water at the gunwale of the boat, and twice the head of a shark rested on the seat in the stern for several seconds. We realized that we must make some demonstration, even at the peril of being overboard on board the schooner, and, getting out the oars, we punched, dived, and jabbed with all our might. As soon as we got well out from the land, the wind bore us along at a faster pace, and the sharks were not to be left behind. If there was one there were 200. They bit at the oars and splintered the blades. The men on the schooner had not been over five minutes when they must have been awakened by the row.

Wind from the Gulf, and the mate called for us to anchor and make sail. We crept along at a slow pace, and about sunrise the Big Chandeleur Island lay under our beam. During the afternoon we ran down to the northern end and came to anchor within a few fathoms of a coasting schooner, which was then lying a wreck on the rocks within a stone's throw of the beach. Her masts were gone, bulwarks stove, and the beach was covered with wreckage. It was plain that she had come ashore in a gale, but in the tail end of it, and the sea had not broken her up. Long enough before we came to anchor, although I was at the wheel of the *Glance*, I saw a man on the wreck making signals. It seemed to me that the captain and mate placed themselves purposely in my line of vision, to prevent my seeing the man, and we had not yet begun to take in sail when the mate took a stone and threw it at me, and I held the hold to look up some spare oars for the yawl. I was rummaging around down there for half an hour, the oars being only a pretense to keep me off the deck, and when the captain finally called me up the stairs, the mate was in the water, and several of our men were aboard the wreck, having taken our yawl to convey themselves across the space.

I was not allowed to go aboard of the wreck, but was ordered to remain on the schooner to help receive the cargo which the others broke out. The yawl presently made her first trip, bringing a load of ropes, chains, and sails, and these trips were continued at intervals all day. When they came to break out cargo the yawl brought us flour, hardware, groceries, and clothing, some damaged and some in good shape, and the mate bore a hand to help us on the schooner. There was no knocking off for dinner, and from the way the men were rushing it was plain that the captain feared discovery and was in a hurry to get everything out of the wreck and be off. We had a bite to eat as we worked, and at sunset we were piped for supper. This was at our decks, and my friend of the night before, who gave me the oars, was planned to take a seat near me. I had worked hard and without grumbling, and captain and mate no longer felt suspicious of me, or at least showed no signs of it. There was an opportunity now for a few minutes of conversation, and I asked him if it was a case of salvage. "Wasn't that?" he whispered back. "Wasn't there a man—oh of the crew—on the wreck when we first came up?" "Yes."

"Where is he now?" "Knocked on the head and thrown to the sharks!" "Do you mean that he was murdered?" "That's just it, mate! While you were below the captain and mate rowed off to the wreck. We all saw a man aboard, but none of us have seen him since. Had he been allowed to live on it would have been a case of salvage. With him dead, what's to prevent our captain from owning all he can get?" "And you talk about coming to Santa Rosa Island?" "I don't know, but only a dog had been thrown overboard."

"Hush! If there is the least show of escape I'm off with you this very night! No more now—we are watched!" After supper the yawl was sent off again, and I went to my cabin. Two-thirds of the cargo had been transferred, and our captain meant to hang right by until he had secured everything or a shift of weather drove him away. There had been a fair breeze all day and a strong wind from the southeast. There was doubtless a smother on the other side of the island, but on our side the water was quiet enough. When the crew turned in the man Bill was left on deck as an anchor watch. The man loped down on deck, some without a thing between them and the planks, and in half an hour their sores were heavy and continuous. Then I cautiously rose up and joined Bill on the deck, and we went to the oars on the thwarts, and I was determined on escape. To my surprise I found him eager and anxious to go with me.

While captain and mate both appeared to sleep, we dared take no risks. To get away in the boat, we must be bare-handed. Any attempt to look up provisions, and the mast and sail might upset our whole plan. While Bill walked the deck whistling to himself, I drew the yawl under the stern and slid down the painter. In a minute or two he came after me, and then out the rope and pushed us off. We at once began to float to the northwest, and in a quarter of an hour were out of sight of the schooner. It would not do to use the oars yet, however, and we were waiting to increase our distance, when all of a sudden the waters around us grew alive with sharks. I have sailed in most seas and have seen a sailor's share of sharks, but never before nor since did I witness such a congregation of the voracious monsters. They seemed determined on destroying us, and every minute dealt the boat such thumps that we looked to see the planks crushed in. They jumped half their length out of the water at the gunwale of the boat, and twice the head of a shark rested on the seat in the stern for several seconds.

