

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

BRANTON, MISSOURI.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The great big church was crowded full of broadcloth and silk, and the organist sat in his seat, looking at the people with a look of surprise. He saw a man in a blue coat and a woman in a red dress, and he thought, "What a queer pair!"

The organist was a young man, and he was very nervous. He had never before played in a church so full of people. He had never before played in a church so full of people.

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PRINCE PAUL.

How He Faithfully Won the Above Title.

"Did you ever see such a man?" asked Jack Sanders of the men in Logan's camp, as they looked at a big log lying on the ground. "That's a fine specimen of a lumberman. He's got the look of a man who's been through a lot of hard work."

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pine knots on the bank near the turbulent stream, and after pouring two or three quarts of oil over the wood, lighted it. A bright blaze that illuminated the darkness for many yards around was the result, and by its light the danger to the dam became apparent, as did also the difficulty of relieving it.

The great double gates were closed, and the pond was full to overflowing. Over the top of the dam the water poured in many places, and logs and trees, dislodged by the unusual flood, were being fiercely against its solid timbers and masonry. The big structure trembled under the weight of the struggling flood.

Below the dam the waters foamed and seethed, the great waves breaking thunderingly against one another. The grinding and thumping of the logs and the roaring of the flood drowned all other sounds, and the men stood to each other at close range to make themselves heard at all. The rain fell not in drops, but in sheets of water, and was driven in the men's faces by an angry wind.

Before the fury of the storm and flood, the men appeared almost helpless, as dwellers by the sea might stand to watch a vessel in the relentless grasp of a tempest. All of them felt the helplessness of the situation, and for a few moments no one spoke.

"I guess there ain't nothin' that we can do," said Bill Logan, the boss of the camp, "but I'll try to do my best."

"Nothin', unless some man'll cut that middle post as holds the gates," asserted Jack Sanders. "It's as much as a man's life is worth to do it, an' I don't want the job. I give notice o' that."

"You're right, Jack," assented Logan. "It's tough to see 'er go, but I wouldn't do it for no man's sake, an' I won't do it, I can't ask one o' my men to try."

"How it will sweep them along the creek!" Dolan said. "I shouldn't like to live very near Rapid run when the dam breaks."

"Do you think it will be worse than the big March flood?" asked Paul Prince, the chore-boy, who had listened fearfully to the men's predictions.

"Worse? a dozen times worse. That was a baby flood compared to what this will be," answered Phil Kipp.

"No. Rapid run never saw such a flood afore as I'll see to-night when that dam breaks," said Logan. "This'll beat 'em all."

"No," said Paul. "I'm afraid my mother and Sam and the girls are in danger. When the big March flood came, the water rose into the house so it was two feet deep, and if this will be so much worse—"

"I'll sweep that house away, sure's death," said Dolan. "Run, Paul, for your life. I'll try to get 'em out, but I can't guarantee it. The bridges are gone, and no man on earth can wade Rapid run to-night."

"There's only one thing to be done then," said Paul. "I'll cut the post and lose the gates."

"You can't do that," said Logan. "There ain't no man here as dares undertake it, an' what the men are afraid of you'd better let alone."

"If they had a mother and brother and sisters wading mine ar, they'd go quick enough," replied Paul. "I won't be in any more danger out on the dam than they are at home, and it's one to four that I'll try it, and I believe I can do it and get back all right."

Without heeding the dissuasions of the men, Paul threw off his coat, took up one of the long-helved and keen, double-bitted axes used in the lumber woods, and started for the dam.

"Hold on there, Paul! hold on!" said Bill Logan. "I don't think I oughter let you go out there. It's too dangerous."

"But don't you see," Paul replied, "I'm going to save my mother and the children, and if I do that, it'll be a great gain even if I'm lost. I couldn't live and always think of my mother and Sam and the girls all swept away without my making an effort for them. No, I'll try it."

"Well, Paul, perhaps you're right," was Logan's answer; anyhow I shan't stand in your way no longer. If you keep cool—an' I know you will—may be you can do it."

With this encouragement Paul started toward the water, and a moment later he was on the dangerous dam. Slowly and carefully he walked along the heavy beam that spanned the pier until he reached a spot where the water poured over it, making his progress more difficult and hazardous. He dared not try to walk through the water, but sat down astride the beam and cautiously worked his way along until he had passed the dangerous place.

