

ODDS AND ENDS.

The easiest way to find out a girl's age is to ask some other girl. The census of England and Wales records 7,688,000 women as wage-earners. Lawyer (in court)—Little boy, do you know the nature of an oath? Little Boy—Yes, sir. It's something my pa uses to put up stovepipes with. New regulations have been adopted, on the recommendation of the Minister of Customs, for the importation into Canada of animals for the improvement of stock. Some one has invented a new style of boys' trousers which is highly recommended. They have a copper seat and sheet-iron knees, are riveted down in the seams and have water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs. Minister—And so the little boys asked you to play marbles on Sunday, Bobby, and you refused? Bobby—Yes, sir. Minister—Now, tell me why it was, Bobby, that you refused. Bobby—Cause they wouldn't play for keeps.

The latest cure for consumption is that advocated by M. Garcin before the Paris Academie de Medicine, which consists in the inhalation of fluohydric acid. The patient remains for an hour daily in a cabinet of six cubic metres capacity, the air of which is saturated with fluohydric acid. Three girls of Aroostook, Me., walked from Ashland to Portage Lake, rowed across the lake, ate their dinner, and returned to Ashland in the afternoon, having walked eighteen miles. The same girls can travel on snowshoes, ride horses, milk, teach school and play the piano. Electricians have discovered that the human brain when at work evolves enough heat to drive an electric motor, through the intervention of a thermopile. One of these days the ministers, lawyers and editors will be given free passes on the railroads on condition that they wear thermopiles in their hats, think hard, and furnish power for the locomotives.

When New Zealand was first discovered by Europeans cannibalism was a common habit among the natives, and it was not entirely done away with until the introduction of Christianity within the present century. To-day we read that a little work entitled "The State, or the Rudiments of New Zealand Society," has just been published at Wellington chiefly for the use of young Maoris able to understand easy English. It is a long step from cannibalism to the study of sociology, but the Maoris have not been long in taking it.

Dr. McGlynn states that by driving him out of a single parish "the machine" has made the whole world his parish. Having devoted his attention so far only to the American section of this new parish, it is now his purpose to visit that portion of it commonly known as the United Kingdom. He will sail for England shortly after New Year's and will address meetings in the large cities with a view to propagating the land doctrines of the Anti-Povertyites. He states that he will not go to Rome unless "properly invited."

"Tommy, how are you getting on at school?" Tommy—"First rate, ma." "Mention the names of some of the domestic animals." "The horse, the dog, the pig." "Mention some more, Tommy." "The goose, the hen, and the duck." "Yes. I was thinking of four-legged animals. What animal is that which lives mostly in the house, but which often makes a dreadful noise so that people cannot sleep?" "Four-legged animal?" "Yes." "Don't let people sleep?" "Yes." Tommy, triumphantly, "The piano."

Courtship is visible on every hand at Saratoga. Its aspects are various, but usually mild, though occasionally violent. Only last evening I went quickly around a corner of a veranda and caught a fellow struggling with a girl for a kiss. "You shan't have it," she said. "I will," he persisted. "No, you shan't—" and here she saw me, and she finished the sentence this way: "This lock is a keepeeke, and I won't even lend it to you." Locket, indeed! Fellows don't pucker their mouths like that in asking for lockets.—[Philadelphia Times]

One factory sprinkles tobacco with New England rum; another uses Jamaica rum, another moistens it with the rankest corn whiskey he can find, and each brand has its own peculiar essential oil. Some use fennel, others use ginseng, while the acid sumach, abounding in Linnin, cheap and plenty, gives that peculiar burning of the tongue, which characterizes much "fine cut." Astringent barks, wormwood, the refuse of the cinchona and others, give the bitter taste which some consumers like, and the twist or "nigger-head," which is largely exported to tropical climates, gets a special absorption.