We realized that we must make some demonstration, even at the peril of being overboard on board the schooner, and, getting out the oars, we punched, dived, and jabbed with all our might. As soon as we got well out from the land, the wind bore us along at a faster pace, and the sharks were not to be left behind. If there was one there were 200. They bit at the oars and splintered the blades. The men on the schooner had not been over five minutes when they must have been awakened by the row. We had drifted perhaps two miles when a terrible thing happened: We two sat on one thwart, Bill minding one side and I the other, and we were jabbed with all our might. As soon as we got well out from the land, the wind bore us along at a faster pace, and the sharks were not to be left behind. If there was one there were 200. They bit at the oars and splintered the blades. The men on the schooner had not been over five minutes when they must have been awakened by the row.

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out of sight of the schooner, and making a good pace of it. I saw half a dozen coasters on the bay, but made no signals. The Louisiana coast was in full sight, and I preferred driving ashore to being picked up. I knew how the coasters felt toward wreckers, and if I were picked up, my story would probably land me in the courts.

Soon after noon I fetched the shore in a bit of a bay, but I soon realized that I was no better off than out at sea. I was hungry and thirsty, but there was neither fresh water nor food. I scullied all round the bay in search of a creek, but found none, but toward evening a smart shower came up, and a gallon or so of fresh water was caught in the boat. It was full of filth when I came to drink it, but I swallowed my burning thirst and put new life into me. Shortly after that I found a dead duck floating on the water. I did not stop to investigate its condition, but stripped off a part of the feathers and cut out and ate a large portion of the meat, which was my burning thirst and put new life into me. The shores were dense canebrakes, through which I could make no progress. I tied the boat up for the night and went to sleep, but darkness had only fairly set in when the mosquitoes came down upon me by the million. I was up in an hour I was obliged to scull the boat out into the bay against a smart sea rolling in, and hold her there by hard work to keep from being devoured alive. Whenever I would let up for a few minutes, overcome by want of sleep, the boat would drift back and the men would attack me until I found them in my mouth.

After midnight the wind came up so briskly that the mosquitoes could no longer come out of the swamp at night, but a new danger arose. I had no thought of alligators until, as the boat nosed against the reefs, a monster reptile rose up and clashed his jaws over the stern. In two minutes there were three or four swimming about me, and others were thrashing around in the swamp. From that time until daylight I had to shout, splash the water, and keep moving from one end of the boat to the other, to frighten my enemies away, and it seemed as if I lived a month in those few hours. As day broke the wind changed off the land, and I drove with it out of the bay. I was hardly out before an oyster schooner picked me up, and in a couple of days I was in New Orleans. When the captain asked for my story I offered him the yawl as a free gift in place of any explanation, and he accepted it, and did not ask another question.—*New York Sun.*

Curious Names. "What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a newspaper as the person indicated left to live on it is?" "E. P. Baxter," he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what an amount of foolish patriotism is concealed in those initials. The young man was born on January 3, 1863, and his parents were John Emancipation Proclamation Baxter, in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad." "But, there are some parents with cranksy ideas on the subject of naming children. One boy I christened Perseverance. His father, but he said the child's mother was called Patience, and he saw no reason why the boy should not be called Perseverance, because the two always went together. Within a few paces of the house, Baxter, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a headstone bearing the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of S. L. U. Lloyd. If the owner of that name were living now his friends would probably call him the other name. I had a colored man named Alexander, doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hole,' and it struck me one day to ask him what his name was. 'Alexander,' he replied. 'It may have been some relative of his who came to me with twins to have baptized. 'What names will you call them?' I asked. 'Cherubim and Seraphim,' replied the mother. 'Why?' I asked in astonishment. 'Because,' she replied, 'de pra' book says 'de cherubim and seraphim contain de cry,' and dese yere childen do audn' cry."

The *New* Georgia editor told the door, and when he had got in the lobby shouted "Chestnut," and skipped down stairs.—*Philadelphia News.*

Four Thousand Counterfeiters. In the Treasury Department is one room where there are on exhibition the photographs of over four thousand counterfeiters, writes a Washington correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Large frames upon the walls and huge albums upon the tables are filled with faces of every age, sex and nationality. Here is the rough, hardened visage of a Caucasian side by side with the peaceful face of a suave and almond-eyed Chinese; here, too, is a youth, with a trace of innocence yet left in the features, side by side with representatives of the sex that gives us birth, and coarse-looking men enlivened by the faces of seemingly refined and polished gentlemen.

Some idea as to the extent to which counterfeiting is carried on here may be formed from the fact that in a vault in the Rogues' Gallery there is now over one and a half million dollars of counterfeit money, all of which has been captured from counterfeiting gangs within the past seven or eight years. Beside this the government has destroyed two million dollars since the war. I am speaking now only of money that has been captured in the hands of counterfeiters by the twenty odd agents of the secret service.

