AGRICULTURAL.

Caponizing Poultry.

Chickens which have been caponized fatten better and sell for higher prices because their flesh is better. The following points on caponizing are by Mr. George E. Dow, and deserve the special attention of all farmers who raise poultry, In caponizing his chickens one is not obliged to do the work at any particular moment. He can select a time that best suits his convenience as the chicken can be caponized as well one time as another, to the great benefit of the owner, provided the bird has not about matured his growth. The bird can be caponized when full-grown, but one does not get the benefit he would if he caponized the chickens when younger, when they were growing and forming their frame and size. Caponize them from the time they weigh one pound up to when they weigh three pounds. This will give you nearly three months in which to do the work. I rather prefer to do the work on a cloudy day, as there are no shadows then and you can see the inside of the bird very plainly and work to better advantage. It is absolutely necessary that your chicken be deprived of all food and water for at least 36 hours before you begin to caponize. The object of this is to have the intestines become as empty as possible so that you can readily get at the testicles. It is almost impossible to caponize a chicken whose intestines are full, for the reason that they completely fill all the space in the bird. There is no chance to move them, as there is no room, and one cannot get at, or even see, the testicles but after fasting for 36 hours, things are very different, and it becomes a very simple and easy matter to second extract the testicles. The reason why some people fail to caponize is that they do not allow the intestines to become sufficiently empty. It is the most important point about caponizing and one cannot be too careful about it; for when they are well emptied it becomes a very simple little piece of work, and can be done by a boy. After the work is done, let your chickens have all they want to eat of soft feed and plenty of clean fresh water. I prefer to keep them in a house or pen for a week or so, until they become healed up, and then let them run with other chickens.

Fish Culture by Farmers.

The raising of fish is an industry that every farmer may engage in, or all farmers who can have access to fresh water supply. Of course, very flat lands are not suited for this purpose, but most of our prairie country is more or less rolling and can have a water supply from a spring or small stream, and fish ponds can be constructed at a small expense.

Like all other enterprises connected with the farm, it is best to commence in a small way and increase as you become better acquainted with the work and management. Fish ponds must be so situated as to collect nothing but pure water, and not receive the drainage from stables or refuse and decaying animal matter. Mud will collect in these ponds, but this is not considered detrimental, in fact it serves as a safe resort for the fish during very severe, freezing weather. The dam must be built solid and secure, so there will be no liability of breaking with the weight of the water that it is designed to hold, or leaks starting from deficiencies in material used, or work in construction of the dam.

A small dam covering an area of one-quarter or one-half an acre will be ample to commence with. An outlet or waste gate should be built in the dam so as to accommodate an oversupply of water and to let off the water when taking fish. The fish supply thus furnished for the farmers' table will more than compensate for all labor and expense in preparing and maintaining the pond, say nothing of the hundreds of dollars' worth that may be marketed among the farmers, who depend on buying everything they eat, and the citizens of the country town, who always look to the market for their supply.

It is true that our little streams are being stocked with fish, but this is no market supply and never will serve this purpose. While it may serve the lone fisherman a pastime to while his idle hours away, it never will be anything of great public importance to any other class, except the schoolboy and the neighborhood fishing party. Fish ponds are being built by the enterprising and progressive farmers all over Iowa and Nebraska.

The time is not far distant when a farm without a fish pond will be regarded as incomplete in the necessary fixtures and improvements for comfortable living. The care and attention necessary in the cultivation of fish is such that any attentive, industry farmer can bestow. This is an industrious worthy the consideration of our western farmers.

Head Work in Farming.

America has furnished a grand field for expensive farming. We have spread ourselves until profits have fled. Intensive farming is the cure for this condition of thing, and progressive men are finding it out.

The average yield of wheat per acre for the decade ending with 1890 was twelve bushels. The average value per acre was a little less than $9. It cost that much to produce the wheat. But the man who has the habit of producing thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre pocketed a fair profit. How is it done? By intensive farming.

Fifty acres of land lying near a good market—100 miles will do, if freight rates are half fare—can furnish good men with all the mental employment they need. Manual, too, but the mental is most important. A man may live if he has a head, even when his hands are gone, but hands without a head are worth nothing. What crops will pay best on the farm? In what elements of plant food is each field lacking for a maximum yield of each kind of crop to be grown? In what way can that plant food be supplied most cheaply? When, how, and what varieties shall we plant? The markets, the soil, the weather, and the farmer must be studied. Have you the grit to do right, letting others do as they may? Can you take time to prepare the soil properly when all others are pushing their planting and leaving you apparently behind hand? It takes a man to farm right.

