

NUTS AND CRACKS FOR THE TIMES.

Ladybird, ladybird, fly from your home;
Whither it drives you right to the room;
What's the day's work of wife
To enjoyment of life?
To the husband's hand and kind
To a woman of mind?
Leave your children to serve you with a plan—
And your husband to make himself snug as he can;
If you're rich, leave your soul to the guidance of
Home.
But of all things, O ladybird, fly from your home!

There was a little maid, and there was a little man,
And that little maiden that little man began,
"Not bad looking—say you, my dear,"
May I dare hope you accepted, Miss, to be, be, be?
Rather bored, that little maid said her volume laid,
And with this question quizzed that little man said:
"Question is, do you know Dutch?"
"Well," he answered, "no—no—no."
"Then," she said, "my heart has been so kind to
touch, touch, touch!"

Amazed, that little man addressed that little maid:
"Do you mean to be lectured to, Sir," she said,
"Oh!" she answered, very glad,
"If not polyglot, be German, is my mini-
mum, Dutch, with French, Italian, German, is my mini-
mum, mum!"

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to be lectured to, Sir," she said,
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"No! I don't think my lecture would please you," she
said.

"What is the subject, then, my pretty maid?"
"Faintness of mind, my dear," she said.

"But I'm not one to marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Advanced girls don't want husbands, Sir," she said.
"I wish."

THE CANVASMAN'S STORY.

Nothing takes like a circus; and ours
takes better than any other's, I can tell
you. I can only say, my dear, that you
know, but the governor did the right
thing by me, and, of course, I do the
right thing by him. You see, we always
make a good fuss in the shape of well
billed places, and we are going to, for it
doesn't do to be stingy in that way, and
the governor has some spunky affairs of
rampaging horses and wonderful jump-
ing, and all in colors to catch the eye;
while for the show windows there's some
lithographs of the performing horse, or
the elephant, or the extra-perch
brothers tied in a human knot, while
every one who exhibits has a ticket for
free admission.

But it's a queer life, sir, and one not to
be envied—only, you see, you must take
it, and when there's a wife and some lit-
tles, they must live, too; and having
been in the profession all my life—
why, it don't seem as if I could do any-
thing out.

There, now then, there's two of mine
coming in the ring now. First one's
eleven, and t'other's nine. "The Pigmy
Twisters," we call 'em in the bill, and
they don't do amiss for their size. Pitch
a summer set, either of 'em. There
they go, you know, after another year
or two's education they'll be able to
help to the family, besides having a pro-
fession of their own to make 'em inde-
pendent when they won't stop in the nest
any longer. There they go, to do it for
clear of their duties, and when they
get a hip-joint put out, as I did, and
then the country doctor to say as it was
a strain, and never try to put it in till it
was too late—get in for an accident
like that treading on a piece of
orange-peel, and slipping when running
for a jump, why it's a deer-up for life,
as with me.

But it is a queer life, sir. No rest, no
comfort, no peace at all. Hotel always,
and say, now here's to-day. Long dis-
tance to come, and then start early
to get here in good time; then there is
to dress and take part in the procession
at 1 o'clock. Two o'clock, you know,
was the first performance. That was
over about 4; and then, of course, there
was beginning of the evening. Well,
and nobody knows but them as has been
at it, what being about in the cold, wet
weather is—dressing and undressing in a
canvas tent, with the wind cutting
through, then laying over to the music
get into the damp ring, when you're
ready to shiver as you slip about, if the
weather has been very bad. Well, you
get your part through, and then, nine
cases out of ten, what sort of a place have
you to go into? Why, one where there's
no rest for you, account of its being a
busy night because of the circus, and the
house so full. So, p'raps you get an
hour or two's sleep, p'raps not, accord-
ing to circumstances.

As for me, you know, I'm one of the
tent men; for though one leg shorter
than the other makes me limp a good
deal, I'm strong, you know, and my job
is to see the tent up. You've notice us
strike it as fast as ever we can as soon as
the performance is nearly over. Well,
there's a deal to do over that. I can tell
you; for look at the weight of the great
tent and its poles and ropes; besides
which it's most always wet, and so ever
so much heavier than if it was dry. I
think sometimes as I have less rest of
any one; but then we take it turns
and sleep in the wagon going from town
to town, and that's very refreshing when
one gets use to it. At first, you know,
it's decidedly rheumatic, and makes you
very queer; and I can stand anything now
in the shape of wet and cold. The women
feel it worst, poor things; but they seldom
grumble, and put up with everything
most patient—no matter what it is; and
they have some hard times of it when the
weather's bad.

