

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Revelations as to the Most Successful Mode of Proposing Marriage—A Peep at a Lady's Account-book—Reminiscences of the Ex-Empress of France—Small-Talk for the Fair Sex.

THE ART OF COURTSHIP.

A St. Louis reporter has been prosecuting an investigation as to what young women and widows of that city consider most desirable or convincing in the matter of proposals. One living in the vicinity of Grand avenue, whose offers equal her years in number, attributed her triumphs to a careful cultivation of the premonitory symptoms in her admirers. "I do not commit myself," she explains, "but I lawfully put them in the notion of saying tender nothings, which you know are the stepping-stones to proposals. For instance, a timid admirer is made to understand, by word or look, according to the progress he has made in my good graces, that I am glad to see him. If another caller should follow I do not arouse No. 1's suspicions by treating him in the same way, but give No. 2 my hand, and of course he feels what I intend him to—that No. 1 is a nuisance. It is rare that I have managed three at once who have been developed into an acute condition that would be spoiled by lack of tact on my part. If a third comes in later I am studiously indifferent until by a low aside I can gently find fault with him for not calling oftener or sooner. Whenever I observe that a proposal is impending I ward it off until I get into my favorite chair—that blue satin one with the very low back which you see setting by the window. High-backed or side-arm chairs are often fatal to declarations of the tender passion, and attitude is an important matter. I manage to have a book or sketch of some sort in my hand. This brings him very close to me to see what I am pointing out. His left arm then has no alternative but to get out of the way, you understand, and if he has skill my right hand will be appropriated before he declares himself, so I can't pretend any longer to doubt that he is in earnest. Then, of course, there is nothing for me to do but to become as graciously cool as I can under the circumstances. The only disagreeable thing for me is that, having aroused his emotion, I feel such an interest in seeing a satisfactory conclusion that the brief second I enjoy the climax is far too short for my reward, and I dislike rapid transitions of feeling. Once while occupying a crimson rocking-chair I was surprised by a gentleman whom I had thought but slightly interested in me dropping on his knees in a frenzied declaration. I think that lovers are unconsciously influenced by colors, and that a woman should affect subdued or brilliant shades as he may be respectively impetuous or cautious, so as to preserve a harmonious balance."

A Chesnut street debutante says she doesn't like to be courted by sepulchres—old beards with growing bald spots and ill-assorted teeth; they are always ready to criticize women for repairing deficiencies of figure or complexion, yet actually they do more making-up in the end, and then expect the girls to be devoted to them. She likes live young men whose circulation is good and who are earnest lovers. So far she has not received an offer of marriage, but thinks she would enjoy that most where the lover in a romance comes up behind her, as she stands in a conservatory or bay-window, and takes her in his arms as he whispers the words she has been longing to hear. Then she would hide her face on his shoulder and experience the heroine's all-overish feeling that, one of the old girls insists, gives a woman a weak back and isn't a good thing to practice.

The Laclede contains a pretty little widow, who declares that a man of sense rarely uses the word "adore" in courtship. Those who do so generally adore no one but themselves. She recently received a written proposal from a strange gentleman whom she had noticed several times in the elevator, and she explains: "I didn't like it, and refused to have an introduction afterward. If he would only stop to think about it he might understand how I feel. I don't believe in marriage without genuine regard on both sides, and if he had but managed to make my acquaintance discreetly by degrees, working up into that tumultuously delightful period of awakening interest which we call love, I might have given another answer. My first husband won me by sending a box of confections in which was hid a diamond ring with our initials cut inside an engraved 'k' on the reverse side of the shaft. When he came that night I wore it on the proper finger, and, though no words were exchanged on the subject, we grew into the habit of discussing our wedding day, so that the end seemed perfectly natural. I like modesty in a man. The more he looks and the less he says in courtship the surer he may be of winning, and you know there's no time like a slow promenade in the moonlight to encourage sentiment."

