

The Czar of Russia tells his subjects that he is an autocrat, as his father was, and means to remain so.

M. Andre, a European aeronaut, thinks he could get to the North Pole in a balloon at an expenditure of about \$35,000. He is still looking for a millionaire to blow him off.

The New York World announces that a prize of \$100,000 is offered by this Government for the best airship for passenger and freight traffic. Inventors have until 1900 to perfect their plans.

A movement is on foot in England to celebrate the sixth centenary of the British Parliament, which will be rounded out this summer. It was in 1295 that Parliament first assembled on the basis from which has grown the form of the present assembly.

The statistical fiend has been figuring out the cost of the chain letter business asking for stamps. He estimates that if the letter reached its fiftieth number and brought back ten stamps for each letter written it would take 101,372,794,958,094,779 cars to carry the stamps.

The examples of New York and Ohio in founding colonies for epileptics is about to be followed by Illinois, announces Harper's Weekly. The medical societies of that State and of the city of Chicago are moving in the matter, and have submitted a bill for the purpose to the State Legislature.

The Atlanta Constitution announces that "Bishop Potter, of New York, practically endorses the plan suggested by Rev. Mr. Rainsford, some years ago, of having saloon attachments to the churches. In this way good drinks may be obtained by the thirsty, and the desire for company be gratified."

Twenty years ago the persons of the Emperor and Empress of Japan were sacred; they were seen by none save high court officials, and even to these the Emperor's face must be veiled. The Empress now visits the free hospital of Tokio, and talks or gives presents to the patients as freely as in any Western land.

J. Ross writes in the Engineering and Mining Journal that since the diamond discoveries in South Africa the Brazilian diamond-mining industry has fallen so low that the annual output is now not over \$150,000, when thirty years ago it was upward of \$2,500,000. Brazilian diamonds are so much smaller than the African that it does not pay to mine them against African competition.

The political and financial programme of the Russian Government for this year is of a comprehensive character. It includes the improvement of public credit, the extension of roads and communications, the development of commerce and agriculture and the promotion of the export of Russian manufactures. A special tax is proposed on all merchandise entering the port of St. Petersburg.

There were issued during the year 1894 20,803 patents. The inventive Yankee is not losing his grip, the New York Mail and Express makes apparent. In proportion to population more patents were issued to citizens of Connecticut than to those of any other State. Massachusetts ranks next. Rhode Island is third, New Jersey fourth and New York seventh. Montana and Colorado are fifth and eighth respectively.

Kleptomaniacs is the polite term for common stealing when the thief has money or social position, remarks the San Francisco Chronicle. The latest instance of this vice of the period comes from Paris, where a rich old collector of curios looted the Louvre and stole many valuable art relics. If these kleptomaniacs were treated like ordinary thieves we should hear of them less frequently. Because a man has no incentive to theft except cupidity is sufficient reason why he should be more severely punished than one who steals from necessity.

What the New York Mail and Express esteems an excellent scheme for an international postage stamp is shortly to be submitted to the various Governments of Europe by the German authorities. The exceeding inconvenience now existing in the case of those who wish to inclose stamps for reply in a letter addressed to a foreign country will be wiped out, and a stamp bearing the names of all the countries in which its value as postage is recognized, together with a table giving its value in the coin of each of these countries, will become universal if the scheme is adopted.

GRANDMA LAND.

There's a wonderful country far away, And its name is Grandma Land; 'Tis a beautiful, glorious, witching place With grandmas on every hand. Everywhere that you may look or go, Everywhere that the breezes blow, Just grandmamas! Just grandmamas!

In this wonderful country far away Where grandmamas abide, In this wonderful country far away Where grandmamas abide, In this wonderful country far away, The good things wait on every side - Jam and jelly cake heaped in piles; Tartlets and candy 'round for miles; Just good things here! Just good things here!

A NEIGHBORLY FEUD.

"I'll tell you, Frank, it's got to the point where something must be done," said Mrs. Burnett, and as she spoke she rapped at the small knuckles that were moving toward the sugar bowl. Morton, aged nine, jerked his hand out of the way and laughed at his mother who pursed up her lips to conceal a smile.

