THE FATE OF A SLAVE SHIP.

A Thrilling Tale of the Sea.

It was in the fifties, before steamers had superseded the great Australian liners and the bag ships plying between England and India. I was a midshipman on board an India packet called the Sea King. The difference between a midshipman, so called, and an apprentice lay in the fact that the former were petty officers and learned navigation and seamanship from the quarter deck, while the latter were fo'castle hands and helped to perform the actual work. Our ship carried three midshipmen, and our respective fathers had to pay a smart sum to place us there.

At that time the running of slave cargoes from the coast of Africa was confined solely to the Arabs and the Cubans, and now and then a cargo for some South American port. We left Calcutta with about 170 passengers and of this number there were about 50 army officers. Some had resigned on account of wounds or ill health, others were on furlough, and others still had been exchanged into home regiments. There was also a party of five sportsmen, who had been "doing" the jungles of India for two or three years. At Cape Town we took on board thirty more passengers, and among them was another party of sportsmen, who had been up in the lion country. We must have had a full hundred men among the passengers when we left the cape.

Nothing out of the routine occurred until we were well above St. Paul de Loando and half way across the Gulf of Guinea. Then we raised a sail dead ahead, which was standing to the west, having evidently come out from the coast. We were within four miles of her when the breeze, which had been light all the morning had died flat out and left both craft heaving on a glassy sea. Our officers had given the stranger a sharp looking over, and it was the unanimous opinion that she was

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

She was a topsail schooner, painted a grayish white, and having a great spread of canvas, and when Mr. Grayson, the chief officer, came down from aloft, after a long inspection through the glass, he said to Capt. Hobson:

"I've seen twenty of the Cuban 'blackbirds' in my time, and if she's not loaded with slaves, then I'm a blind man."

The Captain agreed that she was a slaver. England, as you perhaps know, did more to suppress the slave trade than all other nations combined. She had five cruisers to one off the African coast, and she overhauled five times as many crafts as any other nation. But for her efforts very little would have been accomplished at sea. As soon as the strange craft was pronounced a slaver there was great indignation among our passengers, a majority of the men being anxious to go off in the small boats and capture her. This project did not meet with the views of our Captain at all. While he would like to have seen her a prize to a cruiser, he had no notion of interfering with her movements. I heard him say to a Major Shaw, who was anxious to lead an expedition, that the schooner was doubtless armed with cannon and carried a large crew, and that any interference with her would be serious.

Nobody dreamed of the calm which was to follow, although our position was close to the equator. It was summer time in those latitudes, but not oppressively hot. Not the slightest movement of air was felt for the rest of the day, and as passed the day so passed the night. Next morning it was seen that the two crafts were nearer together by half a mile or more. There were writers who call this movement of becalmed vessels magnetism. It is simply their drift. The larger one drifts the faster, and had we been to the north of the schooner the distance would have been increased by half a mile, as both of us were drifting to the north

IN AN OCEAN CURRENT.

After breakfast Major Shaw wanted to pull off to the unknown on some sort of errand and thus settle her identity, but Capt. Hobson was firm in his refusal. Indeed, as he surveyed the horizon and consulted the glass and believed that the calm was to continue, he grew uneasy.

All day the Sea King rose and fell on the glassy ground swells with the regularity of a pendulum, and when night came we were within a couple of miles of the schooner. The glasses brought her so near that every detail could be noted. Everything about her showed that she was built and fitted out for speed. Only nine or ten men could be counted for her crew, and they lounged about as honest sailors would under the circumstances. That she had a Long Tom gun amidships we did not doubt, although it was covered in from actual sight. There were also good reasons to believe that she carried other metal as well, and that the number of men seen on deck did not half represent her crew. On the evening of the second day the Captain and mate held a long consultation, and as a result passenger after passenger was invited into the Captain's room, and he said to each one in turn:

"The strange craft is a slaver, and has a cargo aboard. In order to carry as many negroes as possible, they figure close on fresh water. If this calm continues another day we shall have a visit from him. I can spare him a couple of casks, but not more. Those may do him; if not, he will attempt to take a supply by force. We have no cannon, but we can raise at least 100 firearms among us, and I propose to fight him off."