When the boy at last reached the post which held the gates, Tom Dolan poured more oil on the fire, which blazed up brightly and gave Paul all the light he needed for the perilous work, which he began at once.

Paul had saved his mother and the children in the little home which a few minutes before had been in such peril, and the men gave a little encouraging cheer as his dangerous work done, he turned toward the shore and safety.

"He'll come it all right, don't you never fear," said Phil Kipp, confidently.

"Yes, of course, he will," was Jack Sanders' comment. "He's clear-girt, he is, and Providence aliers kind o' looks out for that sort."

Tom Dolan and Logan, the camp's boss, said nothing. They only watched and hoped for the moment when Paul should be safe on shore again.

He had passed the middle of the dam when Dolan, who watched every movement with intense anxiety, suddenly exclaimed: "Look!"

Borne swiftly along on the current that set toward the gates was an uprooted tree with long limbs, and it came directly in Paul's path, while he, watching the beam he was walking, did not notice it.

The men saw his peril and shouted to him; but the roar of the flood drowned

their voices, and the boy walked on unconscious of the danger, until he was struck by one of the long limbs and hurled into the mad swirling, thundering flood, below the dam where the vast pond was struggling to empty itself through the gates.

In that wild water the most expert swimmer would have been overwhelmed, and the men knew that unless they could in some way help Paul there was no hope for him.

With one impulse they sprang to the water's edge and eagerly scanned the flood for some sign of the heroic boy who, they knew, was hidden among the foaming waves. By some freak of the uncertain currents he was thrown near the shore, and with a spring Tom Dolan seized him by his heavy woolen shirt and pulled him upon the bank.

He was unconscious, and the first efforts of the men to revive him failed to reveal any sign of life in the limp, helpless form.

"He couldn't a' drowned, there wa'n't time," Logan said; "he must 'a' been hit by some of the logs, or else banged agin the rocks."

"Yes, an' I'm afraid he's gone," Dolan replied. "Such work as he's done deserves somethin' better'n dyin'."

Paul was carried to the camp, and in their rude but kindly way the men did what they could for him. His clothes were loosened, he was rubbed with hot water, and every means was used, but other simple methods which they knew were tried to bring back the brave young spirit.

After working upon him an hour or more their efforts were rewarded by a slight show of life in the boy, and hope sprang up in the hearts of the anxious watchers.

"He's a-comin' to," Tom Dolan said, "thankfully; 'stand back, boys, and give him a better show for breathin'."

The men stood back and awaited results. For a few moments thought struggled with unconsciousness with Paul, and then, recognizing the lumberman who bent over him, he said, in a faint whisper: "What's the matter, Tom?"

"Oh, nothin', Paul, nothin' much. You got knocked off o' the dam, but we got you out, an' you're all right now, safe here in camp."

"Oh, yes, I remember; but what makes it so dark and cold, Tom? Didn't I bring in enough wood?"

"Why, certainly you did, an' we'll have more light an' fire in jest a minute. You keep quiet an' it'll all be fixed in no time."

"Something odd like keeps pressing me here," he said, indicating his breast with his hand, "and it's hard to breathe."

"You was hurt, somehow," the woodsman answered, "but you'll be all right in a day or two. I'll just raise ye up a little—there, ain't that better?"

"Yes, that's easier, Tom, do you think mother's safe?"

"I know she is. She's as safe as I am."

"And Sam, he's safe, too?"

"Yes."

"And Maggie and little Sam?"

"Both safe."

"Then it's all right; and tell 'em, Tom, not to feel sorry for me—not to feel sorry at all. Tell 'em I'm glad I did it, 'em I'm real glad, Tom, and—tell 'em—tell 'em—"

Then the faint voice stopped, the young head fell back upon the strong arm of the lumberman, and Paul Prince was dead.

For a few moments not a word was said, and the solemn quiet was only disturbed by the half-reverent sobbing of the lumbermen.

Logan's Camp had known several fatal accidents, but it had never before been so pathetically stirred, so tenderly touched, as by the loss of its heroic chore-boy, and for weeks after his death, whenever the lumbermen spoke of him, it was with softened and often tremulous voices.

