

## A DISTANT CAROL.

Mark.  
Leaning from the casement dark,  
How the keen-knighted light  
Of the pensive winter night  
Glazes upon the bosom white  
Of the frost nigh.  
Drear, eya for that wondrous birth,  
Lofty, lowly,  
Human, holy,  
Whereat now all earth re-joices.  
Hark! a distant choir of voices  
In a Christmas carol blending.  
To the sparkling sky ascending.  
Hear the far chiming measured ringing.  
Faintly blended with the singing:  
Sinking, soaring,  
Midnight now hath found a to-gaze,  
As though the choired stars that sang  
High circling over them  
That watched in Bethlehem,  
Were echoing, echoing still.  
Peace and good will,  
Peace and good will to men,  
The voices wake again.  
Soft chiming in tones repeat,  
Oh, far-heard measure sweet,  
So faintly heard as yet  
That men forget,  
Come nearer; lower swell,  
Soft voices! Peal, clear bell!  
Wake echoes that last  
Till all the year be past!  
When yuletide comes again,  
Still may Good-will to men  
Be echoing, echoing still—  
Peace and good will,  
Good-will.  
—[Katherine Van Haringen, in Harper's Weekly.]

## A CHRISTMAS CARD.

It is at once painful and perplexing to be answered with a heavy sigh where one expects an exclamation of pleasure and admiration; so it was not wonderful that Mrs. Austin, under the exact conditions, looked into her husband's face. She was holding up for his inspection a large wax doll, one of the treasures for Madge, the blue-eyed darling of four years, who was counting the days until Santa Claus should come. Every stitch of Miss Dollie's elaborate costume was the work of Mrs. Austin's busy fingers in hours when Madge was dreaming of full stockings and Christmas trees, and the last stitch set, to result was displayed for "papa's" approval.

Now papa was quite as devoted a parent to Madge and two-year-old Harold as mamma, and took deep interest in all nursery matters. It may be that the memory of two other curly heads and baby faces that had brightened the nursery for a few brief months and then been hidden by coffin-lids deepened the love for the children, but it is very certain that the little Austins were as much loved and petted as children could be, and did not dream more hopefully of Christmas treasures than their parents did lovingly of supplying them.

So it was with some alarm, too, that Mrs. Austin put aside her last triumph of needle-work and threw her arm around her husband's neck.

"What is it, Charlie?" she asked.

He drew her into a loving embrace before he said, sadly:

"I met my father again to-day, Margaret, it will kill me to have things go on so. He was downright shabby, feeble and broken; looking so old and so sick that I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. But he would not speak to me. I said all I could say in the street, and tried to follow him home; but he stopped short and said, 'I don't know you, sir! You will cause to annoy me!' And I could not make a scene in the street."

There was a choking sound in Charles Austin's voice as he ceased speaking, but, being a man, he kept back the sob that would have followed. Mrs. Austin's tears were falling fast.

"At Christmas time, too," she said. "It is useless to send presents, Charlie; he has sent them back every year."

The story the conversation referred to was an old one, a true love marriage made in the face of disinheritation and paternal displeasure. Mrs. Austin had been a poor girl, employed in the factory of Simon Austin, then a man of great wealth and good social position; a man whose pride, arrogant and full of his own importance. When his only child, his idolized, indulged son and heir, told him of his love for pretty Margaret Hay, a factory-girl, living in the factory boarding-house, wearing shabby dresses, and earning a mere living, the old man was a man in his fury.

He would not see that the girl was pleasing in manner, refined in taste, well educated and sweet-tempered, one to brighten any home and make any good man thoroughly happy. He gave a fierce command that the matter should end then and there. Charles Austin, utterly unaccustomed to be crossed in any fancy, refused obedience, never before expected, and the conversation ended in a stormy quarrel and the young man's expulsion from home.

