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Our colleges have at least $100,000,000 whence they derive the income for their support.

The New York Sun wants the name of the city changed to Manhattan, which, it thinks, would mean something.

Colonel Waring, of New York, states that he can clean asphalt for two-thirds the cost of cleaning granite blocks imperfectly.

In the Loo Choo Islands in the Pacific, though there are neither vehicles nor public lighting, the inhabitants have letter boxes and telephones.

The fruit and market garden business of the South now brings into that section $50,000,000 a year and the Atlanta Constitution predicts that in the next few years it will be doubled.

Recent statistics show, especially in European countries, that the number of horses used in cities and towns increases every year in a more rapid proportion than the population of the same, and is owing, no doubt, to the greater number of public conveyances and the traffic steam and electricity bring.

The Soldiers' Colonization Company, of Indiana, has just bought 113,000 acres of land in Wilcox and Irwin Counties, Georgia. It is estimated, in the New York Tribune, that 5000 families, or about 30,000 persons, will settle within the next two years on the land which has been bought. It is the intention of the colonies to settle on farms of sizes according to their means. They expect to be prepared out of their present savings and resources to tide over the period between this harvest season and the next. In addition to farmers, the colony will include artisans, fruit-growers and others seeking more favorable labor, climate and health conditions. They will come from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin and other Western States. The company purchasing the property is a joint stock organization formed several years ago, and numbering about 7000 stockholders. Assessments have been paid in at intervals, and the stockholders will contribute their paid-up shares in purchase of farms in the section bought by the company.

Report is made of a new application of electricity which will drive a first-class ocean steamer across the Atlantic at an expenditure of $200, whereas it now costs $10,000. It is a tale of magnitude, surpassing that of the Australian kangaroo, which is larger than the animal it grows out of, but there may be something in it. So many wonders have been wrought with this unseen, mysterious force that the promise of a new one, no matter how great, need not excite incredulity. It is reasonable to expect it to be applied to the propulsion of all sorts of craft, ocean or other, but such a saving of expense as that promised is beyond anything heretofore dreamed of, and there may be some mistake about it. Its economies need not be so extreme to enable it to revolutionize the commerce and business of the world. One thing about the electrical force is apparent, and that is that its work is only begun. It is to spread through the whole system of man's activities around the world, with influences upon his career and destiny not yet measured or measurable.

According to the New York World the farmer who has hay to sell this year will find it a paying crop, and generally through the States east of the Alleghanies there has been enough rainfall to bring the yield nearly to the average. But in the valleys of the Ohio, the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri a deficiency of from six to eleven inches in the rainfall during the spring months has made the grass crop unusually short, a large proportion of the meadows being scarcely worth cutting. The hay crop of last year was nearly eleven million tons less than the crop of 1893, and the prospect of another and much greater deficiency in the marketable surplus has put a fancy price upon the available supply out West. Farmers can generally provide for home use a substitute in the form of corn fodder, or eke out a deficiency of clover and timothy by turning under winter wheat stubble and sowing millet. But a shortage in the hay crop is a big loss to the country. The farm value of this crop of 1893, according to the statistican of the Agricultural Department, was $570,882,872, or more than twice the farm value of last year's wheat crop and $16,000,000 more than the value of last year's corn crop.

UP GARRET.

What a world of fun we had,
You a lass and I a lad,
Up garret!
In the sweet mysterious dusk,
Redolent of mint and musk,
With the herbs strung overhead,
And the "peppers" stiff and red,
And, half hidden by dangling corn,
Grandpa's flask and powder-horn!

Such a store of treasures rare
We were sure of finding there,
Up garret.
Hats and coats of pattern quaint;
Dark old paintings blurred and faint;
Spinning-wheels, whose gossip-whir
Might have startled Aaron Burr;
Old lace caps of saffron hue:
Dishes splashed with villas blue.

You in trailing silk were dressed.
I wore grandpa's figured vest,
Up garret.
So we stood up, hushed and grand,
And were married, hand in hand,
While the tall-cased clock beheld,
As it doubtless did of old,
When at great-grandfather's side
Stood his blushing Quaker bride.

Furnished ready to our hand
Was the cozy home we planned
Up garret.
Chairs that any modern belle
Would pronounce "antique and swell;"
Chests and dresses that would vie
With the grandest you could buy.
Ah! they didn't know it then—
Save the little maids and men.

All day long in childish wise
We spun out life's mysteries,
Up garret.
In the fragrant, spicy gloom
Of that dear old raftered room.
Oh, that life in very truth
Were but sweet, protracted youth,
And we all might play our parts
With unwearied, happy hearts!

—Harper's Bazar.

HOMER GILBERT'S LUCK.

IN the little town of Puente, Cal., lives Homer Gilbert, a queer old man, who eks out a living by growing garden truck for Los Angeles. No man in that section lives a more modest, quiet life than he, and hardly anybody who sees him among his cabbage and parsnips, on the outskirts of the town, would imagine that forty years ago he was famous among the gold seekers and fortune makers in the Eldorado in central California for his luck and riches. In those days he was known among miners in that State as Hobnail Gilbert.

Homer Gilbert came to the Pacific coast from Brooklyn in 1851. He was a young man, full of vigor and vim, but had not a dollar to his name and no trade or profession. For several weeks he knocked about San Francisco at odd jobs, blacking shoes, peddling fruit, working in eating houses and along the docks in the city. Everybody was wild over the news of the wonderful wealth that was washed from the earth in the canons and mountains. All who could get away to the mines had left the city, and there was a great demand for mechanics, especially carpenters. Gilbert had no money for mining, so he became a carpenter without a day's previous experience. In a few days he had got so far in his new trade as to buy tools, and in a month he was earning $12 a day as a woodwalk builder among the sand hills, which is now the centre of business in San Francisco.

One morning Gilbert read in a newspaper of the arrival at San Francisco of an English ship with a cargo of miners' tools and general hardware, which was to be sold at auction on the wharves. He decided to speculate a little, and he attended the auction for several drys. The pickaxes, shovels, and washpans were bought quickly by the hardware dealers and speculators at prices that discouraged Gilbert from making a bid. Finally a great quantity of hobnails was put up. The speculators did not seem to want them, and the bidding was low. Gilbert thought he saw his opportunity and he bid off 300 pounds of the nails for $600. When he had paid for the nails he had about $400 left. With this money he bought two mules, a camp outfit, and some provisions. Packing the nails and the other stuff on one of the mules, he started for the mountains.

The Sierras were alive with prospectors and at the end of the first week out Gilbert rode into a camp known as Little Jim. Gilbert joined the camp, and offered to sole and heel the miners' boots with imported nails. For each nail he got one bit or 12½ cents. Money was easier to get at Little Jim than shoes those days, and, as the nails protected the soles of the boots from the gravel, the miners readily fell in with Gilbert's plan. For a month he had all the work he could do, and at the end of that time he found he had accumulated gold dust worth $2000. He still had more than 200 pounds of nails, and, satisfied with the scheme he adopted, he moved his cobbling outfit to another camp, where the same prosperity attended him. It was eight months before Gilbert's nails gave out. As they grew scarce he increased the price until during the last month the miners were paying 50 cents each for hobnails. In eight months Gilbert had $25,000. By this time he had become thoroughly imbued with the gold fever, and in company with a prospector named Hendricks he set out on a prospecting tour, going over into the western edge of Alpine County. Hendricks was a young Englishman who had reached the mountains with considerable money in his pockets, but had met with hard luck, and when picked up by Gilbert he was dead broke.

For six months the men prospected the gulches with but little success. They finally pulled up stakes and moved into Nevada County, where they mined with good luck. Early in the fall of 1853 Gilbert fell ill of fever. Hendricks had studied medicine, but before completing his medical education he had got the gold craze and came to California. He nursed Gilbert as best he could, but the man grew worse steadily. Hendricks knew an herb that he had noticed growing a couple of miles up the ravine that, if steeped, would perhaps help the sick man. One morning he left the cabin to get some of this herb. While away a terrific thunder storm came up and the little stream that ran through the gulch began to rise. Knowing how rapidly these mountain streams rise in a storm, and fearing for the safety of Gilbert, as the cabin stood on the bank of the creek, Hendricks hurried back. The water rose very rapidly, and, though Hendricks ran as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, the flood outstripped him. When he came within sight of the cabin it was half under water, and the torrent threatened every instant to carry it away. One end of the building stood against an immense oak tree with spreading limbs. By climbing another tree Hendricks got into the oak. About two feet above the roof of the cabin a strong limb grew out. From this limb Hendricks descended to the roof, and as it was composed of brush and dirt, he quickly stamped a hole through it. The water had risen in the house nearly to the bottom of the bunk in which Gilbert lay. Hendricks dropped inside, and, with the water up to his armpits, wrapped Gilbert in blankets, fastened a rope securely around his body, threw the other end over the limb, and hauled him up. He was a strong man, and as Gilbert had been greatly emaciated by the fever, it was not hard to haul him up to the limb and secure him at a safe height in a fork of the tree.

Lashed to the tree, the sick man faced the storm. The cabin, protected by the trunk of the oak, stood fast, but a boulder, set loose by the flood, rolled down the gulch and crashed through the side of the building. When the storm had exhausted its force, the creek fell to its normal proportions, and Hendricks got Gilbert to the ground, where he made him as comfortable as possible.

Contrary to Hendrick's expectations, the sick man soon showed signs of mending, and in two weeks he was once more on his feet. The hole knocked in the side of the cabin by the boulder had let in sand and gravel, and the building was half full of wreckage when the water subsided. Many tools, cooking utensils and other things were covered by the sand and when Gilbert was well enough the men began the work of digging out their property. The peculiar appearance of the dirt attracted Gilbert's attention, and he washed out some of it. It proved to be rich with gold, and from the dirt in the cabin several thousand dollars' worth of dust was taken, besides a nugget of gold quartz that weighed more than twenty-three ounces. Gilbert concluded that there must be a rich spot up the gulch somewhere, and he set out prospecting for it. In three days he uncovered the placer that became well known as the Big Pay and was sold for $100,000, Gilbert and Hendricks dividing the money equally.

With his share Gilbert went back to San Francisco at the age of twenty-eight, worth about $80,000. He grubstaked four men in a new and unknown mining region of Placer County, and invested his wealth in real estate in San Francisco. One of the men whom he had grubstaked struck it rich in about a year, and he and Gilbert sold out for $40,000. In less than a month more further developments on the mine proved that its wealth had been exhausted and it was valueless. In the summer of 1855, when Gilbert was thirty years old, Gilbert turned his property into money and deposited in D. O. Mills's bank $123,000. He had decided to go back to his home in Brooklyn with that sum and astonish his relatives and friends with his wonderful fortune. As he was about to sail from Panama he met a man from Australia who persuaded him to go back to Brooklyn by sailing around the world in order to impress his family more with his wealth and the extent of his travels.

Gilbert got as far as Austrlia, where he remained several months. He became infatuated with the gambling games of that new country, and did not give up playing until he was penniless. In a few years he got back to California, but affairs had changed so much and business had become so established that he found he had no opportunity to pile up another fortune. He went out into the mountains of Contra Costa County and lived there alone for years. Then he drifted down to Southern California. He has not mentioned mines or gambling in thirty years. Occasionally he is visited by somebody who knew him in the fifties, but he never will say a word about the old times.—New York Sun.

Polish Way of Expressing Gratitude.

In Buffalo, N. Y., the other day, a Pole whose life was saved by Alderman Jonn Sheehan expressed his gratefulness to the Alderman by calling at his place of business and offering his rescuer one of his baby sons. The Alderman declined the proffered gift with thanks. The Pole said that was the only way he could fittingly express his gratitude, but the Alderman was firm, and the grateful man returned home with his infant son.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Pastoral—A Victim of Circumstances—An Unpardonable Error—1995, A. D., Etc., Etc.

The fishing season safely yields
A joyful, restful calm—
And the city dog takes to the fields
To catch a mess of lamb.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AN UNPARDONABLE ERROR.

Miss Gotham—"I believe she is very highly educated."

Miss Backbay—"She can't be; why, she pronounces the l in golf."—Brooklyn Eagle.

EXPLAINED.

Sympathetic Friend—"How did you come to be so horribly mangled?"

Victim—"The trolley car that hit me was equipped with the very latest improvement in fenders.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Mrs. Jones—"It is strange that a strong man like you cannot get work."

The Tramp—"Well, yer see, mum, people wants reference from me last employer, an' he's been dead twenty years."—Puck.

A LONELYWOOD SURE THING.

Jonesley—"Where do you think this 'ere new well you want me to dig ought to be, anyhow?"

Mr. Commuter (confidently)—"In the cellar. I know we can strike water there."—Judge.

1995, A. D.

Visitor—"Got anythin' worth seein' in your show?"

Museum Manager—"We got the man what never rode a bicycle."

Visitor (with excitement)—"Gimme a ticket!"—Chicago Record.

NOT FREE ENOUGH.

Wobbley Wiggles—"Do you believe in free silver?"

Wiggley Waggles—"Yes, but I don't see much of it; whenever I make a brace on de street de most I ever gets is a nickel."—Brooklyn Eagle.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

Brace—"I like a joke, but printing a fellow's death notice is carrying a joke too far."

Bagley—"Didn't you say you would pay me Saturday night that five you borrowed, if you were alive?"—Puck.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Mistress (to her domestic)—"I suppose you girls talk about each other just the same as we ladies do about persons in our set?"

Domestic—"No, mum, we mostly talks about the mistresses."—Boston Transcript.

WHAT SHE NEEDED.

Madam—"No, we do no cooking in the house here. I only drink milk. I take a cup of milk every two hours."

The Newly Hired Servant—"Well, madam, I do not see why you need me. What madam requires is a cow."—La Vie Parisienne.

NO LONGER A CRIME.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—"Horses are pretty cheap here nowadays, aren't they?"

Alkali Ike—"Cheap? They are so blamed cheap that when we capture a horse thief we send him to the lunatic asylum instead of lynchin' him."—Puck.

COULDN'T BLOW IT OUT.

"I am the Cheerful Idiot," remarked the new arrival.

"I am sorry, sir," said the hotel clerk; "but we are lighted with electricity throughout."

"Never mind," rejoined the other, as he registered; "I shall manage some way."—Puck.

UNFLATTERING.

Little Johnny—"Mrs. Talkemdown paid a big compliment to me to-day."

"Mother—"Did she really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say?"

Little Johnny—"She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I was."—Good News.

A RETURN FIRE.

Conceited Dude—"I am looking for Farmer Huckleberry's. Have you sense enough to tell me where he lives?"

Irish Boy—"It's mesilf who has since enuff ter tell yez; but it's moighty doubtful I be whether yez have since enuff ter understand."—Harper's Weekly.

A CHANCE FOR A DARK HORSE.

Sister May—"I think if you should propose to Grace she would accept you."

Brother Jack (eagerly)—"Do you? Has she said anything?"

Sister May—"No; but I know she was deeply in love with Harry Maxwell, and his engagement has just been announced."—Brooklyn Life.

UNABLE TO OBLIGE.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in the row behind, "but would you mind asking your wife to remove her hat? I assure you that I cannot see a thing on the stage."

"I'd like to oblige you, sir, but it is impossible," said the man addressed. "We live out of town, and we must get home to-night."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"What has that got to do with it? Why, our train goes twenty minutes after the end of the performance, and it takes her an hour to get that hat on."—Harper's Bazar.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Yerkes telescope will bring the moon with fifty miles of Chicago.

It is estimated that 90,000 conversations take place daily over the telephones in New York City.

The "dumb piano" is a new invention on which young ladies can learn music without making any sound.

The common toad catches its insect food by darting out its tongue so rapidly that the eye cannot follow the movement.

Two fine cobras, the first ever brought alive to this country, have arrived at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden from India.

In an experiment with electricity as a motive power on the Nantasket (Mass.) Beach Road a speed of eighty miles an hour is said to have been attained.

The hygienic congress at Buda-Pesth brought out the fact that there are four times as many men who stammer as there are women who are so afflicted.

A Boston philanthropist has purchased 5000 acres of land on which he will erect 500 cottages for consumptives, who will be furnished easy employment.

The Manchester (England) health officer says that he finds the death rate of the Hebrews living in the slums there as low as in the healthiest towns of England. This he attributes to their cleanliness.

About eight miles from Benson, Arizona, are vast ledges of silica, which supply the Bisbee works with several carloads a week. They use it for lining the converters. The ledges are forty feet high and sixty feet wide, and the quantity seems inexhaustible.

A new invention has been designed to prevent collisions at sea. At a recent test the force from electro-magnectic coils stationed on board a vessel successfully influenced a chemically prepared compass stationed some six miles away, causing it to set up an instantaneous peal of bells.

Belladonna is a preparation from the deadly nightshade, a plant familiar to most persons from being frequently seen as an ornamental shrub in the flower garden. All parts of the plant are actively poisonous, and many fatalities have resulted from the leaves or berries being incautiously chewed or eaten by children or even adults.

A blast of 1100 pounds of dynamite in twenty-seven holes was made recently at a quarry near Providence, R. I., blowing off the face of a cliff and dislodging about ten thousand tons of stone, some of the blocks weighing nearly twenty-five tons. The holes were twenty feet deep and the work of drilling is said to have cost $1000, with $250 more for the explosive.

A Dog Protector.

People who are habitual dog haters should read with some care an incident of life in Newark, where a pet dog led a distracted mother to her little two-year-old, which had strayed from home. The dog had kept near the child until the stupid individual into whose hands the child had fallen started a crowd of boys off with it to drown it, on account of its strange actions. The mother came up just in time to rescue the dog and then it in turn took her to where the child was. The only thing the matter with the dog was that it wanted to protect its little mistress. Nine-tenths of the time dogs that are simply overheated, fatigued or thirsty are set upon by a wild crowd of human beings, who go into a panic every time a dog pants and are ready to kill every innocent animal on general suspicion. Hydrophobia is bad enough, but it is a rare disease, while the ignorant dog hater is ever with us. Give the dogs a chance.—Philadelphia Press.

The Bicycle Lamp.

"There is a fortune awaiting the man who can invent a really good bicycle lamp," said the instructor. "The best one made is the searchlight, which cannot be bought for less than $5; it is the only one in which kerosene can be burned, sperm oil being used in the others. The great advantage of the searchlight is that it is less liable to go out in running across car tracks, ruts or rough places, but a sudden jerk often extinguishes the light in this, as well as in the cheaper and less ingenious lamps. The truth of the business is if cyclists could buy a well perfected lamp there would be none of these arrests of persons for riding without lamps. Lamps cost all the way from $1.50 up to $7, and will hold enough oil to burn about four hours."—Scientific American.

Future Singers From America.

"Within twenty-five years America will be furnishing the singers of the world," said an enthusiastic follower of the divine art, with whom I was talking, the other day. "Singers are growing up all around us," she added, "and the schools are full of really wonderful voices. Our chief weakness is in the way of tenors. We do not seem to get great tenor voices. Perhaps it needs a mountainous country to produce them—a country like Switzerland, which has brought out so many phenomenal tenors."—New York World.

Buffalo Crossed With Galloway Cattle.

In crossing the buffalo with the Galloway cattle, a splendid coat is produced. The hides of Galloway cattle of pure breed are excellent for all purposes for which buffalo hides were aforetime used, but some breeders are of the opinion that by careful selection and breeding an infinitely better grade can be produced than even the primitive buffalo at his best estate was able to furnish.—New York Ledger.

MEN OF THE SOUTH.

HOW THEY HAVE DRIFTED FROM TRUE DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINES.

Leaders Do Not Occupy the Old Solid Ground of Their Fathers—They Favor Local, but Not National Protection—Tariff for Revenue Only Not a True Doctrine.

The chasm between protection for home industry and true Democracy is not as wide or deep as many erroneously suppose it to be. The fact is, too many men in the South of the younger generation have been led astray. Leaders in the South do not occupy the solid ground which either the old Whigs or the Union or Jackson Democracy did years ago.

A "tariff for revenue only" is a new theory comparatively. Many pretend to favor, but fail to vote for, it in Congress whenever a bill containing that idea is presented that would operate harshly on some product in their own State, like coal and iron in Alabama, marble in Tennessee or sugar and rice in Louisiana. In other words, it is a doctrine good enough in theory but not in practice; like Mark Twain's lightning rod, they wanted it put a good ways off so as not to attract a fluid that impoverishes, paralyzes and destroys. As was well said, nearly sixty years ago, by a very ably constituted committee on "agriculture" in Congress:

"We would respectfully insist that when the soil, climate and other circumstances will enable the people of this country to produce by their own labor on their own soil any article which is extensively consumed among us, it is the duty of the Government to facilitate by all reasonable encouragement the production of that article. This course has ever been pursued by our own Nation and by every enlightened country on the face of the globe! It is true that this policy may for a short time add something to the price; but this will be much more than compensated for by the introduction of a new article of industry and its subsequent abundance and cheapness."

That has the ring of the true American doctrine of protection.

Mr. Louis McLane, a Democrat and President Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury, in his report December, 1831, favored a tariff that would discriminate so as "to encourage and protect the labor of the people of the United States from the advantages of superior skill and capital and the rival preferences of foreign countries." And he further said: "The various opinions by which the people of the United States are divided upon this subject concern the peace and harmony of the country, and I recommend an adjustment on practical principles rather than with reference to any abstract theories."

We find nothing in that about a "tariff for revenue only." Not only Jackson and his friends, but the Southern Whigs saw nothing patriotic nor sound in the theory of a "tariff for revenue only." No true American can. It is because modern Democracy has deserted the true doctrine that we find it split into factions North and South, unable to agree either in conventions or in Congress, and drifting over to the British doctrine of free trade.

How He Paid His Debt.

Owing to the extreme depression in business, during the past two years I was so unfortunate as to be compelled to make an assignment, and thus pay the debt of gratitude we owe to Democracy. For the past month, once a week, as I pass from my residence daily to the office in which I found employment after my hard luck (and in which I am seeking to study law), I am confronted with that sacred emblem which Democracy flaunts in my face, and over the door where my name stood out in bold letters during 1891-92, denoting that I was in the business to stay and was prosperous, to-day the cry of the auctioneer is heard, and my former effects bring about eight to ten cents on the dollar. This is the history of my case, and thousands of others can testify to the same story. Thank God, Democracy is not perpetual. That the reign of Cleveland is reaching its close, and that the honest yeomanry of our country have recovered from the delusions of 1892 and will continue hereafter to support the party of progress and patriotism.

CHAS. A. HAMER.

Harrisonburg, Va.

John Bull Ruled Out.

The last reports from Canada are not satisfactory reading for English manufacturers. It is stated that "boiler plate, tank plate and sheet steel, until lately imported solely from England, is now imported from the United States with almost as little exception;" that "galvanized iron is another article in which the imports from the United States continue to grow," and that "iron pipes come from the United States in increasing quantities, several carloads coming in now almost daily." It looks, indeed, as if the Americans had captured our Canadian market, just as the Germans and the Belgians have captured the markets of India and our Australasian colonies.—London Iron and Coal Trades Review.

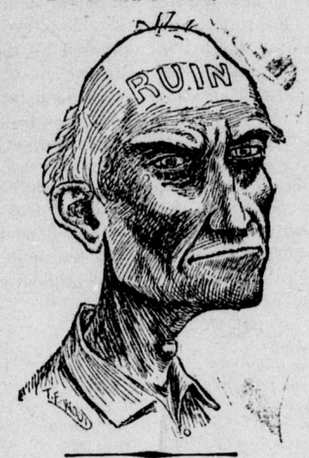
Use the Home Products.

No matter what kind of currency we have, it will not rekindle furnaces and employ idle men so long as we go abroad for our products which can be made at home because of the cheaper labor prevailing there.—Governor William McKinley.

Leave the Drummer Alone.

The American drummer has been a subject of discussion in the House of Commons recently, and the suggestion was made that all commercial travelers doing business in the United Kingdom should be taxed. The President of the British Board of Trade, however, thought it would be impracticable as well as impolitic to do this. It certainly would have been. We now permit the representatives of foreign industries to do business in our States without contributing to the expenses of their Government. American manufacturers are taxed upon the value of their land, buildings and factories, besides which they pay much higher wages to their employes. The foreigner, on the other hand, while paying lower wages contributes nothing to our State or municipal Government, and would, if the free traders could only have their way, be allowed to sell his goods in our markets without paying any customs duties. It would certainly not be politic for the British Government to tax American drummers.

A Free Trade Front.



Protection's Object Lessons.

Protectionists throughout the whole country should encourage industrial exhibitions. Large or small, such displays, when well arranged, are object lessons that demonstrate the wisdom and expediency of diversifying home industries and of establishing them all over the land. They show more clearly than books can do the close, harmonious relations that bind American producers, agricultural as well as mechanical, together by the bond of common interest.

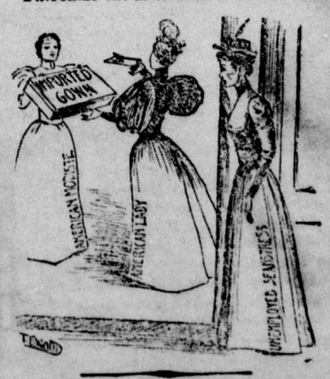
From the modest New York exhibition of 1854 to the great World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, each industrial display has served to inspire pride in American skill and labor. Persons who have read the practical lesson rightly have gone away from such places steadfast protectionists, fully resolved to insure fair play for home industries, despite the sophistries of tariff reformers and the like. They have been able to observe the several stages by which the raw material, be it mineral or vegetable, has been advanced until it appeared in all the fullness and beauty of the finished product—bearing irresistible testimony to the excellence of American labor when placed under favorable conditions.

The coming Atlanta exhibition or Cotton States Fair ought to be a powerful agency in winning the South and Southwest over to the side of protectionists. The enterprise merits hearty encouragement from Northern and Western manufacturers. They should send to it the choicest products of their factories, with such information as will enable the farmer and the merchant to comprehend the gains which they derive from the development of home manufactures under a tariff that will avowedly provide protection as well as ample revenue.

Wilson's Well Doing Idea.

The Treasury Department statistics show that under the first eight months of the Gorman tariff we have imported $700,000 worth more foreign made china, porcelain, parian and bisque ware, earthen, stone and crockery ware than we did during the first eight months after the McKinley tariff became law. By more than this amount of money has the output of the American potteries been diminished, and American manufacturers and American labor have been compelled to pay for the gift made by the free traders to their foreign friend. As Professor Wilson says, we are "doing very well," at least for his friends abroad—the foreign manufacturers.

Patronize the American Seamstress.



Free Trade, More Trusts.

The plate glass trust has been organized with a capital of ten million dollars. Still the Democrats revised the tariff less than a year ago under a pledge to the people that there should be no more trusts.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.