The people come to see and be amused
and we've got to amuse you. Fancy,
then, being the clown, and coming on
with a bad toothache, or a violent cold
in the chest, or mumps, or any of these
things, and then, when you get used to
fancy all that, in a cold spring time,
which is the time you feel the cold most.
But there, you can't fancy it, you people
who always have comfortable homes and
fires in 'em. I can, though, and I turned
all in, too, and been through it all.

I began life, with my father, in a circus.
Little slip of a chap I was then, in
tights, and a bit of paint on each cheek,
to make me look like a clown; and then
I never knew a day when I was not
afraid, while he took me up on one of his
old pithed horses, and held me on his
shoulder, or under his arm, or stood me
on his head, or out at full length upon
his hand, and me all the time with my
little arms folded, and standing as still
as a rod.

Do anything he would with me, I
never flinched. Used to like it, and
think it fine fun, feeling all the while as
old and deep as could be, while I quite
looked down on my poor little me. Then
I was regularly drilled into life, and
you know, working hard every day at the
theatricals and very hard work it is.
I've done almost everything from the
house work to the trapeze. I've turned
through the air five times, and have
walked right up a rope to a place a hun-
dred feet high, while the fireworks have
been firing and spitting round me, and
never for I always had a good nerve, and
never felt afraid of anything; and I never
forgot to be a sure card, and a useful
man to a manager, for, if I wasn't a
star, I never missed my tip. I could
always be sure of an engagement, and a
pretty good salary; and, why, I must
Why, what always follows—why, I must

take a fancy to one of our lady riders at
Panganini's Classical Cirque National, and
got married. Now, you know most people, when
they fall in love, do it by taking a fancy
to a face. Well, that's natural p'raps;
but I didn't, for I took a fancy to my
wife's way of doing the scarf trick on
horseback. I don't say you know, but I
mean—when they make a bit of music
float over them, and all that sort of thing.
Well, it struck me one day as the girl
who was so clever at that and was always
quiet at rehearsing, and never stood any
chaffing, could be clever at other things;
and, I said to myself, "That's a settler;
if she'll have me I'll have her." And
very next night, when we were going
through the Flying Indians—a piece on
two horses, you know, that we'd done
dozens of times before in a quiet busi-
ness way—I'd got to gallop after her
horse while she was pretending to flee
from me, and me of course down up in
style with feathers and so on. Then
when her horse was so swift I could not
keep her, I makes a lot of dumb mot-
ions, and shed my tomahawk at her
horse, which begins to halt and then
limp, when I close up and pass my arm
around her and bring her onto my horse,
pretending to resist, and as she stands
going around backwards, she
hangs away as I hold her.

Well, being a very pretty thing, if it
is well done, people was all very atten-
tive that night—the one that came after
talking up my mind and we'd got to
the part where I'd killed her horse, and
it was lying in the middle of the ring,
when the music playing so that no one
could hear what I said, I says:
"My dear—her name on the bill
was Leonessa, the Italian—My dear,
I says, make it real."
"What?" she says.
"Let's make it real," I says; and then,
out loud, "On, horse!"

"Don't talk nonsense," she says.
"Put your arm round my horse, and
waist," I says, "I'm slipping!"
"I was just going to, darling," I says,
"You shan't slip; I'll support you."
All this time of course she was hang-
ing away from me, as if in a rage of fear;
but when I said "I'll support you,"
she half laughed, and said:
"You wouldn't like to; I eat so much."
"Try me," I said; "I'm in earnest, and
I mean it. Mind your balance."

"Well," she says, "I'm in earnest, and
I quite started to hear how pitifully she
spoke."
"Well, I won't," I says; "only
let's make it real."
"Well," she says saucily, "I will
make it real."
And she hung away from me fiercer
than ever, just like a wild Indian maid,
while the people clapped again. And
she did make it real, for I found the
tongue to say so much that the piece was
acted through, and then, when at last
it came to her coming round and
resting her arms on my shoulders, and
me with my arm round her waist hold-
ing her right up, and all the time flour-
ishing my bow in the air, while the
house went as if it was a fire, and she
happy and so satisfied with one word
that had never been said to me before,
that I finished the piece with what
I mean to say was a real touch of
romance. I drew her a little closer to me
and kissed her, regularly bringing down
the house.

