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NO. 2.

Massachusetts and New Jersey are leading the country in road improvement.

Michigan has decided that for judicial purposes an oath administered by telephone is binding.

Not one life insurance company is now doing business in Kansas. The statutory conditions are so onerous that all have withdrawn.

The new woman is pleased to reflect that there are, according to the census, a million and a half more men than women in the United States.

The Minnesota census this year presents an anomaly. Excepting Duluth, the cities haven't grown much, but the farming population has greatly increased.

The people of the United States use, on an average, 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each and every day of the year, or a total of about 4,380,000,000 per annum.

It is proposed to run an aluminum works in Great Britain by power from the falls of Foy, but the "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty" is fighting the project.

England's harvest will be a very bad one, according to the Mark Lane Express, owing to the severe frost in the spring, followed by a long drought. All crops are below the average, the percentages being: Wheat, 75.5; barley, 81.9; oats, 78.5; grass and hay, 66; potatoes, 56.7; beans, 72, and peas, 75.9.

An old step in the movement for booming local industries, which has lately started up and attained much headway in the West, has been made at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, notes the New York Sun. An ordinance has been passed requiring all peddlers and hawkers who sell goods not manufactured or produced in the State to pay a license of \$10 a day.

The Sarcee Indians recently informed the Governor-General of Canada that they did not intend to work, nor did they believe in it, as it was unhealthy. The idea is not original with them, observes the Trenton (N. J.) American, but it shows that the savage mind is not equal to grappling with philosophical problems that have agitated their civilized brethren for ages.

In the new British Parliament there are 131 graduates of Oxford, 110 of Cambridge, twenty-four of London, thirty-one of Scotch and twenty of Irish universities. Of the public schools Eton is first with 104 members, then comes Harrow with fifty-one; Rugby has only seventeen. The oldest member is Mr. Villiers, who is ninety-three; next comes Sir John Mowbray, who nominated the Speaker; he is eighty-one. The youngest members are Mr. Richard Cavendish, the Hon. A. B. Bathurst and Viscount Milton, all twenty-three, and all belonging to families in the peerage.

The falling off in rural population, as shown in the last census, is mostly within the first half of the decade, states the Boston Cultivator. There has long been a tendency from the farm to the cities, but it is at last checked, and we believe that the population of country towns is now smaller or than it is ever likely to be again. All that is needed is to secure better roads, thus connecting these rural towns with their neighboring cities and with the world at large. There is already the beginning of a movement of the wealthy towards the country. With better means of communication between town and city, this movement will be sure to increase and give to farm lands in Massachusetts a greater value than they have had for many years.

Charles Johnson, of New York City, is one of the unluckiest men living, and he is in a fair way to be crushed by circumstances over which he has no control. A short time ago, "relates the Atlanta Constitution, Mr. Johnson fell three stories and cracked his skull. This was bad enough, but when a jury awarded him damages for his injuries the defendant failed, and he got little or nothing. The worst, however, was still to come. He had employed a medical expert to testify to the nature and extent of his wounds, and because he is unable to pay the man's fee under an order of the court he is now serving three months for contempt in Raymond street jail. It is a peculiar case, and should be recorded among the curiosities of justice. Here is a man who is innocent, with a good case, as the verdict shows, and because the defendants have failed to pay him the amount of his judgment he must be punished like a felon.

## OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air,  
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair;  
Joy is abroad in the world to-day.  
If our door is wide open he may come this way.

Open the door.

Open the door, let in the sun,  
He hath a smile for every one;  
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,  
He may change our tears to diamonds.

Open the door.

Open the door of the soul, let in  
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin;  
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,  
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

Open the door.

Open the door of the heart, let in  
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;  
It will make the halls of the heart so fair  
That angels may enter unawares.

Open the door.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## A DELAYED ERRAND.



ELL, of all the things I Jim Carroll, hey you got home at last!"

A red-faced and angry woman stood in the kitchen door, her sleeves rolled up and her arms akimbo. A meek little man dismounted from his horse at the gate, and proceeded to unbuckle the girth and take off the saddle, which he threw upon the fence. A pull at the headstall removed the bridle, and the horse, with a snort of satisfaction, at once lay down and rolled in the sandy road. The bride was thrown across the saddle, and the little man opened the gate slowly and hesitatingly, as one who knows what things the torturer is preparing for him.

"I was a-comin', Minervy," he began, but the strident voice interrupted him.