Paul was laid to rest in a quiet little graveyard by the log school-house where he had attended school when too young to work, and over his grave was erected a modest headstone purchased by the men. Tom Dolan gave the orders regarding the inscription, which read:

PRINCE PAUL.
Lost his life for us, Nov. 1, 1887.
He that loveth his life shall lose it.
"His name was Paul Prince," he said, "but I guess 'twon't be no offense to just turn it 'round, for if he wa'n't a Prince there ha'n't never been one, an' never will be. There couldn't any Prince, nor a King either, do no braver or nobler than he did, an' I guess they're pretty awful scarce as 'ud done so much. I don't think that he had no other name. I thought, too, there oughter be some Scripser verse, an' I remembered there was one about them as lost their lives findin' 'em agin, an' I told the grave-stone man to put it on, for it just seemed to fit."—H. F. Marsh, in Youth's Companion.

THE OPTIC NERVE.

It is More Sensitive to Green Rays of Light Than to Red Rays.

Herr Ebers, a German experimenter, has found that the human eye is more sensitive to green rays of light than to red rays, and to red more than to blue rays. Since the red rays are those of longest wave-length, and the blue those of shortest wave-length, it follows that the eye is most susceptible to the rays of medium length. This fact may explain why it is that some people, in passing by a hedge or paling through which the sun is shining, sometimes see a succession of green and red flashes in their eyes. The green rays of the sunlight which pierce the openings in the fence may stimulate the optic nerve first, while the red rays are perceived a moment later. Again, it may account for the beautiful phenomenon of the "green ray" (rayon vert) on which M. Jules Verne has built one of his charming tales. The green ray is a flash of emerald light which appears to proceed from the glowing east, and as it rises its upper limb vanishes below the sea. It is only seen in certain states of the weather, and the Red Sea is a good place to watch for it. Some have supposed it due to a refraction of the optic nerve on the withdrawal of the sunbeams, but since it can be seen just as the sun rises from the sea, or even from behind a mountain, it is more likely to be a consequence of the greater sensitiveness of the eye to the green light of the solar spectrum.—London Globe.

Unexpected Comment.
Jimmy Tuftorn (minister who is dining with the family)—Didn't you say in your sermon this morning that there wasn't any thing in this world perfect. Minister—Yes, I believe so. Why do you ask?
"Oh, I heard ma say before church that you were a perfect bore."—Epoch.

STARTING CONTRAST.
The Difference Between George Washington and Benny Harrison.
The hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the first President of the United States finds his place filled by a descendant of one of the men who worked with him for independence and freedom. The spirit which then governed in the conduct of the affairs of the Executive Department is indicated in the inaugural address of the first President.

"To the preceding observations I have one to add which will be most properly addressed to the House of Representatives," he said in concluding. "When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From that action I have never instance departed, and being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive Department, and I accordingly pray that the pecuniary reward which I station in which I am placed may, during my continuance in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require."

The spirit of the present Administration has been not less clearly indicated by the action of the President in appointing to the head of his Cabinet a man who, in trading on his trust as Speaker of the House of Representatives, wrote: "You urge me to make as much as I fairly can out of the arrangement into which we have entered. It is natural that I should do my utmost to that end."

The first President would not even take money from the Government for his own work. The present Administration finds it only natural to do its utmost to make all it can out of the arrangement into which it has entered. The President, drawing his full salary of \$50,000 a year, devotes himself to the work of earning it with zeal in finding lucrative places for his household of impetuous relatives. They make all they can out of the arrangement—from the President and his poor kin; from the Vice-President and his "buffer" with its twenty-cent whisky; from the Postmaster-General using his Cabinet place to advertise his bargain counter; from the Secretary of the Interior, from the department of State, from the post-offices at \$25-\$35 cash and \$10 on delivery.

American history is full of sharp contrasts, but there are none sharper than that brought out by the memorial exercises in the House of Representatives the other day.—St. Louis Republic.

DUDLEY'S ESCAPE.

A Violation of Law and Decency Sanctioned by President Harrison.