But with a good fortune that does not often follow disobedient sons, Charles was at once taken into the employ and favor of his mother's brother, an eccentric old bachelor, who gave the young couple a home in his own luxurious house. It was a new life to the old gentleman, and he took the keenest interest in all the household affairs as Margaret managed them, loved and mourned the older children, and dying, when Madge was but a year old, left his entire large estate to his "beloved nephew, Charles Austin."

And while the sunshine of prosperity had no clouds for this wayward son, the father's fortunes had gone all awry. Some commercial panic gave the first blow to Simon Austin, and he was obliged to repair the loss by speculation only added to the disaster. He missed the cool, clear head of the son who had of late years been his active partner, the judgment he had first trained and then trusted to guide his large business. He was angry, and his angry impulses led him into dire blunders, until he grew so involved, that there was no escape, and he failed for more than his entire fortune.

At once Charles hastened to him, offering his entire wealth to save him, only to be met by a proud, fierce refusal to be under any obligation to a disobedient child or his beggar-wife.

Over and over again, as poverty became more and more bitter to the man broken and aged, did his son implore him to allow him to help him, offer him a home, love, care, obedience even, only to be thrown back with angry scorn.

A broad man, always, Simon Austin cherished his wrath as the last remnant of the old arrogance, and would not bend one inch. He found letters telling him anonymous sums of money were in the bank in his name, and wrote back refusing to claim them. He mistrusted every offer of service, as dictated by his son, and returned to Charles every scrap of

aid sent to him, often perplexing his son by sending what had not come from him, though he always refused to believe this.

And being old and broken in health, he sank lower and lower, unable to fill lucrative positions, and taking the work that gave him barely food and the poorest clothing.

Very sadly the son and his wife talked of the impossibility of helping one who would not let any appeal touch him, until suddenly Margaret cried:

"Charles! I have an idea! Let me try to win your father over. I will send him a Christmas card."

"My dear, he would not open the envelope."

"But it will not go in an envelope. Don't ask any questions. Let me try, and see if your father does not dine with us to-morrow."

"Dine with us! Margaret, you must be crazy."

"Not a bit of it. Just let me have my own way, dear."

"Do you ever fail to get that?" was the laughing query, for something in his wife's face gave a fresh hope to Charles Austin's heart.

It was a very mean room in a very poor house where the sun of a bright Christmas morning awakened Simon Austin. Everything in the shabby place told of the lack of woman's care and love. Dust hung upon everything, disorder reigned, the curtains were dingy and crooked; the carpet torn and dirty.

Very wearily and slowly the old man dressed himself, lit a fire in the grate and rang for the poor breakfast his landlady provided. Dinner and tea he was supposed to buy outside, but very often this muddy coffee, stale bread and tough chop or steak were the sole repast of the twenty-four hours.

It was Christmas Day, and no business took the old man abroad; so, after the untimely tray was removed, he took a newspaper and drew shivering to the fire. But before he had read one column there came a knock upon the door, and then it opened wide and closed again behind a child—a little girl in a quaint Mother Hubbard cloak and hat, with large blue eyes and clustering golden curls, and holding a large flat basket full of fresh, beautiful flowers.

While the old man gazed at her in silent amazement she said, in a sweet, childish voice:

"If you please, dear grandpapa, I am your Christmas card!"

"You—you are what?" he said, utterly bewildered.

"If you please, dear grandpapa, I am your Christmas card!"

"Who sent you here? What is your name?"

"Mamma brought me here! I am Madge Austin, dear grandpapa!" and then, half frightened at the strange face and the poor room, the child's eyes filled and her lips trembled. "I want to go home!" she whispered.

"Don't cry!" Mr. Austin said, finding his senses and taking her into his arms, very tenderly. "Don't cry, dear, I will take you home."

"Oh, if you please, because my big doll is there and all the toys Santa Claus brought, and brother Harry. What did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Nothing."