Farm tests are worth more than all the theories, says the *Prairie Farmer*. We must read and study, and then use good, hard sense in the application of what we learn. But we are sure of winning only when we determine by field experiment whether our soil should be ploughed deep or shallow for corn, or wheat, or potatoes, what varieties are best adapted to our soil, and what tillage is needed.

Root pruning may be a very bad thing, but if a soil is so inclined to pack that air is almost totally excluded, it may be best to give deep tillage. All depends upon the soil and the weather. While we cannot foretell the weather we can know our soils. How many farmers do?

Just when does it pay to cast aside a tool and buy another? This is an age of progress, and a grain cradle is worth nothing on many farms, no matter how new it may be. How about other implements that have cost a neat sum, but do not perform the work as well or as rapidly as later ones? Some farmers are erring on one side, and some on the other. It will pay in actual cash to find the golden mean. A man can make fair wages at least half his time by stopping ordinary farm leaks. Strange that we do not see them. Men will work in the hot sun ten or twelve hours to save $1 in wages when they are losing $2 by inattention to the wants of something on the farm. A good farmer is an all-around man, one who plans, reads, works, and thinks. Just now few others can win.

Will Spraying Fruit Pay?

That veteran agriculturist Orange Judd is a firm believer in fruit spraying. He says:

"For example, suppose you have trees enough to yield 100 bushels of good perfect apples, without punctures or worm holes which depreciate their value for sale, if the insects would only let them alone, which there is little likelihood of their doing if you let them alone. Remember that an apple having only a small puncture is much deteriorated in flavor and healthfulness, to say nothing of the percentage of loss in what must be cut out for some distance around the hole to get out the dark colored and hardened and unhealthful portion, when the fruit is used at home. Also remember that buyers, if at all expert, now look at the blossom ends and elsewhere for bits of dust, etc., indicating defects within, and that they will pay from 25 to 50 per cent. more for fruit all perfect then if partly punctured. Also remember that unpunctured apples grow a good many per cent. larger. Also remember that it takes just as much time for picking and barreling, and marketing, and costs just as much for the barrels for a lot of defective apples as it does for perfect ones. Also remember especially that nowadays in all localities, most probably in yours, on the average at least half of the apples in an orchard are pretty sure to be affected by insects.

"Now reckon the apples worth on the trees only 30 cents per bushel if perfect or untouched by insects. You must knock off at least half of this for the defects in amount of crop and loss of value for home use or marketing. That's $15 gone, or more if the apples are worth over 30 cents a bushel. (These are 'bottom facts' and not fancy or imaginative talk or figuring.)

"Reckon further thus: To spray the trees that will grow 100 bushels, so as to destroy the insects which will produce the $15 damage or more, will take not to exceed two halfday's time, which we will call $2. Add another $1 for the cost of the spraying material to put in the water, which costs nothing. This makes $3. Now we must add the cost of the spraying apparatus. You can buy a very excellent forcing sprayer, which can be used on a hundred or a thousand trees for $25 to $40, either by paying cash, or on credit, or borrowing the money if necessary. As the machine will do good service for many years it is fair to reckon 10 per cent. on its cost, or say $4. You thus have the total cost for a season $7, and you have $8 net gain on the 100 bushels of apples. This is about 27 per cent. profit, or net gain a year on only 100 bushels reckoned worth only $30.

"If you and a neighbor unite in getting a sprayer for joint use, or one buys it and rents its use to the other, that will take off $2 and lift the profits or net gain to 33⅓ per cent. Or if three join or rent of one the profit will rise to 35 per cent. a year. Mem.: If farmers and fruit-growers looked after the 'per cents.' in their business just as merchants, manufacturers, etc., do in their business, the former would have by far the most profitable calling, on the average. Reader, apply the above 'figgerings' to your own case whether you grow a few or many apples or plums, or any fruit which is liable to insect harm. Mem.: The 'hand sprayers' or knapsack sprayers, etc., answer for one tree to a hundred or so, more or less, and cost only $15 to $20.