One of the society girls, whose engagement has been announced, denies that the man said to be interested has ever proposed. Indeed, she doesn't know anything about it. "The pleasure of getting a love-letter," she adds, "is only excelled, I fancy, by the act of answering it. But that hasn't been the way I have been approached by admirers. They seem to think that personal attentions are more impressive and safer. One of my friends received a written proposal, and the postscript said that if she refused his offer to please return him the letter. He had even inclosed two three-cent stamps, which made her so angry that she not only sent back the letter but the stamps, too. About three months afterward one of the other girls in our set had a copy of that letter from him and brought it to show us. Of course she refused. He is one of those self-conscious creatures whose highest aim, next to getting a wife with money, is to cultivate a mustache and goatee."

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS ACCOUNTS.

It is a touching sight, to see a woman begin to put down every cent she spends, so as to find out how to economize, and where all the money goes. Procuring a small book, she makes a due entry, and on the Monday after the first Saturday in which her husband brings home his pay, she carefully tears the margin off a newspaper and, with a blunt pencil, strikes a trial balance something in this way:

"John brought me home \$48 40, and \$1 43 I had in \$49 83, and \$1 09 I lent Mrs. Dixon is \$50 92—but hold on, I ought not to enter that, because when she returns it, it'll go down. That was \$49 83, and what have I done with that?"

Then she puts down the figures, leaving out the items to save time—a process which enables her to leave out most of the items to where a round sum is involved, on the supposition that they have already been put down. As thus:

"Six dollars and fourteen cents for meat, and 10 cents for celery, and 10 cents for the street-cars, and a bad 5-cent piece I got in exchange, and \$2 81 cents I paid the milkman—who owes me 19 cents—that's \$3, and 15 cents at church, and the groceries—they were either \$15 60 or \$16 50, and I don't remember which they were, but I guess it must have been \$15 60, for the grocer said that if I would give him a dime he would give me half a dollar, which would make even change, and I couldn't, because the smallest I had was a quarter—and \$2 75 for mending Katie's shoes, which is the last money that shoemaker ever gets from me, and 10 cents for celery—no, I put that down."

Finally, she sums up her trial-balance sheet, and finds that it foots up to \$64 28, which is about \$15 more than she had originally. She goes over the list several times and checks it carefully, but all the items are correct, and she is just about in despair when her hood angel hints that there may be a possible mistake in the addition. Acting upon the suggestion, she foots up the column and finds that the total is \$44 28, and that according to the principles of the arithmetic she ought to have \$5 65. Then she counts her cash several times, the result varying from \$1 40 to \$1 97, but then she happily discovers that she has been mistaking a \$2 gold piece for a cent, and remembers that she gave the baby a trade dollar to cut its gums with. On the who's, she has come within 86 cents of a balance, and that, she says, is close enough, and she enters in one line of the account book: "Dr.—by household expenses," so much; and is very happy until she remembers, just before going to bed, that she has omitted \$2 75 for her husband's hat."

CRITICISM.

This is the latest for wedding invitations: "Come round and see me capture a mother-in-law at 8 o'clock, sharp."

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.

"Yes," said the gilded youth, "Fred snubbed and cut Jack in a frightful way. Of course it was a rude and uncivil thing to do, but then there were extenuating circumstances. Jack had been making love to Fred's wife."

"Do you like candy, ma?" asked a little Austin boy of his mother. "No, my son; it makes me deadly sick." "I am so glad to hear it. You are the kind of a woman I can trust to hold my candy for me until I am done playing."

"Have you no love for the beautiful, then?" queried she in winsome tones. "N-n-o, but I think I should have if I only dared." "Have courage young man." "Oh, I wasn't thinking of you at all, I—"

But she hustled out of the room, hating herself for having sprung the trap too soon.

A society journal says it is only one young man in a dozen who can leave a house in a graceful manner. This is doubtless owing to the reckless habit eleven fathers in a dozen have of swinging their feet when the young men are leaving. The society journal should endeavor to bring about a reform in this matter.

We never have had the experience, but we should think it would roll an editor fearfully after he had worked the most of the day getting up an editorial declaiming that a man is better off for being married, to go home and be jawed all the evening because he forgot to bring two dozen clothes-pins or some such thing.

A contemporary asks: "How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse after following her half a mile, and then finds that it contains nothing but a receipt for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

A Paris husband, plagued by his wife to buy her a new bonnet, strolled into a sales-room and, by way of a joke, purchased a bonnet of a very old date. He took it home to his wife and she drew from its crown a piece of paper which proved to be a bond for 500 francs. There is a strong argument in favor of husbands buying their wives old style bonnets.