The open protection given to Dudley against the law by the Administration, through District Attorney Chambers, is scandalous. It is a violation of the law, and a violation of the honor of the Republic.

other reason than to make them the text for short-sighted or the politician's point of view as from the statesman's. So far as the South is concerned, the agitation of such propositions insures its continued solidity for the Democrats, while, instead of making the North solid for the Republicans, the readiness of Republican leaders to support such schemes renders independent voters more and more suspicious of the party. In short, it is clearly a losing game all around.—N. Y. Evening Post.

A NATIONAL LOSS.
Death of Henry W. Grady, the Great Southern Orator and Editor.
Henry W. Grady, the brilliant young orator and editor of the Atlanta Constitution is dead. During his recent visit to Boston to attend a banquet at which ex-President Cleveland was a guest and a speech-maker, he contracted typhoid pneumonia, which developed immediately upon his return to Atlanta, and ended in his demise. Mr. Grady was the most conspicuous representative of the South, and was beloved by all the people who claim that part of the United States as their home. He was only thirty-eight years of age, yet within the last ten years had achieved fame as an editor, as an orator of great eloquence and power and as a broad-minded man who, while loving the South, yet recognized that the old wars were dead, and that the duty of all Northern and Southern sons of the blood-bathed flag was to help the body of the people to forget the animosities and differences of the past, and to join in working for the future of an unbroken South. He labored zealously for the best interests of his beloved South on this line, and the laying aside of sectionalism which has begun to take such gratifying form is due very largely to his logic, his eloquence and his earnestness of purpose. Indeed, it was in the cause that he met his death. He attended the Boston banquet as the brilliant representative of the Southern people, and made one of his characteristic speeches there, sharing with ex-President Cleveland the honors of the occasion. It was on this mission that he was stricken by disease. In his own words, he fell fighting for it. And it is a fitting tribute to his memory that his battle for the land he loved was one whereof the weapons were reason, generosity, charity and love as opposed to the fire and sword of his father's strife. It was his fortune to hold a warm place in the hearts of all Southerners, not because he opposed or hated the North, but because he sought to bring the erstwhile antagonistic sections into that union of sentiment as well as of being which marks the typical republic. It may be well said of Henry W. Grady: "He was the foremost Southern man of his time."—Chicago Mail.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.
—President Harrison is a pro-republican failure and John W. Vanamaker is his proponent.—N. Y. Sun.
—Taxation without benefits is robbery.—Democratic platform. "Taxation without benefits is Protection."—Chicago Tribune (Rep.).
—The most marked feature of President Cleveland's speech is the absence of the calculating politician in it.—Boston Herald.
—Chandler's complaint about intimidation at elections is suggestive of the wolf's complaint against the lamb for rolling the water.—Philadelphia Times.
—If the Republican Congress proposes to investigate the representation of the States in Congress at all, it would do well to begin by investigating the fraud and defiance of the constitution, by virtue of which Frank Hiscock misrepresented the State of New York in the United States Senate.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.
—George A. Macbeth, an extensive manufacturer of glass chimneys in Pittsburgh, says that he has been shipping his wares to England for a long time; that the present tariff costs his firm \$50 a week on raw material alone, and that the tariff on manufactured goods will benefit him a particle.—Detroit Free Press.
—It is a fact full of good cheer for working-men in the United States that wages are advancing in Europe. In this movement Great Britain takes the lead. Longer hours of labor and lower pay prevail in the workshops of Germany and France. The trade is hindered and labor burdened by protective tariffs.—Philadelphia Record.
—David A. Wells puts it neatly in his brilliant book, "Recent Economic Changes," when he cites "the truth of the economic maxim that ships are the children and not the parents of commerce," and shows that while it is easy to buy ships with a money raised by taxation the mere fact of the ownership of two or three hundred more ships does no more to increase trade than the purchase and ownership of two or three hundred more plows necessarily increases to a farmer the amount of arable land to plow.—Boston Transcript.

Free Wool Absolutely Necessary.
This is the only Government in the world that imposes a duty on raw wool; and yet it has an immense surplus re-venting every year on raw cotton. New cotton manufacturers are springing up all over the country, at least all over one part of it, and the owners thereof are making money. Woolen manufacturers, on the contrary, are not only diminishing in number, but they are suspending operations, and their owners are breaking. Nor do the owners of sheep, nor the profits of sheep raisers, increase under the alleged protection afforded by the tariff. Indeed, so injurious has the high tariff on wool proved to both wool growers and wool manufacturers that large numbers of both have united in a petition to Congress for the removal of that tariff, so that they may at least be put upon an equal footing with the cotton growers and cotton manufacturers.—Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.

