

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

I'll not confer with Sorrow
Till to-morrow;
But Joy shall have her way
This very day.

Ho! eglantine and cresses
For her tresses!
Let Care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter;
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

—T. B. Aldrich.

"As the Angels."

BY EMMA A. LENTE.

"There's simply no use in stopping here any longer, Fred. We've exhausted the place."

"Think so, old man? Now, I don't."
"Well, what is there to stay for?"
"Look there, Morris; the answer is visible."

The "there" was a wide expanse of field, stream, forest, lake and mountain. The vantage ground was a grassy hillside dotted with trees. Under the shade of the grandest maple reclined the young men who had been undecided where to spend their vacation, and had drifted to this spot on their wheels, led by the glowing description of a friend as to the charming scenery and the quaint loveliness of the inhabitants.

"They will take you into their hearts as well as their homes," he had said. "You will be asked to high tea, and if there's a wedding you will be invited as surely as if you were near of kin; at a funeral, you will be expected to mourn with those that mourn. It is a sweet, primitive place now; it will be spoiled when the tourists find it."

And so, scarce caring where they went, as long as it was away from city sights and sounds, Fred White and Morris Garth, one a writer, the other a bank clerk, had come to the little nook among the hills in the up-country.

They found a boarding place with a Quaker family, consisting of a widowed mother, with a son and daughter. The house was a fit habitation for the quiet, gentle friends. It was set in a large garden, filled to profusion with old-time, always-sweet blossoms. There were stately hollyhocks of gorgeous hue, balm and sweet williams, spice pinks and bachelor's buttons, and day lilies. The front door had a heavy metal knocker which, when struck, brought to the porch the mistress of the house, who, whether to friend or stranger, would always say:

"Thee is very welcome; walk in."

The young tourists, on accepting this invitation, stepped into a cool, shadowy hall, fragrant with spice pinks, and then were shown to upper rooms, where all the belongings were simple but spotlessly clean.

"Everything seems like Sunday afternoon, Fred, even our gentle landlady. There seems to be a sort of sacred calm about the house. I wonder if a fellow could have a smoke?"

The supper, to which they sat down with the family, was abundant and delicious. The son, who ate hurriedly and disappeared, was a clerk in the one store of the community; the daughter, very childlike and quaint, said nothing except the words necessary in serving the meal, but her quiet, "Will thee have some more berries?" or, "Hadt thee better try the sponge cake?" seemed to be very persuasive.

After supper they all sat on the porch through the long summer evening, and were like old friends by bed-time. The tired travellers were soon asleep, but the simple country girl lay long awake, thinking of the wonderful things she had heard of the great outside world and the people who lived in it.

The days went by without a break in their monotony till Morris Garth, thoroughly rested, felt like going on to gayer scenes; but his companion seemed loth to move farther than a few hours' spin from the little hamlet.

One morning Garth received a letter which, for him, decided the matter. "Awfully sorry to break up with you, old man, but I've got a summons from my brother, Ross. He's coming north two weeks sooner than expected, and I must meet him at once, so as not to lose a day of his company. Won't you come home with me?"

"Thank you, no. Go to your brother without a thought of me. I'll stop here a day or two longer, and perhaps write a bit. I didn't mean to, but I've one or two ideas that may be caught."

"All right, old man; don't let them escape. I wonder if little Rachel will miss me any? What a quaint child she is!"

She watched the young wheelman ride away with tears in her gray eyes, then, turning to Fred White, said, naively:

"But thee is not going. I am so glad!"

"Why? Are you very lonely when no one is here?"

"We didn't use to be; we should be now—thy friend and thee have so kindly talked to us, and let me have the pretty magazines, and all. I have learned so much from thee! Please tell me some more of the world and its ways."

"I do not want to make you restless and discontented, little one. The great world is not so good a place for soul and body as this."

"But thee likes it better? Thee would not like to stay here always, would thee, just here?"

"No; my place is outside, in the whirl and hurry. But I like this retreat now."

He might be pardoned for saying it. The vine-wreathed porch, with the sunbeams flickering through on the yellow-painted floor, the mingled sounds of bird and bee and cicada on every side, the easy rocker, and, more than all, the little gray-eyed Quaker girl, with blushes wavering over her sensitive face, who sat opposite, eagerly drinking in every word. No wonder he was lured on to tell her of all the beautiful places where he had been; of museums and picture galleries, of concerts and operas, of oceans and rivers and ships, of palaces and jewels and silks.

