Terms --- \$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL,

VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1895.

NO. 46.

In bankruptcy he'll never sink Who puts his trust in printers' ink

Native whites born of native parents form fifty-two per cent. of our National voting strength.

The city of Chicago is erecting an electric light plant of its own, and proposes to light itself:

Florida has a smaller valuation than most of the Southern States, being estimated at only \$30,938,309.

Up to the end of last year Philadelphia s new city hall had cost \$15,699, 964.67, and it is not quite finished

The trolley reigns in Philadelphia, but with not such murderous sway, apparently, as in Brooklyn. The last horse car in Philadelphia has been re

In the Chicago parks no one is obliged to keep off the grass until the grass is worn off the ground. Then people are kept off till it grows back

The New York Mail and Express exclaims: "Having harnessed Niagara, Yankee ingenuity may some day use the Rocky Mountains to fill in the Yosemite Valley, preparatory to cutting it up into building lots."

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly thinks that some children lie habitually because they are suffering from disorders of mind or body, or both, "which radically interfere with the transmission of conceptions and perceptions."

An unusual number of agents from Western and Southern States are stationed in New York City this year for the purpose of inducing immigrants to settle in the States which they represent. Even Wisconsin and California are desirous of attracting newcomers.

Great Britain shows an annual decrease in crime, and prisons are being closed accordingly, but in France crimes of all kinds have increased during the last fifty years at a ratio of 130 per cent. The number of criminals from sixteen to twenty-one years of age has increased by 247 per

Singularly enough, muses the Chicago Times-Herald, the editor of the men's department of the women's edition of the St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch heads her column "The Lords of Creation," and there is nothing in her text to show a trace of irony. The name of this droll new woman is Smith-Mrs. F. T. Smith.

Out of ninety-five candidates, who had secured appointments to West Point Military Academy for the coming year, but forty-nine succeeded in passing the mental examination. scarcely more than half; and yet, marvels the New Orleans Picayune, they are talking of raising the standard of the examinations for admission. The present examinations are only in the rudiments of education, but require a very perfect mastery of

The last session of the Illinois Legislature so amended the act concerning dependent children that every train ing school for boys is to get \$10 month from the county for every boy committed to its charge, whether the County Board has agreed to it or not. As there is a profit for the schools of \$5 on every boy, the training schools have agents out gathering in dependent boys, and as the definition in the act as to what constitutes a "dependent boy" is very vague, they are gathing in a good crop. The county authorities have resolved to take the matter to the courts.

The Supreme Court of Louisians has decided that a child of tender years cannot be guilty of contributory negligence so as to be in part respon sible for any accident or injury that it might suffer. A three-year-old child had been injured by a street car, and railway company in the lower court. The company appealed and pressed point, raised in the lower court. the child was in the way of the by its own negligence and there-The Supreme Court ruled that such

fore responsible for its own injury. child could not be negligent and the railway company could not be excused for any lack of care or watchfulnes on the part of its employes on that ground. Such employes are bound to use extraordinary care and watchful ness whenever there are incapable persons in the vicinity of the railway, and if they do not the company mus suffer. This decision is good sense as well as good law,

Dove-winged against a tender, turquoisesky The white smoke flits; or through the lambent atr

Ouivers to fading violet spirals fair: Or shifts to gray, curled upward heavily. It rises in strong, twisted columns high From grimy funnels, flecked with fittul

flare; Or through the planks of creaking bridge

It sifts a sinuous way to trail and die. The still, vast skies are background for

strife; 'Tis like man's yearning, mounting from

Seeking the tranquil Heavens, waveringly seless clash and clangor give

'Tis like man's prayers, that rise from toil and strain, Trail, and are lost, in God's immensity. -Hannah Parker Kimball, in Scribner.

THOSE CHARMING FRIENDS.



medley of voices I heard in a half-stifled whisper:

"Mother, look
who is sitting behind you; it's Reggie Clive, I'm posi-tive."