"Oh!" with a very deep drawn sigh, "was it because you are up so many stairs? But he always comes to our house, and mamma said, perhaps, to-day, he would bring us our grandpapa! We haven't got any now, you know, and mamma said if he did come, we would love him just the same as papa, and he would love us. And please, grandpapa, so will I. And here the child put her little arms around the head bent low before her, and lifted the face quivering and tear-stained.

"Oh, don't cry! Oh, please, men don't cry; only naughty girls and boys! Oh! and again the terror found voice in the plea: 'I want to go home!'"

"Yes, yes! I will take you home. Bring your flowers, child. This is no place for flowers or—or—Christmas cards!"

Then the crazy old stairs the old man led the child, tenderly watchful that the little feet did not slip nor stumble. Through the sunny streets, unheeding the cold, she walked beside him, prattling of her home and of the dear grandpapa that she had been taught to love.

That was the crowning amazement. No child in a few short hours could have been taught to talk of the estranged parent as this child talked. She told the old man the prayer she said night and morning, "Please, dear Lord, send me grandpapa home!" of the talk of her mother about this unknown relative whom she was to reverence and love, should he ever come home, opening to the hardened but, oh, such a lonely heart a hope of rest and affection, that he felt it would be bitter as death to thrust aside now.

There was no need to pull the door-bell of the stately mansion to which Simon Austin led his grandchild. Eager hands were waiting to open its portals wide; eager eyes were watching for the coming of the pair. Tender arms and strong hands led Simon Austin into the parlor; Margaret's kisses fell warm and caressing upon his wrinkled cheeks; Charles' hands removed the shabby overcoat; baby Harold clung to his knees, shouting:

"Dandpa's tum! Santa Claus bringed dandpa!"

There was no pride could stand against this loving, sincere welcome, so pride collapsed.

"Do you really want me, Charlie?" the old man faltered. "It is not mere charity!"

"Hush!" whispered Margaret. "Do not grieve him by such a word. He will never be happy until you come home, dear father."

And so Christmas once again gathered up the tangled threads of estrangement and knitted them into strong bands of home-love.

### Take Care of Your Feet.

Some folks treat their feet as they might their shoes; take no care of them, and even abuse them, as though when they had become shapeless and almost useless they could be thrown aside and a new pair obtained. Mistake. One pair is all that any man will have in this world. The circumstances under which they serve us, at best, very trying and not altogether calculated to keep them shapely and comfortable. Abuse them and they will retaliate ten-fold. Pinch them and they will make every nerve in one's body twinge in sympathy with their torment. Wear high-heeled boots, thus pitching the weight upon the toes, and the spine will curve, the gait will become constrained and mining and the erect form, the graceful stride, the manly carriage of a free and well-balanced figure will have been lost forever.

Begin early to care for the feet.

Wear wholesome, soft and well-made hosiery, and shoes which conform to the shape of your own feet, whether they resemble other people's shoes or not. Have plenty of changes of foot clothing, keep

the extremities dry and warm, and you will have done much to conserve the health and comfort of the whole body.

### JACK KIRKUP.

#### Graphic Description of a Typical Border Sheriff.

There was only one policeman to enforce the law in a territory the size of Rhode Island. He was quite as remarkable in his way as any other development of that embryonic civilization. His name was Jack Kirkup, and all who knew him spoke of him as being physically the most superb example of manhood in the Dominion. Six feet and three inches in height, with the chest and limbs of a giant, his three hundred pounds of weight were so exactly his complement as to give him the symmetry of an Apollo. He was good-looking, with the beauty of a round-faced, good-natured boy, and his thick hair fell in a cluster of ringlets over his forehead and upon his neck. No knight of Arthur's circle can have been more picturesque a figure in the forest than this "Jack."