"Don't swear so, John. What if you should be struck dead with such horrid oaths on your lips!" said his wife soothingly. "Swear so, Jimminy crickets, by all that great, I'm not swearing, but I'm going to express my opinion of this confounded, nine-cornered bazoo of a blamed rickety infernal bit of stove-pipe—"

Exit the wife with her hands over her ears.

Some genius has invented a little article called "fire-kindler." Unless it is made in the shape of a coal-oil can, the newly-imported girl will not touch it. If it contains something that will explode and knock the domestic end over end two or three chairs, and burn off her eyebrows without doing any other damage, there may be a large demand for the "fire-kindler."

During a Deadwood quarrel the other night a woman was seen to rush between the combatants, and throwing herself before one of them exclaimed to the other: "Don't shoot, oh, please don't shoot him." Greatly affected, the foe lowered his revolver and asked in tremulous tones, "Are you his sweetheart, wife or sister?" "No," answered the peace-maker, "but this man was a room at my house and owes me three weeks' board."

A Reminiscence of Eugenie.

Mme. Amelie Ernst, the French cloutier, has recently been publishing in the *Voltaire* a series of her reminiscences of the celebrated personages whom she has met. As the wife of the great violinist Ernst, as well as on account of her own talents, she has always mingled with that brilliant so-

ciety which is composed of the literary personages and artists of France. Here is a glimpse of one of the noted figures of her day: "I received an invitation to a soiree given by Mme. de Girardin. She was living at that time in the palais Marboeuf on the Champs Elysees, a building which has since been destroyed. At the soiree I met Mme. de Montijo and her daughter. The future empress and her mother had come from the Spanish embassy, where a fete had been given in honor of the Queen's birthday. Mme. Montijo was dressed in white, with a red scarf. Her daughter had on a superb toilet of white lace, ornamented with tufts of wild grasses attached to the corsage and the skirt with clusters of diamonds. Notwithstanding her great beauty and her splendid dress, there was less attention paid to her than to her mother in that serious society. As both Mlle. de Montijo and myself were relegated to one end of the room, we commenced a conversation in Spanish. I spoke then the language of Cervantes very well, and my companion amused herself by making me repeat after her sundry coarse carter's epithets which she thought were totally unpronounceable by a foreigner. I did not succeed, to my credit be it said. She talked to me then about her taste for the drama, and about the comedy she had played in at an entertainment given by the Queen of Spain, and so from one thing to another we came to talk about Louis Napoleon, then president of the republic. She called him ugly and ridiculous, and as that very morning he had ridden out in the Bois de Boulogne with a comrade around his throat, that comrade greatly amused the lively and charming girl, who laughed mischievously at him from whom she was so soon to receive the crown matrimonial of France."

Jenny Lind in Love.

"I am a Quaker, as you know," a Philadelphia writer in a *Century*, "and it is reported that, shortly before Jenny Lind's visit to the city, an aged lady arose in one of our meetings and said she had heard that 'Jane Lyon, a very wicked woman, was on her way to this country to sing,' and she hoped that none of the young people would be drawn away to hear her. Nevertheless, an uncle took me and my brother to the Saturday Matinee. We had seats in the balcony and so near the stage that we could in a way see behind the scenes. Early in the entertainment Jenny Lind sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the audience was beside itself. Among the members of her company was her future husband, Otto Goldschmidt. He was to the audience simply an unknown pianist, and to be obliged to listen to anything but the voice of Jenny Lind was provoking. Well, the man played, and from where we sat we could see Jenny Lind behind the curtain listening most intently. When he had finished, the audience seemed in no wise disposed to applaud; but Jenny Lind began to clap her hands vigorously, observing which we boys reinforced her; and, observing her face light up—I can see the love-light on it yet—we clapped furiously until the applause spread throughout the audience. When he had finished playing a second time, my brother and I set the ball in motion, and the applause was greatly extended to satisfy even the fiancee of Otto Goldschmidt."

Prince de Wagram's Estate.