As we went off, there was Mary's
father, who did the sword trick and the
rings; Fo-to-Li-no his name was in the
bill, and he was Chinese in the
profession, though we always called him
by his proper name, Bodger Dodd.
Well—there was Mary's father waiting
with a shawl and her galooshes, and he
says to me very fierce:
"No more didn't I, old man," I says,
slapping him on the shoulder; "but
what's the deal to do over that? Well,
the old man and I had it over that
night over some oysters, and Mary was
there, looking as blushing and as sweet
as a girl could look; and a month after,
sir, we made it real, very much to our
satisfaction, and then, when I let
Mary into the ring any more after put-
ting her finger into the little one I
bought. We were very happy for six
years, all the time that I could be at
home; and then, after a month's trip, I
left; and I was, as I said, a fine fellow
there, for he'd joined another troupe,
and the old chap had got the news be-
fore I did, and he shook hands with me,
and then broke down crying like a child.

But I couldn't cry; I couldn't believe
it, I couldn't think that that was all
this—that she was gone—gone for-
ever. It seemed something I couldn't
understand, though they told me again
and again as she was dead, and had been
put in the ground to rest. I was, as I
said, last, though, it seemed to come
home to me, and I sat there, I think, for
three days, doing nothing hardly but
look at the three little ones that were
left me. But at the end of those three
days my manager, who was a good fellow,
took me back with him; and he
always was a trump to me, though I was
never the same man again; while
p'raps it was all for the best that poor
Mary went, for it saved her many a
headache, and no end of poverty, let
me say. It was about a year after she died
that I was doing clown for the trip, making
faces and saying the same funny things
over and over again, night after night,
while I was doing half a dozen summer-
sets running. I put one foot on a piece
of orange.

I can't tell you any more about it, sir,
only I left that town a cripple. I get
soft if I think about it, for I am afraid
I was very proud of what I was as a man.

Sensation of the Guillotine.

The London *Lancet* pretends to know
how a man feels after his head is cut off.
It says: "Our readers may remember
that rather less than four years ago we
had to refute the theory of Dr. Pinel
that the guillotine the sources of com-
munication, yet retained hearing, sight
and smell, with the whole apparatus of
consciousness and intellect. The trunk,
less than an hour after the decapitation,
was found to be in the course of a
few minutes; but the brain, shielded
by atmospheric pressure, retained its
blood, and consequently its life for no
fewer than three hours. It is still nec-
essary, it seems, to reassess the fact that
quantity of blood after decapitation, the
blood rapidly becomes venous for want
of oxygen, the condition being like that
of complete asphyxia, which, in ninety
seconds, causes shock sustained from the
guillotine would, of itself, moreover,
paralyze all nervous function too com-
pletely to admit of consciousness taking
place during the brief interval necessary
for the thorough decapitation of the blood
in the descending knife on the felon's
throat, no further sensation can be felt."

PROGRESS is the watchword of the
hour, and in Missouri mothers haul their
children in the name of the Lord, and
strike on the same old spot that the
Romans did 3,000 years ago.

All Sorts.

Ohio naturalized 2,854 persons last
year.

BALLET, the Danbury News-ance, is
back from Europe.

A DAUGHTER of ex-President Tyler is
at school in Washington.

PUPPETS are now forbidden to study out
of school hours in Philadelphia.

FRANCE has but one doctor to every
2,400 inhabitants; America has one to
every 800.

TWO EXPEDITIONS will leave Cheyenne
for the Black Hills as soon as the weath-
er will permit.

The New York Legislature is doing a
good thing in making pawnbrokers pay a
license of \$1,000.

In many of the New Hampshire towns
farmers are obliged to melt snow to get
water for their cattle.

FRANCIS KEY, who wrote the "Star
Spangled Banner," was a nephew of
Chief-Justice Taney.

The original manuscript of Gray's
"Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is
for sale in London.

CHARLES HUBER CLARK (Max Adlerer)
has been admitted to a partnership in
the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Rochester Chronicle thinks that
the money used in printing tracts ought
to be spent in warming churches.