"Comin'! Yes, I reckon so! So is Christmas a-comin'! Here I've had this supper ready one solid hour, an' the coffee's not fit to drink by this time! An' the ole red cow o' Peteres has been in the corn again, an' no body but me to drive her out; but it's little you keer what I hev to suffer, so's you kin go to town an' set round the stores an' tell lies with that no-count gang that stays there! An' I know jest as well as ef I'd a seen it that you never brung that thread nor them piepans!"

"I was a-goin' to git 'em, Minervy," began the little man, meekly, "but they was up thar makin' up a company."

"Didn't I know it, Jim Carroll! Didn't I know it? If ever there was a woman neglected an' abused from one year's end to another, I am that woman. Here I am, slavin' an' slavin' from mornin' till night, an' never knowin' what it is to go nowhere except to preachin' once a month—an' gracious knows if it won't for bein' a Christian I never could stand this kind of a life, an' you know that well enough; an' here are you, gaddin' about like ef you didn't hev a keer in the world!"

The red-faced woman withdrew into the house, and the meek little man followed her. He hoped that the worst of the storm was over, and he ventured to remark with a conciliating smile:

"I never thought you'd be so mad about it, Minervy."

"There it is!" shrieked the now thoroughly aroused lady. "You kin tear around this house an' treat me worse than a fire, but ef ever I say a word the fat's in the fire. Things has come to a pretty pass ef I can't open my mouth but what somebody has to accuse me o' bein' mad! I reckon I'll hev to be gagged after a while, so's I can't say nothin'! If ever I did see a domineerin', overbearin' man, you're that man. Here you kin insult me as much as you please, but I don't dare to say my soul is my own. An' when you knowed how I needed that thread an' them piepans, an' you go all the way to town, an' then come back without 'em! Go out an' git a armful o' wood to git breakfast with! I reckon you kin remember that? Gracious me, an' all that fuss was like you the woman folks would be a plagued sight better off without 'em than they air with 'em."

The little man went out at the open door and around the house toward the woodpile. He paused there to draw his hand across his perspiring forehead, and to make a remark to himself. The remark was simply "Where!" but it conveyed an amount of expression. Then he picked up two or three sticks of wood, and then he stood up, looking off down the valley toward the town, whose lights he could just see glimmering faintly in the gathering twilight.

He stood there so long, absorbed in his own thoughts, that an impatient step began to resound through the house, and a sarcastic voice was projected into the gloaming:

"Jim Carroll, air you a-comin' with that wood, or air you a-goin' to stay all night?"

The sound awakened him as from a trance, and he started so violently that the sticks of wood fell from his arms. Some strange emotion seized him at the noise made by the falling wood. He pulled his hat down over his brows, gave one glance back over his shoulder, sealed the fence and fled wildly down the slope of the hill under the thick shadows of the trees.

It was a long time before he could convince himself that he was not pursued. The rustling of the leaves behind him lent wings to his feet, and

dozen times he felt Minervy's hand on his coat collar, and he knew that if it were there he would have no choice but to go back. Such time was never made since the days of Tam O'Shanter. Over fallen tree trunks, around upturned roots, vaulting over gullies, dodging low hanging limbs, dragging himself free from the embraces of too affectionate briars, away he went down the hill, pursued by the avenging spirit of Minervy.

A foot of the slope, where the hill and valley met, he emerged into the road. It was quite dark, and the fear of pursuit haunted him no longer—that is, not to any great extent. He didn't run now; he only walked rapidly. He carried his hat in his hand, and mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief, and remarked in an amazed undertone:

"By Ned!"

In the little town a vacant store building was thronged with men, many of whom had just enlisted as volunteers, and many others had come to look on, filled with curiosity, but not overflowing with patriotism. The war was but a few months old, and only vague rumors of it had penetrated to those remote districts. This was the first company of volunteers to go from this section, and it was made up wholly of those more daring spirits who were willing to risk anything in the mere love of adventure.

A commotion back by the door told of a new arrival, and the crowd willingly made way for him. A little man, rumpled as to hair and tattered as to garments, struggled into the clear space in front of the enrolling officer and said:

"Ef the comp'ny ain't made up yet you kin put me in."

Everybody knew him, and everybody laughed. The laugh was a cheery one, brimming with amusement, and it filled the room and extended out into the street.

"How'd you manage to git off from Minervy, Jim?" asked a tall fellow who was going to stay at home, presumably because he couldn't "git off from" the wife over whom he dominated.

"Does Minervy know you're out?" shouted another jeeringly.

