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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 8, 1882.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

and by them remitted to Montgomery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established rates.

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The Country Children.

I can see the happy children As they wander through the grasses Of the fresh and dewy pastures,

Of the tangled forest-passes; I can track them as they wander By the trail of morning-glories : I can read their happy footsteps-I can tell their pleasant stories.

Oh, I know the paths of children Up the hills and down the valleys; Buttercups and faded daisies Mark their sorties and their sallies ;

By the buttercups and beeches I can mark their resting places; And I know the mossy brooksides, And the wide, green, open spaces.

Where the wild white plum tree blossoms; Where the grapevine swings and tosses : Where the plumes of scarlet sumach Toss among the wayside meases;

Where the golden-rod in autumn Flames among the hazel-bushes-There the trooping army wanders-There the scouting party pushes.

Oh, but they are kings and nobles As they wander there together; Cloth-of-gold is all the common To their feet in summer weather. Up and down, in field and woodland, I can see their glowing faces; And by scarlet leaves and berries

I can mark their resting-places. -Chicago Tribune.

ETHEL'S CHOICE.

Ethelyn Abbott has been spending the long summer afternoon in a pleasant desultory fashion, half the time reading the tastefully bound little volume which is now slipping from her delicate hand, have the time dreaming of-well, she could not tell exactly what she has been dreaming of. Perhaps she has been dreaming over her delightful three weeks at Newport; perhaps last night's party has engrossed her thoughts. At all events thinking has been pleasant openingtion for her face is very bright and unclouded.

Want a charming picture of "delce far niente" she mskes, lying back luxuriantly in a hammock, her beautiful head pillowed on soft, white arms, and her hair, of that rich shade of chestnutbrown, shining in the sunlight which slips in through the thick foliage of the arbor. Very charming, indeed, is she to a pair of dark eyes, which, like sun-beams, are peeping at her through the same medium.

as the owner of the eyes—a tall, well-built fellow of twenty-four or five— who has followed her sister at a more

comes quickly into the arbor. "Jack! how you frightened me!" "Did I?" says the intruder, penitently; "I am so sorry. The fact is, Mrs. Abbott told me you were here, and I really was so anxious to see you-

her tone seems to have a chilling effect; for Jack reddens slightly, and there is

a little pause. "You wished to see me?" says the young lady at length, turning with polite interrogation to the other.

"You might naturally suppose so, as I came here to find you," is the answer, delivered with a repressed energy which commands attention. Then, with an abrupt change of manner: "Ethel, what is the matter? Why are you so cold ?"

"I am very warm," sighs Miss Abbott, trying to be funny, by way of evading the question. Her effort is rendered a lamentable failure, how-ever, by an emphatic "Pshaw!" which escapes with more vigor than courtesy

The young man rises and comes to upon its burden with eyes which are very expressive.

"Don't trifle with me, Ethel," he least unsteady, as if the speaker were

Miss Abbott looks up with an air of great surprise-only for a moment, however, for with all her faults she is not one whit untruthful. Then her exes drop hastily.

"Well," she says, with a quick catching of her breath, "what if I do?" There is another pause, while the dark eyes grow darker with mingled sadness and, it must be confessed, indignation, while the tremor of voice is

more marked, as Jack speaks: " What of it? Only this: The Arctic expedition expects to leave port tomorrow, and I go with it or not, as you bid me. You snow well enough that I love you, Ethel-surely I need not tell

you that again." "It is of no use," says Miss Ethel, after a moment's silence, with a little plaintive laugh. "No, Jack, we are both too poor; and, though I don't like to confess it, I am too mercenary."

There is no reply, though Miss Abeyes rest upon her with an intensity which is not pleasant, and the tightens involuntarily. She goes on hastily:

"I know it does not sound well, but it is true. I want so many thingsdiamonds and horses and Worth costumes-in short, everything money can

Certainly, Miss Abbott's confession is not very pretty, though the flush which follows it is.

to marrying a man," is the only com-ment vouchsafed by her auditor. "Heaven forgive you, Ethel, if you mean what you say!" The hand on the hammock is removed with a suddenness which causes the latter to sway violent-ly; and Miss Abbott unreasonably loses

"I think you forget yourself, Mr. Lindsay," she says, haughtily. "Pray, be more careful."