"And thee has seen it all! Oh, I think I shall die if I may not see it, too!"

"Possibly you may when you are grown up."

"Grown up? I do not think I shall ever be very large."

"Well, you have the most of your life before you at any rate. No one knows what may happen; but let me say you will never be any safer or happier than you are right here."

"Would thee like to go to our meeting?" said Mrs. Russell, the next Sabbath morning. "It may be a silent meeting; we can never tell. But, mayhap, thee would find it helpful."

"Certainly I'll go. May I ride my wheel?"

"Thee might, but I wish thee wouldn't. It savors too much of the world for the Lord's day, don't thee think? There is room in the wagon with us, and thee is very welcome."

"Thank you; I will come with you. But why is one wheel more worldly than four wheels?"

Gentle Mrs. Russell thought a moment, and said, with a smile: "Really, friend, I cannot tell, only a wagon does not appear so unseemly; at least, it does not attract so much attention."

It bade fair to be a silent meeting indeed, save for the song and twitterings of birds in the trees. The men sat on one side of the white-walled room, enjoying, perhaps, the only wakeful hour of absolute rest they had during the busy summer's week; the women sat in long rows opposite, looking so demure and spotless in their soft gray attire, that it seemed to the critical worldling who watched them that they could have no sins to repent of, no shortcomings to bewail.

The silence was growing oppressive when an old man rose slowly in his place, and with closed eyes, and hands clasping the rail in front of him, began to speak. After he had ended a few moments' silence seemed to be the benediction, and all arose, gravely shaking hands, feeling strangely strengthened and comforted.

"I'm glad Friend Royce felt called upon to speak to-day," said Mrs. Russell, on the way home. "It's a helpful thing to be instructed by one so near to the Kingdom as he is. He's eighty-two years old, and has always lived in the faith. Did thee enjoy the meeting, friend?"

"I was much interested in it, Mrs. Russell."

The young people sat on the porch that night, watching a glowing sunset.

"If it is wicked to love gay and beautiful things," Rachel said, "why does the sky look like that?"

"My dear child, it is right to love all beautiful things! Who says it is wicked?"

"I've always wanted a dress, pink like that palest bit of cloud there, but it would be sinful for me to wear it; it is sinful for me to want one, or a bonnet with flowers on it."

"Rachel is getting some vain notions," said her brother. "I feel sometimes that the Friends are too strict, though I ought not to say it."

The mother came out and sat in the glowing light. On her face was such a look of full content and serenity that the restless questioning died away, and over them all settled the holy peace of the Sabbath evening.

The following week there was excitement in the little hamlet. It was caused by a marriage; and not only the kindred but the near neighbors were hidden to it, as a matter of course.

"Thee was specially mentioned, Friend White," said Mrs. Russell, when Fred declined going. "They are not of our people, but they are very worthy. They would feel hurt if they did not come."

And so he walked with his hostess and her daughter to the wedding, feeling half amused, and half impatient with himself for being decidedly unworldly. The simple ceremony was soon over, and the cake and currant wine passed, and then in the smiling sunshine the bridal party rode away to their new home across the hills to the westward.

Rachel had been intently curious. She had hardly breathed during the service, and her cheeks were rose-red, and her eyes almost black. But as she sat on the porch after tea she looked unusually pale and weary. Here little hands were clasped, and she was watching the fading light. At last she said slowly:

"Will thee be married some time, Friend White?"

Fred started at the unexpected question.

"Why, I don't know, child. Possibly I may."

"Marriage is a solemn thing, isn't it? And beautiful."

"Solemn, certainly, and I hope beautiful to those who engage in the venture. Do you ever expect to marry, little one?"

"I cannot say. That is as the Lord wills."

"You will make a sweet wife for some fortunate man in a few years. And I will send you a beautiful wedding present, with my best wishes."

A flush came and went, leaving her paler than before, and she said quietly: "In heaven, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels. That is best, after all, doesn't thee think?"

"Yes, for the dwellers in heaven. But we are on the earth; and may God give thee the best of all it can supply!" he said, falling half unconsciously into the sweet Quaker speech, and feeling his heart strangely stirred.