"Jist think of it, boys," drawled a third. "Think o' Jim Carroll jinin' the Smithville Tigers! He's a whale of a tiger, ain't he?"

"Never mind," interrupted the enrolling officer grimly. "He'll make as good food for powder as any of you."

With which cheerful suggestion Jim Carroll was duly enrolled as a private in the Smithville Tigers, and by dawn the next morning the company was on the road, marching gayly off to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

About a month later one of the Tigers, Silo Colburn, remarked in a general way to several of the others:

"Wall, boys, fur's I'm concerned, you kin leave off laughin' at Jim Carroll an' pokin' fun at 'im. Jim, he never grows at the marchin', nor the weather, nor nothin' else, an' he does more'n his share o' the work, you all know that blamed well. An' he sleeps on the ground without any kiver so's to give me his extra blanket all o' last week, when I wan't feelin' no mighty vigris. I'll bet they wouldn't none o' the rest o' you 'a, done it."

"Yes" wait till a battle comes up," said long Ben Finks scornfully. "You never hear of Jim Carroll again after the first gun 's. He'll pitch out a-runnin', an' he'll be a-runnin' yit when the trumpet 'sunds for the merlennium."

Within three days there was a battle; a battle for which some of the Tigers had longed, and which others awaited with dread. The weak little man who had joined from Minervy found himself, with the other Tigers and dim, gray-coated ranks beyond charging up a hill, in the face of a battery that plowed through their ranks and laid rows of slaughtered men along the slope behind them, but still they rushed on, their faces set grimly. Jim Carroll was one of the first to leap upon a smoking cannon and snatch away the fuse, and then on in the pursuit, as the enemy retreated, stubbornly fighting their way back by inch.

The next day something happened. Jim Carroll was offered promotion for bravery on the field of battle.

"I'm much obliged," he said, fumbling with his hat in an embarrassed manner, "but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not. I'd lots rather do jist plain fightin'."

So Jim Carroll was left to do plain fightin', and there is no denying that he did it well. It came to be acknowledged as a settled fact that the little man whom Minervy had ruled with a rod of iron did not know what fear was. The first guns of a battle fired him, as the sound of the trumpet roused the biblical warhorse. He rushed into a charge with head up and eyes flashing. His only trouble was that he could not bear to retreat, and when the exigencies of battle demanded a retreat he yielded with the most ludicrous unwillingness.

His superior officers found him out, and when there was a difficult or dangerous mission Jim Carroll was the man to be sent upon it. The meek little man with timid and appealing look made more than one journey into enemy's lines, and returned with information which no one else could have gained. Long and lonely journeys, through sections bristling with dangers, fell to his share, and he was frequently placed where nothing but quick thought and ready wit could save him. No one had ever suspected him of having either resource, but he came out of every difficulty unscathed and reported at headquarters with the old meekness and gentleness.

"That Jim Carroll is a caution," remarked Silo Colburn to a crowd of his native villagers, when he was taking a little furlough on account of a bullet through his lung. "It's my belief that Jim Carroll's the bravest man that's fit into the war. Why, when our Colonel went down in that last battle, what does Jim do but run right back into the face of the enemy, grab a loose horse, git our Colonel onto 'im an' come a-bringin' 'im away, cool as a cucumber. The enemy yelled like mad when they seen it, an' he could 'a' got a promotion then an' thar he'd 'a' had it. But he said no, I thank you, Jim did. He said he'd lots rather do plain fightin'."

The four years were past—the "plain fightin'" was over. Approxmately was a recent memory, and along all the roadways trailed dusty and forlorn figures, their faces turned toward whatever region they had once called home. Two men limped painfully down the valley to the little town lying peaceful and serene in the evening light as though there had been no such thing as war in all the world. Purple shadows of clouds drifted across the distant hills, and along a strip of white road on the outskirts of the town a company of small boys with paper caps and wooden guns were playing soldier.

"Now, Jim," urged Silo, beseechingly, "Don't go back on your word. Remember what you promised Jim. Don't ye go an' let Minervy git the stat of you ag'in. Jest think how you fit into the war, an' stan' up for your rights."

"I loved I would, Silo," replied Jim, but there was a faltering in his tone as he glanced up the hill toward the cabin, where a threat of blue smoke curled softly up into the evening air.

"Now, Jim, of you give down I'll be plum ashamed o' ye, that's what I will. If you let Minervy get the start o' you once more it's goodby to your chances. An' a man that fit like you did, too."