My curiosity outran my manners.] I

"Miss Endcot!" I exclaimed. "It's not three hours since I arrived in Nice, and my circle of acquaintances being very small, to meet a friend is a pleas ant surprise.

Miss Endcot blushed, prettily, if

forcedly.

"Now, Mr. Clive, your chaffing me.
Why, mother and 1 have not been why, mother and I have not been here a week, yet we have made most charming friends upon the strength of your mutual acquaintance.

"Indeed!" I replied. "Are they

still at Nice?" "Oh, yes, but not at this hotel."
"Their names?"

"Their names?"
"The Comtesse d'Angiere and her friend—Madame Fleuvre."
"The Comtesse d'Angiere!" I re-

"Of course I met her once or vice in London soon after her marriage to the Comte. A slim woman with fair hair, aquiline nose and laughing blue eyes. Oh, yes, I remem-

Miss Endcot laughed merrily.
"Fashions change, Mr. Clive," she rashions change, Mr. Clive," she said, holding up one finger playfully, "and the color of women's hair and even the shape of women's noses are apt to change with them, aren't they, mother? But let me warn you, Mr. Clive, not to inquire after the Comte d'Angiere. He is dead. The Comtesse makes a weet cheming without dark makes a most charming widow, don't

Something in the last sentence exassomething in the last sentence exasperated me. The Briton in me resented the allusion to the charms of the widow so directly upon the announcement of the poor Comte's deata, and, moreover, it contained an insinuation that within the meshes of those charms. I might easily become entangled. Now, it was less than a year since Miss Iris Maypel and her pseudo auntichad so nearly ensuared me into their marriage trap, and women of uncermarriage trap, and women of uncer-tain social status no longer attracted me. I felt that Mrs. and Miss Endcot, with all the former's American-isms and all the latter's smartness and banter were more agreeable and eminently safer companions than Iris Maypel & Co. So impressed was I with that truth that I gallantly stuck to the Endcots all that evening for fear of meeting the Comtesse and being carried off by her.

The next morning found me in the came mood, though how much the Bertha Endeot overnight contributed to it I know not. Anyway, I proposed a ramble, and was not dissatisfied to hear that Mrs. Endeot contemplated Nice. Mada sitting in the veranda with a novel. Bertha and I thereupon started for a scramble to the heights at the back

of the town.

As we left the hotel a telegram was

As we left the hotel a telegram was put into my hand.

Now, telegrams at home are too common even to destroy your lethargy, but telegrams received in a Continental town within twenty-four hours of your arrival, of which you have apprised nobody, are apt to startle you.

Postha any my surprise and began Bertha saw my surprise and began to chaff me. I opened the telegram

nd read:
"I, and A, are at Nice. Beware!" "I and A are at Nice. Beware!"

I never knew how long it took me
to recover myself and laugh at the
warning I had received, but I know
that Bertha Eudoot and I were well
out from the town and at least three
hundred feet above the sea level.
I apologized profusely for my absence of mind.
"Oh, don't apologize," replied
Bertha. "If she cannot be with you,
she should at least be entitled to occupy your thoughts for an hour or so."

she should at least be charled or so.'
cupy your thoughts for an hour or so.'
'You're wrong, Miss Bertha," I re
turned. "And here's the proof."

turned. "And here's the proof."
I handed her the telegram.
"You're as puzzled as I was at first," I added, noting the contraction of her eyebrows. "And as it is no secret, but only a story against myself, I will

I thought I heard a sigh of relief a

he returned the telegram.
"This must come from my oldfriend Bob Pallant," I continued, "since no-body but he—at least, nobody in Lon-don—knows my probable whereabouts. I have been wandering now for six months and all on account of the I. and A. he mentions."

rupt. "The I, stands for Iris-Miss Iris "The I. stands for Iris—Miss Iris
Maypel—and A. for Auntie. It happened a year ago. Bob Pallant and I were both in love with Iris, who was in London ostensibly for the peneit of the season and in charge of her aunt. Well, she gave the preference the stand to stay where we like Iris, with one proviso. He declared if we went fooling around the gaming tables at Monte Carlo he would never lose sight of us again. So it was on condition that we paid but one visit to the Casino that we were allowed this Europeau trip."