Another and another week went by, and Fred White still lingered among the hills. He was not wasting his time entirely, for he had written and sent off two short stories; but there was a chair and desk waiting for him in the sanctum of his brother-in-law, and Morris Garth would chaff him unmercifully if he ever found out how long he had tarried in the up-country.

Why he stayed he could not tell, unless it was to keep a pair of gray, childlike eyes from running over with bitter tears; but he must break away soon, he kept saying to himself. Little Rachel would miss him; she had few interests in her narrow life; but childish griefs are quickly lightened, and he would sometimes send her the magazines she found so delightful.

"I really think I must leave soon," he said to Mrs. Russell.

They were sitting on the porch one afternoon, while Rachel was far down the garden walk, gathering flower seeds.

"We shall miss thee sorely. I wanted to ask thee something. What does thee think of my Rachel?" Her voice trembled, but before he could answer, if indeed in his surprise he had known what to say, she went on: "I've blinded my eyes all I could, because I couldn't endure to see what's coming; but Friend Newell, who was here to-day, says she has failed very much; she's not seen her since spring. She thinks we ought to have a doctor. Does thee think that she is fading away—my Rachel?"

"My dear Mrs. Russell, no! She doesn't complain or even cough, does she?"

"No, oh, no! She never is really ill, but so tired always of late; thee must have noticed how little she eats; and her sleep is much broken."

"But she is so young, Mrs. Russell. She will soon outgrow this weakness. She ought to have advice and a tonic, however."

"She's been taking a strengthening medicine right along for months. I hoped she was better; I couldn't see she had changed so much."

"Probably she hasn't; don't worry about what that visitor said; she was very indiscreet, and also mistaken. Children often grow too fast, you know, and when your daughter is grown up, she may be as strong as any one."

"Why, Rachel is grown up! She is nearly twenty."

"Mrs. Russell! I thought she was about fourteen or so. She seems like a child to me."

"I know she is small, but I can't hope for her to grow taller—or stronger, I'm afraid. Her father and all his people were frail and short-lived. Hush! She's coming."

Rachel came up the walk, flushed with her exertions and bright and happy over some exquisite blossoms she had found. The mother's spirits rose as she looked critically at her. Friend Newell had been mistaken, and she herself had been foolish to disturb her genial boarder with her forebodings.

For he did look disturbed. He was thinking of many things which Rachel, in her child-like innocence had said; of words he had spoken lightly, thinking they fell on childish ears; but now he feared they had sunk into a woman's heart. She was frail and ethereal looking, surely. The flush soon died away from her delicate cheeks, and the sparkle out of her eyes, and her hands were such tiny hands! Poor little Rachel Carew!

The parting came next day. It was a sad thing, but it had been more cruel to defer it. Fred White was not so sure as once he had been that the child would cry her eyes out and then get over it; now he feared she might cry her heart out. Yet he had really no cause to reproach himself, unless it might be for tarrying so long; and no comfort to give, but to promise to come back next summer, and to write sometimes and send her papers.

He looked back from his wheel at the turn of the road, but Rachel was now standing where he had left her at the end of the porch, with quivering lips that could not steady themselves to bid him good-by, and that he did not dare to kiss; for she was not a child.

His heart was heavy as he rode over the hills and down through the valleys, and it would not have been lighter had he seen the little Quaker maiden, when her storm had passed, lying like a wilted flower on the lounge in the lonely, shadowy best room. Poor little Rachel Carew!

About five months later, among the letters placed one morning on Fred White's desk, was one addressed in unfamiliar writing. Feeling a prescient thrill, he opened it:

"Friend White—Dear Sir: I write a line to say thee need not trouble to send any books nor flowers no more for my Rachel, for she has gone away. She left us New Year day. It is the Lord's will, but it has made us nigh heartbroken. Thee has been kind, so kind! She said to tell thee so, and to give thee her dear love, with thanks for all thy remembrance."

"Faithfully thine,
"RUTH CAREW."

In how few words can tragedies be told!

The man laid his face down on the letter, wetting it with sudden tears, and said brokenly:

"Dear little Rachel! Bless little Rachel! Far happier than to have remained here, for now and forever she is 'as the angels.'—Waverly Magazine.

A REMARKABLE SWIMMER.

An American Who Will Try to Swim Across the English Channel.