When daylight came the drift of the ships had shortened the distance again. The slaver did not look to be over half a mile away, but her actual distance was three times that figure. The sentinels had heard queer noises from her direction after midnight, and our people figured that they had had gangs of negroes on deck at intervals and had sluiced water over those in the hold to save them as much as possible. If there had been any doubt of her calling the odor that came to us about sunrise would have dispelled it. Many could not detect it, but there were at least twenty aboard who got the smell, though not the slightest breath of air was stirring. The odor of a cargo of blacks is

SOMETHING HORRIBLE.

On one occasion, after the capture of an Arab dhow by a British cruiser, I was on a ship which crossed their wake five miles astern, and yet we got the odor so strong that some were made sick.

After breakfast the Captain requested all passengers to promenade the decks, knowing that the slaver was inspecting us through his glasses, and desiring to present a bold front to him. It was to be another day without a puff of air, and much hotter than the preceding ones. It was 10 o'clock when he saw them lower a small boat from the stern of the schooner and four men enter her. She came pulling at a smart pace and stopped a few yards away off our starboard quarter.

"Hello! the ship!" called the man in the stern sheets as he stood up.

"Hello! the boat!" replied Capt. Hobson.

"We are short of water in the schooner and hope you can spare us a few casks."

"What's your cargo?"

"Gold dust, palm oil, ivory, and furs. We have been up the Niger for several months on a trading voyage. We are bound for the United States."

The speaker was certainly an American, but the three men with him were Spaniards and as villainous a trio as you ever set eyes on. They brought the odor with them so strong that every nose could now detect it. Capt. Hobson was a blunt spoken man. After a bit of thinking he replied:

"I am satisfied that your schooner is a Cuban slaver, and that she has a cargo aboard of her now. It's a villainous trade you are engaged in, and I'd like to see every mother's son of you swinging at the yardarm! However, out of pity for the poor blacks, I'll spare you three casks. I can't do more. Go back to your craft and I'll hoist them out and tow them half way."

"And about the pay?"

"Your money is accursed and I won't handle it!"

The man forced a laugh, waved his hat as a salute, and his boat returned to the schooner. We got over the casks, lowered a boat and towed them half a mile, and before noon they had been hoisted in on the schooner's deck.

"It isn't a quart apiece for the thirsty people aboard of her." I heard the Captain say to Major Shaw, "and if this calm holds we are bound to have a row with that fellow."

The fourth day of the calm passed quietly away. When night came it was figured that we had decreased our distance by a quarter of a mile. That night, to keep up appearances of a bold front, there was music and dancing on the deck, but while some danced others peered into the darkness and guarded against a surprise.

The fifth morning dawned without a cloud or a breath of air, and we were now within less than a mile of the schooner. The current was setting us both to the northeast, or upon the coast. As I said before, being the larger body we were drifting the fastest, and in a couple of days more must overtake the schooner. On this day,

JUST BEFORE NOON,

the slaver began drawing water and sluicing down his cargo, and we could plainly hear the shouts and yells of the negroes. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon he allowed them to come on deck in gangs, and we knew that we should shortly hear from him again. His situation had become so desperate as to oblige him to throw off all reserve. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon when the same boat and the same officer approached us as before.

"You see what our cargo is, Captain," said the man, as he stood up and pointed to his craft. "The schooner is a 'blackbird' and has 320 niggers aboard. Not one has died yet, but there isn't a drop of water left for them. You must spare us more water, or not one of them will ever see Cuba."

Our Captain was about to reply that not another pint could be spared, but the passengers appealed to his sympathies and a sort of public meeting was held. We had wines, rum, brandy, beer, and could certainly spare more water without stinting ourselves. Sooner than see the blacks sacrificed everybody was willing to go on half allowance. The result was that we made up about 250 gallons of a mixture of rum and water, and the slaver towed the casks away. As soon as darkness came the deep lead was cast and bottom was found at 180 feet. Hawsers were bent to a couple of small anchors, and we soon had the satisfaction of knowing that our drift was checked.

The dawn of the sixth day showed the schooner not more than a mile away. The fellows had got on to our trick and adopted it very promptly. The day passed quietly away, the slaver sluicing his between decks and parading his gangs as before.