"Don't do that, Morton," said Mr. Burnett. Then turning to his wife he asked: "What have they been doing?" "That boy and some more of his crowd put tin cans along the top of the fence and then threw at them to knock them off. About every other stone went over the top of the fence and went sailin' across our back yard. One of them had struck anybody he wouldn't have known what hurt him."

"What did I do? I went out and told them if they didn't stop I'd send for a policeman. I said to that Deakin boy: 'It's a shame your mother can't teach you to be a little better than a savage.'" "Maybe she didn't know they were doing it."

"I do believe she puts 'em up to it. That boy's enough to try the patience of a saint." "Next time he comes into our yard I'll bet I throw something at him," put in Morton, whose chin was dripping with a mild mixture of milk and coffee.

"You leave him alone," said the male parent. "You get into enough fights already." "Well, Frank, those boys are forever picking on to him," said Mrs. Burnett. "Boys are a good deal alike," responded her husband. "I'll bet when he gets out he's the same as the rest of them."

Morton grinned and said nothing. The only member of the Burnett family who had not joined in the arraignment of the neighbors was Alice, six years of age. She knew all about the feud and shared in the suspicions of her mother, but at present she was too busy with supper.

The Deakins lived next door, and although there was a dividing fence it had not kept the two families apart. In the year during which the two households had dwelt side by side there had been a growing enmity. Yet Mrs. Burnett had never spoken a word to Mrs. Deakin, and her husband knew nothing of Mr. Deakin except that he worked with his hands for a living and spent a great many of his evenings at home.

It would have been rather difficult for either the Burnetts or the Deakins to explain how the feud started, but it was operated from the start through the children. There were two Deakin children, Lawrence, or Larry, aged ten, and little Willie, who, at the tender age of three, had learned to regard the Burnett tribe with scorn and hatred and suffer, to some degree, under the indignities heaped upon his family by that arch fiend of juvenility, Morton Burnett.

was to pay no attention to the neighbors. "I'd like to know how you can it," said his wife. "That boy is up to some mischief every hour of the day, and his mother seems to encourage him in everything he does. He throws things over into our yard, teases Willie and makes faces at me."

"Next time I see him pick on Willie I'll give him another licking," suggested Larry. "You'll do nothing of the kind," exclaimed his mother. "Don't you remember the talking I gave you the other time you had that fight with him?"

Lawrence remembered the mild rebuke, and his inward resolution was not changed. Tom Deakin went for his pipe, oppressed with the thought that he had been very unlucky in his selection of neighbors. These complaints had come to him day after day from the downtrodden members of his family.

The feud had grown from a thousand aggravating circumstances. Suppose Morton Burnett to be on the fence. His mother would open the back door and say loud enough to make herself heard through the open windows of the Deakin house: "Morty, get down from that fence! Haven't I told you about that?"

Mrs. Deakin would hear and understand. Then she would wait her opportunity to appear on the back stoop and retaliate. In summer time, when both women were out of doors much of the time, they occasionally exchanged glances which were more significant than anything they could have said.

When Mrs. Burnett put out her washing she knew that Mrs. Deakin was watching her and counting the number of pillow slips and tablecloths. When Mrs. Burnett came to the back door and called out, "Come, Alice, dear, and practice your music lesson," it was equivalent to saying to Mrs. Deakin: "Aha, we have a cottage organ in our house, but you haven't any in yours."

Mrs. Deakin had frequently informed Tom that the Burnett organ was a cheap, second-hand thing. One day, when Mrs. Deakin came home from a funeral in a covered carriage, there was consternation in the Burnett family, and accounts were not fairly balanced until the new coat of paint was put on the Burnett house.

The Deakin children told the Burnett children all that their mother had said about the probable character of Mrs. Burnett. Likewise the Burnett children repeated to the Deakin children all that they heard at the supper table. Mrs. Burnett knew that she was being reported to Mrs. Deakin, and Mrs. Deakin felt it to be her duty to learn what the viperish thing had been saying. Frank Burnett and Tom Deakin became convinced each that the other's family was probably more to blame over the fence, clothes-line and garbage-box issues.