"Let no neighborhood where any fruit is grown be without an insect killing spraying implement, owned jointly or owned by one and rented to others. Such sprayers are now abundantly made in greatly improved forms, and at greatly reduced price as compared with a few years ago. Do you ask what sprayers to buy? To answer that question would give a suspicion that this writing is a puff or 'write up' of somebody's business. It is the fruit-grower's business we are trying to puff up to higher 'percentage' of profit, or into 'profit' where it has been a loss."

Germany and France.

On the surface it is all sunshine and peace but Germany and France are really standing on a volcano, which at any moment may belch forth ruin and desolation. To see this clearly, it is only necessary to read the latest despatches about the fetes at Nancy next week. President Carnot has signified his intention to be present, and M. de Freycinet who was not consulted, has taken ground against the proposed trip. De Freycinet is of the opinion that Kaiser Wilhelm will be certain to depute the Prince of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, to greet the French President as he approaches the German frontier, and draws the deduction that the Prince's reception by the French President would be a virtual recognition of the inviolability of the Frankfort treaty, which gave the coveted provinces to the conqueror in the great war. President Carnot, it seems, has accepted this view of the situation, and the French Minister at Berlin has been instructed to intimate to the German Government that it would be agreeable to France to have no notice taken of Carnot's visit to the dangerous frontier. This is a diplomatic blow and cannot fail to leave the mark of a diplomatic wound. A few words precipitated the great conflict in which the Third Empire went down forever in the greatest war of modern times. When the issue of peace or war depends on diplomacy it is dangerous ground.

AN EXCITING RACE.

A Young Englishman's Flight from a Pursuing Wildcat.

Mr. Caryl Clyde, the young son of a wealthy London, England, merchant, has just returned from a trip of adventure through the northern part of Ontario. Mr. Clyde left England three months ago. During the earlier weeks of December he visited friends in New York State, but the last two months he has spent entirely in the northern part of Ontario. He has skated over the inland lakes, stalked moose in the uplands, and hunted panthers in the dense forest around the Georgian Bay, and during this short time he has met with some interesting adventures, and has had not a few exciting encounters with and escapes from some of the ugly wild animals found in that region. Of his adventures, perhaps, none is more thrilling than the story he tells of his race for life from an overgrown and ravenous wildcat.

"In the northwestern, part of Muskoka," said he," I found a body of water that extended through the forest for many miles. The ice on it was very smooth, and entirely free from snow. One evening I left the camp for a skate up this frozen stream. The moon was bright and full, the sky was clear, and

IT WAS BITTER COLD,

but a few strokes over the smooth and hard-surfaced ice soon set my blood to tingling, and then I was as warm as though snugly covered up and asleep in my bed at the hotel. As I skated deeper into the forest I would stop and listen, and the stillness was so profound that I could almost hear the blood coursing through my veins, and the beatings of my heart sounded to me like the marching of infantry. In my hand I carried a small stick, which I used as a sort of balance as my body swayed with each stroke I took. In thirty minutes I had gone over five miles, and I stopped to rest. Some birds fluttered over my head, and I heard the cry of a distant screech owl. Then came another cry, and one that almost made me cease breathing.

"It was a harsh, unearthly scream, and so close was it that it rang in my ears like the beating of a gong. With a sudden impulse I dashed forward. There was a rushing, scrambling sound behind, and then a wicked snarl. I gave a frightened glance over my shoulder and saw an animal about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and it had

EYES THAT GLEAMED

like glowing coals. From descriptions I had heard and read I recognized it as a wildcat, but I did not stop to make any critical examination. My only thought was of escape, for more than the little stick I carried in my hand I had no weapon of defence. The stream itself wound in a sinuous fashion through the forest, but before it had been frozen it had evidently overflowed its banks, for the ice extended on all sides as far as I could see through the woods. The bed of the stream was clear of trees and brush, and down this sort of lane through the woods I dashed at my best speed. The wildcat gave an angry snarl of disappointed rage as it saw me glide away. Without as much as a pocket knife about me I knew that I would not be able to wage any sort of successful combat with the hungry brute behind me.