"I beg your pardon," is the stiffly polite rejoinder; and the offender ex-tends his hand to assist the young lady to descend. She takes it with averted eyes, and steps to the ground, drawing

it quickly away a moment after. "Good-bye." She has turned to leave the arbor

when the words are spoken.
"Good-bye," she says coldly. Strangely enough she cannot muster courage
to raise her eyes to his. The hand she gives is imprisoned tightly.
"Won't you wish me bon voyage,"

says the young man, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"We never know what a day may bring forth," she says, uttering a very solemn truth with a very common lightness. "Still, if you desire itbon voyage."

An uncomfortable silence — then, "Good-bye," and Ethel is free to resume her reading, while the sound of rapid footsteps dies away in the distance.

She does not avail herself of the opportunity, however, but sits motionless on the little rustic bench, a rather inexplicable expression in her deep blue eyes. Suddenly she rises with a gesture

of impatience. "Absurd!" This little outburst of vehemence seems to relieve her, and she proceeds

to gather her parasol and the neglected novel, turns from the arbor and walks rapidly toward the house. It is a pretty little villa, rather addicted to vines and climbing roses, with a broad, inviting veranda—the very place for a comfortable performance of that charming drama, "Love in a Cottage." And this drama is now in progress, the dramatis personse being Martin Abbott, the good-natured older brother of pretty Miss Ethelyn, and his sweet little wife, who, having married for love, is delighted with the experiment.

She it is who, at the sight of her sister-in-law, comes quickly forward to meet her.

"Ethel," she says, as she reaches her side, "Jack has just left." Then noticing a little frown gathering on the brow of her hearer, she adds, timidly: "Did you see him, dear?"

"Ethel!"

"Yes, I did," is the short, unsatisfactory reply. And with a brightened Color manner Miss Abbott steps forward to side. leisurely pace.

"Colonel Arnhold, I am very glad to see you." "Thank you," says the gentleman

thus addressed, bending low over the small hand which is so readily extend-"Very kind of you," murmurs Miss ed. "I have been waiting some little Abbott, politely. But something in time for you. Mrs. Abbott said you were somewhere on the place, and she has been kindly entertaining me."

Ethel glances furtively at her sister, who stands in the full light of the setting sun. The little woman responds by a decided blush, and Miss Abbott is

"So you were not gallant enough to come and find me!" she says, with an arch smile, intended quite as much for her sister's discomfiture as for Colonel Arnhold's inthrallment; and she succeeds in both endeavors.

The trio stroll toward the house. Ethel is in one of her brightest moods, and makes herself very entertaining. Certainly she has a golden opportunity for so doing. Colonel Arnhold's admiration is an emphatic compliment. Besides being very rich and very aristothe side of the hammock, looking down | cratic, he is a connoisseur—his artistic criticisms are very valuable; his horses are marvels of beauty and swiftness the Arnhold diamonds are superb; and says in a low voice, which is just the fourthly, the woman he deigns to admire has her position firmly established suppressing a good deal of emotion. as a belle. No wonder Ethelyn Abbott "You know perfectly well why I came is pleased with the marked attention which this aristocrat has shown her since her arrival at her brother's home.

And is not she pleased? Watch her as now that dinner is over the little group of people is assembled in the drawing-room. She has been singing at Colonel Arnhold's request, and is turning from the piane, while he is beg-

ging for "one more song," "Sing Twickenham Ferry," suggests Mrs. Abbott, boldly. "That is Mr. Lindsay's favorite," she adds, turning in explanation to the colonel.

"Mr. Lindsay—ah, yes. By-the-by, he is a very venturesome rider. I saw him dash down your avenue at quite a breakneck pace this evening, says Colonel Arnhold, politely replying; and then he turns to the fair songstress. "Pray let us have Mr. Lindsay's favorite, Miss Ethel."

To her sister's secret astonishment Ethel complies, singing the charming little ballad in a manner which throws the colonel into raptures -and even bott pauses for one; the dark Mrs. Abbott must perforce acknowledge the superiority of his delicately turned compliments over Jack's hearty young man's grasp on the hammock but inelegant comment-"Very jolly song, that." She listens with eagerness to the ensuing remark which

Colonel Arphold makes. "Does not this same Mr. Lindsay expect to sail with the Arctic expedi-

Poor little woman ! her heart sinks, as, with an indifferent "I believe so," Miss Abbott leaves the piano, and passes out into the veranda. "So you prefer marrying an income !