Bertha Rothschild, who renounced Judaism to marry the Prince Alexander de Wagram, bringing to him an income of \$150,000 a year, is spending her honeymoon at his chateau in a suburb of Paris. This is a grandly situated place, though not so pleasantly situated as when Napoleon gave it to Marshal Berthier. It had belonged to a noble family that had emigrated, and it had become national property. The first emperor was liberal in giving such estates to his military followers, who, in accepting them, bound themselves over to join in no conspiracy which had for its object the bringing back of the Bourbons and the old aristocracy. The Prince de Wagram succeeded in having the grounds cut across by two railroads, in order to replenish his treasury by obtaining excessive damages, which he did through official connivance. The money enabled him to secure brilliant matches for two of his daughters. The third married Prince Joachim Murat as the emperor was declining, and has since been obliged to ask her father for that income with which it was expected the emperor would keep his cousin Joachim supplied.

A Kind-Hearted Princess.

Seldom is it that "stories" about the princesses of Wales are circulated, but a recent issue of the *Whitehall Review* recalls one, of an accident that occurred a few years ago, which is worth repeating, as giving an insight into the practical kindness of her truly royal heart. An Austrian general, visiting at Sandringham, while saying "good night" to his royal host, chanced to stumble and sprained his ankle so that for several days he was confined to his bed. Not only did the prince call frequently to inquire after his condition, but the princess also came every day and read aloud to him at his bedside to divert his mind from the pain he was suffering. "I know of none of my own family except my mother who would have done the same for me," the general always adds, with a grateful tremor in his voice, when he relates the story.

A Helpmeet.

There are, no doubt, cases where a man earns a great fortune, while his wife's existence is that of a butterfly, writes Col. T. W. Higginson. These cases are rare; taking one family with another, the wife works as hard as her husband, and the fact that his share involves the handling of the money does not make it his money. It belongs to both, and what he pays over to her is not a gift, but a matter of right. "This was a present to me from wife," said a rich man, showing an ornate friend jocosely. "No!" he said, "out of her own hard earnings. She keeps house for a man of your acquaintance!"

Mr. Tenyson contemplates selling Aldworth, his place on the Surrey Downs, where he is now staying, as he finds that the life of Wight air suits him much better.

OUR INLAND WATERS.

Three Years' Wreck, Burnings, and Loss of Life.—Nearly 500 Human Lives Lost.

Stringent Measures for Public Protection Imperative.—Unsafe Condition of Steamers.

Though the consideration of the danger resulting from the overcrowding of steamboats has been forced upon the attention of the Department of Marine and Fisheries for a number of years, and means have been suggested to prevent such a state of affairs, no rule has yet seemed sufficiently elastic to suit the conflicting interests of owners on the one hand and the travelling public on the other, or to reconcile such interests to the various conditions of navigation. An approximate rule, based on the length and breadth of the vessel, has been recommended, but as no two vessels of like dimensions in this respect would have the same stability under a load of passengers, it has not been adopted. Several steamboat owners in this port claim a safe capacity of 1,500 passengers, but have not life-saving appliances for the fourth of that number. In fixing a limit to the number of passengers to be carried on any boat, it is but reasonable to suppose that the public should demand life-saving means for each person within that limit. One thing especially should be prohibited, that of overcrowding the upper and promenade decks, as the danger is sufficient to great in the generally unsatisfactory condition of the vessels without enhancing it by overcrowding or overloading. A noticeable defect in the construction of nearly all the lake steamers is that the engine-room is not sufficiently connected by combinings or substantial bulkheads. As at present constructed the combinings are very shallow and the sheeting of inch pine, instead of being made of heavy pine or oak, or better still, of iron, so as to be able to stand the force of the sea after the gangways are washed in by the storm. Such a defect as that remarked caused the collapse and foundering of the steamer *Asia*, with its accompanying loss of life. There is also great danger of the vessels taking fire from the proximity of the wooden combings to the boiler, the distance between the two being only 18 inches. The firing is all done from the front end of the boiler in the majority of lake boats, the back being never visited except when requiring cleaning, and as sparks frequently are emitted from this part, the danger of communicating with the inflammable pine combing, eighteen inches distant is imminent. The *City of Winnipeg* and *Manitoba* took fire from this defect in construction, and at a less recent period the *City of London* and *Mary Robertson*, all trading to Georgian Bay ports.

MARINE DISASTERS.