"Ordinarily a wildcat will not attack man unless it is hard pressed for its life, and then it will make a desperate resistance. It is also a very successful fighter, for it is as quick as chain lightning in its movements, its body and limbs are powerful, and each one of its paws is armed with long, sharp claws that can cut through the flesh like a knife. An infuriated house cat will whip the largest dog in short order. A Canadian wildcat is probably half a dozen times as large as one of the domestic species, and in the same ratio it is as much more rapid in its movements and as much more powerful. A full-grown black bear is hardly a match for one of them, and when one is starved into madness an unarmed man stands a mighty poor show for his life. Exert, as I did, my best speed, the cat gained on me easily. Then I tried dodging tactics, and with great success. As I glided away down the stream the animal stood

GLARING AT ME

with amazement. But this was for an instant only. Realizing that its prey was fast getting beyond its reach it came after me like a shot from a gun. At every bound it took its sharp claws cut the ice, and I could tell by this how much greater was its speed than my own. When I thought that in about one more bound the animal would be upon me I gave a sharp turn to the left and the cat went on, pawing, snarling biting, and scratching, over the smooth ice. I started back at a slower rate of speed so as to be able to regain control of my breathing. The cat was soon again in close pursuit, but with apparently renewed effort and snarling and spitting much the same as an angry house cat would do at a dog.

"Again I dodged with ease, and his catship slid up stream, while I went down as fast as I could. I could hardly help laughing at the discomfiture of the baffled wildcat as it would slide past me when I dodged, wholly unable to help itself, but the dodging business was pretty hot work, and I soon began to find myself getting winded. How long this odd chase was kept up I do not know, but it seemed to me a decade. I fancy I must have gone about two miles down the stream, but to gain this I must have skated about ten. By this time I was ready to drop from exhaustion, and had I done so I would have been an easy victim for the hungry animal, whose unsuccessful attempts to overtake me seemed only to stimulate it to greater effort. Many thoughts flashed through my mind. I was not quite sure that wildcats ate human flesh, but I knew they killed birds and smaller animals than themselves for food, and as this one was as lank and bony as a starved wolf I felt that it would be poor policy to encourage his advances. 'Click! whiz!' one of my skates ran over a small twig, and I went sprawling. The cat was close behind me and went on over my prostrate form.

"I was on my feet again in an instant, but I had lost some valuable time. I began to feel weak.

THE VEINS STOOD OUT

on my forehead and felt as though they would burst. I made another dodge successfully and started down stream again. The moon was directly in front of me and a about half way in the heavens, and from it seemed to stream a silvery path that came down from the sky to the ice some distance in front of me and then to my feet. The perspiration oozed into my eyes, and this silvery ribbon of light was all I saw. I heard a confused sound behind me, and knew that the pursuing animal was gaining fast upon me, but I didn't care. 'What would it feel like when he was tearing my flesh?' flashed a thought through my heated brain. Then I heard a low murmur like running water. The silvery ribbon from the moon danced in wavelets before my eyes, and I gave a tremendous jump. I reached the other side in safety, but the cat was less fortunate. There was a splash and a plunge, and the water was danced over the ice. I fell, and my trousers were soaked. The cat went on down the stream, but under the ice. I soon comprehended the situation. An uprooted stump was in the centre of the stream, and such speed was added to the current by its striking this obstacle that it did not become frozen. There was an open space of about five feet. I jumped without knowing why, and landed safely on the other side, but the animal went under. I thought it was a narrow escape. I got back to camp as soon as I could, and the cat? I suppose some woodsman would find its body in the spring, and wonder how it got in the water."

Fast Racing in England.

It will surprise many people who have been accustomed to think that races are run in much faster time in America than in the old country to learn how fast some of the English races have been run. Fast time in England is militated against by the different system of starting that prevails there where the horses break slowly from the starting posts, before the horses have got into their stride, instead of with a flying start several rods distant from the starting pole as in America. Notwithstanding this disadvantage some remarkably fast time has been made on the English turf, and a discussion in The London Sportsman, which has lately been showing a disposition favorable to the introduction of the flying start brings out some interesting and surprising information, as regards time records in England. Bendigo won the Lincolnshire Handicap in 1.36 4-5 sec. This mile is faster than anything done in a race in America. Salvator with 110 lbs. up made the mile on Monmouth Park's straight track in 1.35½, but that was in a single struggle against time. The fastest time made in a race in America for the mile was Raveloe's at Monmouth Park in 1890, with 107 lbs. up, when the distance was done in 1.39¼. Bendigo ran his race with 117 pounds on his back with a field of 21 starters to jostle him, so that his performance is immeasurably superior to anything done yet on this side of the Atlantic. Again, Lord Portsmouth's Buccaneer ran the Salisbury mile in 1.39, many years ago, while the same authority says that Lucerne ran a mile at Derby in 1.36.

