

Farmer Blossom Convinced.

The following interview in the Cincinnati Enquirer with Farmer Blossom shows how protection does not protect:

Farmer Blossom had shown me over his half-section of well tilled land. We had partaken of a good country dinner and were in a sitting room enjoying our cigars, when he said with a sigh:

Free trade is going to ruin us poor farmers.

What free trade? Why, the Mills bill. Have you read it?

No.

Then how do you make out that it is free trade?

Why, the papers say so.

What paper?

The Republican papers and the Republican statesmen, to.

But I see that you have some very valuable books here in your library bearing on this subject—census reports, treasury reports, reports on commerce, on the tariff also. Now suppose we put them to a little practical use. When did we ever have free trade, as you call it, in this country?

Oh, to quantity.

But what?

Well, I can't say, but I've heard so. But hearing is not always believing, especially when a demagogue is trying to fool you out of your vote. Then you can't tell when we had free trade in this country?

No.

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY.

Never. The nearest we ever came to it was in 1789, when all interstate tariffs were abolished and all tariffs on foreign goods were reduced to a nominal figure. What do you suppose was the result?

Why, the country suffered—was ruined.

On the contrary, it took its first step toward, and in twenty years had about doubled in population and quadrupled in wealth. When did we have such tariff laws as are contemplated by the Chicago platform?

Let's not know.

In 1808. And what do you suppose was the result?

Why, the country prospered more rapidly than ever.

Let us turn over a few pages in the book and see. In 1803 tariff duties were made prohibitory and commerce with the world shut off, just as the Chicago platform contemplates. There was a financial and commercial collapse, there was ruin and disaster everywhere. In 1809 the prohibitory tariff was repealed and a tariff about one-fifth as high as we have at present was enacted. What followed?

You may tell me.

The nation again moved off on a career of prosperity. In 1812 the tariff of 1809 was doubled, and the war cut off importations and exportations. We had a home market as in 1808. What was the result?

I never read that part of history.

Hard times prevailed, banks suspended and there was distress everywhere. In 1816 the protection doctors took a hand and undertook to cure the patient by framing the first protective tariff, raising the taxes somewhat higher than in 1812. What do you suppose followed?

Better times.

Times grew worse; there was still greater depression of trade. In 1818 the doctors gave the patient another dose of protection, increased the tariff tax all around, and then what?

I am sure I do not know.

The year of 1819 was one of universal disaster. The country moved slowly and laboriously. In 1824 more tariff was put on, and there was no improvement. In 1828 a still higher tariff tax was put on and times grew a little harder. In 1832 the country changed doctors and a part of the tariff tax was wiped out. What followed?

Go on and tell me.

TRADE REVIVAL OF 1833.

Business immediately revived. In 1832 the tax was lowered again and prosperity increased. By the year 1837 the United States treasury was overflowing, and the surplus was divided among the states. An area of wild speculation followed the distribution, the land bubble was blown up so large that it burst, and a panic ensued, the effects of which lasted for nearly two years. Then things started to move off smoothly until 1842, when the protection doctors again got hold of the country, and the famous tariff of that year was enacted. Can you tell me what happened?

I was always in favor of the tariff of '42. It built up the country.

History doesn't say so. On the contrary, in 1843 the depression was greater than what followed the panic of 1837, and from which the country had recovered. Prices of farm products fell off one-half and commerce was cut in two in the nation's history. The protected few began to get rich at the expense of the overtaxed many. In 1846 the tariff of 1832 was reduced about one-half, and what followed?

Ruin and disaster.

Just the reverse. Then for the first time the country began to go forward

with giant strides. Commerce increased at a marvelous rate. Manufactures were imbued with a new life. Agriculture was prosperous to a degree hitherto unknown, and the policy of lowering the tariff tax to prevent the accumulation of a surplus was pursued. In 1857 a panic superinduced by land speculations, ensued, but before 1858 its effects had passed away, and up to 1860 agriculture, manufactures and commerce were on the high tide of prosperity, and we successfully rivaled England in maritime greatness. In 1861, to meet the exigencies of the war, tariff taxes were raised substantially to the protective basis of 1842. In 1864 these taxes were raised fifty per cent, and in 1867 they were raised again, although the war was over. In 1883, under the pretence of a reduction, they were again increased to their present standard. Since the war the millionaire has grown, while the great agricultural interest has stood still. Strikes of workmen against oppression have convulsed the land.

In 1873 a financial cyclone swept the country and impoverished countless numbers of people. Tramps filled the land from ocean to ocean, and laws against tramps were enacted. The panic of 1873 lasted until 1879, and the suffering among our people was equal to overcrowded Europe. Unemployed workmen were the rule for seven years, and the protected few demanded more tax as the remedy, while they imported foreign paupers in foreign ships to take the place of American workmen who refused to accept starvation wages in a land that should be a land of plenty, if tax burdens were justly distributed. How do you like the picture of the tariff of '42 multiplied by at least two?

DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE WANTS.

I had no idea that all that was in that book.

Read it carefully. Only the outline has been given. You said that you always believed in the tariff of 1842?

Yes.

It is all the protection anybody needs in this country.

Yes.

What was the average tariff tax under the law of 1842?

I cannot tell you.

Hand me that volume on the foreign commerce of the United States, by Mr. Nimmo. Let us look down this column on page 29, and we find it to be thirty-five per cent, and a fraction.

Yes, that's the figure.

You are willing to stand by that sort of a tariff?

Of course.

You don't regard it as free trade?

No, sir.

You wouldn't want to see it any higher—that's tax enough, isn't it?

That's the tariff of '42, and it is high enough for me—it's high enough for anybody.

You say that the Mills bill is free trade?

Yes, most emphatically.

Why?

Because that is what it is called.

Do you know what the average amount of tariff tax it provides for?

No.

Only forty-two per cent, from what it is now.

What!

Yes, sir; forty-two per cent, or seven per cent, more than the tariff of '42, which is so satisfactory to you.

Well, I declare!

Haven't you been humbugged into the belief that the Mills bill means free trade?

It looks that way.

What do you think about it now, with these facts from your own library presented to you in an off-hand way?

I have about come to the conclusion that the Mills bill is a pretty good thing, and would have been better if it had cut still deeper. Why, it's an outrage for party papers and leaders to lie so outrageously about a matter which is so plain when one looks at it in a sensible way.

NOT A MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. Blossom, this is a nice farm of yours—what are your 320 acres worth at a venture?

I guess I would find no trouble in selling it for \$30,000.—It cost me over half that without the present improvements.

How long has it been worth \$30,000?

Twenty-five years at least.

Have you owned it long?

Yes, for thirty years.

How much has it yielded you during the last twenty-five years?

I couldn't tell you.

How much money have you in bank and at interest now?

Perhaps \$5,000 all told.

Do you owe any debts?

Some; my growing crops and the stock I shall sell would pay my taxes and square up all my accounts, I think.

Then your \$30,000 farm has been paying you \$200 a year?

Oh! more than that.

Tell me how?

I've kept my family during that time and reared and educated my two children, a boy and a girl. They are both married, and I gave them \$5,000 each to set up housekeeping.

At a venture, how much did it cost you to rear your family and educate your children?

At a guess I will say \$10,000. And you gave them \$10,000?

Yes. And have \$5,000 yourself?

Yes.

Then you have made \$25,000 in twenty-five years out of your \$30,000 farm?

That appears to be about the size of it.

HASN'T GOT RICH.

You haven't grown rich farming for a quarter of a century under a high and burdensome tariff tax?

Certainly not.

And yet you began forty-five years ago with as much or more capital than any of the millionaires who have become rich under the operation of this vicious tax system, misnamed "protection" which takes from the many to give to the few. Do you know how many—rather how few—men own or control half the wealth of this country; who came into ownership or control of it under this same vicious tax system?

I have no idea.

I saw a curious compilation the other day, and here it is: Our total wealth of all kinds is estimated at \$45,000,000,000. There are five American citizens with private fortunes averaging \$50,000,000 each, 50 with \$10,000,000, 100 with \$5,000,000, 200 with \$3,000,000, 500 with \$1,000,000 and 1,000 with \$500,000. In other words, 1,855 persons own \$3,000,000,000, or more than twice as much as all the actual money in the country. A less number of men, not to exceed 1,000—railway magnates, princely bankers and heads of vast protected corporations—have absolute control, equivalent almost to actual ownership of \$25,000,000,000 more. Less than 3,000 men controlling \$28,000,000,000 of the \$45,000,000,000 of wealth in the country.

May I ask you a question?

Proceed, Mr. Blossom.

Are any of these millionaires farmers?

Not a one. Some of them are ranchers, but they only hold their ranches as tributary provinces.

Just so. The farmer doesn't seem to have got under the right wing of the protection bird. He seems to have come in contact with its beak and claws.

Why Mr. Thurber is for Cleveland.

Francis B. Thurber, a leading wholesale grocer of New York, who supported Blaine four years ago, says: I cannot see that the Mills bill, which only reduces the average from 48 per cent, to 42 per cent, can be fairly considered a free trade measure. I am not a free trader. I believe that industries which have grown up under high tariff conditions should not be exposed to such sudden or too great reduction; but both parties pledged themselves in 1884 to reform the tariff and reduce the surplus, and the Democrats have been trying in good faith to do so, while the Republicans have done nothing but obstruct. I did not support Mr. Cleveland before. I did not like some of his acts while Governor of this State; but I think, on the whole, he has made a safe and good President, and is entitled to have four years more in which to develop and try the tariff policy he has marked out. There were Republicans who predicted the country would be ruined before he was elected, but it has not been ruined. The Republican party is making a mistake in trying through misstatements and prejudice to win a political advantage. This makes me feel that the weight of evidence is in favor of supporting the Democratic ticket.

Killed by a Woman.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Sept. 24.—The notorious "Lone Highwayman," who has been a terror to travelers for years, has been killed by Mrs. Lizzie Hay, at her home on the head prong of Rio Sabinal, Bander county. Mrs. Hay told the story of the killing as follows: Last Monday morning I was sitting in my room, when suddenly a masked man appeared on the front gallery. I told him to leave or I'd kill him. He laughed and said: "You're a plucky woman, but I'll have what I want out of this house or burn it down over your head." By this time I had a needle-gun and he had entered. I drew it down on him within eighteen inches of his heart, but it snapped, and he said: "I'll kill you!" at the same time producing a long keen-bladed knife, and aimed at my throat. I warded off the blow, but the next time he struck the end of the knife stuck in my forehead, making an ugly gash. At the same I reversed the ends of the gun and struck him over the head, felling him to the floor, and before he could rise I had reversed the gun and pulled the trigger. This time it fired, the bullet taking effect in his right side. He gave a yell and rolled out on the porch. I looked for another cartridge, but the blood was streaming down my face so I could not find them. I wiped it off with my apron, and reloaded my gun as soon as I found the cartridges. He had by this time almost reached his horse. I took good aim and fired, but I don't think I hit him. My husband was up in the canyon, but when he came home a few hours after dark, he immediately organized a party of rangers. They traced him for a distance of twenty miles by his blood and found him dead.

Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 25.—Under the heading "Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine," the Kennebec Journal will to-morrow publish the following interview with Mr. Blaine:

A representative of this paper called on Mr. Blaine at his residence yesterday to ask if he desired to say anything in answer to the recently published letter attributed to the late Senator Conkling. Mr. Blaine's reply was as follows: Nothing could induce me to enter into a controversy over Mr. Conkling's grave. During our joint service in Congress—some sixteen years in all—we had some exasperating controversies, but I never spoke or wrote a word concerning him except politically, and now that he is dead my lips are sealed against every form of criticism or unkind expression, no matter what may be the imprudence or injustice of any of his surviving friends.

Our reporter asked Mr. Blaine if he had noticed that doubt had been expressed in several papers as to Mr. Conkling being the author of the published letter. Mr. Blaine replied that, of course he knew nothing about that point, but it was a great surprise to him that such a letter should have been written by Mr. Conkling. The date shows that the letter was written just six days after the close of an exasperating personal debate with Mr. Conkling, and if Mr. Conkling had intended to say anything of the kind he would have been apt to say it then, and not immediately afterward in a private letter, which was not given to the public for twenty-two years, and not until Mr. Conkling had been dead several months. The whole affair was not in accordance with Mr. Conkling's habitual courage in debate. When asked if he knew anything of Crandall or Haddock, Mr. Blaine replied that he had never seen either of them, and had never heard the name of either except on the occasion of his personal debate with Mr. Conkling in April, 1866. Though he had not charged his mind with the fact, so as to remember accurately, his strong impression was that they were both officers in New York under the Enrollment act during the war, and that both had been dismissed from the service for misconduct in office.

Mr. Blaine was then asked by our representative if he had anything to say about the charge that he had made money out of the recruiting funds in the war. He replied that he might with equal truth be charged that he had made money by robbing the mails or by piracy on the high seas. The reporter asked if the whole business of the recruiting scandal had not been fully investigated in Maine. Never, said Mr. Blaine, was a subject more thoroughly or more persistently investigated than the recruiting scandals which grew up in this State the last year of the war in connection with the filling of town quotas by what were known as paper credits. It was investigated by special committees of two Legislatures and finally and most searching by a public commission composed of three prominent gentlemen, two of whom were eminent lawyers, and the third a distinguished officer of the late war. One of the lawyers was a Democrat of the most pronounced type. There is not a word of evidence or even a suggestion or hint in any one of the three reports that he had any more connection with the matter than had Mr. Conkling or his unwise friend who publishes this letter and attributes it to the dead statesman.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Levy a Tariff Tax Upon Poles, Huns and Italians.

TO OUR FELLOW-WORKMEN: The following paper was read, preamble and resolutions adopted and ordered printed and distributed throughout the United States at a recent meeting of Machinery Constructors' Assembly No. 12, Knights of Labor, hoping thereby to gain your hearty co-operation in the movement: MASTER WORKMAN AND BROTHERS: It seems to me that labor societies are treating lightly a question that is of the greatest importance to them. They boldly claim that the two great political parties, so-called, are but the creatures of railroads, monopolies and trusts, and have no real, genuine regard for the laboring man, and yet they patiently wait, without agitation or discussion, for them to consider what to-day should be the greatest of great questions to us who have to labor for existence—I mean the "emigrant question."

It is time for some one to move in the matter, and why not we? Let us begin the agitation, and perhaps, it may be taken up by others and the movement become strong enough to demand recognition from Congress. It should be understood in agitation on this question there is no reflection cast on that portion of our population that is "foreign by birth." It would be wrong to do so, for some of us—far removed or near, owe our origin to foreign blood. At the same time, the hour has come when this question must be met and, without any side lights, any isms or theories, we must meet it and decide what is best for our country. Foreign as well as native citizens should see the force of this and unite for self protection. The outlook for American labor is very dreary. Thousands monthly come here to share that which is not sufficient for us. The Swedes, Ger-

mans, Irish, Scotch, and English keep our trades full to overflowing, while the Poles, Huns, Italians, etc. have so degraded unskilled labor that few are willing to share it with them, being unable to subsist on the wages, not having learned to exist and be happy on a piece of black bread and an onion.

It is, indeed, the burning question of the day, and our legislators at Washington should so consider it. If, instead of spending fifty-one days in trying to give us a cheap suit of clothes, they had given one-half the time to this question, it would have been better for us. But let no more time be wasted. Let us raise such a mighty shout that it will be heard in Washington, and the law-makers be forced to legislate directly for us.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, It is becoming evident that, no matter how prosperous we are as a nation, or how much business our manufacturers have, the laboring cannot receive the natural benefits arising from such a condition, owing to the undue competition of labor; and,

WHEREAS, The army of unemployed is growing larger and larger and the competition keener, labor is fast losing its independence, and men are surely becoming serfs to capital; and,

WHEREAS, Unskilled labor is becoming degraded by reason of the influx of Poles, Huns and Italians into our country; and,

WHEREAS, This state of affairs will continue so or grow worse as long as we permit unlimited and free immigration; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That a copy of this preamble and resolution be forwarded to the National Board, with a request to draft a bill making it unlawful for emigrants to land in this country without paying a per capita tax, said tax to be high enough to practically prohibit the Poles, Huns and Italians. The said bill to be presented to Congress.

Type-writer Girls Not "Fast."

A well-known lawyer advertised for a typewriter. That same day about forty girls called at his office, but none of them wanted the position, and they left the place in high dudgeon. The man came up here and said he could not understand the girls at all. "Some of them called me insulting," said the counselor. "Others declared I was no gentleman. A few said they would report me to the police, while others threatened to send their brothers or gentlemen friends around to settle with me. I declare I did nothing wrong, and I am mystified." "Just repeat your conversation," I said to the lawyer. He did, and I found that he asked every girl who called if she was "fast." The poor fellow meant "rapid." But he cut the die, and the girls took him at his word. He secured a good writer after I called attention to his mistake. Typewriters are a moral set, and they rank higher than most of the professions. It requires a girl of more than common education to become an expert.

A PRINCE ON TARIFF REFORM.

At Twenty-second and Diamond streets last night the Progressive Democratic Club had a grand opening of their Wigwag and a parade by the members. Thomas I. Roach presided at the meeting and speeches were made by Emanuel Furth, G. W. Ward, George Coanor, of the Record, one of the best talkers in the Typographical Union, and Thomas Jacobs, of Jersey City. Mr. Coanor spoke of the frauds that had been perpetrated by the Republican party towards labor organizations under the cloak of protection and cited some cases, including the Bethlehem Iron Works, who after persuading their employes to leave the societies he said they promised them but a nominal reduction of their wages and reduced them 48 per cent.

Continuing, Mr. Coanor said: "When the Kensington weavers some years ago were starving, the manufacturers shut down their looms rather than submit to the demands of the men, but afterwards engaged New England weavers upon the same terms as those asked by their former employes. George Towns referred to a sight that he saw in Staffordshire, of women making chains, but one has not to go farther than protected Pennsylvania to see delicate girls making nails and barbed-wire for avaricious manufacturers who will not pay men for men's work. Sugar trusts closed refineries and raised sugar two cents per pound to enrich themselves. Trusts always cause artificial prices.

"Statistics show that in the current year five hundred and nine strikes and lockouts have occurred in heavily protected districts, against one hundred and eleven in others. Those papers in New York and Philadelphia that howl protection and employ rat labor at rat prices, and those who support tariff reform pay fair prices in every instance. Thomas Jefferson, the founder of Democracy, Andrew Jackson showed his love for America and New Orleans; another Jackson will be returned in November in the person of Grover Cleveland. It is the duty of every Democrat to discuss the question of tariff reform with their Republican friends and not to leave it entirely to the stump speakers on the rostrums and in this way many converts can be made to the party.

An Affidavit Appears.

Knights of Labor Lodge 100 a few weeks ago through its Secretary, Edwin F. Gould, made application for a \$1,000 reward offered by the Indianapolis Journal for proof that General Harrison ever said, as was freely charged, that \$1 a day was enough for a workingman. Statements were furnished with the demand, but the Journal insisted upon affidavits to the effect: The following from a trustworthy member of organized labor residing at Brightwood, Ind., was furnished the Journal to-night: State of Indiana, Marion county.

John G. Swartz, being duly sworn, testifies under oath that he was employed by the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway in July, 1877; that he went on strike on the day that the strike took place, on or about July 18, 1877, for an increase in wages; that he was present at the conference meeting in the old Council chamber held during the period that said strike lasted, with Ben Harrison, A. G. Porter and other prominent citizens, with reference to the strike; that he heard Benjamin Harrison say that the strikers were law breakers, and as such were not entitled to any sympathy whatever from the public; that the said Benjamin Harrison [now a Presidential candidate] further said that the men ought to return to their work; that the railroads could not afford to pay higher wages; that the wages was enough, and that \$1 per day was enough for any workingman; that he himself could live on that amount; and that Benjamin Harrison further said that if the men did not return to work the militia should be brought into service and the men forced to return to work.

JOHN G. SWARTZ. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25th day of September, 1888.

JOSEPH T. FANNING, Notary Public.

Steam Heat for Cars.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has been conducting some very interesting experiments at its Altoona shops to determine the efficiency of steam as a medium for heating cars. Several trains were fitted up with the apparatus of different systems, but so far no system has met all the requirements as a perfect car heater. When the agitation against the use of stoves in cars was raised a year ago the company fitted up a train of five cars and made a thorough trial of the principal of steam heating. The result was that while the temperature in a train composed of two or three cars could be raised to the desired degree in a short space of time, it was with difficulty maintained. In a train of five cars it was impossible to raise the temperature to a moderate heat by using 380 pounds of steam per hour, the last car being uncomfortably cold. It is desired to find a method that will successfully warm any number of cars in a reasonable time and sustain the temperature. It is to this end that the Pennsylvania company is experimenting. If the result should be favorable the new arrangement could not be introduced on all the lines for at least one year, as all the cars and engines would have to be fitted up anew.

THE MUSICAL SNAKE.

In the year 1864 a Confederate soldier from one of the Louisiana regiments came home with one of the young men and spent his furlough at Vioeland. The soldier had a pet rattlesnake about two feet long which he carried in an inside pocket of his shirt. The soldier would whistle to the snake "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and other popular war tunes, which always had a noticeable effect on the little snake. He used the root of some kind of herb as a charm and acrolein made on the floor or ground with the root the snake would not dare attempt to cross. One day while out in the field after fodder for his horse the soldier placed the snake in his hat and put it upon the fence, first running his root around the brim of the hat so that the snake could not crawl out, but there came a puff of wind and blew the hat off the fence, and the influence of the charm being removed, the snake crawled off into a swamp near at hand. The prettiest thing about the snake was that he was beautifully tattooed with different colored licks. The name of the snake was Dick, the initials of the soldier and his regiment and the company and C. S. A. all beautifully tattooed on the back of the snake. As time passed on and lifted the war clouds and let in the sunshine of peace and prosperity no more was thought of the soldier and his little rattlesnake Dick, till 1886 [twenty-two years after the war], a negro woman in passing the swamp discovered a very large rattlesnake, which, after being killed, was found to have twenty-six rattles and two buttons, and his hide, when stuffed, held three pecks of bran, but all the tattooing had grown out. Then how are we to know that it was Dick? Why, when the woman assumed a warlike attitude, Dick sprung his rattles and of Dixie in such notes as would put to blush a regular brass band and to the tune of which he marched about one hundred well-armed young rattlesnakes about six feet in length, all rattling off Bonnie Blue Flag—Swainsboro (Ga.) Pine Forest.