

1,200 bales of 650 pounds each, which at 10 cents a pound, the price it will bring in London, will make a cargo worth \$80,000.

It does not take many shepherds to care for these large flocks of sheep. The farms are divided up into fields of several thousand acres each and fenced with wire fences, so that all the shepherd has to do is to ride about among the sheep. His life is spent upon horseback, each shepherd being supplied with six horses. The shepherd watches the flock, he takes the sheep out of the bogs when they fall in and turns them over if they fall down. The sheep here, as in Patagonia, are large and fat, some of the wethers weighing from 80 to 100 pounds. When such sheep roll upon their backs they cannot get up. If left alone in this condition they would lie and kick until they died, were it not that they are killed long before by the birds. The buzzards here hover over the sheep. They watch them day and night, and the moment a sheep is on its back they swoop down upon it and pick out its eyes. They keep picking at it until it dies in agony. An hour or so later they have ripped its skin open and torn the flesh from its bones. The shepherds tell me it is inconceivable how the buzzards find the sheep almost the moment they fall, and that they attack them even in the night. The sheep also fall into holes, of which there are many all over the islands. It is the shepherd's business, to get them out. They have to be clipped to keep off the scab, and at shearing time, which lasts for two months, they are driven to the wool shed and shorn. They are not washed, as are our sheep, before shearing. The wool is carefully cut off, put into bales of 600 to 800 pounds, covered with bagging, hooped with iron, and shipped thus to London for sale. Most of the sheep are of the cheviot and Australian breeds. They give heavy fleeces, the average being from 8 to 10 pounds, and running from that up to 21 pounds, which was the actual weight of a fleece cut off this season.

This life of the shepherds must be a lonely one. They are, you know, all Scotchmen, who have been brought out here from Scotland for the purpose. Most of them are married, and all have large families. Their houses are scattered over the farms from fifteen to twenty miles apart. They are usually built near a little inlet, where the company's boat can bring their supplies, and near a peat bed. The proprietor pays each shepherd from \$25 to \$35 a month and furnishes his meat and fuel. The meat is mutton, which, he can take from the flock, and the fuel is peat, which he must dig out himself. In addition to this he has a garden patch, and with mutton and vegetables he does very well. His flour and other things he must buy. His home is a little cottage of two rooms and a lean-to roofed with corrugated iron. One room serves as a kitchen and living room and in the other the family sleeps. If there is an overflow or a guest the loft or attic is also used as a bedroom. The cooking is done in a curious, oven-like pot, which is shelved under a grate set in the stone wall of a chimney or fireplace. The fuel is peat and the hot ashes fall down upon the pot around it. The pot is tightly closed at the top, and it serves for boiling, baking and stewing. The shepherd has mutton as a steady diet. He has mutton chops for breakfast, roast mutton for dinner, and a slice of cold mutton for supper or lunch. The shepherds seldom leave their farms and the women almost never. I heard of one woman who has not been to town for eighteen years. Her last visit was when she came to Port Stanley to be married. Think of living away out on the dreariest moorland, under the dreariest sky, in a two-roomed cottage, with no neighbor within fifteen miles and of coming into town only once in eighteen years.

You would think the children brought up under such conditions would be wild and uneducated. They are not. They are as intelligent and well-mannered children as you would find in any country community. They have a peculiar institution in the Falklands known as the traveling schoolmaster. He is paid by the government, receiving about \$400 a year, to go from one shepherd family to another and teach the children. The time allotted to each family is a fortnight, and if three families can bring their children together they thus get six weeks of school. The schoolmaster lives two weeks with each family, and at the end of the time, having laid out a course of home study for the children, is sent on horseback by the shepherd to the next family, which may be living twenty miles away. In the course of time he gets back to his old pupils, examines them in what they have gone over with their parents and sisters, and then takes them as much further on the road to learning as his two weeks' stay will permit. The bishop and parson of Port Stanley, who are also paid by the government, make a tour of the island once or twice a year to examine the children of each family, not only on their catechism, but on their secular studies. During a recent tour of the islands the governor, Sir Grey-Wilson, did the same. He tells me he was much surprised at the advancement shown by these little Scotch children away down here on the lonely moors of the Falklands. These children are, however, from the best stock of the highlands of Scotland. Their ancestors are among the thriftiest people of the world. Indeed, many of the shepherds save money, and not a few have taken their savings to Patagonia and have there become sheep farmers themselves. There is today not a beggar in the Falkland Islands.