Allie Burnett started to run across the street one day in front of a delivery wagon. She fell, scrambled to her feet again and a horse's knee struck her in the back again. She fell on the block pavement and lay quiet. Mrs. Deakin saw it all from her front window. She ran into the street and gathered the muddy child in her arms. The frightened driver had left his wagon, and he followed her timidly to the front door of the Burnett house.

Mrs. Burnett screamed and then began to cry. "Run for a doctor, you loony," said Mrs. Deakin to the driver as she placed the limp little body on a bed and then ran for cold water and cloths. When the girl opened her eyes she found her mother on one side, Mrs. Deakin on the other, while a reassuring physician smiled at her over the footboard.

"She's a little jolted up and bumped her head when she fell, but it was mostly shock," he said. "Law me!" gasped Mrs. Deakin, "when I saw that child fall my heart just went into my throat. Don't cry, Allie, you ain't a bit hurt. The doctor says I can put some more poultice on your bad old bump." "I'll get it," said Mrs. Burnett. "No, you sit still. You are as pale as a ghost."

That was the end of the feud. In each household there was a general order that in case of neighborhood riot punishment should be visited upon those nearest at hand.

Those two houses, side by side, became the peace centre of the west division. The Deakin children were at liberty to go over and thump on the Burnett's cottage organ.

The Age of Trees. Much speculation has been indulged in as to the length of time during which trees of particular kinds may live; but anything like an absolutely accurate estimate is obviously impossible. Approximation to exact knowledge is all that can be obtained.

The cedar has been known to live 2000 years, the cypress 800, the elm 300, the ivy 335, the larch 575, the lime 1100, the maple 516, the oak 1500, the olive 800, the orange 630, the spruce 1200, the walnut 900 and the yew 3200. It is not unreasonable to suppose that some of the giants of the Yosemite Valley are older than any of those given, their years being almost, if not quite, equal to those of the period since the flood, according to common chronology.

The existing cedars of Lebanon are supposed to be the counterparts of those cut down by Solomon for the building of the Temple. Doubtless there are trees to be seen in every primeval forest as old as the Christian era, and some, perhaps, that antedate the Pyramids of Egypt. While we look with undisguised awe and wonder upon the ancient monuments of civilization, we fail to realize those that we may have almost every day within our view, in the shape of an aged oak or towering pine, a yet living and vigorous witness of the far-off morning of the world.—New York Ledger.

To Preserve the Hair. "What'll you have on your hair, sir?" interrogated a barber to the man in the chair. "Nothing at all? Not even water? Well, do you know that you are one man in fifty? The other forty-nine want a decoction of some sort to make their hair lay smoothly and shine nicely. To tell the truth, though," he continued, in a confidential tone, "it would be a great deal better for their hair if they also persisted in having their locks combed dry. Nature has placed a little oil sac at the root of each hair, the duty of which is to supply the hair with natural oil, and make it smooth and supple. The use of water, bay rum, oil and other hair dressings takes the place of this natural oil, and the sacs soon wither from disuse. And so, unless the use of dressings is discontinued, the hair is liable to grow hard and stiff. I would advise every one to discontinue the use of all hair dressing, and have the hair combed dry. About three weeks of dry brushing will reopen the oil sacs, and thereafter the natural oil will do the work thoroughly. No, sir, I wouldn't advise any one to wet the hair in combing it. Bad practice. Next."—New York Advertiser.