At daybreak on the morning of the 7th the barometer indicated a change, but sky and sea gave no evidence of it. About sunrise the blacks could be heard raising a row, probably demanding water, and an hour later the pivot gun, whose presence we had suspected, was uncovered and loaded and pointed at us. At the same time three ports were opened, and the muzzles of three smaller cannon run out and trained on our ship. The slaver's crew also increased from ten to twenty-five men, and we realized that a climax was at hand. They proposed to save their own cargo at any risk. The officer who had visited us twice before now appeared for the third time, having the same three villains at the oars. He said they were again out of water and must have a supply. He did not ask if any more could be spared, but commanded Capt. Hobson to hoist out ten casks on the penalty of being fired into. To the surprise of everybody, the Captain humbly agreed and called out:

"Send all the men you can spare and make a short job of it, but I want none of you aboard!"

The boat returned to the schooner, and half an hour later three boats containing five men, were lying off our quarter. We had meanwhile been pretending to be very busy. The pretence was maintained after their arrival. One cask was hoisted out and drifted clear, and they were looking for a second when the sun was suddenly blotted out of sight. Night seemed to come again, and a white squall broke with the scream of thousand locomotives. It was the forerunner of a hurricane which swept us up to Cape Vera and 500 miles beyond. Not one of the boats reached the schooner. The craft herself flew away before us into the thickness, but half an hour later, when the sky cleared before the hurricane, not an eye could discover her. She had gone down with all on board.

A person with a selfish heart is like a fruitless tree, a cumberer of the ground.

Bigotry is a corollary of ignorance. It is invariably an attribute of small minds.

The deep affection of the kindred soul for its complement soul is the only true love.

Your religion is not very good unless your horses enjoy the benefit of it.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

Dairying in the Maritime Provinces—Oats, Barley and Apples in England—The Tumbling Weed.

Judging from the glowing report of Prof. Robertson, dairy commissioner, who has just returned from an official visit to the maritime provinces, dairy operations are booming down by the sea. In New Brunswick it is proposed to extend the scope of the experimental dairy station this winter, owing to the demand for increased room. Winter dairying will be vigorously carried on. Seventeen thousand pounds of butter made at the station this summer is being shipped to the English market. It is believed that next year twice this quantity will be available for export. Four travelling dairies are in operation in New Brunswick, the expenses of which are being paid by the provincial Government. Four hundred meetings have already been held, and these will be continued until the middle of November. It is expected that at least a dozen new cheese factories and creameries will be established in New Brunswick next year.

The crops of Prince Edward Island are reported this year to be the lightest for 20 years, but for the first time the Prince Edward Islanders grew corn extensively, and so plentiful has been the crop that there will be ample winter feed for the cattle.

The experimental dairy station at New Perth was supplied on the average with 9,000 pounds of milk a day and the out-put of butter is valued at $7,500—very good for the first year. Fifteen hundred people visited the station during the season. An address to Prof. Robertson, signed by the directors, stockholders and patrons of the dairy station, testifies to the high appreciation of the efforts of the federal authorities to promote dairying.

Prof. Robertson says the harvest at the experimental farm at Nappan, N.S., was secured in good condition. While in Nova Scotia Prof. Robertson secured samples of condensed milk made in the province and had them shipped to the old country with a view to working up the export trade. The Truro condensed milk has been analysed by the farm chemist, and he reports it to be better than the Swiss product.

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Mr. Thomas Connolly, Government agent at Dublin, in a recent report to Hon. Mr. Dewdney, makes some observations which will be of interest to farmers generally. He says: "At the corn exchange here there is very little business doing in barley just now, but during the season there must have been from 12,000 to 15,000 barrels of Canadian barley sold. A good deal of this barley was placed on the market by Liverpool houses, but a considerable quantity of it came direct by a line of steamers which run monthly from Baltimore to Dublin. The prices paid for it were not quite up to the figures for home-grown barley, but a short time ago Messrs. Guinness purchased about 2,000 barrels of fine Canadian barley at 13s. 6d. per barrel of 224 lbs. I have no doubt but Canadian barley has now a solid footing in the Dublin market, and it will continue to be appreciated if carefully dressed and sufficiently blown to exclude the light and chaffy grains, which latter can be profitably used in Canada for feeding purposes. The fulness of the berry, the dressing, the color and the specific gravity are the chief factors which regulate the price of barley in this market.