He was as neat as a dandy. He wore high boots and corduroy knickerbockers, a flannel shirt and a sack coat, and rode his big bay horse with the ease and grace of a Skobelev. He smoked like a fire of green brush, but had never tasted liquor in his life. In a dozen years he had slept more frequently in the open air, upon pebble beds or in trenches of snow, than upon ordinary bedding, and he exhibited, in his graceful movements, his sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, his massive frame and his imperious good nature, a degree of health and vigor that would seem insolent to the average New-Yorker. Now that the railroad was building, he kept ever on the trail, along what was called "the right of way," going from camp to camp to "jump" whiskey peddlers and gamblers and to quell disorder—except on pay-day, once a month, when he staid at Sprout's Landing.

The echoes of his fearless behavior and lively adventures rang in every gathering. The general tenor of the stories was to the effect that he usually gave one warning to evil-doers, and if they did not heed that he cleaned them out. He carried a revolver, but never had used it. Even when the notorious gambler on our border had crossed over into "Jack's" bailiwick the policeman depended upon his fists. He had met the gambler and had "advised" him to take the cars next day. The gambler, in reply, had suggested that both would get along more quietly if each minded his own affairs, whereupon Kirkup had said, "You hear me take the cars out of here to-morrow." The little community (it was Donald, B. C., a very rough place at the time) held its breath for twenty-four hours, and at the approach of train-time was on tip-toe with strained anxiety. At twenty minutes before the hour the policeman, amiable and easy-going as ever in appearance, began a tour of the houses. It was in a tavern that he found the gambler.

"You must take the train," said he.

"You can't make me," replied the gambler.

There were no more words. In two minutes the giant was carrying the limp body of the ruffian to a wagon, in which he drove him to jail. There he washed the blood off the gambler's face and tied his collar and scarf. From there the couple walked to the cars, where they parted amicably.

"I had to be a little rough," said Kirkup to the loungers at the station, "because he was armed like a pin-cushion, and I didn't want to have to kill him."

—[Harper's Magazine.]

### Animal Stories.

There are said to be about fifty buffaloes left in Wyoming.

The London Zoological Society has recently acquired a white frog.

The meduser is a fish so fragile "that when washed on the beach it melts and disappears," says a noted scientist.

A Lawrence, Mass., man has a petried turtle a foot in diameter and five inches high, which was found on the shores of Lake Champlain.

A large snake was discovered milking a cow at Hagerstown, Md. The cow's owner had been at a loss for a long time to account for the diminution in his milk supply.

Clinton, Me., man owns a bird dog that has distinguished himself in the past summer by bringing home twenty-five chickens from the yards of his owner's neighbors.

A stork had a ring on his leg for identification. After two years' absence he returned to Germany last spring with a second ring, bearing the inscription, "India sends greetings to Germany."

The butterflies of Australia bathe. One will alight close to the water, into which it dips the whole of its body is submerged, the forelegs alone retaining their hold on dry land. In a moment it will fly away, apparently refreshed.

A Belfast, Me., man who went trouting relates that he caught a trout ten inches long, and was looking at it admiringly when there came a great rush of wings and something took the fish from his hands. The despoiled fisherman looked up in time to see a big crow flying away with the prize.

### "The Blue Hen's Chickens."

Everybody knows that natives of Delaware are called the "Blue Hen's Chickens," but not one in a hundred can tell you why they are so called. The epithet is said to have had its origin in the following. One of Delaware's most gallant fighters in the War of the Revolution was a Captain Caldwell, who was notorious for his fondness for cock-fighting. He drilled his men admirably, they being known throughout the army as "Caldwell's game-cocks." This same Caldwell held to the peculiar theory that no cock was really game unless its mother was a blue hen. As the months wore away Caldwell's men became known as the "Blue Hen's Chickens," a title which only increased their respect for the old game-cock Captain. The nickname became famous, and after the close of the war was applied indiscriminately to all natives of the "Diamond State."—St. Louis Republic.