Long distance racing of late years has "gone out" in America, but the English records of years back also outclass any American record. Robert the Devil, for instance, in his Ascot Cup race covered 2½ miles in 4 min. 12 sec. The best American record is 4.27½. Sheen won his Cesarewitch 2¼ and 28 yards in 3 min. and 54 sec., yet the best time recorded here for the 2¼ miles is 3.56¼ by Preakness and Springbok in a dead heat in Saratoga's halcyon days of '75. Speaking of this same Preakness, The Sportsman's correspondent says: "Years ago I saw Mr. Sandford's Preakness establish at Saratoga at 2¼ mile record (3 min. 59 sec.), and the Mate a 1¾ mile record (3 min. 6 sec.); and in consequence both were shipped to England. Neither, I think, ever won a race here. I know in the Goodwood Cup an old crock called The Bear won, and the great Preakness, as well as ever it was, was beaten, the time, 2½ miles, being 5 min 14 sec. The Rowley Mile and the Goodwood Cup course are one thing; the American tracks another." All these little facts go greatly to disprove the popular fallacy that prevails among American horsemen as to the superiority in point of fast time their horses have over the English racers. In every comparison, too, it must be borne in mind that in England there are no record-breaking, lightning tracks like Morris Park, no very light weight races as in America, and no flying start.

Rainfall in the United States.

It is widely feared that the excessive rainfall of last month in the United States will be followed by a small crop yield of the cereals. Some light may be thrown on the subject by reference to the statistics of yield in other years which were marked by excessive rainfall in May. The fall this year was 6 inches, distributed over 21 days. In 1888 6.22 inches fell in 20 days. In 1883 the record showed a total of 7.32 inches in 18 days, and for 1873 the fall was 7 inches in 16 days. Stating the crops in round millions of bushels the case may be thus presented: For 1873 wheat, 281, being larger than the one preceding, but much smaller than the next following year; corn, 932, much the smallest of any year since 1869, with the single exception of 1874, the crop for which was 850; oats 270, or a fair average crop for those days; potatoes 106, which, with about the same quantity in 1874, constituted much the smallest record of any year since 1868. For 1883 the wheat record stands at 420, while the crop next preceding and the one following each exceeded 500; corn 1,551, also below the average, but hardly so much so as in the case of wheat; oats 571, which was above the average, and potatoes 208, which was the largest yield of many years. For 1888 the wheat record was 416, preceded by 456 and followed by 491; corn 1,988, which was a good yield, being much larger than that of 1887 or 1886; oats 702, also a large yield, and potatoes 202, which was the largest crop since 1883 until we reach that of last year. It thus appears that excessive rain in May, with the low temperature usually accompanying it, has been three times followed by a wheat crop considerably below the average, twice by an unusually large yield of potatoes, and that the result has not been so unfavorable to corn as is feared by many will be the case this season. It may be noted that in 1883 and 1888 the exports of wheat and flour showed a decided falling off in volume from that of the year preceding, a fact which may be considered in connection with the theory that the weather conditions in Europe are generally the opposite of those prevailing on the continent when the latter are abnormal. It should not be forgotten in discussing the probabilities for this year that May was marked by an almost utter absence of sunshine, while in the other years named the sun shone frequently between clouds and showers.

RECEIVED HIM IN STYLE.

A Big African King Welcomes the first Envoy from the Congo State.

About two years ago the Congo State sent Lieut. Dhanis far up the Kuango River, one of the largest affluents of the Kassai tributary of the Congo, for the purpose of occupying these new territories in behalf of the State. He has recently sent a report to the Department of the Interior of his progress, and has given some curious details about the great native King of the Kuango region, whose name has long figured on the maps, though no one has known much about him. He is the Kiamvo Muene Putu Kasongo, and lives upon the right bank of the Kuango River about 6° 30′ south latitude.