Still, the chances for the poor man here are not great. All of the good lands are now taken up, and nothing is for sale or rent. Many of the lands are held under twenty-one-year leases from the English government. The lands are leased in blocks of 6,000 acres at the rate of \$100 a year. It will be years before such leases will run out, and the value of the land is now so well known that the renewal of the leases will be at such prices as to leave little profit to the outsider. There is a very limited labor market in the Falklands. Those who are employed get good pay, but the coming in of a hundred new hands would necessarily result in the discharge of that many men who now have work. The shepherds themselves have large families, and some of their children will have to go elsewhere to find work.

But let us take a look at Port Stanley, the capital of these islands. It has only 700 citizens, including the governor and all his officials, but it has more thrift and business than many towns of five times its size. It is perhaps the richest capital of the world for every one of its inhabitants has all he can eat, and to spare. Port Stanley is situated on Stanley harbor just beyond Cape Pembroke, at the eastern end of East Falkland. Its harbor is a safe land-locked bay, about a half mile wide and five miles long, with an entrance so narrow that a large ship could hardly turn about in it. Upon the south side of the harbor, running up a gently sloping hill are a hundred or so neat one and two-story cottages. They are made of wood or stone with ridge roofs of corrugated iron. This is Port Stanley. As you look at it from the steamer it makes you think of a German village, and as you come closer to it you find that every little house has its front yard and garden, and that the front doors of even the poorest of the cottages have vestibules. This is to shield the visitors and the families

from the cold wind. In nearly every window you see potted plants and flowers. Such things will not grow out of doors, and I venture that there is not a town in this size in the world which has so many greenhouses and conservatories.

Beside each house is a pile of what looks like cubes of well-rotted manure. This is peat. Peat forms the fuel of the town, and it comes from the bog on the top of the hill, at the foot of which Port Stanley lies. Every one here can get his own fuel for the digging, and nearly every householder in Port Stanley goes to the moor and chops out his own peat blocks for the winter.

Some of the houses are quite pretentious. The manager of the Falklands company has a house containing a dozen rooms, and the cottages of the governor cover perhaps one-quarter of an acre of ground. There are three churches, one of which is called the cathedral. This is presided over by the bishop of the Falklands. Another church is Roman Catholic and a third is a Baptist. There are two hotels or public houses where you can get a bed or a drink. If you want the latter you may have good Scotch whisky for 6 cents a glass and Bass' ale for 4 cents. There is a butcher shop which sells delicious mutton at 4 cents a pound and fairly good beef for 8 cents a pound, so you see the necessities of life are cheap.

Port Stanley has a postoffice at which the monthly newspaper mail averages five pounds per family. It has a postal savings bank in which the deposits now amount of \$180,000. There are only two thousand people in the Falklands and the depositors in the postal savings bank number 350. The town has a governor appointed by the queen of England, who gets a salary of \$6,000 a year. It has other officials whose salaries foot up \$50,000 annually. It has an American consul, a Kentuckian named Miller, who seems to be hand and glove with the governor and who is trying hard to earn his salary on these far-away islands where there is no American trade and where there are not a dozen vessels in a century. The consulate is a little cottage of three rooms and a lean-to such as could be built for \$100 in the United States. It is one of the most useless consulates in our service, and there is no earthly reason for its existence except to give some politician a place. By the time this letter is published the present appointee will probably be back home, as an Iowa man has been chosen to succeed him.

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RECIPROCITY.

In 1849, the outlook for British America was so unsatisfactory that an annexation manifesto was signed in Montreal by a number of leading Canadians, including John A. MacDonald, David A. MacPherson, Alexander Gault, John Rose, John C. Abbott, Leonard Tilley and George Cartier. Of the seven named, six were of English or Scotch origin, and one was of French extraction. There was not an Irishman among them. After 1860, every one of them, in spite of his having signed the Montreal annexation manifesto, became a Minister of the Crown, and received the decoration of knighthood. Another historical incident should be mentioned in connection with this topic. When Lord Elgin became Governor-general of Canada in 1850, he quickly recognized that the only preventive of the political union of the United States and British North America would be free access to the American market for the surplus natural products of the British provinces. Negotiations for a treaty, which should render such access possible, were, pre-