### Tunnel Diggers Strike Gold.

Workmen, while boring for the Kansas City (Mo.) Water Works tunnel under the Missouri River the other day, observed some brightly tinted particles in the dirt which they were handling, and showed them to an engineer who had formerly been connected with a mining company. Putting the samples submitted to him under a powerful microscope, he declared that the stratum contained free gold in quantities to make the mining of it profitable. Kansas City people are now talking about paying for the tunnel with the profits to be made by mining the stratum discovered. At any rate, an assay of the gravel has been ordered.—Boston Transcript.

## DRESSES FOR THE DANCE.

THEY ARE EXTREMELY RICH AND ELEGANT.

Now that the Holidays are Past, the Fashionable World Has Taken to the Ball-Room, and There'll Be No Let-Up Until the Lenten Season.



Why Do We Dance? SOME ingenious writer has been attempting to explain why we dance, that is, we grown people. He is willing to admit that in nature everything young dances—the lambskin rambles on the green, the colts leap and prances in the field, the calf romps in the pasture, and the children, too, without waiting for the coming of the dancing-master, execute nature's rhythmic movements in their play and frolicking. "But," exclaims this writer, "could there be anything more ridiculous than the spectacle of grown folks capering about a so-called ball-room in gauzy attire, and keeping time to music with faces serious enough for a funeral?" Possibly not; but it's the fashion to do so, and therefore, we do it. Then again, it's an excuse to wear evening dress, and young or old, without exception, are always glad to have an opportunity to don one of those gauzy, if my gowns, as delicate in color as in texture, with its garniture of flowers or lace or embroidery.

The moment the holidays have passed, the fashionable world sets to work dancing, says our New York lady correspondent, and there is no rest until Lenten days come to check the novelty. Ball dresses are extremely rich and elegant this season. For instance, it is a common thing to see a skirt in satin with an embroidered silk muslin bodice and corseage in brocade stuff, with long basques trimmed with galloon and Louis XV. revers straight flaring collar and turned-up sleeves. Another lovely ball dress was in pink satin, cut very low and framed with a silk tulle bertha tied with pearls in front and on the shoulders. The embroidery was likewise in pearls. In my initial illustration you will find pictured a very pretty evening gown in pink silk trimmed in a very original manner with white satin ribbons. I may say, in a general way, that pink, corn-yellow and Nile-green are the most modish colors for ball dresses, and that the round cut-out is to be much affected, although you must not neglect to garnish it with a tulle or gauze ruche a little more than an inch in width.

For young persons, nothing could be more appropriate and more dressy than



VELVET AND BENGALINE COSTUME.

the so-called sultan-crepes, delightfully filmy stuffs in silk and wool. They display the figure to its best advantage and are extremely reasonable in price—quite a consideration when one has three daughters to dress for the dance.

You will find an exquisite evening gown represented in my second illustration, made up in velvet and bengaline on a corn-colored taffeta foundation. The corseage is lined with silk and closes at the back, under the velvet, which looks invisibly at the shoulder seam. You may either make the foundation in princess form or with skirt and waist, only you must finish it completely before beginning with the dress itself. You border the foundation with a small ruffle, and the jacket is edged on the wrong side with a silk band. The embroidery is done on the material. The jacket is made with basques, but it is split at the back and reaches only to the seams of the back pieces. The collar, which must be stiffened, runs down to a point at the back. You must be careful not to turn up the edges of the basques too much, or you will make them flare out. The mousseline plastron must be made after a pattern, and it is fastened at the neck and hooks on the other. The Vaisol collar must be lined with linen and finished with velvet on both sides. The décolletage is framed with pleated crepe de chine, and the dress is made in three panels in front. The back breadth makes the train. The sleeves are in



WHITE SILK PARTY DRESS.