Detective Ability. A some what ghastly but quite successful bit of elucidation is credited to M. Bertillon, the anthropometrist. On his back, in bed, a man was found the other morning, shot dead through the mouth. The revolver was still in his hand. There were doubts, however, whether it was a case of suicide, after all. For one thing, deceased had never been known to possess a revolver. Of course, he might have bought one for the occasion. It was advisable to try to ascertain this, and it was M. Bertillon who hit upon the way. He had the corpse taken out of bed, dressed it himself in deceased's clothes, and set it in deceased's customary attitude in his usual chair. The coffin was as it used to be, and the hue of life was brought back to the face as nearly as stage paints could make it. Then the revival was photographed, and the photograph was sent to every gunsmith in Paris. One of them recognized a person who had bought a revolver two days before, and this witness identified the weapon.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Widow's Vow. An English parish clerk, seeing a woman in the churchyard with a bundle and a watering can, followed her, curious to know what her intentions might be, and discovered that she was a widow of a few months' standing. Inquiring what she was going to do with the watering can, she informed him that she had been obtaining some grass seed to sow on her husband's grave, and had brought a little water to make it spring up quickly. The clerk told her there was no occasion to trouble; the grave would be green in good time. "Ah! that may be," she replied, "but my poor husband made me take a vow not to marry again until the grass had grown over his grave, and, having had a good offer, I do not wish to break my vow, or keep as I am longer than I can help."—New York Sun.

Persecuting a Foot. John G. Whittier was greatly loved by strangers, who not only called on him, but thrifly insisted on putting up with him all night. "There has no idea," said his sister, "how much time Greenleaf spends trying to lose these people in the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says: 'Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him. But I can never lose a her, she replied, 'but my poor husband made me take a vow not to marry again until the grass had grown over his grave, and, having had a good offer, I do not wish to break my vow, or keep as I am longer than I can help.'—New York Sun.

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OUR FARMERS' EGGS.

THE CANADIAN HEN SENDS HER PRODUCT INTO OUR MARKETS.

Prices Have Fallen and American Women Lose Their Pocket Money—All Farm Products Cheaper Under the Wilson Bill—We Sell Less in the Markets of the World.

It is some time since we looked into the farmer's egg basket. Then it was well filled with good fresh American eggs that sold readily in all American markets, the competition from Canada, Europe, China and elsewhere having been stopped under the McKinley tariff.

But we have a new tariff now, a Gorman tariff, which reduced the duty on eggs from five to three cents a dozen. In order to learn how this is working for the benefit of American farmers we have looked up the imports of eggs since September 1, 1894, a few days after the new bill became law, and find, from the figures of the Treasury Department, that the imports of eggs compare as follows:

Table with columns for Value, Dozen, and Increase. Shows a significant increase in egg imports since the tariff change.

The new tariff had been in effect only four months when we imported almost 260,000 dozen more eggs than during the corresponding four months of 1893. The money loss to the farmers was \$29,642 in this short time, which is at the rate of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. This much money distributed among the farmers' wives would come in mighty handy during these hard times, when even the Treasury has run short and had to buy gold at a high rate of interest.

The demand there is still far from exhausted, and further supplies from Canadian points will probably find a rising market. This reminds us of old times. Before the passage of the

McKinley act our egg exports across the border ran into quite large figures, amounting in 1889 to 14,011,017 dozen, of the value of \$2,156,725. The five-cent duty of that tariff cut down these exports to the value of \$324,355 in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893. The present duty is three cents a dozen, a rate which should not make it impossible to do an egg trade of the former magnitude with our neighbors.

This Gorman bill seems to be gormandizing every little profit that the farmer used to make. He has lost money on his wheat, corn and cotton crops, and now the Canadian eggs are coming in again, which means more eggs in the market. Too many eggs mean too low prices, and no pocket money for the farmer's wife after she has paid for the chicken feed.

English Cottons Coming. The returns of the British Board of Trade for 1894 show that imports into the United Kingdom increased by \$19,000,000, or nearly 1 per cent more than the imports of 1893. The export trade fell off 1 per cent, or nearly \$10,000,000 in amount. The decline in the values of goods is, it is thought, will fully account for the shrinkage in export values, because the volume of business was certainly greater than in 1893, chiefly owing to the larger quantity of goods shipped to the United States. In cotton goods the British exports increased 14 per cent in value and only 51 per cent in value.

Why Grant Was a Republican. The following lines, written and signed by General U. S. Grant in 1863, appear in his autobiography: "There is not a precinct in this vast Nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot, and have it counted as cast, no matter what the predominance of the opposite party."

"He can proclaim his political opinions—even if he is one among thousands—without fear and without proscriptions on account of his opinions. "There are fourteen States, and localities in some others, where Republicans have not this privilege. This is one reason why I am a Republican." "U. S. GRANT."

We must ourselves ascend if we would lift others, and in this very upward climbing we are taking the first and most essential step in social improvement.

Watchfulness is Necessary.

Zeal after an election is quite as essential as before. The cause which was successful at the polls demands constant zeal for its practical realization. The best agents of the popular will are made better by the incessant watchfulness alone, but support, reinforcement and encouragement are necessary. The battle is only begun when the first line of intrenchments is taken. The army is quite as necessary in the engagements which are necessary in the election only determines public policy. It has then to be carried out. It requires the people co-operating continuously with the public officers to put into the form of law and administration their declared purpose. The election settles much or little, dependent upon how the election decrees are interpreted and executed. The election only declares the people's purpose. After this must come the fulfillment, for the promises of the election should always be sacredly kept. Here comes "the tug of war." Then is not the time for relation on the part of the citizen, but for renewed and redoubled effort and vigilance. If then the people become indifferent, you may be sure the public officer, however strong and true and well meaning, will be inadequate for the task. The official is quick to catch the spirit of the people.

Lincoln said, as he journeyed to Washington in 1861, in response to the address of welcome by Governor Morton, of Indiana, at the city of Indianapolis: "In all the trying places in which I may be placed, and doubtless I will be placed in many such, my reliance will be upon you, the people of the United States, and I wish you to remember now and forever that it is your business, not mine alone."

No truth was ever more manifested or more significant than and now, than that uttered by Mr. Lincoln.—Governor Wm. McKinley.

Protection in the South. Diversified farming is being enthusiastically discussed in the South where the low price of cotton is driving the producers to a practical study of what is best suited for their needs. They say that the money which they get for their cotton must be kept in the South instead of its being sent to other parts of the country for hay, corn and meat. This is good policy and a policy that, in its broad scope, should be applied to every part of the South, to the North, to the East and to the West. It is, in fact, the policy of protection.

Smaller Exports of Farm Products. Farmers will naturally be interested to learn how great is the competition in those markets of the world to secure our American farm products, for the latest statistics show our exports for the seven months ending January 31, 1895. In comparing these with the corresponding months a year earlier we have the following:

Table showing Exports of Farm Products for seven months, July 1 to January 31, comparing 1894 and 1895 values.

Total bushels... 58,838,885 110,308,401 Flour, barrels... 9,298,458 10,143,857 Farmers can see that, during the seven months ending January 31, 1895, we sold nearly 52,000,000 bushels less food stuff to foreign countries than we did during the seven months ending January 31, 1894, and also 1,000,000 barrels of flour less. It is easy to imagine how the buyers in the foreign markets of the world are fighting among themselves to secure this small quantity of our products, which is only about one-half of what we sold them before the wall of protection was broken down in order that we could reach their markets. And the worst of it is, too, that they are only buying the smaller quantity at lower prices than they used to pay for the larger quantities which they bought from us under protection.

Little Sister—"Any new studies this term?" Little Brother—"One—aloudness." "What's that?" "It's learnin' how to read a thing so it will sound as if you was at the other end of a drain-pipe."—Good News.

Visitor—"It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art." Dealer—"Nonsense. Almost anybody can paint a picture; but finding a victim to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in."—Tit-Bits.

Little Dot—"Uncle George says I'm too loquacious. What does that mean." Mamma—"That means you talk too much." Little Dot (after reflection)—"I s'pose big words was made so folks could say mean things wifout hurtin' anybody's feelings."—Good News.

"Eustace has been cured of his habit of boasting." "How was that miracle accomplished?" "He was dilating on the size of his income the other evening in a mixed crowd when one of the persons present spoke up and remarked that he was an income-tax collector."—Chicago Herald.

UNFAITHFUL.

