

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

NO. 10

## THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Saturday by

**JONES & CHANCEY,**  
Publishers and Proprietors.

A. K. JONES, Editor. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

### RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year.....\$1.50  
Six months.....1.00  
Three months......75  
Invariably cash in advance.

Rates of advertising made known on application.

Correspondence from all parts of the county solicited.  
Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or.

### Lodge Directory.

GRAND BONNE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary. O. F. BELL, W. M.

UNION LODGE, No. 39, L. O. O. F.—Regular meetings on Friday evenings of each week at their hall in Union. All brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the lodge.  
S. W. LONG, N. G.  
G. A. THOMPSON, Secy.

### Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH—Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30.

REV. ANDERSON, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Regular church services every Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting each week on Wednesday evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m.

REV. H. VERNON RICE, Pastor.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

REV. W. R. POWELL, Rector.

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Judge.....A. C. Craig  
Sheriff.....A. L. Saunders  
Clerk.....B. F. Wilson  
Treasurer.....J. P. Benson  
School Superintendent.....J. L. Hindman  
Surveyor.....E. H. Lewis  
Coroner.....E. H. Lewis

### City Officers.

Mayor.....D. B. Rees

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J. S. Elliott.....Willis Skiff  
J. B. Eaton.....G. A. Thompson  
Recorder.....J. P. Benson  
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Treasurer.....J. D. Carroll  
Street Commissioner.....L. Eaton

### Departure of Trains.

Regular east bound trains leave at 9:30 a. m. West bound trains leave at 4:20 p. m.

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### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Collecting and probate practice specialties. Office, two doors south of Postoffice, Union Oregon.

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### Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store, Union, Oregon.

I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,

### Physician and Surgeon

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Has permanently located at North Powder, where he will answer all calls.

T. H. CRAWFORD,

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Union, Oregon.

D. Y. K. DEERING,

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Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros' variety store.  
Residence, Main street, second house south of court house.  
Chronic diseases a specialty.

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Will practice in Union, Baker, Grant, Umatilla and Morrow Counties, also in the Supreme Court of Oregon, the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.

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### FISHING IN MAINE.

A Tempting Account from the Neighborhood of Bangor.

The salmon season on the Penobscot is now closed, so far as taking the fish in nets and wires is concerned, but fishing with a single line will be legal for some weeks yet, writes a Bangor correspondent of *The New York Sun*. The season has been very successful, an immense catch having been made below the city, and even the poorest persons hereabout have been able to enjoy dinners of the king of fish. Up to June 30, more than thirty thousand pounds of salmon were brought to Bangor, and from that date to July 15, in all probability, twenty thousand pounds more. The great bulk of the fish was shipped to New York and Boston, where Penobscot salmon is rightly considered superior in flavor to all others. One of the finest fish of the season was sent to Gen. Grant at Mount McGregor. A great many of the fish were packed in ice by dealers and hotel-keepers before the catch was over, and broiled salmon of the native kind will constitute part of the down-east menu for a long time yet.

The fish wardens are now having lively times with certain persons who set the law at defiance and continue to net salmon for the supply of hotels in the big cities. Provincial salmon are now being palmed off on the public as Penobscot rivers, but they are far inferior, and may easily be distinguished by their coarser flavor. The up-river fishermen are much disgruntled at the restriction placed upon them by law, and by the working of the fishway at the water works dam. Two miles above the city is the upper limit of tidewater and the first fall of the Penobscot, known as Treat's. Here, in 1875, a great dam was built for the purpose of serving Bangor with water, and in the dam was constructed a fishway to allow the passage of fish up river to the lakes. At Veazie, a little further up, and at Ayer's falls, just beyond, great numbers of salmon used to be taken, and the fishery was a source of considerable revenue to the people there. But since the dam and its fishway were interposed between them and tidewater these fishermen have caught only a few salmon, and they denounce the fishway as an outrage, especially since the law prohibited net-fishing up river. The Veazie men took few enough with their nets after the dam was built, and now, with only a single line, they do next to nothing, and in the season all hands come down to Bangor and camp out for tidewater fishing. The commissioners have opened the fishway at different times and found salmon nearly through it, but the fact that the up river catch has fallen off so badly seems to demonstrate that no considerable number of fish go up through the way.

