

no doubt, an advantage in these two functional toes being of equal size so as to prevent twisting of the foot while walking, and variations tending to bring this about would be advantageous and would therefore be preserved. Thus, by a parallel series of changes in another direction adapted to a distinct set of conditions, we should arrive at the symmetrical divided hoofs of our deer and cattle. The fact that sheep and goats are specially mountain and rock loving animals may be explained by their being a later modification, since the divided hoof once formed is evidently well adapted to secure a firm footing on rugged and precipitous ground, although it could hardly have been first developed in such localities. It will be noted, however, that throughout all this series of changes the influence of natural selection would be required to seize upon and preserve each favorable variation as it occurred.

Another interesting chapter is that on "The Evolution of the Vertebrata Progressive and Retrogressive." Many types in all orders of vertebrates present rudimentary organs, as rudimentary digits, feet, or limbs, rudimentary fins, teeth, or wings. There is scarcely an organ or part which is not somewhere in a rudimentary and more or less useless condition. These cases may be either persistent primitive conditions to be regarded as ancestral types which have survived to the present time, or, on the other hand, they may be the results of a process of degeneration, and therefore comparatively modern. The former interpretation was once the most generally adopted, but of late years so many proofs of degeneration have been discovered that it is seen to have played a very important part in bringing about the existing forms of animal and plant life. Mr. Cope defines degeneracy as a loss of parts without corresponding development of other parts. In determining the grade of development (or what should be termed advancement) in the organic scale, we have often to strike a balance between degeneration and progression according to the importance of the parts implicated. We regard sensibility as the highest of animal functions, and mind as the highest form of sensibility. Therefore development of organs of sensibility and mind constitutes a better claim of progress than development of stomach or of skin. The ruminating animals are said to be much superior to man in the structure of their feet, teeth, and stomach, yet we assign the higher position to the quadrumana and to man, on account of the superior complication of their brain structure.

The earliest reptiles, the theromorpha, were more nearly allied to mammalia than any now living, so that reptiles as a whole may be said to have degenerated. They have, however, become specialized for certain modes of life, and the whole order of snakes have entirely lost the limbs, so that we have here a process of creation by degeneration on a large scale. Some lizards have also lost either the fore or hind limbs, or in some cases all the limbs, thus resembling snakes in outward form though differing from them altogether in structure. The earliest birds probably possessed a long bony tail as well as teeth, both of which they have lost. The whales and manatees among the mammalia have degenerated by the loss of their posterior limbs and the modification of their fore limbs into swimming paddles. The seals have partially degenerated from the carnivorous type, and the sloths and ant-eaters are supposed to have lost the teeth which their ancestors possessed, and thus to have suffered degeneration.

One of the most curious speculations to be found in this volume is the tracing of plant to animal life through a progressive automatism and loss of consciousness. It is urged that all definite motion in organic beings must have been once conscious motion, and that all automatic or

unconscious motions or acts were acquired and organized in states of consciousness. All evidence goes to show that actions sufficiently often repeated become automatic, and it is now believed that all the vital actions of the heart, lungs, stomach, and other organs originated in voluntary motions of some lowly organized ancestor. Mr. Cope thus applies this principle to plants:

"Bearing in mind the property of protoplasm to organize machinery which shall work automatically in the absence of consciousness, we can glance at the succession of vegetable forms. The active movements of the primary stages of the Algae are well known. After swimming actively through the water, they settle down, take root, and assume the rôle of plants. The *Aethalium*, swimming with the movements of a Rhizopod, has been known to take food before establishing itself on the damp piles of the tan-bark, where it speedily becomes a low form of fungus. The approximation of the lower forms of plants to animals is notorious. The fungi, it is said, are the only terrestrial plants which live like animals on organic matter, appropriating the humus of their rich nidus in a state of solution. Now, the palæontology of animals has absolutely established the fact that the predecessors of all characteristic or specialized types have been unspecialized or generalized types. It may then be regarded as almost certain that the ancestors of the present higher types of plants were more animal-like than they; that the forms displaying automatic movements were more numerous, and the difficulty of deciding on the vegetable or animal nature of a living organism greater than it is now. Hence it may be concluded that animal consciousness has from time to time organized its machinery and then disappeared for ever, leaving as a result the permanent form of life which we term vegetable. But it is not to be supposed that all changes of structure cease with the departure of consciousness. Given spontaneous movement (*i. e.*, growth), and surrounding conditions, and the resultant product must be structures adapted to their surroundings, just as the plastic clay be fitted to its mould. And this is essentially the distinguishing character of vegetable teleology as compared with animal. In the average plant we see adaptation to the conditions of unconscious nutrition; in the animal, adaptation to conditions of conscious contact with the world under a great variety of conditions."

Whether this remarkable theory of the relations of plant and animal life be ultimately proved to be true or not, it is certainly very suggestive, and opens up before us illimitable vistas of inquiry into the obscure arcana of nature. Many such intellectual gems may be found in the volume under consideration, but they have to be dug out from a mass of unattractive ore. The great fault of the book is that no attempt has been made to systematize and weld together the material of which it is composed. Hence frequent repetitions and self-quotations, with a considerable amount of purely technical matter, quite unreadable by any one but an experienced anatomist. There is ample proof of the author's ability to write a connected work which should set forth his matured views on the great problems of evolution in an attractive as well as an instructive manner; and it is much to be regretted that the somewhat pretentious title here attached to a mere reprint of his collected papers was not reserved for such a work.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Princess Casamassima. By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.

The Minister's Charge. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Rankell's Remains. By Barrett Wendell. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Sir Percival. By J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan & Co.

A Demigod. Harper & Brothers.

The Bow of Orange Ribbon. By Amelia E. Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Between Two Loves. By Amelia E. Barr. Harper's Handy Series.

'THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA' disturbs the con-

viction that Mr. James is the chief apostle of that restricted realism which ignores extraordinary events and unusual characters, and denies the influence of the apparently accidental on the general current of life, and of exceptional individuals on the history of humanity. It fits an empirical yet generally accepted definition of realistic fiction about as neatly as does 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.' One hardly stretches a point in drawing a parallel of improbability between the adventures of Aladdin with his Princess and the adventures of Hyacinth, bookbinder of Soho, with his Princess, the "most wonderful woman in Europe." Let it not be supposed that Mr. James has gone over to romance and magic; he has only selected people whom very few of us are likely ever to know, placed them in circumstances best suited to develop them, and dispassionately told the whole truth about them. His persistent desire to see the truth, and his marvellous ability for telling it, whether the case under consideration be special or typical, prove that he has become a "realist" in the only significant or, indeed, intelligent sense of the word. Though, as a rule, the value of a study of types is, of course, greater than that of exceptions, the exceptional, if well chosen, almost certainly gives the author the best chance to show his greatest strength. In this series of studies of exceptions Mr. James shows a versatility and power hardly hinted at in his former work. Such complex and high-strung natures as Hyacinth and the Princess call out reserves of keenness and intellectual refinement unexpected even in him; and in the score of uncommon people temporarily united by common interest in a great question, his wit and sarcasm are agreeably tempered by a tenderness and even intensity of feeling which he has hitherto carefully repressed. The gain to the reader in interest is enormous, for, if a novelist will not give us a dramatic plot or thrilling scenes, and will leave off just when he has prepared us for a splendid finish, we are more than compensated for emotional disappointment by the intellectual pleasure of thought directed towards aims and objects not circumscribed by personal desire or local predisposition and habit. Throughout the novel we are carried far away from the average man and his motives in the ordinary conditions of life, but we are not invited to step outside of humanity; on the contrary, our understanding of humanity and sympathy with it are very materially extended and stimulated.