She looks radiantly lovely, as she

pauses for one moment in the frame by the open window. The gallant colonel hastens to her side, and Mrs. Abbott hears his low request and her bright

reply:
"A walk? with pleasure. It is a
glorious night." And a faint ripple of
laughter is borne back on the breeze, as the two cross the veranda and descend to the lawn.

The mellow light of a summer moon is slanting through the foliage of the trees which border the avenue. Ethel is walking very slowly, and the conver-sation is desultory and not very interesting to a third party.

"I want to go to Italy this winter," the colonel is saying. "Ah, Miss Ethelyn, what a delight it would be to take you through those wonderful galleries of art-you who are such an admirer of its beauties." And Ethel gives little assenting murmurs, while the colonel continues in this strain and expatiates on the various attractions of Italy, which he does at great length-in fact, just a little longer than his listener can stand, for her patience is not her greatest virtue.

"You are an animated guide-book, Colonel Arnhold,"

The colonel pauses aghast-only for one moment, however; for of course her speech was intended as a compliment, though rather brusquely deliv-

"My dear young lady, you are most kind," he says, with a bland smile; and then the conversation becomes ex tremely personal, they walk if possi-ble more slowly than ever, and the colonel is speaking very earnestly.
At length they pause under the shad-

of a wide-spreading elm, just where the avenue comes to an abrupt turn. The colonel is holding an unresisting hand.

"I will do all in my power to make your life a happy one," he says, and then silently awaits his answer.

Ethelyn's head is bowed. Where is the "yes" which she fancied she was so ready to give? Once she looks up as if to speak, but the words fail her. As a second time she raises her head there is

a sudden interruption.

Around the bend of the avenue come two men, slowly and silently.

"Only laborers," says the colonel, reassuringly, as Ethel starts violently;

but in another moment he leaves her side and goes rapidly toward the intruders, while she watches him in a half-dazed manner. There are four men now on the broad

path-walking with steady, slow footsteps-carrying something between them. She presses forward with a strange, inexplicable curiosity; but Colonel Arnhold is instantly at her

"Go back, my dear young lady," he agitated and trembling. "This is not a sight for your eyes-poor fellowthrown from his horse, they tell me quite dead, I fear."

The men are standing still for a moment, they have come out of the shadow, and the moonlight is stream down upon them in its full radiance.

Ethel leans forward, she only sees white, white face, terribly still and quiet in the clear light-then a cry rings from her, a cry full of pain and bitterness, full of remorse which she feels is too late; and she is on her knees by the motionless figure, holding the cold lifeless hands, while the intense nervous strain grows harder and harder to bear. She feels a firm touch laid on her shoulder, Colonel Arnhold's voice is in her ears-and then she knows nothing more.

Summer is over. October winds play wildly with the brightly tinted leaves which are falling rapidly. It is a typi-cal autumn afternoon, the air fresh and cold, but quite clear and dry, and the sun shining brilliantly in the deep-blue heavens. The arbor, though not nearly as inviting as, it has been, is occupied by two enterprising pedestrians, who are on their way home from a brisk

One is a young gentleman who carries his left arm in a sling, though with this exception he seems in very good health | ive, who had been a bitter enemy of the and spirits. The second is a blooming damsel, who has seated herself in the long-used hammock, and is busying herself with the rearrangement of the sling afore-mentioned.

Miss Ethel looks up to find a pair of dark eyes watching her quizzically. "Ethel, dear, do you realize what a very triumphant income I represent?"

by a brilliant blush

"Jack, do you wish to make me seriously angry." "By no means, my dearest; but Ethel, I thought that they were such

insuperable objections to marrying a poor man ?" Miss Ethel bends lower over her

"I changed my mind," she says, soft-Mr. Lyndsay laughs heartily; then

he stoops and kisses the little hand which lies on his arm-"In-consistency, thou art a jewel !"

of his youth when the winter of life approaches, and contentment and virtue | makers. Of course the fictitious bookscatter flowers along his path. With-out fear he can look before and behind. sent back to the "agents" in France