A brief mention of the more serious disasters to Canadian vessels during the past three years, within the limits of the West Ontario Division, extending from Whitty to the head of Lake Superior, will be appropriate under present circumstances, and will convey to the public an accurate idea of the appalling loss of life which has during that period distinguished travel on our waters.

LOSSES FOR 1882.

The following are the losses so far during the present year on the waters within the limits mentioned:—The steamer *Manitoulin*, of the Great Northern Transit Line, took fire when about four miles from Manitowaning on the 18th May. The vessel became a total loss, and twenty-five persons, passengers and crew, lost their lives. The vessel was valued at \$35,000, and was only running on her third season. On the 10th June the steamer *Vanderbilt* was discovered to be on fire when opposite M'drum Bay, Manitowaning Island. The vessel was beached, and became a total loss, but the passengers and crew were saved.

A vessel supposed to have been the schooner *Nellie Sherwood* foundered on Georgian Bay on the 20th September, all on board being lost.

The steamer *Pictou* ran ashore and was wrecked on the night of the 23rd September. The crew were all saved.

The shocking disaster of the steamer *Asia*, with the loss of all on board with the exception of two, is too recent an occurrence to require any detailed mention. However it may be proper to state that the loss of life resulting from her wreck could not be much under 120.

DISASTERS IN 1881.

The fearful disaster at London on the 24th of May, 1881, by the upsetting of the pleasure steamer *Victoria*, and the loss of 181 lives was the result of overcrowding the boat beyond her capacity to bear up under such a load. With 200 persons equally distributed on the main and upper decks the vessel would be safe, with 400 she would be dangerous, and with 600, the number stowed on the vessel, the majority of those being on the upper deck, the wonder is that she did not upset immediately on leaving the wharf. From the shape of the hull, a flat-bottomed scow, if loaded down under the wharf's edge, there would be little tendency to right if the guard rail below the wharf, which it did soon after leaving the wharf.

The propeller *Columbia*, of the Collingwood and Chicigo line, foundered off Port Frankfort, Lake Michigan, on the 10th September. The cause of this disaster was not reported. Two boats, one with eight and the other with nine persons, got away from the vessel as she was going down, and of those seven were saved, the others being drowned on the surf. It was not ascertained how many were actually lost in this disastrous affair.

The propeller *City of Winnipeg* was burned at Duluth on the 19th of July. The engineer reported that the fire started in the wood pocket at the port side of the boiler, at 3.30 a. m. He at once gave the alarm and the fire pump was turned on, but the fire having too much headway all efforts to quench the flames were unavailing, and in a short time the steamer was burned to the edge of the water, four persons who were unable to escape perishing in the flames.

The propeller *Jane Miller* was lost on Georgian Bay on the 25th of November, with passengers and crew, the entire number being supposed to be about twenty-five or thirty persons. The details concerning the loss of the vessel were exceedingly meagre, as she seems to have gone down with all hands.

NOTABLE POLICE.

The steamer *Lake Erie* was sunk by collision with the steamer *Northern Queen* on Lake Michigan, opposite Poverty Island, on the 24th of Nov. during a fog and accompanied by storm. The *Northern Queen* struck the *Lake Erie* stem on abreast the smoke-stack. The shock broke the steam-pipe near the boiler, the escaping steam scalding the crew. Forbes a deck hand, so severely that he died seven hours after the accident. The *Lake Erie* sank two hours after the collision, and deep water fifteen miles from shore. All the hands and passengers on the *Lake Erie* were taken on board the *Northern Queen*, but while the latter was making the entrance to Manistique harbour she struck the pier and became a wreck.

While the tug *Prince Alfred* was on her way from Goderich to Sarnia in July a plank from one of the boiler tubes flew out, causing the death by boiling of a fireman, the loss of the engineer, Benjamin Pitcaan. The loss of the steamer *Taubano* on Georgian Bay in 1879, with the consequent loss of life is still fresh in the minds of the public, and the more recent loss of the *Zealand* and *Simcoe* in November, 1880, the former with all hands lost and the latter with a loss of twelve out of a crew of seventeen.

LOSS OF LIFE FOR THREE YEARS.