Peter S. McNally, the Boston champion long distance swimmer and life saver, will sail for England, and after several weeks of hard training he will attempt to swim across the English Channel from Dover to Calais, a distance of twenty-one nautical miles, or twenty-six statute miles. This swim has been accomplished by only two persons, the late Captain Webb, who lost his life in a foolhardy attempt to swim the Niagara rapids, and Capt. Paul Boyton, who crossed in an inflated rubber suit. Hundreds of expert swimmers have unsuccessfully tried to make passage across the Channel waters, but this fact does not seem to be at all discouraging to McNally. He is confident that he can accomplish the trip, and those of his friends who are acquainted with his abilities as a swimmer are equally confident that he will be successful.

McNally was born in Boston thirty-two years ago. He has been an expert swimmer since early childhood, and when only seven years of age made a rescue from drowning. He continued his good work until today he has a record of more than sixty rescues, for which he has received the highest honors from the Massachusetts Humane Society, including the society's gold medal, and last year he was signally honored by the National Government. Congress awarding him a medal for exceptional acts of bravery. His career as a life saver has been remarkable, but not more so than his career as a long distance swimmer. His powers of endurance in the water appear to be almost limitless, while the condition, weather favorable or unfavorable, seems to be of no importance whatever to this hardy natator. Last year, for example, he made the trip from Haverhill to Newburyport, a distance of eighteen nautical miles, on July 2, in 6 hours and 35 minutes, and on August 19 swam from Newport to Narragansett Pier, thirteen miles in the open sea, in 4 hours and 57 minutes. Captain Paul Boyton failed while attempting this course after covering 4 miles, and two New England millionaire sportsmen, who were matched to swim it about the same time McNally did, abandoned it on account of the many dangers to be encountered. In the Channel trip McNally realizes that he has the hardest task of his life on his hands. He knows that he has much to suffer; that he must overcome the most painful cramps of every variety; that he will have to withstand heavy, aggravating seas, severe attacks of nausea, splitting headaches; will be obliged to suffer cold, fatigue, monotony of the most depressing kind, and also great pain to those sensitive organs, the eyes. It is possible that he will become temporarily blind and will have to swim in darkness—even in the daylight he may remain blind for a long number of hours—for the effect of the salt seas striking the eyes continually is painful and almost unendurable. He has experienced all these things before and knows how to combat them. Ability to endure great physical pain is the chief secret of long distance swimming, but of course one must know how to utilize one's strength to the best advantage. McNally is a powerful swimmer, has a splendid physique, lots of ambition, and possesses all the other qualities necessary to bring about a successful result to this great trial to strength and skill.—New York Sun.

A Bloodhound's Keen Scent.

A remarkable exhibition of the keenness of scent of the bloodhound was given at the little town of Bronson, in Allen County, the other day. The town recently appropriated \$100 out of the city treasury for the purchase of one of these animals, the purpose being the detection and capture of thieves who were operating in the neighborhood, and a test of the hound was considered desirable. At noon three men started out on foot and walked four miles into the country. Then they mounted horses, and by a circuitous route returned to the town. Six hours later the hound was permitted to smell a glove which had been worn by one of the men, and the next instant with a deep growl he caught up the trail and followed it on the run. At one point the men had walked for thirty yards on a fence, and when the hound came to this point he carried his nose along the rail with hardly any reduction of speed. Coming to the place where the men had mounted he took up the trail of the horses and followed it into town, where, in a crowd of more than 100 men, he picked out the one whose glove had been given him to smell.—Kansas City Journal.

A Question of Speed.

An ancient resident of Willowby, whose conduct in one of the battles of the Civil War had brought him under suspicion of cowardice, used to declare "I didn't run away and stay till 'twas all over, no such thing; I retreated in good order, that was all." One day a military man heard the oft-repeated explanation. "Well, my friend," he said, looking steadily at the hero of the retreat, "you say you retreated in good order, but I should like to ask one thing. About how fast did you go?" "Well," said the other man, surprised into telling the unadorned truth, "if I'd been at home and going after the doctor, I reckon folks would have thought somebody was pretty sick."

JACKELS KILL A LION.

They Pull Down a Desert King That is Too Old to Fight Them Off.