TOM THUMB says he shall never engage
in the show business again, as he can
lend all his money at eleven per cent.

The young men of America who want
to hold office are respectfully referred to
the Pacific Mail investigation.

An Indiana man had the marrow of a
shot-gun shot through him, and the only
damage done was "a darn queer feel-
ing."

The Italian government wants to get
rid of the brigands, the brigands want
to get rid of the government, and there it
is.

CHRISTIANITY, Paddock, and Cameron,
the new Senators from Michigan, Ne-
braska, and Wisconsin, are natives of
New York.

The Shah of Persia has granted a rail-
way concession to a Russian General,
disregarding the existing concession to
Baron Reuter.

An Ohio man proposes to dam Detroit
river and drain Lake Erie in order to
recover a silver tobacco-box which he
lost last summer.

A Boston firm has a novel idea in ad-
vertising; they offer \$500 in gold to the
person who can guess nearest the gross
weight of their eight-horse team.

SINCE the disappearance of Charles
Ross eleven kidnapped children have
been recovered by their parents through
the agitations caused by the reward.

FATHER WILLIAM TAYLOR, a soldier of
the war of 1812, and the first male born
in Cincinnati, died recently. Father
Taylor celebrated his golden wedding in
1858.

It didn't kill a "human" this time,
that fatal shot-gun; it merely fell time
in Mr. Sprague's house in Indiana, and
went off and blew the fiddle-strings out
of the family cat.

The whole product of the precious
metals west of the Mississippi last year
was some \$74,000,000. It is not im-
probable that in a few years the Nevada
mine will add \$50,000,000 to this pro-
duct.

OF 106 deaths from delirium tremens
in the English army in India, 86 victims
were Sergeants, and only 20 privates. So
they propose to investigate how it is that
Sergeants can get liquor so much more
freely.

BILL COOY, otherwise known as Buf-
falo William, is climbing the slippery
slope where fame's proud temple shines
as far as by recommending through the
newspapers the quality of a patent medi-
cine.

THERE are four living Queens of Spain,
so-called: Christine, widow of Ferdinand
VII., who resides at Santa Adreese, near
Havre; Isabella II., mother of Alfonso
XII.; the Duchess of Aosta, wife of
Prince Amedeo, of the house of Savoy,
and the wife of Don Carlos, who styles
himself Charles VII.

A Remarkable Editor.

The London *Echo* of Jan. 11 says:
"The career of a French journalist is
usually a chequer-board, and the vicissi-
tudes of the *Gazette de France*, which
having attained the age of 244 years, has
just been sold by auction, would fill a
volume. One of its latest periods,
during the monarchy of July, the *Gazette*
was one of the last French journals which
employed a dummy as responsible editor, and
during the reign of Louis Philippe this
post was filled by a worthy man of the
name of Aubry Pontant, who had been
steward or an upper servant of some sort
in the household of his master, M. De
Genoude, the real editor and proprietor
of the *Gazette de France*. All he had
to do was to sign the editorials with his
name, and it was the delight of young
barristers to hear him, on the frequent
occasions when the journal came into
collision with the press laws, own to the
authorship of the incriminated leaders
in such a manner as to leave no doubt
that his martyrdom was vicarious. Martyred
he certainly was; immense fines were in-
flicted, at least ostensibly, upon him, and
his imprisonments were many and long.
When his occupation was last given up,
he was a broken man, and he had been
led back upon his recollections of the dis-
tinguished persons he had seen during his
career as a journalist, and loved to recall
the fact that it had refuted the theory of
Chateaubriand had twice spoken to him.
"Yes," he would say, "twice, once he
asked me to put his name in the corner,
and the second time, as I was about to
show him in to M. De Genoude, he said,
'Never mind, Aubry, I will go straight
in!' Ah! I shall never forget these words!"

The Razor in Russia.