"During the season there have been several parcels of Canadian oats sold here, and just now the army contractors are buying them largely. There are more than 50,000 barrels of 196 lbs., required for the cavalry in Ireland, 30,000 barrels of which are required in the Dublin district, including the Curragh camp. The contract is usually for six months and the contract price for the current term is 12s. 1d. per barrel, for oats which must weight 38 lbs. to the bushel, but the contractors are supplied with Canadian oats delivered at the barracks for 11s. 6d. per barrel, which leaves them a profit of 7d. per barrel.

"Canadian apples are much appreciated here and sold very well during the season, or up to the end of April. Since then the markets have been chiefly supplied by Tasmanian apples, which come in boxes two feet long, nine inches broad and one foot high. The covers consist of two pieces running longitudinally and nailed sufficiently apart to admit the air. The space contained in the box is divided into two compartments by a transverse partition, and into these compartments the apples are packed with the greatest care, each of them being carefully wrapped in soft tissue paper, so that notwithstanding the long voyage you will scarcely find a bruised one in the entire box. These apples bear the old names, the "Pippin," the "Pear Main," etc., and they are so fresh and highly colored that one would think they were varnished. Each box contains about 40 lbs. of apples, and now that Canadian apples are out of season the importers here pay about 13s. 6d. per box in the Covent Garden market. With a view of advertising, the names of the grower and of the district from which they come are printed on a slip of paper enclosed in each box, which I think is a very useful practice, for a large importer here tells me that when he sees the name of Peterson, Smith or Simmons on the end of a barrel of Canadian apples he is satisfied that they are sound and the quality good."

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The attention of the Interior Department was recently called to the presence of a noxious weed in the neighborhood of Indian Head, N. W. T., and it is thought that the enclosed copy of a memorandum in regard to the matter, made by Prof. Fletcher, the botanist of the Central Experimental Farm here, will be of great interest to agriculturists. The memorandum is with regard to a weed enquired about as "tumbling weed" and stated to be abundant on school section 29, 18, 12 west second, N. W. T.

"Although it is unsatisfactory to speak of plants without seeing specimens, I judge from the information given in the extract shown me and from conversation with Prof. Macoun that the plant referred to under the name of tumbling weed is the European Sisymbrium sinapistrum, or Hungarian hedge mustard. This plant has been found in various places along the lines of railways in Canada. Prof. Macoun describes it as exceedingly prolific (one plant having been known to produce no less than 20,000 seeds). It is stated to be an annual, but probably, as in the case of some other crucifers, notably the French or stink weed, many seeds germinate in the autumn and the plants flower early the next season.

"As to means of eradicating this pest without examining personally its mode of growth in the locality, I can only suggest the importance of stirring farmers up to the necessity of recognizing its appearance and of united effort to eradicate it before it becomes too firmly established. Hand pulling where possible before the seeds form, or cutting off beneath the collar with a thistle spud would of course be a sure remedy, but the supply of seed formed would be enormously reduced with much less labour by simply mowing down the plants when in flower. If new stems were thrown up from the stump, these would be few, and if these were also cut off, the strength of the root would probably be exhausted, as under ordinary circumstances all the roots die after the seeds are produced."

HORRORS OF A BATTLE.

Zola's Realistic Description of an Engagement in the Franco-Prussian War.