Bertha nodded, but did not inter-

to Bob, who, after actually proposing to her applied to a private detective agency, asking as to her character and the social position of her people. He got the character, as rosy a one as could be painted, and it was settled that he should ask her to marry him. It happened that I called—by invitation—at the flat occupied by Iris and her chaperone, and was shown into the conservators by the servant. Then her chaperone, and was shown into the conservatory by the servant. Then came the denotement. Iris, in ignor-ance of my presence, came into the conservatory with her chaperone and in a loud voice let me into their secrets, which may be summed up in a few words. Iris was an adventuress in search of a husband. The chaper-one was no relation, but employed nn search of a husband. The chaper-one was no relation, but employed— paid—by Iris to introduce her to so-ciety and a likely husband. The de-tective to whom Bob had applied for the character was Iris's cousin, Nor-ton Scrubbs; hence the rosiness of the

character."

"And these two women are in this town!" exclaimed Bertha.

"Bob Pallant's information is usually correct, and I'm not disposed to doubt it. You see, he was so savage at having been done by those people that he vowed vengeance, and as he couldn't attack the woman he swore he would be the undoing of that detective agent—Norton Scrubbs. And Bob Pallant is generally equal to his word."

"Suppose you meet those people

here?"
"I shall cut them, of course."
"But, but you admitted that—that you loved—Iris—once!"
My heart gave a great leap of delight. Bertha's words, the suppressed eagerness of her tone, the faltering in her sentence, all pointed to one end. One long tete-a-tete of the previous evening, though it had been chiefly concerned about bygone incidents the sort which grow dearer as they grow older—had left its mark, I glanced quickly in her direction, but her face was averted, and only a very flushed neck and a very red little ear ware wields.

"Miss Bertha," I replied, impressively, "some people grow both old and wise all of a leap. I'm one of them. The love of a foolish boy is how far below the level of that of a sensible man? What relation does the love-sickness of youth bear to the heart-ache of manhood? And even assuming that I had never been duped to the extent that Iris Maypel duped me, even assuming—"

I don't know how long I should

I don't know how long I should have talked or Bertha would have listened had she not interrupted me. "Look!" she said. "Here come the Comtesse d'Angiere and Madame Fleuvre. How jolly! won't they be surprised to see you! oh, it is fun. I'm so glad we came this way."

I looked in the direction indicated and saw-

I looked in the direction indicated and saw-I could scarcely believe I saw aright then, but now, when I recall the scene—the long, wooded avenue with its pinky-blossomed rose hedges, the waving palms, the bushy eucalyptus, the clumps of odorous orange trees with their pretty white blooms intersprinkled with golden fruit—it is difficult to realize now that the prim little figure in widowed garb of Parisian daintiness quickly approaching us daintiness quickly approaching us was Iris Maypel, and the elderly com-panion was "Auntie" of London fame. But they were. I had no time to plan an action. No

sooner was I assured that my eyes were still in normal condition than we

"My dear Comtess, see who I have brought you!"
The Comtesse extended her hand, while the most dubious smile I ever beheld grew on her face. I obeyed

posely emphasized the title. "Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to renew an
acquaintance here so pleasantly matured in London. M. le Comte, I
trust, is well and.--"
However, the description of the content of the con

It was said with intent. Having started with a lie I meant to act it out. I broke off suddenly, for two reasons. Bertha tugged vigorously at my coat-sleeve, and Iris alias the Comtesse, burst into a most realistic fit of weep-ing. I expect the excitement of the moment aided her.

moment aided her.

I apologized in tones so contrite that I startled myself with my apparent sincerity, and Iris and her chaperone bade us adieu.

As we returned I listened for Bertha's merited rebuke for having forgotten her warning anent the Comte's death, but I listened in vain. In fact, so engrossed was she in thought that it was only when I had thrice asked a question that she replied.