It is about forty years since the warriors of the great central empire of Lunda marched northwest into this country and took it for their own. They were led by a brother of the powerful Muata Yamvo of Lunda. The present King is one of the successors of the first conqueror, and he still holds absolute power. The chiefs of all the villages are always named by him. The Kiamvo gave Lieutenant Dhanis a most friendly reception. The Lieutenant established one of the State posts at the King's residence, and secondary posts have been scattered up and down the country. Steamboats connect this region with Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool.

The King heard that the white man was coming several weeks before his arrival. While Dhanis was yet a week from the King's big town, two chiefs with forty men, who had been sent to meet him, suddenly appeared. Many of these men were musicians and singers, and as they marched along they chanted the praises of the Kiamvo and sang of the greatness of the white man. One of the chiefs said the armed men had been sent as a personal escort in honor of the visitor. To please them he had his Zanzibar attendants march in the rear, while he advanced surrounded by the warriors of the Kiamvo armed with guns and spears. The chiefs acted as intermediaries in the white man's relations with the natives they met. At all of the numerous villages the chiefs appeared with hospitable presents of palm wine, fowls, goats, flour, and eggs.

On arriving at the King's town the white visitor was allowed to rest for three days before the ceremonies in honor of his arrival began. On the fourth day the great drum summoned the warriors, and on the fifth day Dhanis was introduced to the King. The Kiamvo was seated with his legs crossed upon a little platform three feet high, covered with a panther's skin. In his left hand he held a modern improved rifle, and at his right was seated a masked fetich doctor. In a semi-circle around the King were about 800 men armed with guns or bows and arrows, and within the semicircle were dozens of secondary chiefs seated upon skins or woven mats. A dozen musicians played on a sort of string instrument made by stretching wires over hollow gourd shells. All the warriors fired off their guns in honor of the stranger, and after a short talk with the Kiamvo his dusky majesty was borne on his platform by eight men to the royal huts.

At the second interview the King asked Dhanis if he did not wish to see the war dance. The white man said he would be happy to witness this interesting spectacle, and at once the drums began to sound and the warriors were soon engaged in a frenzied dance. As the music became louder and more rapid, they shouted at the top of their lungs and indulged in the wildest contortions. They would rush forward brandishing their spears at the Kiamvo, and when it seemed as though they were about to transfix him, they would bury their spear points in the earth. They made the same demonstration before Dhanis, and one of his Zanzibar attendants suddenly appeared before the astonished white man and placed his gun in his hands.

"I believe," he said, "that these men are so crazy that we shall all be killed unless we have the means of defence in our hands."

Dhanis says that very likely there was ground for his fears, but he sent the man back to his place in the ranks. The King, perhaps, thought there was danger, for he abruptly ordered the suspension of the dance. Since then one of the warriors, during a war dance, in a moment of perfect frenzy, fired his gun directly at the King himself, who fortunately escaped injury. Since that day no war dances have been performed in the country.

The King is judge, without appeal, in all cases of dispute between the chiefs, and he inflicts all penalties for wrong-doing. Half of the prizes of war belong to the King. Every big animal killed is the personal property of the Kiamvo. All large beasts that fall in the chase are brought to him, the hunters receiving in return small presents of cloth and powder. If any one kills an elephant and does not give both its meat and its tusks to the King he is fined three slaves. He has to pay two slaves if he keeps the body of a hippopotamus for his own purposes.

Labor in Europe.

Sir John Gorst, one of the commissioners to the labor convention at Berlin, recently made an address to an English labor conference, in which he pointed out that, as the result of the comparisons made at Berlin, it was found that the English workingmen received much higher pay and worked a considerably shorter period of hours each day than the wage earners in any other part of Europe. It was furthermore demonstrated that in most respects the labor cost of production under these conditions was lower in England than it was elsewhere, and this he held to be due to the superior character of the average English workingman. Going further, he pointed out that the scale of wages paid seemed to be determined largely by geographical factors. It was found that the farm laborers in the south of England were obtaining but eleven shillings per week, while in Lancashire and Cheshire the scale of pay was twenty shillings per week, this possibly in each case including food and lodgings. Furthermore, the high-priced labor, even in England, was said to be more productive, in proportion to the money spent, than the low-priced labor, and yet the districts referred to were hardly more than 200 miles apart, and could be reached by a railway train in a few hours' time and at relatively small expense. A similar state of things exists in this country, for official statistical statements show that there is in different parts of the country a wide variation between the daily wages received by those employed in substantially the same occupations.