A Policy of Plunder.
Mr. Harrison's Administration has so far exhibited a policy of unrestrained extravagance, and with the new schemes that bid fair to pass both houses of Congress, it may be safely stated that the record for Federal expenditures will be beaten. In this respect, as well as others, the contrast between Republican rule and the last Democratic administration will be most striking. The protection promised so glibly to the people a year ago is already assuming the shape of squeezing them more unmercifully and robbing them for the benefit of lobbyists in addition to bleeding them to still further enrich monopolies and favored manufacturers.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.
—Disease has ravaged some of the grouse preserves in Scotland to an alarming extent. On one moor recently out of 260 birds killed all had to be buried.
—The government monopoly articles of Honduras are gunpowder, tobacco, cigars and liquor. It retains complete and absolute control of the liquor traffic.
—Although slavery does not exist, properly speaking, in China, in the eyes of the law the large boat population and those of the position of slaves.
—There is in Windsor castle a gold punch-bowl and ladle for which George IV. paid 10,000 guineas, and the investment is wholly profitless because there is never a drop of punch brewed in it.
—When the construction of a railroad is undertaken in China the natives burn a temple, and then persuade the people that it is a manifestation of the wrath of the gods against the road.
—London lawyers now employ short-handling in their office work. The entries, drafts, affidavits and the multitude of other documents they are called upon to prepare are now taken down in shorthand at their dictation and are copied from that.
—In a village in the canton of Lucerne, Switzerland, there is a society of old maids. It numbers eighty, and, queer enough, it is under the patronage of the St. Catherine Matrimonial Agency. They perform acts of charity, and are highly esteemed in their neighborhood.
—There are now such a large number of foreign officers studying at Berlin that the German Government has established an international military academy for their accommodation. There are a great many Turks and also several Chinese officers.
—An association in London, called the Sunday Society, occupies itself with arranging the opening of private collections to the public on the Sabbath. For two Sundays recently the Duke of Wellington has opened Apsley house to those who wished to see its treasures.
—King Humbert, before leaving Naples, ordered that a bronze wreath should as soon as possible be deposited on Garibaldi's grave in place of the flowers he had put there. He has been so long on his journey that Garibaldi that this island must bear from myself and my son a tribute of everlasting gratitude.
—Belgium is an uncomfortable country for embezzlers. A cashier employed by the city of Ghent, who embezzled 163,000 francs of the municipal cash, has just caught it very hot indeed. He has been sentenced to forty years imprisonment and five years police supervision to follow, has been fined 8,450 francs and ordered to restore the entire sum he has embezzled, and will, in addition, lose all his civil rights.
—The power of one of the greatest political figures of the day, perhaps of all time, is said to be on the wane. The Emperor of China has been the recipient of her prestige by the rebellious independence of the young Emperor. He refused to see the bride which she forced upon him, and has been issuing vigorous decrees on his own account. He has been censuring the old Ministers right and left, particularly Chang Chi Tung.
AN ENGLISH OPINION.
Our Progress Toward a New Navy Pro-nounced Remarkable.
Englishmen can not help being interested in the remarkable strides which have been taken on the other side of the Atlantic, where the rehabilitation of the navy of the United States is being pushed ahead with the characteristic energy of our American cousins. If, perchance, there are any who have not taken note of what is there going on, the imminent advent of four new and important cruisers in our waters should direct their attention that way. It is not so much, however, that the United States have made a very good beginning toward building up a modern navy—this is but a trifle where "money is no object"—but there have also been developed in the country facilities of every kind for the creation of that navy without outside assistance. This can hardly yet be said of any other power except France and Great Britain. In 1885 it was not only the case that the United States had no vessel of war which could have kept the seas for one week as against any first-rate naval power, but they were absolutely dependent upon other manufacturing countries for forgings of guns, for armor, for machine and rapid-fire guns, and the like. Now, four years later, not only has much been done in the way of constructing vessels, which are as good as any thing of similar type afloat, but arrangements have been made by which they will be able to create entirely from their own resources every modern implement of war, including steel-clad battle-ships of the heaviest tonnage, with their guns and armor.
By the end of this year the Bethlehem Iron Company, of Bethlehem, Pa., one of the largest steel manufacturing in the States, will have completed the plant for the production of armor and gun forging of the largest kinds. Other companies have taken in hand the supply of war materials and within the last month three or four firms have tendered bids for the construction of armor plates, and another for the provision of steel projectiles. Moreover, there is now nearly completed at Washington an ordnance factory for finishing heavy naval ordnance and all the necessary plant for handling gun forging up to the quantity required to make the very largest guns afloat. Nearly half a million dollars has been expended, or is in the course of expenditure, on this factory alone. Of developments which we may call by comparison minor, there is the opening of a new dock 490 feet by seventy-nine by twenty-seven and a half feet, at Mare Island, San Francisco, and another at Newport, Pa., within the last fortnight, which is 600 feet by ninety-three feet by twenty-five feet. The Americans have quite evidently realized that as they are obliged to spend money on a navy the disbursements may as well be for their own benefit, not for that of other nations.
It will be seen that the United States are in earnest in the intention of resuming their position as a naval power. It is, however, somewhat significant that at present all this construction seems to tend in the direction of vessels more fitted to run away from an antagonist of equal weight than to meet the glorious traditions of the American sea service. With but one or two exceptions, these ships are better prepared to destroy commerce than to protect it. There is no sign of a fleet fitted to cope with European armor-clads if they crossed the Atlantic, as they have done before. After all, though, it is better to crawl before trying to run, and we may yet see designed, laid down, and built by native talent in a United States navy-yard, that crew of naval constructions, the "battle-ship of the future."—London Army and Navy Gazette.