THE FORGER'S PROFESSION.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCHEMERS WHO SWINDLE BANKS.

Details of a "Business" That is Carried on With Much System—The "Backer" and His Assistants.

Describing the habits of forgers to a New York World reporter, Detective Pinkerton said: "There are residing in the city of New York, and in some of the other large cities of the United States, men who make it a business and a study to concoct schemes to swindle banks by means of forged checks, notes, drafts, bills of exchange, letters of credit, etc., and in some instances getting up forged and counterfeit bonds to hypothecate for loans. These are the men who lay out the plans for all the great schemes worked by forgers from time to time on the banks in this city and other banks throughout the country. These men are possessed of considerable capital, and are known as the 'capitalists' or 'backers.' "The business of the capitalist or backer is to get the genuine paper from which the forgeries are made, to prepare or have prepared the counterfeit blank check, paper, letter of credit or bill of exchange, and in cases where it is necessary, to procure a 'crooked' engraver or lithographer to make an exact duplicate of the genuine paper to be operated upon. This backer has generally an expert penman at his command, who, under his directions, does the forging, the penman writing in the names and such amounts as the backer may direct him to do, and, in fact, getting up the paper in shape to be presented at the bank. In this shape the paper is delivered by the forger or penman to the backer. The backer then calls in the services of a 'go-between' or 'middle-man,' and to the go-between he passes over the forged paper, with full powers of attorney, and in some cases, as a rule, some man who has had at least one and sometimes two or three convictions for criminal offenses recorded against him. He is generally a man who very numerous of all ages and appearances, from the party who will pass as the erand boy, porter or clerk, to the man of business appearance or the retired merchant. In selecting these presenters, the go-between, like the backer, is careful to select men who have had one or more previous records of conviction against them. His object is the same as that of the backer, to invalidate their testimony to some extent in case they get in trouble and make a confession implicating the party from whom they obtained the forged paper. Sometimes another party is introduced in the gang by the go-between, whose business it is to follow the party to whom the go-between gives the check (the presenter) from the time the check is given to him until he presents it for payment and returns with the money to the go-between. This man is called the shadow. In case the presenter is not successful, but is arrested in the attempt to pass the check, the shadow immediately conveys word to the go-between, who conveys word to the backer, but in many cases the shadow is left out, and in order to cut down expenses the go-between does the shadowing himself, especially if the check is to be passed on a bank where he is not likely to be recognized.

In case the presenter is arrested the go-between notifies the attorney who attends to all criminal cases for the backer. The attorney calls and sees the prisoner, and his business is to instruct the prisoner to keep his mouth shut, to talk to no one and he will secure bail for him. The attorney finally tells him he cannot get bail for him, but will get him off with a light sentence if he is convicted, or if he is a young man he promises to have him sent to the reformatory through the influence of some friends with the court or with the district attorney. All this is done to keep him quiet. Finally the lawyer, by his promises and sometimes threats, induces him to plead guilty, and when this is done the presenter gets a long term of imprisonment, the attorney for the backer gets his fee, and the go-between can come out again and get some more to pass his forged paper, and when arrested he is humbugged into State prison. The influence of the backer or his money causes the presenter to be watched from the time of his arrest until he is landed in prison. The money obtained on forged paper is divided about as follows:

To the presenter, for passing checks under \$500, 15 to 20 per cent. For passing checks from \$500 to \$1,000, 20 per cent. For passing checks from \$1,000 to \$5,000, 25 to 30 per cent. For passing checks from \$5,000 upward, 35 to 40 per cent. "The go-between gets for his share from ten to fifteen or twenty-five per cent. The shadow gets whatever they are willing to give him, probably five per cent. The backer takes the balance, and out of it amount is paid the penman, the engraver and the lithographer, and an occasional fee to the attorney when any of the gang is in trouble, but the attorney is expected to get the principal part of his fee out of the prisoner. This gang frequently makes trips all over the country, defrauding banks with this forged paper. They generally travel under the management of the go-between, the backer seldom going; but he furnishes the forged paper in a completed state, possibly with the exception of the number and date of the check or draft, which can be put in by the go-between. The

presenter rarely, if ever, knows any one connected with the scheme outside of the go-between, and if there is more than one presenter it frequently happens that they are not allowed to see or know each other. The shadow as a rule is not told the names of the parties whom he is told to shadow by the go-between, nor does he know their address or resorts unless, as often happens through carelessness, they permit him to become aware of it. The go-between knows the backer, but is not supposed to know the forger or engraver. By this system the heads of a gang of forgers expect to escape arrest or punishment.