"We greatly dislike to find fault with any of the customs of our beautiful little city," says a Lakota editor, "but we must nevertheless insist that people keep their swine out from under the office of the Tribune and Palladium. While engaged at our desk writing our leader on 'The Stability of Our Territorial Institutions' for our paper this week one of Senator McBride's razor-backed hogs humped up its spine and began scratching its back on the beams under the floor, jarring the whole building and making it necessary for us to stop our work on the editorial, crawl under our office and wait the critter along the side with a column rule. This interrupted our train of thought, and the editorial is not what we could wish."—[Chicago Tribune]

Henry George does not attempt to conceal his surprise at the smallness of the vote polled by his party in New York on Tuesday, but he professes to be perfectly satisfied. In a speech at Webster hall on the night of the election he said:—"The result was a surprise to me. I expected a much larger vote, but I am entirely satisfied. I have no regrets. It was probably too soon for us to win such a victory as we expected, and though we will grow more slowly we will grow more surely. I would not before the election that our vote would be less than 70,000 in the city, but instead of 70,000 we received but 37,000. That 37,000, however, represent principles, not men. This is not our Waterloo, but our Bull Run." By this he means that upwards of 30,000 of the men upon whom he relied had been bought by his opponents, and that his party would henceforth be stronger without them. This is certainly extracting "snubbeams from cucumbers."

Gallantry of the American Waiter

The American waiter is a source of constant study to me whenever I am on my travels, and at no other time is he so interesting to me as when he has to deal with the lone woman at the hotel. I have been watching him, and I have seen the lone woman come into the dining-room, sit down at the table and starve to death, while every body else—that is, every man—body, who came in after her got their orders promptly served. The lone woman—or any woman, in fact—does most mortally hate to "tip" a waiter or a porter when she is paying full rates anyhow. She won't do it if she can possibly exist without it, and when she does give a fee, it is usually five cents, and ten cents she considers an enormous, a princely gratuity. The waiter and the hall-boy and the porter all know this, and consequently the lone woman, while she is never insulted, and is treated with the utmost show of politeness and with genuine courtesy at the desk, is quietly ignored by the servants, and her hotel and railway lines have fallen in stony places. This "tipping" business has won to be an outrageous nuisance even in the United States. Our citizens even travel abroad to escape the evil habit of commercial travellers and people in all lines of the dramatic professions are much given to it, and it is beginning to be so that you are rather neglected without it. Frequently in hotel parlors, where all the help is well paid, the servant will remind you that he expects to be "remembered." A few weeks ago I ran into Harrisburg at my family at a hotel, a ranging for them to meet me at another point in two days, as the intervening runs were too hard for the Prince. I got up at 2 a.m., carried my own valise down-stairs, never saw hide nor wool of a porter, and went my way. Two days later, when the family came away, a freed-man, whose shackles had been removed by mistake, urking about to carry what few articles the guest could not take, told my sister that he had waited on me constantly, and that I said I would give him half a dollar when I came back. She gave the brigand fifty cents. I haven't been back there yet, but I am going. My work has been quite exhausting this season, and I need recreation; so I have promised myself the pleasure of attending a colored funeral.

Higher Education for Farmers.

Dr. Hoskins, a Vermont physician, who went from a farm to college that he might study as a physician, wisely says:—"It is a most singular and painful thing, this indifference in so many farmers to the value of education. By a course of medical study I became familiar with at least the elements of several sciences, and when, by an accident, I was made incapable of following my profession, and returned again to the soil for a livelihood, I found in my chemical, geological and botanical acquisitions my greatest help to prosperity. Unquestionably these would have been of little use without work. I believe in work, but I see no reason why work should not have the help of knowledge. 'Intelligent, continuous work' is what a farmer needs; and the more intelligence the better. "Now that I am entering upon old age, I am particularly desirous to excite in those ambitious young men who will soon occupy the stage of action which I am leaving, a desire for all useful knowledge, and to convince them that by the application of that knowledge farming can be raised from a base drudgery to a pleasant, elevating and profitable occupation. Farming not only can be but must be an intellectual occupation, requiring as much brain work as any business on earth. The fine gentleman brought up to do nothing in particular, and 'educated' in the same way, who squanders a fortune in muddling on a farm is not an educated farmer whatever himself or others may think. The rule has been that men were educated away from instead of into farming, etc. The educated farmer is in agriculture 'for all it is worth,' and in using this cant phrase I mean it, with all that it implies. Money is not the only nor the highest object of man's ambition. The true aim of life for man is the development of all his faculties and powers to their highest capabilities. Make a man of yourself, all around, my young friend. Develop all that is in you; use your faculties for all they are worth; and in doing this, while you need not fail of worldly wealth, or at least of comfortable prosperity, you will develop values in yourself which money alone will never buy, and which you and those who know you will never think of estimating in mere dollars and cents."

Where the Money Goes.