The important fact has just been made
known that members of the Russian civil
service, with the exception of court offi-
cials, are henceforth allowed to wear
their beards. In this latter permission
it is hoped no menace will be seen to the
liberties of Western Europe. Already
the functionaries of the Russian adminis-
tration showed a commendable fancy in
the arrangement of their whiskers, which
varied, from the long, flowing, and plaited,
which have been compared with those
of our barristers, or even of the Anglican
clergy. The new order may, no doubt,
be viewed as a demonstration in favor
of native, as against foreign ideas; and
besides a beard, "territorial army," Rus-
sia will now have a bearded brigade of
civil servants. The chamberlains and
the officers and men of the regular army
will still continue to keep their chins
smooth; but the razor, in Russian civil
circles, having once been partially

discarded, who knows how soon it may
be thrown away altogether, so that at
last the Emperor himself will cease to
shave? "Woe to Europe when the Czar
of Russia wears a beard!" said Napoleon,
whose St. Helena prophecies, if they
possessed no other merit, were generally
picturesque. In uttering the prediction
that Napoleon did not foresee the obsta-
cles to a Russian invasion of Europe
which a beard-wearing chief of Tartar
hordes might meet with in the shape of
United Germany. Moltke, by the way,
wears neither beard, nor whiskers, nor
mustaches.—*London News*.

Breadstuffs in the Northwest.

(From the Detroit Tribune.)

Dating the breadstuffs "season" as
commencing with Aug. 1, more than six
months of the current year have passed.
A short comparative statement, there-
fore, knowing the receipts of flour and
grain for that time at Chicago, Milwan-
kee, Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland, with
those for the same period one year since,
will be of public interest.

The aggregate receipts of flour for the
last half year at the points named
amounted to 2,200,000 barrels, and for
the same time in 1873-4 to 2,630,000.
This shows a falling off in the present
season of about 430,000 barrels.

Like receipts for the present season
amounted to 35,325,000 bushels, against
47,150,000 for the same period in
1873-4. This shows a loss for the past
six months of nearly 12,000,000 bushels,
although the amount is considerably
more than was the receipt of the same
period in 1872-3, which was 31,000,000
bushels. For the same period the yield of
1874 throughout the Northwest was nearly
or quite as good as that of 1873.

In our own State it was much better. Hence
the inference is drawn that the crop has
not been so freely moved as was the case
one year since, and that more of the staple
is still back in farmers' hands than there
was on Feb. 1, 1874.

Other reasons also seem to sus-
tain the view that the crop has not been
so freely moved as was the case one year
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The receipts of corn at the North-
western ports this season have aggregated
19,700,000 bushels, against 26,625,000
bushels one year since—a falling off of
about 7,000,000 bushels. The yield of
this season was 400,000 bushels less than
that of 1873, and this fact, in the main,
accounts for the difference in the foregoing
figures. Other causes, however, have
also operated to promote the same result.
The prices of corn have been unusually
high, and doubtless much more corn has
been fed than was the case one year
since. The prospects of the hope of a
still further advance in values for corn
may have also induced some to withhold
their stocks from the market.

The receipts of oats at the above-
named points for the past six months
have aggregated 9,600,000 bushels. One
year since for the same months they were
10,000,000—a difference of about 2,400,
000 bushels. The supply for the past
season in the Northwest was a good one,
not being much, if any, less than that of
1873. The movement of barley in this
section also shows considerable falling off.

The receipts for the past six months
computed as in the above cases—ag-
gregated 3,700,000 bushels, against 5,
130,000 in 1874 for the same period—a
difference of over 1,400,000 bushels.
The fact that the barley market for the
past six months has been unusually de-
pressed, may explain the state of the
trade.

The yield of rye last season was a light
one, and the receipts at the lake ports
aggregated about 1,000,000 bushels, which
indicates a very light crop. The receipts
for the same period one year since.

Americans Abroad.

The American colony in Paris has been
obliged to hide its head in shame several
times lately on account of the misconduct
of its members. The Duke of Aosta, wife
of Prince Amedeo, of the house of Savoy,
and the wife of Don Carlos, who styles
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A Hunter's Paradise.

The delights of hunting in Oregon,
as described by an old hand: "Going
up the mountain side I leaped a big buck
standing by a tree; I leveled my old gun,
which carries a half ounce ball; as the
crack of the gun, and as soon as the
smoke cleared away, I saw my deer lying
at the root of the tree; I ran up and cut
its windpipe. As I was standing looking
at my deer kicking around, I saw honey
running out of the tree where my bullet
struck. I was in a big hurry to find
something to stick in the tree to stop the
honey from wasting. I grabbed down to
get something, and there was a pheasant;
I grabbed its head and wrung it off and
stuck it in the tree and stopped the
honey from wasting. After I had my deer
fixed up, I commenced looking over the
country, and I saw a man who was
my pheasant; when I jerked its head
off its body went into a band of quail,
and killed ten of them."