Some soldiers had already turned back when the colonel threw himself in their way. "What, my children," he cried, "you will not bring this shame upon me! You are not going to act like cowards! Remember, the One Hundred and Sixth has never retreated and you would not be the first to soil our flag." He pushed forward his horse, barred the way of the fugitives, found words for each man and spoke of France in a voice in which tears trembled. Lieut. Rochas was so excited by the scene that he fell into a desperate rage, lifted his sword and struck the men with it as if it had been a stick. "You dirty dogs! I'll kick you into the fight. You must obey, or I will blow out the brains of the first man who turns tail." But this abusive language, and the idea of his soldiers being forced into fight by kicks was repugnant to the colonel. "No, no, lieutenant," he said, "they are all going to follow me. Aren't you, my children? You are not going to allow your old colonel to be the only one to wash the faces of these Prussians. Advance! Forward!" And he started off. All, in fact, did follow; such effect did he produce by these words, which he spoke like a brave fellow whom they could not abandon without being contemptible. He himself, alone and in front, pushed quietly over the exposed fields on his large horse, whilst his men scattered themselves about in sharpshooters' formation and taking advantage of the least shelter. The ground gradually rose, and there was still a good third of a mile of stubble and mangold wurtzel fields which had to be traversed before reaching the hill. In place of an assault on the classical model, such as takes place at manœuvres, with perfect correctness of line, there were to be seen men with their backs bent who ran almost level with the ground, the soldiers isolated or in little groups, jumping quickly like insects and gaining the top by means of agility and ruse. The batteries of the enemy must have seen them, for the shells ploughed the ground so frequently that the detonations did not stop. Five men were killed and a lieutenant had his body cut in two.

Maurice and Jean had found a hedge behind which they could run on without being seen. A ball suddenly tore through the temple of one of their comrades, who fell dead at their very feet. They had to push him aside with their feet, for the dead no longer counted, there were so many of them. All the horrors of the field of battle could be seen there; a wounded man whom they saw shrieking and trying to hold back his entrails with his two hands, a horse who crawled with his thighs broken. All this fearful agony did not affect them any more, and they suffered only from the torturing heat of the midday sun, which almost broiled their shoulders. "Oh, how thirsty I am!" stammered Maurice. "I feel as if I had soot in my throat. Don't you perceive that scorching smell, as if wool were being burned?" Jean nodded his head. "It smelt like that at Solferino. Perhaps it is the usual smell of war. Let us have a nip." Behind the hedge they stepped quietly for a minute. But the brandy, instead of relieving their thirst burned their stomachs, and this taste of burning in their mouth was torturing. They were almost dying of hunger, and they would have liked very much to have bitten into the half-loaf Maurice had in his knapsack. Only, was it possible behind the hedge? Other men were continually coming, who pushed them forward. At last with a bound they pushed over the last slope. They were on the plateau at the foot of the hill, with its old cross, worn by the wind and rain, between two thin lime trees. "Oh! oh!" cried Jean. "Good. Here we are. But the difficulty now is to remain here." He was right. The place was not particularly agreeable, as Lapoulle remarked with a mournful voice, which set all his comrades laughing. They all lay down in the stubble, but three men were, nevertheless, soon killed, and then there burst upon them an unchained tempest, the projectiles coming in such numbers from Saint Menges, from Fleigneux and from Givonne that the earth seemed to smoke as after a tempestuous shower.

Merchant Seamen Deserters.

The following treaty between Great Britain and the United States respecting merchant seamen deserters has now come into force:—The Consuls-General, Consuls, Vice-Consuls, and Consular Agents of either of the high contracting parties, residing in the dominions, possessions, or colonies of the other, shall have power to require from the proper authorities the assistance provided by law for the apprehension, recovery, and restoration of seamen who may desert from any ship belonging to a subject or citizen of their respective countries while in the ports of the other country. If, however any such deserter shall have committed any crime or offence in the country where he is found, his surrender or restoration my be delayed until the proper tribunal before which the case shall be pending, or may be congnisable, shall have pronounced its sentence, and the sentence shall have been carried into effect. It is understood that the preceding stipulation shall not apply to the subjects or citizens of the country where the desertion shall take place.

The sunshine is never more life giving than the beams of a loving countenance.

The sunflower is most imposing in appearance, but it is not known in song like the modest violet.

Not every flower covers a seed pod, nor every attractive summer bonnet, a copious brain supply.

A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.—[Garfield.

WARMEST PLACE ON EARTH.

The Distinction of Owning This Spot Conceded to This Continent.