During the past three years the loss of life on Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior, or through accidents to steamboats and other vessels has amounted to 470 persons, a greater number than those lost during the entire twenty years preceding. Twenty years ago there were but 46 steamers on Canada, Upper and Lower, and the number is now 800. Of course, any comparison of the loss of life during recent years with those preceding, without taking into consideration this great item of increase in the number of vessels would be apt to mislead, still the loss of life yearly for the past three years is disproportionate to the rate of increase, large as it is.

OTHER NOTES.

The following is the number of vessels lost or broken up during last year:—West Ontario, Huron, and Superior District, 5 vessels, 2 paddle and 3 screw; East Ontario, 5 vessels, all of them screw; Montreal, 2 paddle and 1 screw; Quebec, 3 vessels, 2 paddle and 1 screw; Maritime Provinces, 3 vessels, 2 paddle and 1 screw; British Columbia, 4 vessels, 2 paddle and 2 screw.

A second officer who has sailed the lake for fifteen years, generally on schooners, stated to a *Globe* reporter last evening that he left his vessel recently owing to the unsound condition. She has been inspected by a Government Inspector who has pronounced it unsafe about granting her a certificate, being well aware of the rotten condition of the timbers, but his hesitancy disappeared as the captain and part owner transferred some of the cargo from his pocket to that of the Inspector, who made out the certificate without further demur. The whole transaction was witnessed by the mate, who as soon as he secured his wages left the vessel. The mate was in some parts so decayed that it was friable to the touch and would not hold a nail. Such defects were, however, covered by putty and paint so as not to be visible.

Prayer.

Every prayer is a wish, but wishes are not prayers. In the heart of every prayer is the sense of need, but a sense of need is not prayer. Prayer is asking for a felt need, not asking the universe, but God. No one can intelligently ask who does not believe he can and may be heard. No one can prayerfully ask, who thinks that asking will bring nothing. Persons who believe that the whole influence of prayer is simply the effect of their own thoughts upon themselves, never pray. They cannot pray. The mouth may utter right words; the heart is not in them. Some prayers are not prayers for those who say them do not really wish for the things they mention. But the difficulty with some prayers is that there is no grasp of the idea of God—that is no asking, "Ask that ye shall receive."—*Christian Advocate*.

A Heartless Joke.

A young lady, who is very heavy insured by strangers in the matrimonial insurance companies, says a southern paper, on the report of her approaching marriage, went with a friend into a dry-goods store last week. She knew that the clerk who was waiting on her had invested a year's savings in a policy on her coming marriage. While examining a piece of silk she said to her friend, in an aside perfectly audible to the clerk: "Since my engagement is definitely broken off I will have no trousseau to buy. I think I might afford this." When she turned to ask the clerk the price, he had fainted.

For the foundation walls of the new English church in Rome, the corner-stone of which was laid in April last, the entire materials of the old convent have been required and many loads of mortar and brick in addition. From the chaplain's recent report of the financial state of the church it appears that a sum of 17,000 has been raised; that the ground, with legal expenses, has cost another 6,000; that the removal of former buildings, the foundations and lawsuits have cost another 6,000; and that there remains in hand 5,000, the latter a sum that is to be finished by January next, will be further funds be provided. Besides the 5,000 now in hand, there is required, says the report, for the pillars of the clear-story, windows, roof, floor, heating apparatus, and fittings, a further sum of 5,000 at least. "We should bear in mind," said the chaplain, "that the room outside Porta del Popolo, which we at present use for divine service, and for which we pay a rent of 100 a year, is held on an uncertain tenure. Unless the new church be soon completed the congregation may find themselves without a building in which to meet for public worship."

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.—The *National* says the Cabinet will discuss Debraza's treaty with the Congo River chiefs during the week, and its ratification is assured. The *National* understands if the Queen of Madagascar does not formerly recognize the rights of France in the island, energetic measures will be taken with a view to their preservation.

Archibald Alison, who commands the Highland Brigade at Tel-el-Kebir, is of the late Sir Archibald Alison, of Lanarkshire, and author of the *History of the British Army*, 1874-77; *Commonwealth of Scotland*, 1877-78; *Canada, Upper and Lower*, and the number is now 800. Of course, any comparison of the loss of life during recent years with those preceding, without taking into consideration this great item of increase in the number of vessels would be apt to mislead, still the loss of life yearly for the past three years is disproportionate to the rate of increase, large as it is.