A FAMOUS DETECTIVE'S CRIME. Death of Druscovich, Who Was Implicated

in the English Turf Fraude. The death occurred recently in London of Druscovich, formerly a chief inspector of the Scotland Yard detective force, who became notorious a few years ago in connection with frauds on the English turt. Druscovich and two other detective inspectors were sentenced in 1877 to two years' imprisonment with hard labor for "conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice" in the famous confidence case in which a number of betting men were convicted of defrauding Mme. de Goncourt of

Nathaniel Druscovich was of English birth, about forty years of age, and was considered a very skillful and successful officer up to the time of his disgrace in the fall of 1877, when, together with three other Scotland Yard officers, he was arrested, tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor for "unlawfully conspiring to de-feat the ends of justice." Prior to his arrest on this charge Druscovich had stood high in the estimation of the civil and police authorities. He has been described as a remarkably keen, intelligent and zealous man. On several occasions he had been rewarded by the chief magistrate at Bow street out of the funds appropriated for that purpose, for services in connection with the discharge of his duty. In July, 1875, he was warmly recommended by the grand jury at the Cork assize, and also by the judge for intelligence and ability. He was likewise complimented by the foreman of the jury at Cork in March, 1876, and by Sir Colman O'Loghlan and many other members of the Irish bar. He was an accomplished linguist, and was acquainted with many prominent people in various parts of Europe. He had in his possession letters of approval sent him by the emperor of Russia and other notable persons, and during his more honorable career as an officer he was the recipient of several valuable presents. His connection with the Scotland Yard force began in Decem-

Of his shortcomings, it is on record that up to the time of the Mme. de Goncourt affair Druscovich had been reported, in all, eight times. In 1861 he was charged with being in a public house while on duty, and in 1862 was accused of a similar offense. In 1868 he was reported for addressing the inspector improperly when spoken to. He was charged with assaulting a man and calling him a swindler; also for insolence when chided for neglect of duty and for improper conduct in connection "Go back, my dear young lady," he with a private inquiry agent. The says, imperatively, though his voice is other police officers who were convicted with Druscovich were John Meiklejohn, William Palmer and George Clarke. The offense charged against these men and a certain solicitor named Froggart may be substantially stated as follow-A gang of swindlers had been engaged for some time in defrauding the public by means of bogus betting agencies, sometimes of one kind and sometimes of another. The defendants, it was alleged, had entered into a conspiracy with this gang to prevent any of their number from being arrested or interfered with William Kurr, a man of more than or dinary ability and energy, was the leader of the swindlers. An intimacy had sprung up between Kurr and a man named Harry Benson. The latter was the son of a respectable merchant in Paris. He had a fine education, was smart and industrious, but his ability and industry were entirely devoted to criminal exploits. Benson entered heart and soul into the conspiracy of the Kurr gang to swindle the British and French public, and, if possible, the

Druscovich became connected with the plot in the spring of 1876. Meiklejohn, who for several years had been on terms of intimacy with the swindlers, told Kurr that Druscovich was in a financial strait and wanted to borrow \$300 The money was promptly forthcoming, and the Scotland Yard detectgang, was transformed into an ally. Soon afterward what has been called the gigantic De Goncourt fraud was started, and in its various stages involved all the detectives who were subsequently arrested. A "newspaper" was started by Benson, printed ostensibly in London. It contained a sensational article on the embarass ments of a Mr. Montgomery, a gentle-"Nonsense," is the only answer man engaged in extensive transations vouchsafed, though it is accompanied on the turf. He was represented to be a man of enormous fortune, who had "No diamonds, no Worth costumes been so successful in his turf bets that to speak of--it is positively heartrend-- he could not obtain from the bookbeen so successful in his turf bets that ing to see a young woman sacrifice her-self in this manner." makers even market odds. The article suggested that Montgomery desired to secure respectable agents in France, unknown to the book-makers, and he would give them a handsome commission. Checks were to be sent to the "Royal Bank of London, Agar street, Charing Cross, London." There was no such bank, but the swindlers rented rooms in Agar street and had some blank checks printed. They also engaged handsome apartments in King street, Piccadilly, where Mr. Montgomery, the supposed rich man, was to reside. Fictitious book-makers were then "placed" in different parts of London. If anybody in France was foolish He who lives happily through the short rosedays of his youth, and, far away from envy and complaining, strives to be good, still enjoys the days a bet with one of the fictitious book-