There are several of these "claimants" for the highest temperature on the habitable globe. The central Sahara registers a mean of 97 degrees in July. Central Australia boasts of 94 degrees in January—a mean which is attained in South Carolina and inner Arabia in midsummer. But a recent report of the New York meteorological bureau tells us that a California valley between seventy and eighty miles to the east of the Sierra Nevadas, running in a north, northwesterly and south southeasterly direction, between two mountain ranges—the Funeral (6,000 feet) and the Amargosa (10,000 feet) has the highest temperature yet recorded. This valley lies below the sea level at a depth variously estimated at from 100 to 175 feet, and its reputation for excessive heat and extremely low humidity is built upon such tragic incidents as sudden death from isolation incurred by those who have ventured into it, culminating in the total extinction of an immigrant party from the heat and thirst in 1850.

The latter occurrence, indeed, gave it the title it goes by—"Death Valley." The report above referred to sets forth that in four months out of five during which readings were taken the mean temperature rose above 90 degrees, in July and August exceeding 100 degrees, while the mean for the entire period was not less than 94 degrees. The minimum was usually above 70 degrees, while an absolute maximum of 122 degrees was registered on the three successive days at the end of June and beginning of July. On July 18, 1891, the New York meteorologists had the uncomfortable experience in Death Valley of spending a day in which the maximum temperature was 120 degrees, the minimum 99 degrees and the mean of all hours 108.6 degrees; while the hottest spell of all occurred from this day onward to July 24, when the minimum never fell below 88 degrees and the maximum ranged between 119 degrees and 121 degrees.

The rainfall during the five months reached a total of only 1.40 inch. The winds, on the other hand, were of great force and frequency, those from the south prevailing every three or four days, while their velocity would rise from ten miles an hour to over forty-five miles. Such gales were of but brief duration, but one of them, on June 17, lasted from 10:40 a. m. till 6 p. m. as "one hot continuous blast," the temperature of the day being 112.6 degrees. These high winds assume the character of the simoon of the Sahara, the loose, friable soil contributing clouds of sand, which often conceal the surrounding mountains. What with the heat and the nature of the soil vegetation was extremely scanty at the bottom of the valley, indeed, well nigh non-existent. Animal life was hardly to be seen; the stinging gnat by day, and the snake, the lizard and horned toad by night were its only representatives. But for one transient flock of blackbirds no winged creatures were to be seen by the New York observers.

It must be remembered that the plague of cholera in Russia was preceded by an epidemic of typhus fever, or "hunger fever," and that this again was preceded by an epidemic of the influenza or grip. All these destructive plagues have visited the Czar's empire since the spring of last year, and each of them has swept away his subjects in numbers that we have no means of computing. If there were any way of obtaining the facts, the world might be astounded by learning that far more than a million Russian lives have been lost within two years by these three infectious and grievous diseases.

Col. Robert Ingersoll, that wonderful word painter, thus writes of the laugh of a child, and who shall say that he has allowed his imagination too full swing: The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

One of the most remarkable phenomena exhibited by the United Kingdom during the present century is the growth of Scotland. This is the more striking because it has been contemporaneous with the decadence of Ireland, whose population is now only about one-half of what it was before the great famine of 1846. That not only is the number of inhabitants increasing in North Britain, but that the conditions of life are undergoing singular improvement, is proved in a report of the Registrar-General, in which some interesting results of the recent census are embodied. According to the enumeration made on the 5th of April, 1891, the number of inhabitants in Scotland amounts to 4,025,647. Ten years before the population was but 3,735,573; there has thus been a total increase of 290,074. As, however, the excess of registered deaths in the same period was 507,492, the loss of inhabitants due to the excess of emigration over immigration has been 217,418. The rate of increase, 7.77 per cent., is lower than in any preceding decade, with the exception of that ending in 1861, when it was six per cent. We may, therefore, assume that the present rate of increase will continue, in which case the population of Scotland will double itself in a little over eighty-nine years. We may add that on the day of enumeration there was a proportion of 107.2 females for every 100 males. This ratio is the lowest that has yet been experienced since 1801, when the ratio was that of 117.6 females to every 100 males. The proportion of females to males varies considerably in different countries. In three the males are in excess; in one of these, Linlithgow, there are only 88.96 females to 100 males. On the other hand, in Forfar, to every 100 males there are 121.50 females; in Bute, 124.14, and in Shetland, 135.3. The extraordinary excess of females in the three last-mentioned counties is, of course, due to the fact that the greater number of emigrants are able-bodied males.