crepe de chine, with large bracelets of velvet embroidered. For materials, choose a corn-colored bengaline, and either a black or a peacock-blue velvet. In my third illustration you see pictured a very charming ball toilet, made of white muslin with a black and white pearls and trimmed with black satin and white English point. The high

corselet bodies is of shrimp, pink velvet. There is a fan to match, of course. A fan has been called a woman's weapon, but it were more fittingly termed her ally offensive and defensive. At the sale of the famous Judd's effects there were found fans enough to stock a fancy bazaar; fans of all colors, sizes and materials; fans for high spirits and low spirits; fans to condescend to and to cajole with. We American women are—so our European sisters affirm—too nervous to use fans gracefully. A French writer lately recounted how he had seen a New York girl, on one occasion hammer her partner with a valuable leather fan because he had trodden on her train, and, on another, prod an inattentive dancer with it. To use a fan violently is considered the depth of bad form, is very shape and material should to one that it is only intended for beating slow and stately measures.

Said a famous designer of feminine costumes: "The ball dress is the most difficult of all dresses to wear with easy grace and elegant composure, for in it a woman needs two rare things to make her appear well, to wit: native and acquired grace." I agree with him, and if I may have my say about ball dresses I would add that a ball dress is like the elegant frame of a picture, the strength and emphasis being points quite as much as it does the good ones. As our countrywomen are the best dancers in the world, it might be inferred that they look the best in ball costume, but such is not the case. The English woman, so long as she stands still, is undoubtedly the queen of the ball-room, as our women are the queens of the drawing-room—an excellence due to their vivacity, intelligence, and spiritual beauty, although it must be confessed



STRIPED GAUZE BALL DRESS.

that the American's face has not the depth and softness of the English's.

In my fourth illustration I have still another ball dress to present for your consideration. It is a thoroughly charming costume, being made up in striped gauze. The gauze skirt is made over a white faille skirt which is finished with a ruching of the gauze cut on the cross. These two skirts are made with trains and cut very bias in the middle of the back, but, in addition, the side breadths of the faille are also cut bias. The gauze skirt is only bias stated. There must be cores sewed in at the top, and these are covered by the bouillon gauze basques cut straight, which surround the entire corseage and are laced at the back. The waist darts must be made in the lining and the gauze is pleated over it. The gauze for the corseage is in one piece, cut on the bias, and has only one seam, that of the front. A dress form will be needed to arrange the pearly cut-out is framed with bands of illusion and a bertha set off with velvet ribbon and fringe; small bouffant sleeves.

I must not forget to add that the corselet is extremely modish for evening wear, and is often made up in velvet, quite distinct from the gown itself, and may be worn with bodices of gauze, chiffon or crepe. These high corselets are usually laced at the back. A very pretty way to trim such a corselet for a dancing dress is to have a ribbon sash first around the waist or hips, commencing at the back and ending in a long, crossed above the bust, the ends being carried around again to the back and finishing between the shoulder blades and falling to the edge of the skirt.

The woman who has her ball dress in readiness is about in the best position



WHITE PLUSH WRAP.

as the little boy at the breakfast table who provided himself with salt in case that somebody might be prevailed upon to give him an egg. A ball dress calls for a hundred and one things to make it a complete costume—lace trimmed underskirts, silk hose of harmonious tone, silk or kid slippers also in harmony, gloves, flowers, fan, jewels, and elegant wraps or mantle for use after dancing or upon leaving the scene of enchantment when the last waltz has expired with a sigh in the music gallery. Such a garment must be of ultra elegance and bear the stamp of unaffected refinement.

The wrap which is pictured in my last illustration, I think, call forth your praises. It is in white plush, and may be lined either with Nile-green or corn-yellow satin mervellous. The saw-toothed edge of this garment is trimmed with deep ch-nile fringe. The wrap itself is made up of the fronts composing the sleeves, and the two sides of the back running to a point toward the waist. In order that the polerine may fit snugly to the figure, you add an inside vest extending round to the back. This vest is quite as long as the garment itself, and hooks in front. It is garnished in front with a border of white feathers forming a collar extending down a little below the first point. You can easily make such a call wrap as this yourself and not lighten your purse materially. It will serve you for an occasional night at the opera. For may take the place of the feather trimming.