When a lion takes a walk in Africa or Asia it is followed commonly at a respectful distance by half a dozen jackals, which, not being strong enough to pull down game for themselves and yet eager to taste blood, go after the great still hunter of the desert in the hope of getting the drippings from its claws. The lion does not object to them, as one swing of his unsheathed claws teaches the venturesome jackal a lesson that may be survived but never forgotten.

A large lion which had grown old and weak, losing teeth and liveness of limbs, as well as sharpness of vision, in the shrubbery which grows up in the southern parts and to the south of the Desert of Sahara, betrayed its failing strength one day last spring, and instantly the near-by jackals, which had been respectful, came forward on the run and gave Wilson James, an American hunter, a fine lion-baiting scene. The lion had sneaked toward a herd of antelopes which James was seeking. It happened that the lion got within range before the man did, and leaped out at a medium sized buck, bearing it to the ground. The most astonishing thing that the man had ever seen then happened. The buck, a sturdy three-year-old, in the prime of life and vigor, rolled over, and in spite of the jaws and claws which the lion closed on it got out of reach, leaped to its feet, and made off as only a scared, lean-limbed antelope can. The lion rose to its feet, lifted its head, and watched the fleeing animal join its comrades on a knoll half a mile away. Then down went the lion's head, and the brute started to walk on across the open in which the antelope had been. The jackals, which had been creeping on their bellies before the leap was made, and had sat up to watch the result, started up the moment they saw the lion fall, and sprang after it with eager bounds, and howling as if on the trail of a wounded deer. Nine of the jackals appeared in the open, but others came from all directions, and all were howling. They began to circle about the lion, which had stopped to watch them with mane bristling and tail jerking. Gradually the pack grew bolder. Some of the larger ones jumped toward the lion, landing nearer each time, but leaping back quickly. One more venturesome than the rest nipped the lion's heel, and the big brute turned clumsily, too late to grip the daring dog. In its prime, the lion never allows jackals to come within ten feet of the meat it is eating, and kills those that do after the fashion of lions, but this one could not protect its own skin now.

First on one side, then on the other, came the jackals, snapping and even biting the big fellow. Little drops of blood trickled down the lion's heels. At last one of the jackals leaped to the back of the lion, and was off and away before the brute could turn. James had heard lions roar at night and in the daytime because of love, hunger, or wounds, but never such roars as those this lion gave. Neither did he ever hear more joyful howls or yelps from any of the dog kind than the howls of the jackals ready to pull down the lion, which was already weakening.

The commotion had roused life for miles around. Jackals hurrying to the attack from their daytime lairs came for a mouthful. The screaming birds and carrion eaters hovered above, while all the cloven-footed animals grew uneasy and ceased feeding to look in the direction whence the sounds came.

The end came suddenly. A jackal which had made itself conspicuous by its daring, and supposed by James to have been the one that first leaped to the lion's back, jumped as if to seize the lion by the nose, but the lion was too quick this time and sank his teeth into the jackal's neck. Then the pack leaped forward all at once, and a mound of jackals heaved over the lion. When the mound dissolved a few bones were left to whiten the dry sunlight.

Roads Must Be Roads.

There appears to be a growing impression that a road is a place of passage from one point to another, and that if it is anything short of that, the ones accountable for its condition may be held responsible for the trouble that may be occasioned by its faultiness.

Passengers injured in a railway accident, occasioned by a defective roadbed or an imperfect rail, are very sure to sue for damages and to recover liberally.

Any one injured by a defective sidewalk can usually make a town or an individual pay smartly for it.

The spirit of the law seems to be that a railroad must be a railroad and in a condition to properly carry on its work in a business-like manner.

A sidewalk must be kept in a safe condition for people to walk over it.

Now, what about a road in which persons in vehicles must travel? Must it be a real road? Oh, no! Most any old thing will answer. It differs from a sidewalk and a railroad. They have to be what they pretend to be, but a wagon road may be simply a streak of mud or stones or anything else. No one appears to be responsible for the condition of the public road. If any one is injured or his vehicle broken, it is the result of his own folly in presuming to use a road for traveling purposes.

But the times change and we are changing with them. Folks are beginning to apply the same rules to county governments they do to city governments and private corporations. Accidents on public roads and bridges

caused by defective conditions of the same have to be paid for by the county. It is just.

Good roads are cheapest in the long run. The reign of King Mud should be cut short.—Good Roads.