"To what stage of intimacy have you and the Comtesse reached?" I asked for the third time.
"Why do you ask?" Bertha replied evasively.

Because I am more than anxious 'Mother and I met her at Monaco.

"Yes?" I replied encouragingly.
"I ought not to tell you anything "Oh, then there is something more to tell? Did you visit the Casino at

Monte Carlo?

second visit?"

"We obeyed instructions. See here, Mr. Clive, this is in confidence. Father, as you know, was unable to accompany us this trip, but he gave us carte blanche to go whither we liked and to stay where we liked—with one provise. He declared if we

"It was a fortunate provision, perhaps, for your mother appears to have imbibed the infatuation for 'methods' and 'systems."

"Yes, that is the Comtesse d'Angiere's doing."

"The Comtesse gambles?"

"With the most consistent good luck. She takes mother's money and plays with it. There, I oughtn't to have let on about that, but I know you'll not give me away, Mr. Clive. You see, the Comtesse begged mother to trust her with a pound just to try her luck—for the Comtesse goes to the tables every day—and she won. Then mother trusted her with two pounds, then five, ten and twenty, alpounds, then five, ten and twenty, always winning. Now—"
"Please go on," I said, as Bertha

paused.

pansed.

"There can be no harm in telling you the rest, Mr. Clive. Mother has raised every possible penny—pawned her jewels even—and to-morrow the Comtesse is going to play with the lot. There, don't look as if I were to blame. I've argued and protested, but where's the use? The Comtesse wins every time."

She hed: but would she win this

She had; but would she win this time? The stake was high. Would she play with it? That was the question. Was the whole thing a scheme—a common confidence trick—to get hold of the American dollars and bolt with those.

It goes against the grain to expose a woman, however deserving she may be. I concluded to give Iris a chance, and wrote a short letter stating that I would keep her identity a secret if she would return Mrs. Endoot her money and leave Nice early the next receiving. Omitting either condition morning. Omitting either condition, I declared I would hold her up to rid-

I left the note with the porter at the hotel where Iris was staying, and then walked away to ponder alone upon fate, coincidences and the like. I found a solitary seat upon a stone boulder, with only the dreariness of some attempted excavations, which had ended in a failure, to greet my eyes or impinge upon my thoughts.

I set there and smoked, and mentally surveyed my entire world from

ly surveyed my entire world, from London to Nice, from Bob Pallant to Norton Scrubbs, from Iris to Bertha. Suddenly, without warning, a figure stood beside me and said, inquiringly: "Reggie Clive!"

The silence of his approach and the approach said, in the silence of his bearing startled approach and the approach and the approach and the approach and the approach approach and the approach approach and the approach approach approach and the approach approach

aggressiveness of his bearing startled ne. However, I admitted my name.

me. However, I admitted my name.

"You wrote a letter to-day to a
friend of mine, the Comtesse d'Angiere," continued the man.

"You are mistaken," I replied.

"Mere cavilling!" he said, with a
sneer. "You wrote, then, to Miss Iris
Maypel."

"If that is more truly her name,

yes."
"You threatened her." I stood up. The man's bluntness of speech and scowling brow looked ominous.

"Call it that, if you will," I replied.

"I tried to do her a good turn, and to save her from herself."
"Bah! Mere quibbling! You threatened to expose her if she failed to return certain money to that bumptions old American woman or to leave Nice in the morning. Isn't that a threat?'

"Call it so if you like," I returned.
"Coward!" he yelled.
"Thank you," I said. "If you will
give me your card I shall know better
to whom I am indelited to that pseudonym."
"Hound!" he said. "If you want

to know, my name's Norton Scrubbs, which, until your villainous friend, Pallant—whom I'll be on level terms my impulse.

"This is not an unexpected pleasure," I said, politely, "since Miss Bertha has intimated your presence in Nice, Madame la Comtesse." I purposely emphasized the title. "Nava" theless, it is a place.

answer for this," I said.