A Strike 2,500 Years Ago.

It was supposed that strikes were an outcome of our modern civilization, says *Household Words*, but the deciphering of a papyrus in the museum of Turin shows how the old proverb that there is nothing new under the sun applies to strikes as well as to many other things. This papyrus, which is a sort of journal or account of the superintendent of the Thebes Necropolis, furnishes curious details of a workmen's riot or disturbance in Thebes in the twenty-ninth year of King Ramses III. The workmen's quarter sent a deputation on the 28th of December to Hatnekin, the keeper of the books, and to several priests of the necropolis. The speaker of the deputation spoke as follows: "We have neither nourishment, nor oil, nor vestments. We have already sent a petition to our sovereign lord, the Pharaoh, praying him to give us these things, and we now address the governor in order that he may give us wherewithal to live."

The general distribution of wheat was then evidently due to the workmen, but why it did not take place is not known. Perhaps the individual who should have distributed the food was absent. Whatever was the cause of the delay the need was urgent, and Hatnekin, with the priests present, either touched with compassion or to prevent the affair from reaching the ears of the governor of the necropolis, accorded one day's rations. How the workmen lived in the days following is not recorded in the papyrus, but some weeks afterward they were in full revolt. Three times they forcibly emerged from their quarters, notwithstanding the walls which surrounded them and the gates which closed them in. "We will not return," cried a knuff to the police sent in pursuit of them. "Go tell your chief what we tell you; it is famine which speaks by our mouths." To argue with them was useless.

"There was great agitation," writes the superintendent in his day-book. "I gave them the strongest answer I could imagine, but their words were true and came from their hearts." They were quieted by a distribution of 17,000 loaves, but ten days later they were up again. Khons, the leader of the band, pressed his companions to provide for themselves. "Let us prevail," said he, "upon the stores of provisions, and let the governor's men go and tell what we have done."

This counsel was followed as soon as given. They entered forcibly into the inclosure, but not into the fortress where the provisions were kept. The keeper of the stores, Amen-Nekh, gave them something, and contrived to induce them to return to their quarters. Eleven days later the movement began again. The commander of Thebes, passing by found the men seated on the ground behind the temple of Seti, at the northern end of the necropolis. Immediately they began to cry: "Famine! famine!" The commander then gave them an order for fifty measures of wheat in the name of Pharaoh, "who has sworn," said he, "on oath that we will have food again." Most likely Pharaoh never heard of the event and never received the petition which these strikers addressed to him a couple of months previously.

Loss of Life by War.

It has been estimated by Mulhall that the loss of life in the great war of 1793 to 1815 between England and France amounted to 1,600,000 men. Of these the vast proportion were wounded, but never recovered, or men who perished by sickness incident to the war. The loss of life by war of the civilized States of the world since 1793 is thus tabulated by Mulhall:

Years.	Loss of Men.
1793 to 1815 England and France.	1,600,000
1828 Russia and Turkey.	1,000,000
1830 to 1840 Spain and Portugal.	1,000,000
1830 to 1847 France and Algeria.	1,100,000
1848 Civil strife in Europe.	600,000
1854 to 1856 Crimean war.	480,000
1859 France and Austria.	610,000
1861 to 1865 American civil war.	650,000
1866 Austro-Prussian war.	250,000
1869 France and Mexico.	620,000
1869 to 1870 Brazil and Paraguay.	320,000
1870 to 1871 Franco-German war.	250,000
1876 to 1877 Russo-Turkish war.	180,000
Total.	4,420,000

As showing the enormous proportions of waste of life, we further extract a few figures from the "Dictionary of Statistics":

Men lost.	Returned.
Crimean war, 1854-56.	847,500
American war, 1861-65.	2,041,000
Sadowa campaign, 1866.	254,000
France-German war, 1870-71.	824,000

The numbers placed here do not count in the leading great battles of the world as thus estimated:

Engaged.	Hors de combat.
Thermopylae, 480 B.C.	12,000
Cambray, 1522.	52,000
Blackburn, 1570.	38,000
Agincourt, 1415.	11,500
Marston, 1213.	2,000
Austerlitz, 1805.	13,000
Bovine, 1809.	25,000
Waterloo, 1815.	51,000
Alma, 1807.	4,000
Essling, 1809.	10,000
Gravelotte, 1870.	45,000

Unseasonable.