The Princess is an enigma, brilliant and inscrutable. All her frank and illogical talk, all her eccentric behavior, all the author's analysis, fail to make her comprehensible, but they accomplish his intention to portray a woman beyond shadow of doubt dazzlingly incomprehensible. Her personality smacks as little of the respectable aristocracy as of the middle class or the mob. She is a product of high fashion, of the great world, sick to death of all that goes to produce her. She is irresponsible, elusive, incalculable. She is never in the highest sense spiritual, never basely sensual. Her passions are only caprices, and her caprices have for the moment the active force of a great passion. While we know her, her dominant whim is to identify herself with the people, to clap the great democracy on the back, to imagine herself an intimate counsellor of the darkest conspirators, to believe, as she likes to say, that she is head and shoulders "in it." The Princess, as nearly as we can get at her, is a monument of sincere insincerity, and it was well for poor little Hyacinth, who long supplied her imagination with a concrete representative of her caprice, that the end came before he wholly realized the truth.

Little Hyacinth, born in a slum, bred on a poor dressmaker's charity, doomed to bear the burden of a parentage doubtful in all but its

shame, is the great figure of the book. His organization is most sensitive and exquisite, and in him all the author's intellectual subtlety and distinction find expression. He is no easier to classify or label than the Princess. He is specifically of the unhappy only—the most unhappy—for his case is not so much that of a nature at war with circumstances as of a nature made up of incongruous, irreconcilable elements—a nature for ever arrayed against itself. At his worst, Hyacinth is never sordid or grudging or snobbish; at his best he is aflame with nobility, not heroic, romantic, and impossible, but entirely consistent with modern sentiment and the aspiration that is permissible or possible to us. Always, in his enthusiasms and dejection, in the light, ironical mood which is most frequent, Hyacinth is indefinably sad. The people whose lives touch Hyacinth's are each in his way as exactly and vividly drawn. No English novelist has given us such a Frenchman as Poupin, such a German as Shinkel, such an Italian as Prince Casamassima. The London shop-girl Millicent Henning—who, by the way, is typical—is perfect in her superabundant health and slang, her scrupulous care for her virtue, and her hopeless, unconscious vulgarity.

It is rash to venture any conclusions about the author's personal attitude towards the Socialistic movement which agitates and colors the lives of his characters. He may be accused of using a serious movement simply for literary purposes, of scoffing at its intensity, playing with its passion, treating it often as frivolously as if it were a question of woman's dress reform. But there is an undertone of earnestness suggesting that he, like Hyacinth after his eyes began to open, sees most clearly, at the bottom of the cry about elevating the people, the "ulcer of envy, the passion of a party hanging together for the purpose of despoiling another to its advantage.

It is hardly fair to leave this novel without a word about its literary manner and style. There is, of course, very little plot, and that little is immaterial. There is a mass of what, from a hasty reading, may be stigmatized as super-subtle analyses, ultra-refined phrases, fine-spun nothings. But a careful reading—and for the dimmest appreciation that is necessary—will pretty surely acquit the author of such sins, and compel the recognition that, putting aside his skill as a novelist, he has written a book remarkable for the precision, elegance, and distinction of its style.

The points of resemblance in the writing of Howells and James, so evident that we naturally couple their names as representatives of a school, are very forcibly present to one reading the 'Minister's Charge' close upon the 'Princess Casamassima.' There is the same facility and apparent delight in laying bare the secret recesses of thought, the same habit of presenting sentiment and what may be called mental tragedy through a medium of light, humorous satire, a similar command of telling and brilliant expression. For downright cruelty and cold-blood in the dissection of the meaner and shabbier part of every man, the one has often proved himself the equal of the other. They have done it so often, at such great length, with such unquestionable fidelity, that, with the note "realism" in our eye, we have cried in despair, Are the qualities in men that we know to be fine not real? Are trivial baseness, petty viciousness, the only truths? Are we ourselves, in our occasional better impulses and actions, pure hypocrites imposing on stupidity, as our own density is in turn imposed on? At last Mr. James has given us some comfort, but Mr. Howells plunges us the more deeply in gloom. In this novel, as in 'A Modern Instance' and 'Silas Lapham,' he shows himself a masterly realist, laboring under ob-