His hoarse laugh echoed all around, and intensified the utter desolation of

"Answer?" he sail. "To whom shall I answer?" To these stones? To the night? To whom, I repeat? There's not a soul within ear shot, and not likely to be this side of morning."

I realized the truth of his bluster.

The day had died suddenly, and the mists were growing uncomfortably

dense.
"Come!" continued Scrubbs, "we'll strike a bargain, you and I. Swear—and mind you stick to it—that you will leave Nice to-night and not return or communicate with any one in this town for three months from this moment! The alternative is—"

He explained the unfinished sentence with an emphasized movement of the pistol.

I am not a brave man, yet I am not an abject coward. I had a decided objection at that moment to be hurled into eternity and leave Berthabehind. into eternity and leave Berthabehind. In the few available seconds allowed me for consideration twenty methods of attack and defense presented themselves and were rejected. Then, all at once, my muscles acted involuntarily. I sprang at my opponent and gripped him somewhere in the region of the throat. The attack was sheer folly. He was twice my weight, possessed twice my strength, and learned in every art and trick connected with the free-fight and the knock-down blow. I thought on my foolishness as I lay prone upon the dirt and blinked up timorously at Scrubbs's revolver,

man as Scrubbs fell forward right

man as Scrubbs fell forward right across my legs.

I disengaged myself and sprang to my feet just as Bertha Endoot sprang from behind a pile of loose stones and stood before me.

"I winged him, didn't I?" she asked, breathlessly. "The coward! Perhaps the next time he dubs my mother a bumptious old woman he'll remember that an American girl can shoot."

Bertha had put a bullet into his leg, and the shot cost her mother a few thousand pounds, for Iris and her chaperone had left Nice—with Mrs. Endoot's money—before we managed to get the wounded man back to his hotel.

Boon after Bertha consented to be

In Budapest, Hungary, they have put the trolley wires underground.

It is proposed to do away with the smoke nuisance in Pittsburg, Penn., smoke nuisance in Pittsburg, Penn. by erecting a mammoth electric plant

outside the city. California diamonds are found in all the colors, from a brilliant white to a clear black, together with rose, pink, yellow, blue and green.

be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes richer after the ox-ygen of the air has been retored to it.

A fire was recently started in a Boston store by allowing an incandescent lamp to remain for a few minutes on a pile of cotton cloth in the packingite, or tourmaline, have been found in Maine and elsewhere in New England. This gem is said also to have been found in North Carolina.

A use for compressed air in the foundry in addition to cranes and hoists, which are being introduced everywhere, is in providing a sand blast for the cleaning of castings.

A railroad train was recently stopped near Rheims, France, by the number of caterpillars that fell on the railway. The rails grew too pasty and slippery for the wheels to adhere until cinders were thrown on them.

The German Government has offered a prize of \$750 for a system by which "the indications of the compass-card of a ship's compass shall be automatically transmitted to another location in the ship in such a manuer that the ship may be steered."

to the use of damaged capued fruit from the United States, turned out to be tetanus or cerebro-spinal fever resulting from overcrowding. Professor Max Muller asks for money to photograph the inscriptions of the Kutho Daw, in Burmah, a col-

A nautical bicyle has been invented A natical blovic has been invented by a Spaniard. The machine is composed of two cases of steel, which serve as floats and are connected by crossbars. In the space between the two, and near the stern, is a paddle-wheel operated by pedals something like a bicycle. The speed is about six miles an hour.

An "Easy Thing" for Th's Solomon. The Police Department may be a little shy when it comes to trailing lost goats, but when pigcons are involved there is a member of the force who possesses all the shrewd attributes of Solomon of old. It is like this! On Friday Adolph Grenboldt, No. 1417 California avenue, owned \$400 worth of "homer" pigeons, and the next morning they were not. Officers Wieneka and Heaney, of the Attrill street station, were placed on the trail. It lead vester lay first to a Chinese laundry, and then to the resi-dence of Stephen Spitza, where the birds were found. Mr. Spitza was

the pigeons loose, watched them circle once in the air, and then start off. "Now," said this later-day Solomon, turning to Mr. Grenboldt, "if thos birds are yours, they will be home be

ning the first prize last year. In fourteen of the stolen birds have be recovered.—Chicago Tribune.

Baillot, the oldest of the three

Baillot, the oldest of the three French survivors of the battle of Waterloo, lives at Carisey, in the Department of the Yonne, where he was born in 1793. Excepting his deafness, he is still in as good health as ever, and is full of anecdotes of the campaigning days in Germany. He was struck with the sabre of an English dragoon at Waterloo, but it failed to cut through his shake, which was struffed with brushes, piezes of bread stuffed with brushes, pieces of bread and many other articles.—New York

It Got the Jury.

Soon after Bertha consented to be

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL,

A chemist advises that canned fruit

The recent alarming mortality among the French soldiers in the garrison at Vitre, which was first ascribed

lection of over seven hundred temples each containing a white marble slab on which part of the Tripitaka, the great Buddhist Bible, is engraved.

The Police Department may be a positive the birds were his. So was Grenboldt.

"This is the easiest thing I have struck for a long time," said Office

Heaney.

Then he opened the coop, turned

fore you are."

And they were. One of the stolen birds has the 750-mile record from a point in Mississippi to Chicago, win-

A Survivor of Waterloo

every art and trick connected with the free-fight and the knock-down blow. I thought on my foolishness as I lay prone upon the dirt and blinked up timorously at Scrubbs's revolver, which looked right down my throat as I gasped for breath.

"Now, you hound!" he said, "will you come to terms now or will you take a dose of lead?"

The reply startled me quite as much as did Scrubbs.

It was the pop of a pistol, the whirr of a shot and the cry of a wounded ing round,—Household Words.

DECLAMATION

There is a wide difference between | their free trade temple a heory and practice. Corceit may hass for wisdom until put to the test. declamation no longer characterize tory a Democratic councils. With bulging of rui eyeballs they read upon the wall of press.

their free trade tempe a message of startling significance. It is a sen-tence of doom. This Democratic ad-ministration will go down to his-tory as the most successful architect of ruin. — New York Mail and Ex-

THE "NECK OF TOIL."

HOW IT IS OPPRESSED BY THE "IRON HEEL OF CAPITAL,"

One of Grover Cleveland's Idiotic Phrases Ridiculed by "The Sun"

-The Frenzied Rhetoric of the Populist Leader Incited Labor Against Capital-Proven a Liar by Later Events.

It is pleasing and instructive to watch what Mr. Cleveland calls the "iron heel of capital" impinging on the "neck of toil." For several weeks the "neck of toil." For several weeks now, at almost every industrial center in the country employers of labor have been raising the wages of their men. They have been doing it freely and unsolicited, under no sort of pressure from organized labor, and of their own volition merely. The reason is that business has revived, that the commercial outlook is full of encouragement, and that being able to improve wages they prefer to do so. Under like conditions the American employer has always done the same

Under like conditions the American employer has always done the same thing.

The converse of this proposition would appear to be that labor, when evil times overtake employers, should of its own initiative reduce wages. That is to say, labor should recognize the true nature of its relation to capital as promptly and as rationally as tial as promptly and as rationally as capital recognizes its relations and its obligation to labor. This is not a popular view of the subject, but it is common sense; and although labor does not admit the fact, it is the principle which attached ciple which determines the decrease in wages precisely as under other and opposite conditions it operates to raise

experiment with the tariff, and there-by plunged every manufacturing in-dustry in the United States into such dustry in the United States into such uncertainty that business could no longer be carried on with confidence or safety, the wage scale declined in every direction and ceased entirely in many. Every demagogue and every anarchistic newspaper in the country took the matter up. It was too good a chance to miss. The oppressors of labor were closing their mills or cutting down the wage scale with the down the wage scale with the merciless avarice that always marks the attitude of capital toward labor. Had not Mr. Cleveland called attention to the "scenes that were being enacted at Homestead" in the name of capital, and was it not a fitting time for every friend of toil to rally against the encroachments and extor-tions of the rich? Then there spread over the whole United States one vast tornado of frenzied rhetoric and unreasoning denunciation whereof the echoes died away only last spring. And now the objects of it all, or at And now the objects of 11 all, or at least those who have survived the abuse and the injury heaped upon them, are emerging into the cleared air and resuming work with cheerfulness and amiability, and raising wages right and left wherever the opportunity offers.—Now York Sun.