Several French people of standing were thus inspired with confidence in Mont gomery's wonderful luck. Among the many persons to whom confidential communications were sent by the gang was M. de Goncourt, chateau de Goncourt. M. de Goncourt had been dead for some time prior to the sending of the communication, and it was opened by his widow. She was rich, but with no business abiland she at once fell in with Montgomery's suggestion and consented to act as his agent. Several checks for \$50,000 (bogus of course) were sent her from time to time, which she invested in accordance with Montgomery's instructions, and, as she always won, she became very much fascinated with the proceeding. She finally determined to invest some of her own money, and from time to time sent her checks to the gang, aggregating a sum of more than \$50,000. Of course this money was reported to her as having been lost, and the conspirators called on her for \$150,000 with which to make up her losses. She was perfectly willing to make up this amount, but not having it in ready cash was obliged to consult her notary. The notary, being a shrewd man, soon saw through the swindle, and calling in the assistance of eminent London solicitors he succeeded in getting back nearly the whole of Mme. de Goncourt's \$50,000, and ferreted out the entire gang of swindlers. The connection of the detectives with the fraud was discovered by means of some cipher dispatches sent to Benson after he had escaped to the Isle of Wight. Druscovich, however, was not as deeply involved as his associates, and upon his

How They Spend Their Money. Joe Howard writes from New York to the Philadelphia Times: In a conspicuous window on Broadway stands a table covered with blue satin. In its drawers are candies. Price, \$250. The wood cost perhaps \$1, the satin \$5, the work in time and skill \$10; total, \$16. Profit, \$234—when sold. I don't believe any idiot in the world can equal a New York idiot. Once started he beats the deck. For the fun of the thing I watched the shoppers in a great jewelry store one evening. I was amazed. Clocks, with side vases, ranging in price from \$500 to \$5,000, were easily sold. Pins for scarf or shirt, costing from \$10 to \$150, were in great demand. But gold watches carried off the honors, and the demand for American makes was noticeable. The larger establishments have tumbled to the fashionable craze for American watches. They import Swiss works, put them in American cases, stamp their own name on them and sell them at fabalous rates. I wish you could see the fobs and fobchains of the laudy-daws. The entire cigarette size ofboys now display the old-fashioned watered ribbon with seals, fancy or plain. Nothing is me to-day that at a recent sale he dis posed of over twenty old-time seals' at prices that astonished him. Everything in that line is eagerly caught up, I see.' put in shape and quickly sold.

What next? Well, what next? If the men keep pace with the women it can't be very long before knee breeches, silver buckles and bag wigs are in fashion. The quaintest kind of ornament is now the style. Everybody has to have an oldfashioned clock, you know, and there is already a factory in Connecticut where they are turned out by the hundreds, with rusted chains and five-pound weights, and cases cracked as if with age. In all the great depots of treasure these clocks abound. Generally they have high mahogany cases, some with omamental figurings, others per-fectly plain. Some give the day of the month and the week, signs of the moon and evening star, and mythological data as well. The works are as simple as A B C, the regular old style, wound up by pulling an endless chain and hoisting the heavy iron weight, while the long pendulum slowly ticks and the ferocious bell literally clangs out the hour. I told you I had a fob chain, and I've one of these clocks, too. Some of these days I'll wear knee breeches. That will be funny.

An Elephant's Ingenuity. The new elephant at the fair grounds is causing Secretary Kalb more trouble and anxiety than a new baby. A nice, stout bracelet of the chain pattern was circled around the elephant's fore leg and clasped together with a thumbscrew, with a head an inch and a half suggested that Montgomery desired to in diameter. The chain was fastened to the center post and the thumbscrew carefully locked. After a few nights the elephant worked out the problem of that thumbscrew, and regularly every day when the keeper appeared in the morning the elephant was free from shackles. The keeper could not understand it, and called for Mr. Kalb to explain the mystery. The two consulted, examined and watched. It was ascertained that as soon as the chain was put around the animal's leg and locked, he deliberately put his other foot on the end of the chain near the post. That loosened it on the shackled foot. Then with his trunk he commenced to unery would send him or her a check on screw the thumserew or nut, and in a very few minutes he would be free and walking around his cell .- St. Louis Republican,

Always ready to take a hand in consent back to the "agents" in France versation-Deaf and dumb people.