vious restrictions in his selection and view of character. Accepting the work, with its limitations, it has neither the strength nor value of 'Silas Lapham,' for its most important character, Lemuel Barker, is not so widely representative, and, shorn of Mr. Howells's interpretation, is insignificant. Deduct Howells from Lapham, and Lapham remains a force in his world; deduct Howells from Lemuel Barker, and there remains a dull, conscientious, country boy, the loss of whom his world could bear lightly. The author does not overlook anything there is in Barker. He makes the most of his reticence, his self-consciousness, his pride that scorns to accept a favor, yet, until he has imbibed city notions, feels no shame in menial service; his dogged adherence to a Puritan conception of right. He absolutely invests Barker's career as man-of-all-work, "elevator boy," horse-car conductor, with mild interest, but, as Barker himself would probably have phrased it, "there's not enough to him" to hold people of moderate cultivation through thirty-five chapters. The author seems to have been oppressed by Barker's insufficiency, for he resorts to much padding of a flimsy kind, and, worse still, of a kind with which he has already made us familiar. He provides the Boston spinster of adequate means, and social position, who laughs immoderately and pours out silly impertinences which are uttered and received as specimens of delightfully frank humor. Then he brings on our old friend, now known as Mrs. Sewell, the lady who keeps her husband's conscience, who alternately snaps and gushes, who frequently explodes in question or affirmation which, though apparently irrelevant, really illustrate an unerring intuition. Marching through the pages is the phalanx of men of good disposition but inclined to perpetual ironical mirth, broad or delicate, according to their position in life. These men, distinctively Howells's men, are frequently entertaining, witty, and acute to a degree which partially offsets their hardness and frightfully bad taste. The author has made the world so intimate with them, that a stranger in New England must suffer a shock of surprise should he meet a man who can treat weakness tenderly, sorrow reverently, who is capable of wholly serious thought and direct, unequivocal expression. Mr. Sewell, the minister, who here leads the band devoted in their own peculiar manner to driving dull care away, is a strained and tiresome person. Attributing to such a man continued and extreme feeling of responsibility for Barker is about as grave a departure from probability in character as any romanticist could be guilty of, with nothing picturesque or entrancing to balance the untruth.

From Mr. Howells's later works, the inference is justifiable that he desires impartially and fearlessly to record New England life both in its broad tendencies and its detail. So far he has shown us that there is little variety in the people—that their prominent characteristics are of a mean order and strikingly disagreeable. Nothing but his literary efficiency could induce inhabitants of the remaining quarters of the globe to tolerate the majority of them. It is a matter of history that we owe our national leaven of spirituality and intellectuality to New England, and no one believes that the stream of ennobling influence has dried at its source. Therefore a series of novels delineating only people devoid of spirituality, and meagrely intellectual, is either a suppression of that part of the truth best worth telling, or an indication of the author's unfortunately contracted vision.

If the author of 'Rankell's Remains' had lived two hundred years ago, he would have cast his work in allegorical form, with Rankell as the monster, Mammon. Rankell is an embodiment of the passion for making money, a passion per-

haps no more modern than ancient, and always selfish, unscrupulous, and insatiable. In three imperfectly connected episodes, the author depicts a character so detestable as to excite loathing for the man and for all that he represents. There is no pleasure in reading about Rankell. Still, for the healthy after-effect—the detestation of force expended in evil—it is worth while to share the pain his iniquities inflicted on his victims. The methods by which Rankell rose in life so closely resemble those ascribed by common report to many men who have accumulated great fortunes, that it is foolish to say the author had any individual in mind; but the vengeance wreaked on Rankell's remains by a victim who had been impotent to harm him living, is a clear use of a singular and widely known incident. The employment in fiction of circumstances that all the world has recently been talking of is generally in questionable taste—about on a plane with personal journalism; but in this case the aptness and artistic treatment of the incident are sufficient excuse. It is just as easy to particularize the Convention where Rankell's gold was potent, and to put one's finger on the candidates and wire-pullers. At the Convention Rankell reached the climax of infamy, for here he stepped aside from what might be considered legitimate rascality—went out of his way, as the author says, "to play for his own gain any game that would bring money to him, even though it brought dishonor to the country; and he played it by stirring up what was worst in these men about him—their silliness and greed." Detached from the story, the episode of the Convention is a clever bit of political satire, setting forth certain principles which, if taken to the national heart, might inspire hope that such proceedings will speedily become "portion and parcel of the dreadful past." It is a pity that the author confesses even as much tenderness and compassion for Rankell as he does in the preface and last chapter. The evil done by Rankell was of the kind that literally lives after a man, for it blighted other lives and sowed seeds of infinite misery. It was so far-reaching and malignant that no weak sentiment for a woman's memory, nor endowment of a church of fabulous cost and ethereal beauty, could ever nullify or even attenuate it.

In the tale of 'Sir Percival' the author of 'John Inglesant' attempts an impracticable thing—to infuse a religious rhapsody with an appearance of actuality. He seems to have wanted to write a poem exalting the beauty of unsailable religious faith, of pure and unselfish living, and he has hampered himself in every conceivable way. His own mind is full of the legend of Sir Percival of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' but he makes no better use of it than to harass the reader's mind with ineffectual effort to find some sort of a parallel between the all-but-blessed knight and the very faulty modern hero, Sir Percival Massareen. Then he puts his narrative in the mouth of a girl—a very fine figure for a saint, perhaps, but, as a mere human girl, making about as profound appeal to sympathy as does an iceberg. In a number of poetical passages she amplifies the idea that through suffering alone the spirit may reach purity and holiness, but there is nothing except her abstract ecstasy to prove that she suffered at all. She seems to have lived a life of luxurious seclusion and devout reverie exactly to her taste. In crises that must have plunged a real girl in an abyss of despair, she has no trouble in bearing up. She wonders how she can be so happy. When a young man from the Foreign Office comes with news of Sir Percival which is almost surely fatal, she experiences rapture. Her deliberation in waiting to open the young soldier's last letter until she shall have walked a mile or so through the

park, and installed herself in a particular corner of a chapel, would be comical if she had not from the first chilled the sense of humor out of existence. The impression made by the tale is the reverse of that which the author intended. It is a failure not because it is inadequate to the test of probability, but because it is so clumsily managed that the imagination which it ought to delight is severely kept in check by cold reason.

It would be difficult to imagine a more worthless and ridiculous book than 'A Demigod,' impossible to write one with less regard for propriety of form and expression. The Demigod is descended through seven generations from an English physician who, disgusted with the degeneracy of his race, retired to the most inaccessible wilds of the Taygetus Mountains. There he ate no meat, cherished no ambitions, avoided notoriety (a task which, considering his location, was not beset with obstacles), and devoted himself to what the author calls "harmonious self-nurture." He bound his son under oath to do likewise, and the oath was transmitted from father to son down to Hector Vyr the seventh, the Demigod. When a Vyr wanted a wife he sallied forth from his castle—furnished always in the highest taste of the time, without regard for cost—crossed a moat, tossed aside a gigantic oak that served for a bridge, and, single-handed, rescued a party of travellers about to be put to the torture by bandits. A perfectly beautiful woman, thus rescued, always gave her love and life in gratitude to her rescuer. Hector Vyr got his wife in traditional fashion. She was without speck or blemish, her teeth were perfectly sound, and she came from Boston. The place of her nativity and bringing-up suggests that the eccentric Vyr method is not essential to the attainment of absolute physical and mental perfection. A difference between Hector Vyr and other men, as marked as his perfection, is his candor of speech, his ignorance of the art of polite equivocation. He is a combination of the *enfant terrible* and the guileless red man of fiction. The charm of his ingenuousness is much enhanced at first by his childish diction, but the author soon wearies of sustaining that, and, long before the end, his only attractive expression is "whyfor." The book would be beneath comment were it not for a slap-dash pretentiousness, a superficial smartness, which easily pass current for cleverness and remarkable originality.

'The Bow of Orange Ribbon' is a very picturesque story of New York in 1756, all alive with sturdy Dutch men and women, and brilliantly set off with King George's soldiers in splendor of scarlet and gold. The antipathy of certain honest, godly Knickerbockers for the youthful English representatives of the flesh and the devil is discussed with a great deal of humor and vivacity, and the romance of the little Dutch maiden with the giddiest of the offenders is as sweet and natural as tale of true love, not always running smooth, can be. The atmosphere of the story is thoroughly old-time, and, whether the separate pictures are historically accurate or not, they make a pleasant combination. The end is happy, and that is pleasant, too, for to leave such whole-souled, friendly, nice people in permanent unhappiness would be positive grief.

The scene of 'Between Two Loves,' another story by Mrs. Barr, is in an English manufacturing town. Its quality is not so excellent as that of 'The Bow of Orange Ribbon,' but it is nevertheless a very good story. The characters are those which the author wisely selects to write about because she is perfectly in sympathy with them. The men have generally warm hearts, quick tempers, deep prejudices, and the fear of the Lord in their souls. The women are pure of heart and mind, faithful and strong in love, and religiously subservient to Calvinistic theories

of duty—good men and women all, in the main, whose petty weaknesses, follies, and occasional vices weigh light in the balance against their integrity and truth.

Tenth Census of the United States. 1880. Vol. XX. Statistics of Wages. Washington.

THE twentieth volume of the final report on the Tenth Census of the United States is devoted chiefly to statistics of wages. With a view to showing what wages will buy, there are added tables of the average retail prices of the necessities of life. Supplementary reports upon trade societies, and strikes, and lock-outs are also included; but as they do not profess to be at all complete, and are of little interest after the lapse of six years from the date of their compilation, we need not refer to them. As to the statistics of wages, it is evident that great labor has been performed by those having the work in charge, both in the selection and in the arrangement of materials. Returns from fifty-three industries were obtained, and are here displayed in 627 tables, accompanied with explanatory remarks. They constitute, according to the belief of the Superintendent of the Census, "the largest magazine of statistics relating to the wages of labor to be found in any single publication." If size is to be the standard of judgment, this opinion is probably correct, as the tables must contain nearly 150 cubic inches of printed matter. But if they are intended to be used by students of social science, they seem to be in several respects untrustworthy.

The work of the statistician is commonly regarded as of a purely clerical character. Nothing could be more erroneous than this view. No statistical work can have other than accidental value, unless it is carried on by men competent to judge of testimony, to weigh evidence, and to conduct experiments in accordance with scientific principles. To distribute blanks and tabulate returns is not enough; it amounts frequently to nothing more than putting an official stamp upon misstatements. As an illustration of the defects of this method, we may take the answers received by the special agent to his question concerning the cost of the labor employed in making ploughs, of which he is moved to observe: "One works cannot produce at an expense of 12½ per cent. for labor what costs the other 50 per cent." Again, we have the statement that while in New York common brick sold at \$7 per thousand, and pressed brick at \$15, the labor cost was the same for both, \$2.25 per thousand. This is improbable enough, but immediately below we read that in Pennsylvania the price per thousand for common brick is \$4.60, and for pressed brick \$8, while the labor cost for the former is \$4.10, and for the latter \$7. In the same connection it is stated that in Ohio the prices of fire brick, according to grade, are \$16, \$30, and \$42; that the cost of labor per thousand is \$5.45, and that the percentage of wages to cost is 35 per cent. for the cheapest grade, and 40 per cent. for the two higher grades. This means either that labor cost is a different thing from wages, or that price is a different thing from cost, or else that \$5.45 is at the same time 35 per cent. of \$16, and 40 per cent. of both \$30 and \$42.

If we attempt to compare the wages paid in different establishments, it is impossible not to be struck with the extent of the variations. Thus in the boot and shoe manufacture we find that a cutter in an establishment in Massachusetts was paid in 1880, \$2.50 a day; in an establishment in New York, \$2; in one in Pennsylvania, \$1.50 to \$1.87. In the same establishments a finisher was paid \$1.33, \$2.33, and \$2.62. In two establishments in Ohio, finishers were paid respectively \$3.50 and \$2 a day. Moreover, the Massachusetts finisher has had his wages reduced from

\$3.50 in 1870, while the New York finisher has lost very little, and the Ohio finisher has gained fifty cents since 1876—the limit of the table in this case. It is almost incredible that for the same work there should be paid such different sums as \$1.33 and \$3.50. But if the work is different, such tables as these are worthless; no averaging of results will correct errors that arise from calling different things by the same name.

Turning to the carpet industry, we learn that in a Massachusetts mill a carder is paid \$0.60 a day, while in an establishment in Pennsylvania he receives \$1.66. In the same two mills reelers get respectively \$0.85 and \$1.00, warpers \$0.99 and \$2.50, spinners \$0.71 and \$2.00, and so forth. In the cotton manufacture, if we compare two establishments in Connecticut, we find the following rates of wages: Card-strippers \$0.76 and \$0.91, frame-spinners \$0.70 and \$0.45, spoolers \$0.90 and \$0.62, warpers \$1.75 and \$0.91, and mule-spinners \$0.84 and \$1.25. Taking two woolen mills in New Hampshire, it appears that spoolers get in one \$0.67 a day, in the other from \$0.75 to \$1.00; spinners respectively \$0.66 and \$1.50 to \$1.75; carders \$1.02 and \$0.80 to \$0.90. It would be surprising to find such different rates of wages in establishments in the same State, even if we could discover some proportion in the variations. But when we find that the first mill pays one class of workmen twice what the second mill pays, and another class only half what the second pays, our surprise changes to scepticism: It is impossible to derive any sound inferences from such data. A protectionist could easily prove from them, *more suo*, that half the factories in the country must at once shut up on account of the pauper labor employed in the remainder.

It is hardly probable that any one wishing to trace the prices of the great staples of consumption would consult this report, since the statistics of the various commercial journals and societies are much more complete than those here given. We find the same uncertainty as to the meaning of terms that detracts from the value of the statistics of wages. To take a single illustration: the price of men's heavy boots per pair at one town in Indiana is stated to be from \$2 to \$2.75; at another town in the same State it is from \$4.50 to \$7.50. The only useful inference to be drawn from such statistics is, that when the inhabitants of Terre Haute want to buy heavy boots they had better go to the town of Washington to do it.

It is, however, possible to gather some valuable information from a compilation like this. Certain establishments give returns of the wages that they have paid for many years past, and in these cases we may presume that the nature of the services rendered is indicated with substantial accuracy by the name given to the workman. It is somewhat interesting to observe that the number of establishments in which eight hours constitute a day's work has decreased during a term of years, although upon the whole the working day has been materially shortened. In fact it looks as if from nine to ten hours was the normal period for most classes of factory work. If more hours are worked, the product, although somewhat larger, tends to be of inferior quality; while if the day is shorter, the decrease in quality of production is not made up in any other way. As to the time of payment of wages, about the same number of establishments pay monthly as in former years, while more pay weekly—the difference being explained by the fact that yearly and quarter-yearly payments have practically ceased. But these scattered suggestions are a very small return for the labor that has been expended in the preparation of this volume, and we fear that it must take its place in that innumerable procession of public documents that is always marching from the printer's to the paper-mill.