Protection. Free Trade. Who Organized It?

"There is no more talk of the the unemployed." -Now

gressional free traders have been con-signed to oblivion. There never would have been any talk of the "army of the unemployed" had they always re-mained there,

History of Our Debt.

During the twenty-seven years of Republican administration which af-forded protection to American labor normal industries, from 1866 to 1892, the interest bearing debt of the United States was decreased by \$1,747,301,-878, the account standing as follows at the two periods:

Decrease under protection ... \$1,747,301,878

During the recent two years of a free trade administration the interest bearing debt of the United States increased from \$585,037,000 in 1893 up to \$716,202,060 on June 30, 1895. The increase during these two years was \$131,164,730, the account standing as

Increase under free trade....\$131,164,733 During the twenty-seven years of protection the average annual decrease in the interest bearing debt of the country was \$64,714,884. During the last two years of free trade adminis-tration the average annual increase in the interest bearing debt of the United States was \$65,582,365. Here stands

INTEREST BEARING DEB .. Protection period, twenty-seven years.
Average annual decrease.\$61,711,881
Free trade period, two years.
Average annual increase\$65,532,335
As the New York Times says, this is
"unquestionably a good showing"—
but not for the free trade party.

The "Robber Barons" Again We see nothing printed nowadays against those rascally "robber barons" who, a few years ago, were described by the free trade papers as existing merely for the pleasure of putting down the value of labor and robbing a wage earner of all that he possessed. Speaking of recent increases in wages,

one of the muggiest of magwump papers, the Springfiell (Muss.) Re-publican has this to say:
"In all cases, we believe, the in-crease has been granted voluntarily, and it constitut

record of the kind ever known in our industrial history."

The manufacturers and other gen-The manufacturers and outs' gen-tlemen who have recently been "vol-untarily" adding to the income of their employes are the very same men who, in 1892, were described in a blackguardly way by this very same and other mugwump and free-trade sheets as the "robber barons" whose very existence even was a curse to the United States. Now that the "rob-ber barons" are "voluntarily" increasing wages, these same scurrilous sheets regard their action as "the most re-markable record of the kind ever known in our industrial history." But when wages were advanced in 1892 they could only say that the emyloyes had "co'ber barors" as their en-

Only Six Billions Lost,

The business record of the United States, under the early periods of the McKinley and Gorman tariffs, is indicated by the bank clearings. These, as compiled by Bradstreet's, were for periods of ten mouths under each tariff. as follows:

Month, 1894-95, 1893-91,
September, \$3,483,727,495, \$4,300,539,442,
October, 4.228,287,555, 5,705,089,918,
November, 4.103,494,263,5336,261,685,
December, 4.249,248,049, 4,752,349,604,
January, 4.364,874,055, 4,830,037,505,
February, 3,344,615,018, 3,894,923,512,
March, 4,908,446,199, 4,153,869,257,
April, 4,232,322,399, 4,734,267,025,
May, 4,839,189,327, 4,735,645,348,
June, 4,381,785,081, 4,312,805,831 September 1 to June 30.-1894-95. 1890-91.

Totals.....\$41,275,950,491 \$47,420,785,174 During the first ten months of the McKinley tariff the aggregate of bank clearings in the United States was over six billion dollars greater than during the first ten months' operation of the Gorman tariff. This represents an average of \$600,000,000 a month more business transacted dur-ing the Mckinley tariff period than at