Mother Shipton's Successor Starts in Business.

The world shall come to an end-'tis true, The world itself shall no longer be,

The world itself shall be no more,

The world itself shall not survive,

The world shall vanish into nix,

The world shall burn in fires from heaven,

The world shall end as sure as fate,

The world shall end, if rhyme is a sign,

The world can't possibly come to an end in 1890, for there is no rhyme to let it die en-

Pat certainly to an end t'will run,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What is that which no man wishes to have and no man wishes to lose? A

There's only a hare's difference be-tween the ears of a rabbit and those of a mule.-Rome Sentinet.

A romantic couple out West have named their first-born daughter "Ma-laria." She'll give some fellow the shake some day. It will be advisable for such as have

any fears of baldness to quit indulging conviction he was recommended to in white grub, since a farmer has dismercy by the jury. He was not required to serve out his full term. "When I was an infant," said Fogg, "the women were forever kissing me. And,"

he added, "I have done what I could to get square with them since I have grown to years of discretion."—Boston Tran-A writer on the etiquette of gestures says a smile and an inclination of the

head will often convey more meaning than volumes. Dan McGary says that in Austin it means the conveyance of ten cents out of his pocket every time, -Texas Siftings. Smart Aleck met Jones this morning, and after the usual manner of the slang slingers he said: "Hello, Jonesey,

old man, what do you know when you don't know anything?" "I know you," replied Jones, calmly and serenely, and Aleck withdrew to a sequestered spot to ruminate. - Steubenville Herald. EDITOR AND POET.

"Here is a sketch," said the poet Unto the editor gray,
"Which I toesed me off in an idle hour, To pass the time away." "Here's a club," was the answer, In a bland and smiling way, "With which I trequently toss me off

Six poets in a day.' Wives ought really to be more careful about telling the truth to their husprettier, nothing more useful. I wear bands. "Why do you start so whenone myself. An old pawnbroker told ever I come into the room?" asked a ever I come into the room?" asked a brusque man of his better half. "It is only only my nerves, my poor nerves, with crests, initials and coats-of-arms, she replied, "which are so very weak that I am startled by every stupid thing

> A Shipwrecked Crew's Sufferings. As Captain Saunders was about thirty miles northeast of Rockport, Mass.,

> with his schooner, fishing, he discovered an open boat filled with men. The latter were frozen purple and hardly able to speak, and their lips and faces were smeared with blocd. They were lifted aboard the schooner, and the story of their sufferings was told in broken fragments.

The coasting schooner Almon Bird, of Rockland, Me., Captain C. A. Packard, was bound from Windsor, N. S., for Alexandria, Va., with a cargo of plaster. On a Sunday night, when off Boone Island, the gale tore off her topmast, and the rigging became so thickly covered with ice that it was almost useless. On Monday morning the high seas stove in her bulwarks, ripped up the hatches, and flooded the vessel. Soon it was found that she was sinking, and the crew took to the large boat. There was little time to get food or extra clothing, and by a strange misfortune they could not get their oars. The schooner sank, and the bost was left oarless with its living freight in a violent gale and heavy sea. Thus they drifted about drenched with the icy spray of the waves, crowded together for protection from the bitter cold, and almost hopeless of rescue. On Tuesday their stock of food was nearly gone, and they were becoming frezen. They saw a sail and made an effort to attract attention, but in vain, and they cronched down for another night. On Wednesday they suffered terribly from hunger and cold. Two of the men became crazed and threw themselves about the boat in their delirium. Toward night one of the men went to sleep in the bottom of the boat and died before morning. The two deliri-ous men also died. There were now ous men also died. three dead and five living men in the boat. The living, suffering the pangs of hunger, and hopeless of relief, held a consultation, the result of which was that they opened the veins in the neck of one of their dead comrades, and wet their lips and throat with the still warm blood. On Thursday morning they were rescued by Captai Saunders.

The Polar regions are reckoned as extending over 2,411,875 square miles, the only inhabitants being 72,000 in Iceland and 10,000 in Greenland.