NAPOLÉON at 25 commanded the army of Italy. At 30 he was not only one of the most illustrious Generals of the time but one of the great law-givers of the world. At 46 he saw Waterloo.

## GERMAN RECIPROCITY.

ITS SHAM CHARACTER FULLY EXPOSED.

Sheep and the Tariff on Wool—Comparative Labor Cost of Producing Carpets in England and the United States—Another Cut on Tin Plate—Tariff Shot.

In Its True Light. So far as the reciprocity policy of the present administration tends toward the improvement of our foreign commerce, it may be deserving of favor, and were it not for other reasons such favor would be freely accorded to it, even by those not in sympathy with the present fiscal policy. The first of these reasons is that "reciprocity" is evidently intended to obstruct the progress of true tariff reform principles, and another, a natural sequence, is that there exists a manifest disposition on the part of its supporters to exaggerate the benefits likely to accrue from the several treaties effected. This is the secret of the enthusiasm of the high protectionists over what is in reality some concession to low tariff principles, and is full justification of the critical attitude of tariff reformers.

The latest treaty with Germany is a good example of the truth of this. It has been held up as a wonderful combination of business acumen and diplomatic sagacity on our part, and a tremendous stride forward in opening up foreign markets to the farm products of this country. An imposing show has been made by placing side by side the old rates of duty on German goods on the one hand, and the new, and calling attention to the "substantial concessions" secured to this country. It must be admitted that on paper these look well, and had the concession been made to the United States alone might even have been invested with some importance. As it is, the following shows that they affect a small part only of our exports to Germany; and, further, that one important competitor with us for the German market in agricultural products has been secured in the concessions and is in a natural position to take much fuller advantage of them than we are.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, the last for which full details are available, our total exports to Germany amounted in value to \$84,315,315, a very considerable trade, but of this total, the articles upon which the duties have been revised furnished only \$6,887,197. It may of course be argued that the latter total was small on account of the duties; but, as will be shown later on, these duties did not prevent heavy importations from other European countries of similar products. Nor when we consider how much the saving of duty on the above year's imports, at the revised rates, would have been to Germany does there appear to be much in the argument itself. The following table shows the amount of duty actually paid, what it would have been on the reduced scale, and the amount that would have been saved by German importers:

	Duty on old tariff	Under new tariff	Diff. cent.
Wheat.....	8,000	82,100	500
Barley.....	18,114	130,714	64,302
Polish.....	8	10	2
Oats.....	16,340	10,134	6,206
Maize.....	1,450,130	1,102,000	290,670
Hops.....	153	15	138
Butter.....	87,115	74,048	13,067
Cheese.....	28,535	25,103	3,432
Horses.....	985	143	842
Flour, etc.....	37,475	19,535	17,940
Total.....	\$1,798,550	\$1,421,670	\$376,880

In addition to the above, there is a reduction of duty on imports of lumber and timber which we cannot exactly calculate, but making an extravagant allowance for it, the entire reduction in duties on our exports to Germany for the year 1889-90 would come under half a mill on dollars.

This result appears still more trivial when contrasted with the saving which the same concessions to Austria-Hungary will effect on imports from that country. The German imports from Austria are returned at \$165,250,000 yearly, on which old duties amounted to \$36,250,000. Under the new treaty these duties are reduced to \$27,500,000, a saving of \$8,750,000. Why Germany, bent upon revivifying a commercial union with Austria, Italy, etc., should have been willing to extend consideration to the United States also, to secure its American trade in beet sugar, needs no explanation with the above figures before us.