It was stated the other day on the authority of the New York Herald, that about 40,000,000 ballots were printed for the elections in New York on Tuesday last. The Times places the figure at 80,600,000 and says that not more than 1,200,000 were deposited in the ballot boxes. For receiving and counting these ballots the city employed and paid 5,684 persons, of whom 4,060 were inspectors of election and 1,624 were poll clerks. It is estimated that besides these men paid out of the city treasury, each of the five parties which had tickets in the field, employed under pay forty-five men in each election district, or 36,540 in all the 812 districts. This makes a total of 42,224 voters, out of 200,000, who were under pay in the city on election day, and were selected for their work by the party managers. The total amount received by them, from either the city treasury or the party organizations, was not less than \$300,000, to say nothing of the large sums distributed in other ways. These facts afford an insight into some of the methods of operation of the "machines" in the politics of New York city. The Times calls for reform in this matter, and suggests that the ballots should be furnished at the public expense, and given directly to the voters.

Miles of Rope.

are being purchased by the hotel keepers of New York, to enable them to comply with a law passed at Albany last session. This law makes it a misdemeanor for hotel proprietors to neglect to place a rope or other fire escape convenient to each room above the ground floor. It will involve, it is estimated, the purchase of three hundred and fifty miles of rope and a total expense of many thousands of dollars in New York City. It cost the Stewart estate eight hundred dollars. The coils of rope will be near the windows, one end being spliced to a galvanized iron eye screw, which is fastened to the window frame above the sill. It is expected that by the end of this month every hotel in the city will have a rope in each room.

HISTORICAL.

THE KHEWIK OF EGYPT.

Mohammed Tewfik is the son of Ismail, who ruled Egypt from 1863 to 1879. The father was a man of boundless energy. It was his aim to free his country from the sovereignty of Turkey and to make her a powerful kingdom. He bought from the Porte the title of Khedive and a large degree of independence, and then set about the work of developing his realm. The old laws were revised and reformed, railroads, telegraphs, and canals were built large armies were raised and the great equatorial region of the Soudan was conquered and brought under the rule of Ismail. Such activity had not been known in Egypt for years. But these signs of prosperity were purchased at frightful cost. The fellahin, or peasants, were already overtaxed, and the Khedive was obliged to borrow money in France and England at an interest rate of from 12 to 20 per cent. The revenues failed to meet the interest charges, and the French and English creditors of Egypt interfered in order to check the reckless financial career of the sovereign. Ismail was forced to resign and go into exile. Tewfik Pasha, his eldest son, succeeded him August 8, 1879.

Tewfik Pasha is known as a gentleman of refinement, a faithful husband and a good father. But his influence upon public affairs is scarcely noticeable. Ever since his accession to the throne the actual ruling power has been in the hands of the agents of France and England, who collected the revenues, dividing them between the Khedive and the bond-holders. This European control irritated the natives and caused the rebellion led by Arabi Pasha in 1881. France refusing her aid, England put down the revolt alone, and since that time has had sole charge of the Egyptian government. But the British occupation has not been successful. In 1883 a religious war began in the Soudan under "El Mahdi." The revolt was allowed to grow until it could not be suppressed without enormous cost of men and money. After great losses the British abandoned Equatorial Africa and most of Nubia to the rebels, but not until the expenses of the war had plunged Egypt more deeply than ever into debt. This is the situation. The Khedive lives in grand style and has an annual allowance of \$450,000. He is assisted by a cabinet of five ministers and by a council and assembly. But all this machinery is under English supervision, and nothing of importance in law, finance, or military matters is done without the knowledge and approval of the English agent.

Getting to the Station.

The man who has had occasion to get to a railway station from a country hotel, has had an experience that lingers long in his memory. The demands of the commercial traveller, who is a wonderful missionary, has changed matters a little in this respect, but still you occasionally find the old-time country landlord who is unable to understand the feverish eagerness of the sojourner to catch the 10:20 a.m. passenger east, when there is a freight going west at 7:30 p.m. You tell him you want to go to the station this morning, and ask for your bill. He chews a toothpick a moment, then looks at your name on the register a long, long time. Then he sighs, and looks into a book behind the desk, in which there has never been an entry made since the death of his father, who kept the tavern before him. You can see this book any time lying around among the candles and kerosene lamps and matches. What he sees in it besides the old entries made in his father's stiff, regular graphography he must see with the eye of faith. Maybe he looks back till he finds an entry against some guest who stayed in his father's time about as long as you have. I think that must be it, because when at last he closes that book he tells you the amount of your bill. If you have been there one day or three weeks it takes just the same time to give you the amount of your bill. Then you are ready to go. He says he'll get you down to the station. Hail an hour later you tell him you are all ready. He looks surprised. "Hain't them boys come around with the wagon?"

Then he remembers that he forgot to tell them. Then he "hollers" for "the boys" until he learns that they have taken the wagon on a trip in another direction. He says it's no difference, the train doesn't go till 9 o'clock. You tell him your train goes at 9:30. He looks indignant and says:—"That train goes to Berwick."

You say you are going to Berwick, and amezement sits upon him. He finally gets another team, leaves the house at 9:25, assures you that you have plenty of time, drives you seven miles in two hours, and finding, to his unspeakable astonishment, that the 9:30 train had gone by already, offers to take you back to the house for nothing.

You decline and he waits around the station about five minutes, in the vague hope that some unadvertised and unexpected train may come along with a wagon-load of passengers for him to take back, tears down a last year's California land excursion advertisement to hang up in his office for a time card, and thus fortified against mistakes in future, he drives away and leaves you sitting disconsolately on a baggage truck, waiting for the train several hours away, a prey to melancholy and self-station loafer, who chews tobacco incessantly and stares at you unblinkingly, and says, "Huh?" the first time you ask him a question, and unno" when you repeat it.—Burdette.

What Would He Have Thought?

"If to an American Indian of the olden time," says the Boston Transcript, "a woman of our modern civilization had suddenly appeared walking painfully in her tight, high-heeled boots, her free motion checked by skirts and 'pull backs,' drawing her breath instead of from above her tiny pinched waist, her neck tightly collared up to her ears, the bird wings in her hat reaching far above her head and pointing to the zenith, and her skirts hanging out a yard behind her as from a camel's hump—what would the Indian have thought of you suppose?" Possibly what the New Hampshire farmer said the first time he met a full-fledged "dude" on the highway, "Well, well; what funny things a feller sees when he ain't got no gun with him!"

STATISTICS.

For the completed four months of the current fiscal year the Dominion revenue amounted to \$11,702,951, an excess over expenditure of \$1,963,829.

During the ten months of this year 128,620 immigrants have arrived in Canada, an increase of 26,196 compared with the corresponding period 1st year. Of these 67,701 settled in Canada, against 57,245 for last year.

The statement of the Bank of Montreal for the six months ending October 31st, submitted to the directors yesterday, shows a decrease in net earnings of about \$10,000 compared with the corresponding period in 1886.

The value of the real estate confiscated from the Church of Mexico in 1859 by the Juarez Government has been variously estimated at from one fourth to one third of the value of all the real estate of the country, representing not less than \$300,000,000.

Newfoundland has taken to agriculture. It has produced this year hay and potatoes to the value of \$880,000 and butter to the value of \$60,000. The fishing industry is very precarious and the resort to agriculture seems to be the only hope for the colony.

In the whole Russian Empire, with no less than 20,000 of the number dying annually, a third part of the obituary are upward of 80 years of age; 900 are above 100 years of age, from 50 to 55 are above 120 years, 20 are upward of 130 years, 8 are more than 135 years of age, and 2 or 3 are reckoned on to reach from 140 to 155 years.

First-class freight is carried from Montreal to Calgary at \$3.34 per hundred pounds, but from Montreal to Vancouver at \$1.89. Yet Vancouver is 614 miles farther west than Calgary. The reason for the difference is the circumstance that Vancouver is a competitive point, while Calgary is not. But this explanation does not satisfy the Californians.

It is said that the late Lord Wolverton's income amounted to £300,000 a year, which would make him at least a sixfold millionaire. Millions have been falling into the hands of new owners pretty freely of late by four deaths of very rich men, namely, Baron Stern, who left £4,000,000; Mr. Hugh McCalmont, £3,000,000; Mr. Russell Starigs, £2,000,000 and Lord Wolverton, £6,000,000.

The return of traffic of the Grand Trunk railway for the week ending November 5th is as follows:—Passenger train earnings, \$118,342; freight, \$261,667; total, \$380,009. For the corresponding week last year the earnings were:—Passenger, \$112,619; freight, \$268,431; total, \$379,050, showing an increase for 1887 of \$959.

The yield of diamonds from the Kimberley Mine alone, from the opening in 1871 to the end of 1885, is stated to have exceeded 17,500,000 carats, equal to 3½ tons weight of precious stones, in value about £100,000,000. To obtain this as many thousands tons of reef and ground have had to be excavated. The mine is 450 feet deep, and the cubical contents of this huge cavity measure about 9,000,000 cubic yards. Four thousand Kaffirs are employed at this mine.

A picture of Niagara Falls, which is to be taken to London for exhibition, is one of the largest ever painted, being 380 feet in length by 45 in breadth. The artist, Paul Philippeaux, with a dozen assistants, has been engaged constantly on the work for the past six months, and some idea of its magnitude can be gained from the following list of materials consumed:—White lead, 3,000 pounds; oil, 3,322 gallons; essence (turpentine), 3,240 gallons and a car load of colors.

Sir J. B. Lawes, in his annual letter to the British Weekly Messenger, Oct. 17, estimates the British wheat yield of 1887 at 67,534,200 bushels, from 2,383,534 acres. But he deducts this year 2 bushels, instead of his usual 2½ bushels, per acre for the seedling, bringing out as the result a total of rather less than 8,000,000 bushels available for consumption. Taking the estimated consumption per head of the population at 5.65 bushels, he makes the requirement for the current year 211,359,680 bushels, of which about 148,000,000 bushels have to be supplied by stocks and imports. He finds it more difficult than usual to form an estimate for the country at large upon the basis of the very limited crop of Rothamsted.

Four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last 25 years. France owns 49,390 stationary or locomotive boilers, 7,000 locomotives and 1,850 boats' boilers; Germany has 59,000 boilers, 10,000 locomotives and 1,700 ships' boilers; Austria, 12,000 boilers and 2,800 locomotives. The force equivalent to the working steam engines represents:—In the United States 7,500,000 horse-power, in England 7,000,000 horse-power, in Germany 4,500,000, in France 3,000,000 and in Austria 1,500,000. In these figures the motive power of the locomotives is not included, whose number in all the world amounts to 105,000, representing a total of 3,000,000 horse-power. Adding this amount to the other powers we obtain the total of 46,000,000 horse-power. A steam horse power is equal to three actual horses' power; and a living horse is equal to seven men. The steam engines of the world represent, therefore, approximately the work of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than double the working population of the earth, whose total population amounts to 1,455,923,000 inhabitants. Steam has accordingly tripled man's working power, enabling him to economise his physical strength while attending to his intellectual development.

"The statement made by Canon Isaac Taylor at the recent Church Congress, that Islam as a missionary religion is more successful than Christianity, having been received with surprise and indignation," says the London Standard, "he contributes to a contemporary of the facts on which his generalizations were based. After making all allowance for natural increase of population, the census returns show that Mohammedanism, which has no paid missionaries, is gaining in India 600,000 converts per annum. In Hindustan Proper, among a population of 220,000,000 841 English missionaries made last year 297 converts at a cost of £43,296 19s. 1d. In the extreme south, on the other hand, among the non-Aryan population, the numbers are very much larger, but in four cases out of five the native Christians are Roman Catholic and not Protestant. In the native home of Islam, in Arabia and its neighborhood, result were even less satisfactory. Last year 103 missionaries, at a cost of £11,000 pounds, only succeeded in making one convert, and she was a girl, described as 'easily influenced and requiring constant guidance.'

Shooting on Stilts.

"Who comes from La Rochelle smells of mud" is one of the homely proverbs of the French villagers, and, like all old sayings, it contains a certain amount of truth.

La Rochelle stands, with a curious mixture of swamps and higher ground stretching around it, within a small distance of the town. There is not the distinctive wet marsh, alternating with firmer, drier ground, which one finds in Gascony; but in its place, on either side of the roads intersecting that part of the country, are tracts of marsh land extending for many acres, green, with tall sedges and rushes lifting their lances five and six feet above the level, with a thick growth of rank grass growing about their roots thick as a mat.

Here and there will be found a clear spot, a miniature lake with water not more than twelve inches deep, the surface covered over with duck weed, water-dock, and other aquatic plants. Further on may be found another spot clear of reeds, carpeted with soft, springy turf, the grass of which is so fine in texture that it looks like the most delicate moss, and makes one inclined to lie down there on the hot autumn days, and be shaded from the sun by the almost tropical growth that surrounds it.

A labyrinth of lanes runs from oasis to oasis, and, viewed from above, it would be declared a perfect paradise for the hunter.

Those who have been through its fastnesses would tell you it was simply a vast tract of mud.

In that green plot of mossy turf a man would sink up to his waist; where the reeds and mat-like grass grows, he would sink over his ankles, and not be able to see his way a foot in advance through their waving stems. The pools of water are the only safe track, for at the bottom of these the mud is but an inch or two deep.

Mud is everywhere; it cakes upon the dogs and sheep, on the wheels of carts and the legs of horses, whilst men, women and children find brushes too scarce or life too short to be eternally cleaning themselves from the distinctive mark of the Province.

These tracts vary in size from six to twenty acres, and are separated from each other by chains of small mounds, or hills, that run winding in and out in an aimless way through the morasses, serving as footholds for the pedestrian, and as grazing-grounds for cattle.

As might be expected, these marshes form a great breeding-ground for duck, plover, rails, water hens, and aquatic fowl of every kind. Many very rare migratory birds are found here during the spring and autumn flights, and as soon as the breeding season is over, and the market demand for fowl commences, the professional fowlers of La Rochelle are on the ground, and reap the harvest that has to find them in food almost the year round.

As one would find but few fowl by traversing the "hill paths," and if one beat the edges with a dog, he would only drive the fowl further into the marsh, human ingenuity was not long before it found a way to compass the difficulty.

Boats or flats could not make their way through the tangles, the shooting-stands erected proved of little use after a week or so, and, be the summer ever so dry, the water and mud in the marsh never seemed to decrease in volume. Beyond turning a little brown at the edges where the sun caked and cracked the mud, and a little stronger smell than usual, there was no change winter or summer, and the interior of the marsh remained forbidden ground. Then, many years ago, some bright intellect suggested stilts, and, from then until now, the fowler of La Rochelle has used them in his profession.

The very idea of shooting from a pair of stilts is ludicrous, but still more so is the spectacle of the amateur who first tries it. The stilts are about eight feet in length, and are made in the usual way, having the stirrup placed about sixteen inches from the top of the pole; just above this is a strap to put round the ankle, and at the top, to fit round the upper part of the calf, is another strap. The lower part of the pole, about six inches from the bottom, is surrounded with wood arranged in bell shape, extending about three inches on either side, which serves to prevent the pole from sinking too deeply into the softer places.

When the hunter has strapped on his stilts, both his hands are free to handle his gun, and he is also at a sufficient height to see the fowl as they fly over the tall reeds, and along the intersecting lanes. Besides the gun and stilts, his outfit consists of a capacious game-bag slung at his back, and a light pole about five feet long, fitted with a net, something like a lacrosse bat.

Some fowlers provide themselves with an iron hook, but the net is more common than the hook, and by far the most satisfactory. Either implement is also carried slung across the back by a strap fitting round the right shoulder. A rough, hardy, long-legged dog completes the category. Breed is of no account; if he retrieves well, is fond of water, and not so heavy as to sink in the mud, that is all that is required of him.

These fowlers present a curious figure in a country landscape, and may be seen at any time, striding along the hill-paths to that part of the marsh each one favors, in the early morning light, or in the waning twilight of evening, looking most uncanny and spectral, looming up, clearly defined against the horizon, like so many giants.

That Labor Law Again.

Despatches from San Francisco say that Senator Stanford, having become dissatisfied with the labor of Chinese in his great vineyard, "is now making arrangements for bringing out 100 vineyardists from Bordeaux." But the Senator must be familiar with the law which forbids the importation of labour under contract. Not long ago the owner of a noted farm in Kentucky engaged the services of a skilled dairyman in Glasgow, and after the dairyman had come to this port he was sent back under the provisions of that law. Of course, it is desirable that the vineyard industry should be developed in California by the valuable assistance of skilled workmen from the country where this industry has been perfected, but the law stands in the way. So far as it prevents the importation of skilled labour, and especially such skilled labour as cannot be furnished here, it is positively detrimental to the interests of the country. Because Senator Stanford proposes to displace hundreds of the hated Chinese no one in California may be willing to thwart his purpose by causing the law to be enforced in his case, but Congress will soon be in session, and the Senator should at least attempt to procure an amendment of the law before he violates it.—[New York Times]