Fatal Age For Famous Folks.

Among men and women of genius there seems to be a strange fatality connected with the age of fifty-six. Some of the most renowned characters of the world have died on reaching that limit, including Dante, the Italian poet; Hugh Capet, king of France; Henry VIII, king of England; Henry IV, king of Germany; Paganini, Italian violinist; Alexander Pope, English poet; George Sala, English orientalist; Marcus Aurelius, emperor of Rome; Frederick I, king of Prussia; John Hancock, American statesman; Maria Louisa, empress of France; Philip Massenger, English dramatist; Saladin, the great sultan of Egypt; Robert Stephenson, English engineer; Scipio Africanus, Roman general; Helvetius, French philosopher and author; Henry II, the first of the Plantagenet line; the elder Pliny, Roman naturalist and author; Julius Caesar, Roman general; the great author; Juan Prim, Spanish general and statesman; Henry Knox, American revolutionary general; Thos. Mifflin, American patriot; Von Tromp, Dutch admiral; Abraham Lincoln, Marryat, the novelist; George Whitfield, English founder of Calvinistic Methodism; Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, favorite of Queen Elizabeth; Johann Gaspar Spurzheim, German physician and phrenologist, and Frederick II, emperor of Germany.

Cleaning Gloves.

Gloves may be cleaned at home. Of course the white chamois skin gloves that are worn in summer are easy enough to wash by slipping them on the hands and rubbing them in lukewarm water, filled with suds made from ivory soap. White kid, and even suede, may be cleaned by gently rubbing them all over with pumice stone powder. Another way equally good is to brush them with benzine or gasoline, and hang them out in the air. One must be careful in this latter operation to avoid being near a fire, or near a flame or heat, on account of the explosive quality of the gasoline. Another method is to put on the gloves and to wash them in a basin of spirits of turpentine. White gloves may be dyed a good tan by wetting them with saffron and water, which have been boiled and standing ten or twelve hours.

Keeping Ice.

Many persons think it is difficult to keep ice, says a writer in the Farm Journal, but I never saw it preserved any better than in an old cheap structure built under an apple tree on a north slope. The drainage was perfect, the ventilation above ample. In January, when the owner started to clear out the sawdust, his shovel struck what he supposed to be a large stone, but proved to be a quantity of ice which had not been needed, and remained intact. So the new ice was put in on top of the old without disturbing it. The roof of this structure showed the blue sky in many places; it had no lining, and only a rickety door. The ice was cubed up one foot from the wall all round and the space filled solidly with sawdust.

Remodeled British Ironclads.

The Monarch, rated as a third-class turret-ship in the British navy, built in 1869, has been thoroughly refitted and re-engined at a cost of \$500,000, and was commissioned last month as a guardship in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope. The hull, built of iron at the Chatham dock yard twenty-seven years ago, is still in excellent condition, and so are the Warrior, built in 1861; the Northumberland, 1868; Devastation, 1873; Sultan, 1871, and Thunderer of 1877, all of which have either been recently refitted or are now at the dock yards being put in condition to meet present requirements of that class of ships.

37,000,000 Pins Daily.

There is a pin factory in Birmingham, England, which turns out 37,000,000 pins a day. It is by all odds the largest factory of its kind in the world, all the others in England put together turning out but 19,000,000 pins a day. The daily output of France is 20,000,000, and of other European countries 10,000,000, making a total in Europe of 86,000,000 a day. A statistician answers the question, "What becomes of all these pins?" by estimating that 96 per cent of them are lost. Taking the population of Europe at 250,000,000, every third person must lose a pin a day to make up the figure.

To Head Off the Jail-Breaker.

A water tube jail is one of the latest achievements of Yankee ingenuity. It is no longer necessary to make the prison bars so heavy and so hard that cutting through them becomes very difficult; but, instead, they are made simply of pipes, forming part of a high pressure water system. Should any one of these pipes be severed, the water would escape and quickly give warning of the break.—Cassier's Magazine.

Spain, according to the War Office statistics, had sent up to the end of 1896, 198,047 men and 40 Generals to Cuba. The deaths in the field and from yellow fever and other diseases were four Generals and 22,731 men and officers. No account is given of the men sent home invalided, but at least 22,000 have returned, many of whom have since died.