The Neck.

Perfect health demands that the cloth-
ing about the neck should be very mod-
erate in quantity, and worn so loose, as
to prevent the slightest compression.
The great error frequently committed in
clothing this part of the body consists in
wearing such an amount as to overheat
and weaken the throat, and thus render it
easily susceptible to cold, or in wearing
it so tight as to retard the circulation of
the blood to and from the head. Great
care should be exercised upon this point,
as the arteries and veins leading from the
surface to the brain are situated so near the
throat, that a slight constriction of the
throat serves to check the flow of the
blood, and many cases of congestion of the
brain and headache are caused by too
tight collars and cravats.

Chicago Times: "Just as we would
be glad to know that the devil had done
a decent thing, we are rejoiced that
the devil has done a decent thing. A
Washington correspondent, whose journal
certainly has no intention to flatter this
cross-eyed man of destiny, writes that in
domestic life no man could be more
charming, gentle, and pleasant, which
has been said of every branch of litera-
ture both grave and fanciful, and his wife,
who is skilled as an eloquent, reads to
him a great deal. At home he is court-
ed in manner, charming in conversation,
hospitable to the few favored friends who
are welcomed to his home."

"I don't care a cent for fashion—I've
got to scratch my heel!" exclaimed a De-
troit man as he pulled off his boot in a
street car, recently.

NARROW-GAUGE.

Views of the House Railroad Committee on
the Narrow-Gauge System.

Hon. George W. McCrary, of Iowa, of
the House committee on Railways, in
his report on the bill chartering the ex-
tra-first Parallel railroad, sets forth the
views of the committee on narrow-gauge
railroads. The following is a brief synop-
sis of the report:

The committee does not now deem it ex-
pedient to recommend any government aid to
this railroad. The committee has no doubt that
the power of Congress over commerce among
the States is ample, and that, in its exercise,
Congress may regulate commerce upon existing
lines of inter-State communication; may
charter new lines; may aid in their con-
struction, or may construct them wholly at gov-
ernment expense.

The need of cheaper transportation is
strongly urged, and the usual reasons as-
signed for high rates. The committee
admits that from present information it is
almost impossible to determine the actual
cost of transporting a bushel of wheat
from the Mississippi river to the sea-
board, and say that the actual cost may
be ascertained before a fair price can be
determined. The argument is advanced
that one cheap line of transportation will
render all competing lines equally cheap.

In the comparison between standard and
narrow-gauge roads, the committee says
the cost of the former, fully equipped for
an average business of even 2,500
tons, is \$42,000 a mile for iron rails, and
\$50,000 for steel rails. The cost of nar-
row-gauge is no more than 60 per cent.
of these sums. The cost of operat-
ing standard-gauge roads, being from
60 to 100 per cent. of the gross
earnings, renders it impossible to secure
cheap transportation by existing lines.
The committee claims that the cost of op-
erating the New York Central in 1871
was seven mills a ton per mile; of op-
erating the Pennsylvania Central, eight
mills per ton per mile; yet the cost of op-
erating a narrow-gauge road is estimated
at four and a quarter mills per ton per
mile. While the average cost of main-
taining and operating standard gauge
roads has been 64 per cent. of the gross
earnings, the Denver and Rio Grande
narrow-gauge railroad was operated in
1874 for 50 per cent. of its gross
earnings, on a very limited business.

The committee maintain that the amount
of freight that may be transported by
narrow-gauge roads is very little less than
that which may be carried by the standard
gauge. From this and other facts the
committee conclude that the success of
the narrow-gauge system thus far seems
to demonstrate that the narrow-gauge
railroad, while vastly cheaper in con-
struction and operation than the old sys-
tem, has sufficient capacity, power and
speed to answer general requirements,
and what is of more importance, the com-
mittee adds:

"It may now be regarded as certain that
the narrow-gauge railroad can be made to car-
ry freight and passengers with profit at rates not
higher than the present rates of the standard
gauge. Several pages of the report are devoted
to answering the objection that the con-
struction of the narrow-gauge will render
a transfer of freight necessary whenever
it shall connect with a broad-gauge."

THE FAILURES OF 1874.