The perch, bass, pickerel and trout fishermen are having great luck hereabouts this season, and the native anglers are daily reinforced by carloads of fancy sportsmen from New York, Boston, and all the large cities, who come resplendent in corduroy breeches, velvet coats, and cork helmets, armed with splendid rods, gayly colored flies, and all the latest paraphernalia, not omitting a generous supply of things to cheer the inner man. They bring the latter commodity because they fancy that nothing stronger than water can be had down in this country. To Moosehead and the brooks they go for "lakers" and the pretty speckled trout, while the lakes and ponds near Bangor provide all the white perch, black bass and pickerel anybody could desire. There are excellent trout streams so near this city that the natives often drive out of a Sunday morning and return with a good string for supper. The black bass are biting lively at Pushaw, only six miles away, and wonderful strings of white perch are brought in from there every evening. There are few fish that make better eating than the white perch. The bass, however, are the gamiest fish in creation, if sport is what one is looking for. They are said to be nearly all wormy, however, just beneath the skin, and on that account some persons will not eat them.

It is very convenient to live in a city that is only twelve hours distant by rail and carriage from such a place as Naticus lake, which is just back of Lowell village, northeast of here. Up there trout and other game, fish, bears, deer, ducks, and grouse are as plenty as ever they were. It is a regular sportsman's paradise. The eccentric canoe builder and famed hunter, Jock Darling, has his abode at Naticus now, and lots of his old friends of forest and stream are wending their way thither. There are places where it costs lots of money to be a sportsman, even for a brief time, but down here anyone can go hunting or fishing cheaper than he can stay at home. I went out to a famous fishing pond near Bangor a little while ago, had my horse stabled and baited, the use of a boat, lines and bait all the afternoon, and a good supper, and the bill was 55 cents. It seems hardly possible that mine host will ever get rich at that rate, but he asked no more and was satisfied.

### Attacked by Ants.

Mr. Isaiah Burner, a farmer living near Chambersburg, a small country village a few miles from Dayton, O., had a most wonderful experience, narrowly escaping being killed by ants. He was picking blackberries in a wild patch of undergrowth in a dense wood, when suddenly he disturbed millions upon millions of large, black ants. They were under a thin covering of

earth, which he stepped on, and almost instantly they crawled up his pantaloons legs, and when he tried to knock them off showed fight. Before he could get out of the heavy growth of brush he was covered from head to foot with the pestiferous ants. They bit him and crawled into his nose, ears, and mouth. He yelled for help, but soon became blinded with the myriads of ants on his head and face, and before he reached the edge of the wood fell helpless to the ground, utterly at the mercy of the ants, and was only saved evidently from death by the timely arrival of his brother.

The insects were the common black ants of a very large size. Burner was bitten by them all over the body, and while very sore, it is thought, providing the bites are not poisonous, will recover. The case is without a precedent in this section of the country, and, it is believed, had not aid arrived when it did the ants would not only have killed but eaten their victim.—*New York Tribune*.

### A Violent South Carolinian.

In the course of a debate in the house in May, 1836, on the fortification bill, Mr. Cambreling, of New York, speaking of the prevailing bloated condition of affairs, declared that "the whole nation was now one common gambling-house." The next day Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, mounted the rostrum, and in a speech of great ability, abounding in historical allusions and "odorous" comparisons, alluded to Mr. Cambreling's remark and inquired "Who made it so?" Then he charged the administration with the responsibility of all the ills with which the country was afflicted. "Sycophancy and servility," he said, "have taken the place of all the heroic and manly virtues. The rooks, together with obscene birds, have perched themselves in the high places of the land, and we sit here beneath, surrounded daily with their filth and corruption. Officeholders (now become miserable dependents) and office-seekers infest every turn and corner; and let it be known that any man has influence, from his being the tool of those who have patronage to confer, and he is overwhelmed with the bowing and cringing of these slaves and beggars. Crowds of miserable, hungry beings creep and crawl, in the darkness of midnight, through the hidden recesses and gloomy avenues that lead up to the throne of royal favor. These creatures, generated as they are in despotism, are pervading the country and becoming more loathsome than the croaking lice or shiny frogs of Egypt ever were in the days of God's judgments. This, sir, is the reform with which we are blessed." Farther on he declared that "this is the reign of Caesar," and although he knew of none with the line talents and acquisitions of Mark Antony, he thought we had "many with his profligacy and abandoned principles." For Lepidus he pointed to R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, for Octavius to Martin Van Buren, the vice president "and chosen favorite of him" who has trampled upon the liberties of his country.

This, it must be admitted, was rather strong language for a man who was elected to congress as a supporter of the administration. But those South Carolinians always were a queer people, and ready to boil over at a moment's notice, as they did at King's Mountain, and Ninety-Six, and the Eutaws. For there is in South Carolina yet, "for all that's come and gone," a great deal of the fiery old blood of Touraine and La Vendee, that in the days of the Froude under the great Conde and the brave Coligny, waged such an intestine war against the church and crown. Add to these a fair proportion of the descendants of the old Scotch covenanters and a sprinkling of Highlanders in the hill country, to say nothing of the Anglo-Americans pure and simple, and we can easily perceive what an explosive mixture is produced. The nitro-glycerine thus evolved generated the old Maultrie, Sumter, Marion, and Campbell, Hagen, the rescuer of Lafayette, Wade Hampton, Wigfall, and the rest. As a people they have been full of intellect, full of culture and full of fight—all premonitory symptoms of insanity. When a stranger in Columbia during the war inquired of Mr. Pettigrew the way to the lunatic asylum, he directed him to the state-house, where the legislature was in session, with the remark: "They are as mad as March hares there, every devil of them."

### Culture and Happiness.

Now life is not only what we make it, but it is, very largely, what we think it is. If we hold before ourselves constantly, some dreary "might have been," if we think it is, in some unexplainable way, finer and more excited to set ourselves to a minor key of some misere, we may become in reality very unhappy. There is no law, unfortunately, against people's making themselves wretched. Schopenhauer's theory is that culture makes for unhappiness; that the more cultivated is an individual the more sensitive is he to physical discomfort or troubles, and that he is thereby a being formed to be jarred upon at every turn. It is very possible that the old adage about a little learning applies to this case. A superficial culture doubtless increases one's sensibilities in various ways without producing a corresponding increase of resources; but the deeper culture supplies these and enables its possessor to bear a thousand trials or to discover means to surmount them as may be, of which the more ignorant individual would never have dreamed.—*Boston Traveler*.

### A CHARACTERISTIC MEXICAN TOWN.

The Most Picturesque Port Between San Francisco and Panama—Interesting Features of Acapulco.

Of all the ports on the Pacific between San Francisco and Panama, Acapulco is the most picturesque and the most charming, writes a correspondent of *The San Francisco Chronicle*. It is a perfect land-locked harbor, and its entrance lies between two rugged eminences which rise abruptly from the waves, and to him who is unfamiliar with the coast offer no hint of a refuge for ships, except an indifferent light-house. The heights of which I speak are islands. The shores both of these and of the mainland are very rugged and steep, breakers dashing high upon seamed crags, polished by this incessant beating through a hundred centuries, perhaps. Mountains closely hedge the harbor about, and the town lies on its inner side, close to the base of a promontory which juts out as if to reach its strong arm toward the sturdy isles that guard the gateway. Two masses of shivered rocks on the shore to the east of the town look, even through a glass, somewhat like ruined castles. Groves of palms cast dense shadows upon the smooth, yellowish beach when the sun is slipping down the western sky. Palms adorn the courts of the principal houses in Acapulco and cluster about the straggling quarters of the poor, and masses of them are to be seen on the lower slopes of the mountains. Some of the streets run back and up from the shore to a considerable height. They are lined with the small adobe or reed huts of the lower class, generally thatched with leaves, with here and there a new awning next to the street covered with tiles. In two or three principal streets there are sidewalks raised two and even three feet above the roadway, according to the fancy of the builders of the adjoining houses. Glancing in at wide-open doors you invariably see a dusky female form slowly swinging in a hammock, and perhaps a servant or two extended on the floor, all in the most comfortable of *deshabilles*. In the dwellings of the lower class, I was told, not a single imported commodity could be found. These people are yet to learn the primary advantages of civilized trade. But in almost every one of the better houses I was surprised to observe sewing-machines, and in the shops some of them were being operated in the heat of the day. I struck across some rocky knolls covered with huts, through a weed-grown lane, where huge, many-colored lizards ran quickly as I approached and lazy serpents rustled in the herbage, and thus reached the fort, or citadel, which was battered somewhat by the shells of the French, and looks to-day very much the worse for wear. It is chiefly used as a casemate, and contains some hideous dungeons. A splendid avenue, shaded by live-oaks and olives, leads from the fort down a gentle incline along the steep shore, which here may be called a bluff, and with a green parade or common on the other side. The French had only a station themselves outside the islands when they were invading Mexico and rain shells upon the town, with little risk to themselves.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Acapulco is the life of the people who subsist by the small traffic which they carry on with the few steamers that touch there. There is one mahatua woman there who weighs at least four hundred pounds, and who for twenty years has paddled out or been paddled out to the anchorage ground as often as a vessel is sighted from the promontory adjoining the town. She always meets the Pacific Mail steamships with two bumboats, loaded with her own person, besides some fruits, eggs, trinkets, and curiosities. Beautiful parrots of a garulous turn of mind may be purchased from her at 88 each. Of course, she has rivals, but her good-natured, laughing face and abundant charms, which remind one of the display of dressed meat in a butchers' stall, seem as a rule to carry the day, and she is credited with possessing a very comfortable fortune. No sooner does the prow of a steamer show itself around the sharp corner which vessels have to turn to enter the harbor than the bumboats may be seen flocking out from the shore, and in an astonishingly short space of time they are alongside. The bumboats at all these Mexican ports are the primitive dugout canoes, which, as everyone who has seen one will acknowledge, is not ungraceful in appearance, especially when tossing about upon the waves. The natives paddle them now just as their purer-blooded forefathers did six hundred years ago, before Cortez set foot in the Aztec empire. The huts of the bumboat people are on the beach, close to the foot of the promontory. Here naked children, hogs, fowls, and dogs live promiscuously together in the sand. Bronze-skinned young women wade out with bare legs and loose gowns displaying their shoulders, arms, and bosoms, into the gently lapping tide, secure their canoes, load them, and then, embarking, push off for the anchorage ground. A peep into their huts shows these people to be lazily industrious and invariably cleanly. Their life is just as simple and more peaceful than that of the patriarchs of old.

The condition of the peons forms a sharp contrast. I saw a score of them bearing burdens on their backs from the port into the town. They were dressed merely in short drawers, hardly covering the thigh, and tunics which left the neck and arms bare. These garments are of thin white cotton. The poor fellows had very much

the air of slaves. About their heads they wrapped a cotton scarf of high-tinted colors to protect themselves from the heat, and this gave them a decidedly Oriental look. I saw a remittance of specie coming into the town from the interior. It was loaded on the backs of pack-horses, and men armed with *nuchies* and pistols walked beside and behind them. Ahead rode a horseman with a rifle. The mounted Mexicans from the country had the broad-brimmed, leaf-crowned hats and the white garments and leggings, and belts stuck full of arms, with which they have for years been pictured by our educated imaginations, and they looked exactly as if they might just have stepped out of an illustrated school geography. The sunset in Acapulco harbor was one to leave its lasting impress upon the memory. To the west, in a narrow gap between two pyramidal peaks that mark the promontory which closes the port, is a group of lofty palms. Behind these the sun disappeared, leaving the heavens on fire. The near objects forming the horizon were as sharply and distinctly outlined against the intensely-glowing background as if they were pictures cast upon a screen by a magic-lantern. The gathering dusk only heightened this effect by swallowing up every feature of the objects except their clear, yet graceful outlines, while adding to one's sense of admiration that mystic feeling which, perhaps, is best defined if we call it "awe." The city's modest towers grew unreal as the darkness deepened, until at length they were lost entirely, and only twinkling lights against the dark mass of the lofty hills told of the habitations on shore.

### American Fables.

#### THE TURKEY AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

A Young and guileless Turkey was Walking in the Field one day in search of something to stay his Stomach, when Luck brought him a fine, large Grasshopper. He was about to swallow the Insect, when the Hopper exclaimed: "Hold on a Moment, my Friend! What's the use of picking up a small Insect like me when there are plenty of Hares in the Weeds just ahead?" "That's so, and how foolish I was!" answered the Turkey as he let the Hopper go and set out to find Hares. At the end of half an hour he leaned up against a barbed-wire fence, kicked himself fourteen successive times, and remarked:

"In the first place I couldn't catch a Hare, and in the second I couldn't have eaten one if I had."

#### MORAL:

The Mechanic who runs after Politics will go hungry half his time.

#### THE BARREL AND THE KEG.

On a certain Occasion a Barrel which was half-full of rain-water found itself beside a Keg of Brandy. There was plenty of room for both, but the Keg could not repress its vanity and soon remarked: "Singular that it takes such a stout Barrel to hold such weak Liquid." "And it is singular how much Quarrelling, Murder and General Rascality can be cooped up into such small bulk," retorted the Barrel.

"I've got the strength of ten full barrels of Water." "Yes, but all good men detest you." They Scolded away for half an hour, taunting each other with having lived in Chicago and St. Louis, and finally agreed to leave it to the Owner of the store. The Keg stated the case and asked for a decision.

"Why as to that," he answered, "You contain a very good quality of Fusil Oil, and the Barrel holds about the same quantity of rain water, with certain Chemicals dissolved. Each by yourself you are of very little value, but when I pour the Fusil into the Barrel, as I soon will, behold the result will be thirty-two gallons of best French Brandy—imported for this house direct from Paris. Now shut up while I tie some more Cobwebs to the corks of these Champagne Bottles."

#### MORAL:

None of us are of much value to the world when we stand alone.—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### Too Much.

A "Humorist" who marks his paragraphs, meeting the editor of a daily paper, said: "Say, you've cut me, off your exchange list."

"Yes."

"Why, you ought not to have done that. For the last three months I have been sending you two copies weekly of my paper."

"I know it, and that's the reason I cut you off. By making an effort I could stand one copy, but when you sent two it was more than I could bear."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

#### The Roach Caught Her.

"And we could walk down through the vale of this life together, and be happy," said an antiquated female in widow's weeds to a rich old bachelor with matrimonial tendencies.

"And why so, darling?" replied he. "Because I saw you extract a roach from the biscuit this morning, and continue eating as unmindful and unconcerned as the summer sun when it breathes over sleeping valleys."

"And Mrs. Pretzel exclaims, 'Did she win him?'—*Pretzel's Weekly*.

Forty thousand dollars are to be expended on a crematory in Philadelphia. It is to be located at Manayunk, and the inclosure will comprise eleven acres of land.

A Brooklyn belle, who will not go to the country for fear of getting tanned, sits on the piazza for her residence every evening wearing a different dress.

### PASSING EVENTS.

Nearly all the aged inhabitants of Persin eat opium.

The population of the world is estimated at 1,400,000,000.

There are 60,000 families in London, each of which lives in one room.

Pittsburgh is to have a national convention of string bands next month.

The smallest salary a minister in the Presbyterian Church of Australia is permitted to receive is \$1,500.

It is estimated that 750,000 people go into London by rail every day to earn their living, and leave it again every night.

It is said that there are no crippled Chinamen in San Francisco. All such unfortunates are sent back to China by their countrymen.

Since the introduction of electric lights at Bar Harbor the number of wedding engagements made there has perceptibly decreased.

The Indians on the White Mountain reservation, Arizona, are reported to have some two hundred acres of land under cultivation this season.

An Albany (Ga.) woman who took it into her head to destroy every photograph of herself sent nearly a thousand miles for the last one.

There is only one girl in Iron Elbo who wears red stockings with her bathing dress, and the other girls cut her. Black stockings are considered in strict society the only allowable thing.

The thermometer reached 120 degrees in the shade in some places in Tulare county, California, recently. At Calico, in San Bernardino county, 125 degrees in the shade is reported.

An artesian well in Kern county, California, has been completed, which gives a flow of 1,575,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, and the water rises 11 1/2 inches above the pipe. The cost was only \$700.

The word consols is an abbreviation of the term consolidated annuities. The English consols differ from our national debt in this way: The principal may vary in amount, but the interest never. They constitute a perpetual obligation of the United Kingdom, bearing 3 per cent. interest, and representing an irredeemable principal.

Fuel is cheap in the Puget Sound region, sugar is dear, and the climate is adapted to the growth of the sugar beet. Under these promising conditions a company has been formed to start sugar works in that region, and have contracted with farmers for 25,000 tons of beets annually, for five years, at \$1.50 per ton.

In favorable seasons California counts its honey crop by the thousand tons, and bee-keepers find a good profit when extracted honey commands no more than four cents or five cents per pound, and comb honey seven cents or eight cents. This year, however, the honey yield will be light—flowers are few and nectar scant.

A female office-seeker in Washington last week manuevered her way into the white house with six small children in tow, and a most pathetic plea for an appointment which would enable her to support her widowed brood. It was a neat bit of strategy, but it wofully miscarried when she was recognized by one of the attendants. She was never married at all, and the squad of juveniles had been borrowed for the occasion. The author of so ingenious a device almost deserved success.

A special feature of the approaching celebration of Concord's 250th anniversary is to be the placing of many inscribed tablets on the town's historic spots. Some of them have been completed. One to be placed on a huge boulder has this inscription: "On this farm dwelt Simon Willard, one of the founders of Concord, who did good service for town and colony for more than forty years." Another says: "The British troops retreating from the old North bridge were here attacked in flank by the men of Concord and neighboring towns, and driven under a hot fire to Charles-town."

The most curious way of committing suicide which the physicians have ever known about was taken by a French butler in Lennox, Mass. The head butler, named Anatole Lefort, went to a room which has two iron bedsteads. He moved the beds so they stood a little over four feet apart, then attached an endless towel, one of the kind that runs on a roller, to the iron frame of one of the beds in such a way that it left a gap close to the center. He put his head through the noose, then lifted his feet and stuck them through the iron frame of the other bed. His weight tightened the noose around his neck and he died from strangulation, his body being suspended between the two beds.

The expenditure of European armaments amounted last year to £183,519,997. Russia is easily first with a total of more than £46,000,000. France is second with more than £33,500,000. Great Britain third, with nearly £31,500,000, and Germany fourth with over £22,500,000. France is first with a national debt of over \$960,000,000. Great Britain second with £758,000,000. Russia third, with £603,500,000, and Spain fourth, with £501,000,000. This is a surprising prominence for Spain, which has an annual expenditure of only £35,000,000 and a military expenditure of only £6,250,000. As for Germany her debt is a comparative trifle.