—One of the results of the French exhibition has been to make the London hansom cab very popular in Paris, where it has heretofore been in no special favor.

miles in length, a moderate computation, this would give an area of 160,000,000 acres; and just one human being to about 27,000 acres. That there is 100 acres of land capable of cultivation within this mighty expanse has been remorselessly disproved for over 350 years by the efforts of Jesuits and other missionaries, by those of Christianized Indians and by all settlers who have been lured upon these shores to starve and perish. It is possible that during two, and possibly three, months of the summer, 40,000 fishermen may be found off Labrador, 15,000 along the Gulf of St. Lawrence and 25,000 along the Atlantic Labrador shore. They are residents of the United States, of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Islands and Newfoundland. They have no interest here whatever, save to come and grab and go. There are not enough standing trees in all the Labrador district named, and that comprises all of the Labrador proper, available for building timber, to pay for transporting to any place and lighting the first fire in a single saw mill. All the frantic efforts of the Dominion Government to discover mineral deposits have been unavailing. What then does Labrador possess? An unmeasured and measureless reach of stone and ice, covered here and there with moss; again occasionally patched with stunted spruce; oftener for hundreds of miles scores and grades of burned spruce stumps, between which flinty rocks project like cruel spurs; with countless impassable rivers plowing in ungovernable torrents through hideous gorges; 4,000 whites utterly unable to leave their prison or better their condition, living half of the year like beasts, and the other half like slaves; 2,000 Indians subsisting on salt fish and raw, with occasionally a bit of musty flour or meal; 300 or 400 Esquimaux dogs; any number of wolves and countless seals and fish. Now that is all there is to Labrador besides a climate of green and red, and the seals and fish, for no exclusively valuable ore, for they are a common product of the ocean, and as common to all other northeast shores. Any land so God-forsaken that the government possessing it can not survey it or procure any form of statistics is a veritable castaway. It is impossible to get any statistics of even seals and fish. But from the known loss in naval and commercial expeditions, and the wreckage of coasting and fishers' vessels along the coasts, since Labrador was discovered, it would be a safe calculation that for every dollar in value of fish or furs secured upon the Labrador coast for the past four hundred years, an equal or greater actual loss by somebody has been sustained. And when the additional frightful loss of life has been taken into account, the inexpressible worthlessness of the entire peninsula may be to some extent conceived.—Cor. Springfield Republican.