If man could rule his love of change would mar The purple dignity that wraps the hills; Pluck out from the blue sky some perfect star, And set it elsewhere, as his fancy wills. Train the gnarled apple tree more straightly up; Lift violet head, so long and meekly bowed; With some new odor fill her purple cup, And gild the rosey fringes of a cloud. For mark! last year I loved the violet best, And tied her tender coils in my hair; To-day I wear on my inconstant breast A crimson rose, and count her just as fair.

We are unfaithful. Only God is true To hold secure the landmarks of the past, To paint year after year the harrow blue, And in the same sweet mold its shape to cast. Oh, steadfast Nature, let us learn of thee! Thou canst create a new flower at thy will, And yet through all the years canst faithful be To the sweet pattern of a daffodil. —From Sometime, by May Kelly Smith.

A fast man easily runs into debt.—Puck. The poorest form of loafing is belonging to a literary society.—Athenion Globe. Unless you flatter some people they imagine you are slandering them.—Galveston News. It is very hard to admit that a man younger than yourself has more sense.—Athenion Globe. In the bright lexicon of the grocer, even allspice is adulterated until it is not allspice.—Puck. Sheriff's advice to a merchant—"Don't advertise and I'll do the rest."—Profitable Advertising. The man who becomes a successful hypocrite has to work at it every day in the week.—Ram's Horn. China invented gunpowder, but it was so long ago that she forgot what it was for.—Cincinnati Tribune. A man doesn't look as pretty at a piano as a girl; but, as a rule, he sounds prettier.—Athenion Globe. The man who commits suicide for love perpetrates a slur on all the women in the world except one.—Puck. "Those are pretty poor patent leathers you have on." "Yes; but they were all right before the patent expired."—Yale Record. It's a wise young housekeeper who excuses her bad cooking on the ground of typographical errors in her cookbook.—Philadelphia Record. Nearly every one has been wickered enough in his life to feel painfully embarrassed when invited to a mind reading party.—Athenion Globe. Professor—"Mr. Wakcup, can you tell what besides chloride of iodine is found in salt water?" Wakcup—"Why, yes; fish."—Yale Record. Weezer—"The Populists used to have a hand wagon; what have they got now?" Teazer—"Nothing but the wagon's tongue."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Time flies. It seems but a few days since a woman we know was cutting out scraps of poetry, and now she cuts out only sure cures for rheumatism.—Athenion Globe. Chicago Alderman—"Who are you and what do you want?" Old Party (with lantern)—"My name is Diogenes. Let me pass. I'm not looking for you."—Chicago Tribune. Mrs. Elephant (after trying knot in her spouse's trunk)—"Ain't now! I guess you won't forget again to bring the baby some of those cocoanuts when you go down to the jungle."—Puck. One fact should be known by him who'd drink From Fortune's golden cup; By Fate is the man turned down who waits For something to turn up. —Puck. Madge—"I wish we could meet some of the leaders of our set this afternoon." Mamma—"That's easy enough to do. Just put on your ugliest dress and go out for a walk."—Chicago Record. Little Sister—"Any new studies this term?" Little Brother—"One—aloudness." "What's that?" "It's learnin' how to read a thing so it will sound as if you was at the other end of a drain-pipe."—Good News. Visitor—"It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art." Dealer—"Nonsense. Almost anybody can paint a picture; but finding a victim to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in."—Tit-Bits. Little Dot—"Uncle George says I'm too loquacious. What does that mean." Mamma—"That means you talk too much." Little Dot (after reflection)—"I s'pose big words was made so folks could say mean things wifout hurtin' anybody's feelings."—Good News. "Eustace has been cured of his habit of boasting." "How was that miracle accomplished?" "He was dilating on the size of his income the other evening in a mixed crowd when one of the persons present spoke up and remarked that he was an income-tax collector."—Chicago Herald. A Strike Against the Hospitals. There is a strike against the hospitals in Vienna. In Austria the private doctor is almost unknown, as nearly everybody belongs to a medical club, by which, on payment of a trifle, medical attendance is furnished whenever required. These clubs have long had an agreement with the public hospitals to give a mission to sick members for thirty-six cents a week. The hospitals are now trying to raise the rate to fifty cents per week and the clubs have struck against them.—Chicago Herald.



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Out of work, out of style.