One of Tenyson's new poems begins: And now the heavenly Power makes all things new; And comes the red-plowed hills With loving blue, The blackbirds have their will, The poets too. The lines would be more seasonable if they were as follows: And now the frost king's power makes nose blue; Ice-bound are brooks and rills, And the year is new, Our grocer sends us bills, The butcher, too. —*Boston Courier.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Justifiable homicide—Sleighting girls—Officer. If a man is to die by inches he wants to be tall.—*New York News.* A snow-plow is like a bad habit—A good thing to cut adrift.—*Boston Bulletin.* Jones—"Can you always tell a fool?" Brown—"If he doesn't ask too much. What would you like to know?"—*Binghamton Republicans.* They are going down to dinner: He—"May I sit on your right hand?" She—"Oh, I think you had better take a chair." He did.—*Paris News.*

Dio Lewis says that hot water will cure all complaints. It has been imprudent men ought to be extra healthy, for they are always in it. Entering the asylum for imbeciles, he asked: "Do you trust drunkards here?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I'm one. Where's yer bar?"—*Chicago News.* An exchange says the "fall of the slating rink has come." Well, it is time the rink should be cleaned up enough falls in its time.—*New York Graphic.* An Eastern physician has published a work telling how to prevent scurvy. A treatise on minding one's own business, most likely.—*Chicago Ledger.* A brass band has been organized among the employes of a Columbus carriage factory. It is said to be musical.—*Ohio State Journal.*

In regard to modern languages it is said that the Chinese is the most difficult. We find this out when we try to explain to our Chinese laundryman that a pair of our socks is missing.—*Sittings.* Billy's little sister had fallen and hurt her nose, and she cried a great deal. Her mother hearing his mother tell her to be careful lest she'd spoil it next time, he said: "What's the good of a nose to her? She never blows it." Every man is the architect of his own fortune, they say, and it needs but a glance to convince the most skeptical that some men don't know their own architecture better than a hen knows about artificial incubation.—*Mercantile Traveler.* The blisful elasticity of spirit which a self-made man is supposed to possess, is despondency itself compared to that elastic buoyancy of soul which permeates the being of the self-sufficing aristocrat. —*Chicago Ledger.* Man in a carriage (to a farmer in the field)—"That corn 'doesn't look as though you'd get mor'n half a crop." Farmer in the field (to man in a carriage)—"Don't expect to get mor'n half a crop to the acre."—*Boston Courier.* Jones—"Smith, you are the laziest man I ever saw." Smith—"Correct." Jones—"They say you sleep fifteen hours out of every twenty-four." Smith—"What do you do if you?" Jones—"In order to economize, I see it costs nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin."

An African Paradise. The Switzerland of Africa, the chief feature of which is the lofty Mount Kilimanjaro, rising some 19,000 feet above the level of the sea, and covered with perpetual snow, though only three degrees south of the equator, lies about 250 miles northwest from Mombasa, and through it runs the natural road to the Victoria Nyanza. It is a traveler's delight to play a game of chess on the marble-tiled, lofty, uniting the luxuriance of the tropics with the grandeur of Switzerland. The beautiful vale of Traveta is spoken of as a very Arcadian bowser of bliss. Lying 2,400 feet above the sea, seven miles in length by one in breadth, irrigated with cool waters from the melting snows on the mountains, richly cultivated, surrounded by gigantic forest trees rising eighty to 100 feet before branching into a luxuriant canopy, with a profusion of ferns and dowering shrubs of every hue in the intervals, this valley is a very forest haven of refuge. It is entered through a narrow defile, across which are thrown thick barriers of wood, forming an impenetrable refuge, guarded, with a single opening for a gate. The inhabitants form a republic, are of mixed origin, and are diligent agriculturists.

A Wonderful Cave. A wonderful cave has recently been explored in Snake valley, Pine county, Nevada. It consists of a great number of apartments connected by long galleries and ornamented with beautiful stalactites of a transparent diamond. The largest room yet found is 500 feet long, 200 feet wide, and 150 feet in height. Fantastic names have been given to the objects met with in the course of the exploration. Solomon's temple is a magnificent stalagmite column. Cleopatra's nose is a slender shaft beautifully fluted, and the great cathedral is an enormous pile of white stalagmites eighty-five feet in circumference and twenty-five feet in height, and surrounded by a dense growth of stalactites. The cave also contains little lakes and streams, and one seeming waterfalls. A vast sheet of shining crystals, stalagmites that has been christened Niagara.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Off in the Stilly Night.

Off in the stilly night, When bed-dolours stray, I've bound me, I've heard the wickered bellows light In martial troops around me. The Spanish rife, The hurled brickbats, The careless words then spoken: "The black fence on!" The paces of glass now broken! —*Philadelphia Item.*