The discrimination against Russia by the new treaties will without doubt have the effect of changing the sources of Germany's grain supplies to some extent, but the extent to which any material benefit will accrue to us therefrom is not well supported. The following shows Germany's imports of the four leading cereals in 1889, with chief sources of supply, in thousands of bushels:

	Total	Austria	Russia	U. S.
Wheat.....	19,933	494	11,940	899
Rye.....	41,032	61	32,440	19
Oats.....	10,922	623	10,299	100
Maize.....	14,421	1,557	2,637	6,433

In only one instance, maize, does the United States really figure as a competitor with European sources of supply, and that is not so apparent that Austria, and not this country, is the chief beneficiary of lower duties on grain. The reduction in her case will not be offset by extra freights, which must still operate to our disadvantage in competing even with Russia.

There is still a further consideration. Were we securing the German market for such imports as have in ordinary years been drawn from Russia, we do not dispose of that competition in more important markets, but, on the contrary, intensify it. If Russia is discriminated against, even to the point of exclusion, by Germany, it simply means that her surplus supplies will find their way in still greater volume to other countries, Great Britain, for instance, and what we might gain on the one hand would certainly be more than lost on the other.

Owing to the extraordinary state of things now prevailing throughout Europe, present or immediate experience is of no value in testing the soundness of the above analysis; but with a return to normal conditions it will be seen that the treaty of which so much has been made is a small matter indeed.—New York Commercial Bulletin.

Here and in England. In his letters to the New York Times, Mr. Sevelenbof, ex-Consul of the United States at Tinselt, England, writes as follows of the comparative cost of producing carpets here and in England. Carpets are made at a lower cost here than even in England, at least in the lower grades, such as ingrain carpets, and as cheaply as there in the lower grades of Brussels, etc. A comparison of the cost and manufacturing methods of two-ply ingrain shows the following:

	La. Ex.	La. Ex.	Total
Yarn.....	38.75	38.75	77.50
Woolen.....	7.99	7.99	15.98
Gen'l labor.....	2.07	2.07	4.14
General cost.....	2.01	4.41	6.42
Selling cost.....	2.01	4.41	6.42
Total.....	7.92	41.07	48.99

In England much of this class of goods is still made on hand looms. The rates quoted above are from a power mill near Leeds. The hand-loom weaver gets 10 cents a yard (5 pence). He obtains the yarn and returns the finished carpet. The labor cost is calculated at the same rate as two methods of work. What the hand weaver gets more (10 cents against 8.25 cents for the

power loom work) is taken from the 5 cents charged in the above comparison under "General expense," which, of course, is considerably higher in power-loom weaving than in hand-loom weaving.

The comparison between English and American cost shows that the labor cost from the yarn up, is somewhat higher in England. The higher English cost of "general labor" on the yard price is in this instance due to the fact that it is distributed in America over a much larger output. The same refers to the general expense item. The higher cost of yarn is due entirely to the higher cost of wool in consequence of the wool tariff. Without this tax we can easily export carpets, as can be seen from the foregoing comparison, and from the selling of carpets. This at the time barely covered the cost of production, and certainly would hardly do so now, under the McKinley blessings (so assiduously invoked by certain carpet manufacturers), culminating in the recent forced sales and present stagnation.

Another Cent on Tin Plate. The Tin Plate Consumers' Association published on the 10th ult. a circular in which the following assertions were made:

"It is a matter of business, and not of politics, that up to the present moment not one sheet of coke tin, which constitute over half our entire requirements, has yet been put on the market by the American manufacturers, and that the present output of all kinds does not constitute 1 per cent. of the entire consumption of tin plate in America. Again, it is a matter of business that the small lots produced have only been obtainable at prices considerably above what the same quality can be imported at, even under the increased duty."

A meeting of the American manufacturers of which this circular speaks is to be held in St. Louis this month, and it is reported that one of the subjects to be discussed is a proposition that Congress shall be asked to increase the duty on tin plate from 3 cents to 3.5 cents a pound. Our high-tariff neighbors, the Tribune, published a dispatch from St. Louis containing the following: