

The Baltic Canal is the outcome of a project formulated 500 years ago.

When the Siberian Railway is complete one can go from London to Japan in sixteen days, and girle the earth in about forty.

In their jubilant delight in their fine crops Western Kansas and Nebraska are already proffering to send "relief" to the effete East.

The mortality among cattle at sea, resulting from cruelty, want of water, etc., was formerly stated at sixteen per cent., while at the present time it is one per cent.

"Health," said Miss Arnold in Boston, to the Chauncey Hall kindergarten graduates, "is the first requisite of success. The 'new' woman has none of the old-fashioned belief in nerves and notions."

A colored man and a Chinese woman were married in Lawrence County, South Dakota, a few days ago. The Clerk of the Court had serious doubts as to whether they were a good legal match, and postponed granting the necessary license until he was fully satisfied that such a union was not forbidden.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says this year will go into history as bicycle year. The growth of the wheel's popularity has been so amazing that it seems as if all the world had suddenly discovered that the wheel is a good thing and is trying to get on one as soon as possible. The roads are alive with cyclists. The factories cannot meet the demand. The supply of tubing is exhausted.

Economy in small things is the rule of life among the poor of France. In this country we waste enough in a week in the way of food to supply a French family for a month. They utilize crumbs and scraps and bits of food which we seemingly regard with disdain, and all of which is perfectly healthful and suited for food. It is no wonder to the San Francisco Chronicle that under such conditions that the people of France have more available property and wealth than any people in the world.

The common cotton tail rabbit appears to be continually pushing its way northward and replacing the Northern hare. Mr. Bangs finds that the latter is rare in Massachusetts, has almost wholly disappeared from many parts of New Hampshire, though it still abounds in Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. He accounts for the spread of the cotton tail to the northward as the result of the destruction of the pine and spruce forests which are replaced by a scrubby second growth of shrubs. "The hare goes into the coniferous forests and the cotton tail comes in with the second growth."

The new impulse lately given to gold mining has brought new life into many deserted towns and abandoned camps in the West. One of the most notable of these resurrections—revival does not accurately describe the situation—is in the case of the camp of Florence, Idaho. In 1861 this camp had a population of 30,000 people, with banks, saloons, hotels and everything that goes to the making of a city. It was a placer camp, and gold was plentiful as gravel, while it lasted. But it didn't last long, and in those bonanza days miners would not stay to work quartz. So the population deserted Florence as quickly as it came, and for many years the town was absolutely deserted, and as much a ruin as ancient Carthage. Recently several good quartz ledges have been discovered at the old camp, and Florence is building up again.

Sheep farmers, the world over, have been very busy during the last thirty-five years. In that period the St. Louis Star-Sayings estimates that the increase has been ten-fold in the Argentine, nine-fold in Australia and five-fold in South Africa and the United States. At the commencement of the Civil War the clip was two pounds per head of our population; now it is five. New sources are also being opened up to us daily by new railroads, and clothing should go down in price at a very brisk rate. Parts even of Asia are now sending wool westward. The Afghan "doomchee"—a sheep with a tail the height of the animal and as broad as its hind quarters, furnishes good wool, as also do some of the Persian and Thibet sheep, but India, China and Burmese sheep cannot do so. The sheep there grow hair instead of wool, and another peculiarity they possess is that no one ever saw a purely white native sheep in India or Burmah.

GADNESS.

A warmth of gold, all summer stored, The golden rod gives up, And filled from springtime's scantier hoard Shines the sweet buttercup; And from the singing of the breeze And low, sweet sound of rain, The little brook learns melodies To sing them back again. Forgotten all the cloudy sky Of dark days overcast; For flower-hearts let gloom go by, But hold the sunshine fast. And, all year long, the little burn, Though wintry boughs be wet, Picks out the happy days to learn— The sad ones to forget. —Charles B. Going, in St. Nicholas.

THE BICYCLE'S STORY.

AM a bicycle. Not such a swept along by the full tide of power, the conqueror leads to crimson glory and undying fame, but a plain, ordinary—no, not as "ordinary"—bicycle for hire. True, I am in a good state of repair and am as comfortable as my keepers can make me, but I am not decked in ribbons and nurtured in commodious quarters and ridden only by the aristocracy over smooth pavements and for short distances.

I never even had such luck when I first came from the factory. I thought I was going to fall into that good fortune, but a man took me on trial—that is to say, he took me on trial in the instalment plan and tried to pay for me, but couldn't, and was forced to return me at the end of a month, and then I was only good enough to go among the hirelings, and there I have stayed ever since. Goodness me, how long it seems since I got the first wrench to my steel ribs and had my frame skinned against a tree box!

I was born a combination wheel—that is, you can take out my spinal column, and then I can be ridden by a lady, not in bloomers, and thank my stars my bloomers have ever yet developed me in their folds. That time the man had me on trial, I think it was my most uncomfortable experience, for he was green at the business and so was I, and the result was that both of us got bumps innumerable, and though he came out of it with a twisted knee and sprained ankle and a barked nose and a lame arm and a hurt back and a black eye with a few other incidental casualties, I was nothing to brag of myself. That's why when he had to give me up they put me on the hiring list.

But I was experienced and that was something. A bicycle has a good deal to learn when it first leaves the factory. People who came to hire wheels looked a little shy at me as I stood quietly in my rack and then passed me by, but not for long. My keepers put a new coat of enamel on me and otherwise put me in shape, and thereafter I became quite popular. Bidders who had me out for a spin when they returned would say they didn't know why it was, but I seemed to be more intelligent than other wheels they had tried, and I was not half as liable to make a sudden swerve and bang into a wagon in the street or into a gatepost or over a bank, or to do any one of the forty dozen other things a bicycle is likely to do when the rider is least expecting it.

Of course, I knew this myself and was constantly striving to please, just as any other public servant is, for hadn't I had enough of bang and batter with that instalment plan party? I guess yes, and I am sure a properly regulated bicycle knows when it has had enough. Sometimes, though, I couldn't help being a little frisky. Once I remember an athletic sort of a fellow took me out and for six mortal hours he pedaled me all over every road in the suburbs, rough and smooth, and almost drove every bit of breath out of my tires. I submitted because I couldn't well do otherwise, but the time of my revenge was at hand. He was pumping me along a bit of pleasant country road where the shade would have been very grateful to me if he had only run along slowly, when he caught up with a pretty girl on an awfully ornamental wheel.

I could hear him laugh with a chuckle at his luck, and he sailed alongside of her and began talking. Of course, he had no business to, but bicyclists that way are not so extremely formal, and she talked back to him, and it wasn't long until he was entirely absorbed in the girl, and was leaving all the rest of the matter to me. Then I pricked up my ears and got ready, and all at once, when we came to a good place, I took a header into a ditch, the girl screamed, the man swore, and I lay over on my side helpless, but happy. He and I rode home in a passing bicycle wagon, the girl disappeared, and it cost him \$7 for repairs.

All kinds of people hired me, and with most of them I could do very well. Never, though, with a fat woman. There was one of these that thought she could reduce her flesh by riding, and she lit right down on me the first time she came into my place. How I regretted that I had not been born a man's machine, when she settled herself firmly in my saddle, and began paddling like a duck in the water. After that every day she came after me, and I began to feel my burden was more than I could bear.

But there was another woman—ah, me, what a delight it was to fly with her. She was a dainty little creature, light as a fairy and strong as wire, and she knew where all the prettiest places were, and there we went together, and she drew pictures

of sylvan scenes while I leaned up against a tree and watched her by the hour. One day a handsome young fellow wheeled by, and they nodded pleasantly, she blushing a bit, and he smiling. Several days after that they came to my place together, and she took me away with her for three days. That was a delight to me, for we went far off by easy stages, and the young man of his own wheel—a beauty, it was, too—went with us.

There were others in the party, but my interest was in these two, and I paid no heed to what the others did or where they went. The third day, as we went bowling homeward, my lady appeared to be ill at ease, and there were times when if I had not had all my wits about me we would surely have gone off the road and over the bank into whatever may have been below to have received us. The young man was never far off, but he was not as he had been, and after wondering nearly all day what could have happened, I remembered to have seen them the night before on the piazza, where I leaned up against the wall.

I was feeling the need of rest and did not pay much attention to them, but I remembered that they were quarrelling (one of those lovers' quarrels, you know) and she was an independent little body, quite equal to cope with any man. I knew this and so let it pass and took my rest quite oblivious to my surroundings or theirs. What really happened I don't know, but it must have been more serious than I suspected, for our homeward trip was anything but pleasant.

Then I didn't see him any more, though she and I took many little afternoons and morning spins together. I say I did not see him any more—I mean, for some time. There was several weeks later. We had gone into quite a remote section, where there was excellent sketching ground, and she had left me by a fence and clambered across a stony field among the crags overhanging a stream. I suppose she had been gone an hour when I heard her scream, and a minute or two later a man's voice shouting. No answer came to it, and presently his head showed above the rocks and he came tearing my way. He looked dreadfully frightened, and when he saw me he said "Thank God!" with a sincerity that seemed like a prayer, and springing me into the road he sent me along at a speed I thought was not in me. By degrees I began to understand that my lady was hurt in some way and he was going for help, for he was the young man my young lady admired most, and it was his face I had seen in her sketches—even more I had seen than before we had gone on that three day trip. When I knew what was expected of me to get the young man where help was, I braced myself to do my best, and I think I added greatly to his speed by my prompt response to his efforts.

He didn't know that a dumb wheel knew anything, but I am sure my lady would have known, for we were such good friends and I had never given her a moment's pain in all my life. Well, after five miles of a run we reached a physician's office in a little village and the young man hurried the doctor in to a carriage and back again we went, he riding away, telling the doctor where to come. I won't say what kind of time we made, but I think we did that five miles in ten minutes, though, being excited at the moment, I may be exaggerating. In any event the young man got back quite a time before the doctor did, and when he came he found me leaning against the rocks and my lady's head resting on the young man's arm. She was as white as a lily, with a little line of blood running down from under a handkerchief the young man had tied about her head, and when the doctor came she fainted, though she was conscious when the young man and I got back. The doctor immediately went about fixing her so he could carry her to a better place among these rocks, and as he worked over her I heard the young man telling him how he had been fishing in the stream below, and how he had seen her on the crags above, where a stone loosened under her foot, throwing her over into the water, where she struck a glancing blow upon a rock, which cut her temple. The water was not deep, but stunned as she was, she would have drowned if he had not been there to rescue her, and he had bound up her head and rushed away on me for the help that was needed. The doctor laughed softly as the young man was telling all this to him, and he looked at him rather queerly. I thought, for a physician to do in time of such awful danger, for my lady looked like she was dead, she was that white.

"Is she your wife?" asked the doctor, still smiling. "Oh, no," replied the young man, blushing furiously. "I thought it hadn't gone quite that far," said the doctor, and he laughed so that the young man got mad, and began to say words at the doctor. "That's all right," laughed the doctor again. "I like to see your interest in her. She will be your wife some day or I'm no judge of signs. Help me to put her in the carriage. I think by the time we get her to my place she will be sufficiently recovered to go home."

Going back, the young man wheeled right along behind the carriage as if it all depended on him. I don't think I ever saw so young a man that had quarrelled with a girl take so much interest in her. He even forgot me to the doctor's office, and they had to send out for me the next day. My lady was all right, and I was enough glory for both of us.

Postscript—Didn't I begin this by saying that I was a bicycle for hire? I wish to correct that. My lady and the young man came into my place to

day, and she put her pretty white hand on me and patted me as if I were very dear to her, and she told the man in charge of the place to send me to her house and send the bill along. "My husband will pay it," she said, and the young man smiled radiantly on her, and giving me a sounding slap on the saddle, remarked: "Old fellow, you're a corker. I don't know what that is, but I guess I must be it, for he would hardly tell a fib in the presence of my lady."—Detroit Free Press.

Oklahoma's Dog Killer. Down in Oklahoma they have many queer ways and queer things. The way they dispose of outlawed dogs would cause a citizen of Kansas City, who is used to the comparatively peaceful ways of the dog catcher and his noose and profanity, to shock. They have neither wagon nor noose in Oklahoma cities, but they have few stray curs which have forfeited their right to live because they have no master.

Not long ago a Kansas City man stood on one of the principal streets of a bustling town, looking up and down and figuring on the tablet of his mind a future great city, when up the street he heard the report of a gun and saw a crowd of people run in every direction. "Ah!" he thought, "a tragedy. What luck." For your ordinary peaceful citizen likes nothing better than the stimulus of a shock of that kind when in a country with a reputation for desperate deeds and men. Standing in the street was a small man holding a smoking shotgun, and writing upon the ground was a big yellow dog. Another shot and the dog was dead. Then the crowd swarmed in, and the man with the gun wormed his way out, followed by a crowd of adoring small boys. It was the city dog catcher. No noose and long torture for dogs in that town. The city executioner just loads up his gun and goes out and cancels a dog or two, and then collects a salary from the town.—Kansas City Star.

Learn to Listen. If the reader will listen to any heated debate, he will almost certainly find that neither of the disputants is making the slightest effort to recognize the force of his opponent's arguments; but each is only watching for something in the other's words that he can criticize, some weak spot that he can assail. That sort of thing may be all very well for soldiers on the field of battle, or for lawyers before the bar, but it is altogether unworthy of intelligent men in discussing the eternal verities. Every man should realize that as his own knowledge of spiritual truth is necessarily imperfect, it is altogether likely that he can learn something from the man who differs from him most radically, and that it is far better to learn what he can from that man than to waste time and make sacrifice of good-fellowship by aimless controversy. That seems a very simple proposition, and yet all the bitter controversies and religious persecutions of the past, and all the doctrinal disputes of the present are due to the failure of men generally to see the truth that each can learn something from the other, but that no man can convince another against his will.

It is not the most fluent talker, nor the most plausible debater who gives the greatest proof of intelligence, but the man who is always ready to listen and to learn.—New York Witness.

Thumping Through Seas. Something entirely new in vessel propulsion has been patented by Lorenzo Julia Y. Ping, a Spanish captain. Two propellers are employed, one at each side of the keel, the propeller having the same weight as the water to be displaced, and being forced outward by steam power and returned by the pressure of the water in its rear. The propeller is a hollow cylinder, moving in a stuffing box through openings at each side of, and so as not to interfere with, the rudder the major portion of the propeller when in its inner position being exposed and accessible from the interior of the vessel. In front of each stuffing box is a steam cylinder, the piston head and propeller being connected by a rod, and steam being admitted only to the front of the piston head to force the propeller outward. The propeller is designed to have a very easy motion, with no tendency either to rise or lower, thus reducing the friction to a minimum, and all of the propelling mechanism is so located to be readily accessible in case repairs are needed.

Too Much Thisile. Western farmers find that individual attempts at fighting the Russian thisile avail nothing, because the plague grows again faster than the individual farmer can find time to hoe it down, so they all unite as often as convenient to have "hoing bees" in designated localities. The details of operations are settled by the town council, everyone in the neighborhood takes a day off to fight thisiles, and in this way it is possible to make at least some stand against the spreading plague and to keep some sections fairly free for other than thisile crops. Some day science will find the thisile useful and then it will immediately become delicate, difficult to raise and scarce.

Taught Many Schools. William Mark Brooks, of Norway, is now in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and claims that he has taught more schools than any other man in Maine. In the 114 schools he has taught he has whipped 115 pupils. He says he does not believe in punishment, except in extreme cases.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Rose From Her Hair—His Business—No Longer Aristocratic—Talking Shop, Etc., Etc. She gave him the rose from her hair; He had called and was going away; She gave him the rose, but she did not suppose He would keep it forever and aye. Yet the dead rose was carefully kept; As he was too true to her, far; For the rose that she gave him found an odorous grave. In his other girl's potpourri jar. —Washington Post.

His Business. "You ought to see that fellow strike a balance." "I suppose he's a bookkeeper?" "No, he's a professional juggler."—Detroit Free Press.

Obliterated. "So you were in the Iowa cyclone. At what point did the storm leave the town?" "Dobbs—'It didn't leave the town—' took it along."—Truth.

No Longer Aristocratic. "You're surely not going to have Mrs. Naylor arrested! Don't you remember that she had kleptomania last winter?" "Thred—'Yes; but her husband has failed since then.'—Puck.

Might Be Disfranchised. Young Wife—"What! You think of joining the army? Horrors!" Husband (tenderly)—"Are you afraid I'll get killed?" Young Wife—"No; I'm afraid you'll run."—New York Weekly.

He Had His Doubts. Zigzby—"I think a man is a coward who would strike a woman, don't you?" Perkisy—"Well, I don't know. No coward would dare to strike my mother-in-law."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not an Encouraging Example. "Give me the man who sings at his work," quoted the citizen who believes all he reads. "Well," rejoined the skeptic, "I'm not so sure about it. You know the mosquito does that."—Washington Star.

Talking Shop. "Is my proposal accepted?" he asked of the daughter of the naval constructor. "It is received and filed," she responded, "but I expressly reserve the right to reject any or all bids."—Judge.

Easily Explained. "I wonder what makes these buttons burst off so?" Dora petulantly exclaimed. David looked at her tight-fitting dress. "Force of habit, probably," he said after a thoughtful pause.—Rockland Tribune.

Her Method. "Mrs. Brown never sits up to wait for her husband?" "No?" "No. When she expects him to be out late, she retires early, sets the alarm at 3 o'clock, and gets up, refreshed and reproachful."—Life.

Didn't Phrase Him. "So you think you can stand the arduous duties of a variety actor? You know in our play we find occasion to throw you down a thirty-foot flight of stairs into a barrel of rain water." "I think I can stand it," said the hungry man. "I was a tax collector for three years."—Tit-Bits.

The Reason Why. New Parson—"Which do you like best, Willie, your day school or your Sunday-school?" Willie—"My Sunday-school." New Parson—"I am glad to hear that. Why do you like your Sunday-school the best?" Willie—"Because it is only once a week."

Two Varieties in One. Bass—"And of which variety is your wife, the clinging vine or the self-assertive?" Cass—"A little of both. When she wants a new dress or a new bonnet she generally begins in the clinging-vine role; if that doesn't bring the money, then she changes to the self-assertive; and—well—she invariably gets the dress or the bonnet."—Boston Transcript.

The Bluff Worked. At 7 o'clock in the morning two duellists, who are to fight to the death at a place in the suburbs, met at the ticket office of the railway station. "Give me a return ticket, as usual," says the first duellist to the clerk, in a terrific tone and with a ferocious twist of his moustache. "I—I say, do you always buy return tickets?" stammered his opponent. "Always." "Then I apologize."—Tit-Bits.

Devises of the Milkman. "I declare!" Mrs. Wiggin exclaimed, pouring a light blue stream out of her pitcher, "if the milk doesn't grow poorer every day! What shall we do with the milkman?" Mr. Wiggin saved gloomily at his mate. "I—I say, do you always buy return tickets?" stammered his opponent. "Always." "Then I apologize."—Tit-Bits.

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Factories Under Free Trade.

The census statistics of the United States have made us familiar with the manner in which factories in the United States have increased in number and grown in extent during our uninterrupted periods of protection. In 1870 we had 252,148 different manufacturing establishments; in 1890 we had 355,415 manufacturing establishments in the United States, an increase of more than 100,000 establishments within twenty years. This was the direct result of the policy of protection. Let us see what happens under the policy of free trade.

Taking the number of factories in the leading industries in the United Kingdom, such as the textiles, cottons, woollens, shoddy, flax and hemp, silk and elastic manufactures we give the total number of factories in that country in the years 1874 and 1893 as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Industry, 1874, 1890. Textile: 7,294, 7,119. Cotton: 2,455, 2,538. Woolen: 1,800, 1,792. Shoddy: 125, 125. Flax and hemp: 519, 462. Silk: 814, 623. Elastic: 90, 51.

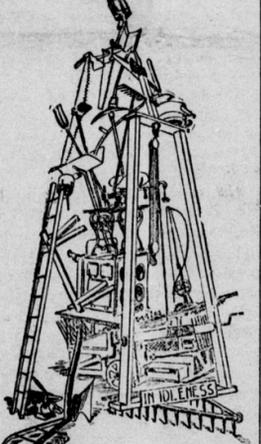
It will be noticed that there were 104 fewer textile manufacturing establishments in the United Kingdom in 1890 than there were in 1874; there were 117 less cotton factories; there were seven less woolen factories; there were fifty-eight less flax and hemp factories; there were 195 less shoddy factories; there were thirty-six less elastic factories. The falling off in the number of these manufacturing establishments during a policy of free trade. It will be noticed in the foregoing list that there has been no decrease in the number of shoddy factories in the United Kingdom. Shoddy holds its own under free trade.

Is it well for us to maintain shoddy interests and diminish our textile trades, our cotton, woolen and silk factories, as is done under a policy of free trade?

Is it not better for us to stick to the policy of protection that gave us an increase of over 100,000 manufacturing establishments during a period of twenty years?

Study the free trade facts and there will be no hesitation in giving an answer.

A Monument to Free Trade.



What Protection Does. An industry that has been established in this country directly through the enactment of the McKinley tariff is that of making condensed milk. The Anglo-Swiss Company, for instance, has its factories in Switzerland, in England and in the United States, employing some 1300 workmen in all three countries. For labor of similar quality the American receives 111 per cent. more money than the average rate of wages paid to the Swiss worker, and 134 per cent. more than the average paid to the Englishman. Without protection to the American condensed milk business the American wage-earner will be likely to have a reduction of about 100 per cent. in his earnings, or the factories would be closed and the entire work be conducted again in Europe.

Work for Foreign Factories. We bought almost twice as much cotton cloth last March as we did in March, 1894, and, during the nine months ending March 31, 1895, we bought over 36,000,000 square yards, as compared with purchases of 23,226,000 square yards during the corresponding nine months a year earlier.

That Breach in the Wall. If we again attain what we lost thirty years ago, the power to compete with her for the carrying trade of the world, it will be an extremely serious matter for "British interests."—New York Times.

Too "Serious," by Jove. Yes, it would be very "serious," you know. So "serious," by Jove, that the New York Times opposes the encouragement of American shipbuilding by subsidies as it is encouraged in England, you know, preferring that we buy their second-hand old tubs, which would always keep us at the end of the procession, by Jove, and prevent anything so shocking from happening; that would be an extremely "serious matter," you know, for "British interests."

FRAUD EXPOSED.

THE MASK TORN FROM THE FACES OF FREE TRADERS.

Quibbles and Evasions Are Favorite Democratic Arguments—Boston and New York Editors Who Favor Fiction Rather Than Fact—Visionary Elaborations Burst Like Pricked Bubbles.

Under the above misleading heading the Boston Herald had a very long article in its issue of June 17. We append some of its assertions and our comments thereon. First we quote:

"The system of protection is asked for the reason that those living in a country find, for one or more of a variety of reasons, that they cannot manufacture and sell a given article at as low a price as a similar imported article can be sold for."

This is very true, sir; but protectionists seek to establish and foster home industries for the common benefit of the entire people. It is not entirely a question of price, as your statement would indicate. The industry well established, competition cheapens the product.

"The intention of the protective system is to impose a sufficiently high tax upon the imported article as, added to its cost and the profit of the producer, will make it sell in the market of the protected country at a price sufficiently high to justify the protected domestic manufacturer in placing his own wares in the same market in competition with the imported goods."

The display of candor here is all right, but it might very properly have been said that the protective system does not operate as a "high tax" and that protection is accorded because the interests of labor demand it as well as those of the actual "producer," competition, as we have said, checking exorbitant prices.

"Sometimes the protection tax has been raised so high as to make importation and a subsequent profitable sale impossible to the foreign manufacturer, thus giving the market completely to the domestic producer."

The assertion here made is in direct conflict with the free trade assumption that the American producer adds the tariff rate to what might be a fair price for his goods. Now, if he does this, cannot the "foreign manufacturer" sell his wares and fabrics in this market as well as the home producer?

"But it should be obvious that the inevitable result of a tax of this kind is to increase the cost of goods to their purchasers, whoever they may be, an increase which in a country like the United States, where there are a large number of liberal purchasers, may easily amount to hundreds of millions of dollars a year."

It should not be "obvious," for it is not so. The "inevitable result" has been to lower the cost of goods to the purchasers whether in the money price, or in the cost as measured by the exchange of products. This is a matter of fact, which in the case of iron manufacturers, cotton, woollens and other goods can be determined by comparing the prices before and after protection went into effect.

"Thus, taking the country as a whole, every gain that is secured to its protected industries is obtained by the sacrifice of just so much taken from the unprotected industry, and, as the system is artificial and is necessarily an interference with trade, besides being exceedingly expensive in application, its result is not merely an arbitrary subtraction of the wealth of a certain part of the community for the benefit of another part, but induces what may be termed the loss of friction—a loss which affects all interests alike, both protected and unprotected."

"Taking the country as a whole," it will be found that the "unprotected industries" profit by the home market which the protected industries provide for them. Hence, the producers of goods on the free list are as zealous protectionists as any others. The Herald here evidently refers not to a tariff for protection but to such a tariff as the President of the United States refused to sign. It is under the Gorman tariff that such "unprotected industries" as the raising of wool and lumber are "sacrificed." It is the policy of the party that the Boston Herald represents to rob the many producers for the benefit of a few manufacturers. This is in line with the scheme of the Evening Post, of New York, which would rob the lumber producers to enrich the furniture manufacturers. But we are proud to say that manufacturers, as a rule, are not in sympathy with any such narrow minded, selfish policy. There are some, it is true, who are free traders from motives of individual greed. The true protectionist is a liberal minded American, anxious to see prosperity extend to all sections of the country and to all its industries.