"I'll take keer, Silo," said the hero of battle and scout. "I'm a-goin' into a store a minute to buy something, an' then I'm a-goin' up home."

Minervy had the supper nearly ready in the little cabin on the hill. She was in a hurry, because everything must be cleared away before dark. Candles were too scarce to be wasted, and the tall woman in the homespun dress had learned all there was to be learned in the way of pinching economy. She had set the yellow platter of "corn pone" on the table and was turning back again when a figure in the doorway startled her.

"Minervy, here's the wood you sent me aftr," said the meek little man, and he went across the room and laid the armful of wood beside the hearth. "An' here's that thread an' them piepans."

A grim humor in the utterance struck her, and she fell back into a chair, laughing and crying at the same time, and clapping her worn, brown hands.

"Well, you waited for 'em to grow, I reckon," she ejaculated between sobs. "But it don't make no difference, Jim. I'm done coolin' the rest o' my life. Supper's ready, Jim. I'm glad you got home in— for supper."

And while she cried, the "bravest man who fit in the war" wiped away the tears from her face with a hand as tender as though it had never handled a gun or been blackened with powder.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bad Drinking Water.

Too much stress cannot be put upon the necessity of pure drinking water. Not only is it important for villages and cities, but too often the location of the well on a farm has been a matter of indifference. Either from carelessness or ignorance it has been made where it will take surface drainage or from some underground fissure receive water from the barn or outhouse, yet, seepage from the kitchen slops or other house drainage.

The following and experience affords a warning: Mishawaka, a little village near South Bend, Ind., had been visited annually by contagious disease causing many deaths. Three months ago an epidemic of diphtheria broke out, which quickly spread over the entire village, and caused a number of deaths. Workmen engaged on an electric plant were obliged to shut off the water yesterday and drain the reservoir from which the water mains of Mishawaka are supplied. The bed of the pit was found covered with dead fish, snakes, cats, dogs, and other animals. The workmen who attempted to clean the pit were overcome.

All of the water used in Mishawaka was drawn through this mass of decaying animal matter.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

## Discovery About Filters.

It is well known that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds cannot be reduced beyond a certain point without endangering the quality of the water that filters through. Dr. Karth, of Bremen, has found in examining water filtered through a layer not sufficiently thick that the number of bacteria was greatly increased, owing to the presence of a special microbe that could not be found in the water before it entered the filter. These microbes must, therefore, have existed in the filtering material and have been developed by the passage of water through it.

## Preventive of Ivy Poison.

A writer in Garden and Forest says a workman in his garden, whenever he had occasion to handle with poison ivy, always pulled one of the small leaves and ate a piece of it, asserting that the workman on railways along whose embankments the plant abounds always do this as a preventive measure, and escape poisoning.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Camphor and gun cotton are the chief constituents of celluloid goods.

A Geneva firm is manufacturing photographic clocks, which call the hour instead of striking it.

Dr. Alexander states that several recent cases of typhoid fever have been traced to the eating of watercress which has grown in polluted water.

According to the Commander-in-Chief of India 50,000 out of 70,000 men composing the army have been sent to the hospital within two years.

A Pennsylvania inventor has produced an explosive which in recent tests proved five per cent. more powerful than dynamite. It is safe from concussion and explodes with a fuse.

Dr. Lawrie, of Hyderabad, India, says that there are no parasites in the blood in malaria, and that the Italian investigators have mistaken the nuclei of the white cells in the blood for microbes.

The London County Council are considering a proposal to tunnel under the Thames, from Rotherhithe to Shadwell, and will be asked to take steps to ascertain the nature of the bed of the river.

It is well known that where a solution of sulphate of iron has been used for spraying potatoes there is a stronger growth of vine, which corroborates the claim that iron in small proportions deepens the color of plants.

Acetylene, the brilliant new gas, can be easily liquefied and stored until needed. When it is to be used the pressure is lessened, and it becomes gaseous again. It gives more than ten times the light of coal gas burned in the best burners.

The Committee for the Study of Glaciers, which was appointed at the meeting of the International Congress of Geologists of Zurich, has recently made some interesting discoveries. The glaciers of New Zealand have been carefully explored and mapped out. It has been found that the rate of movement of the New Zealand glaciers averages 151.2 inches per diem. From observations in the valleys containing large glaciers it is concluded that the ice has passed at four different levels in its descent.

## About Keeping Shoes.

I have before me a pair of shoes; one, save for the shape of the foot having destroyed the stiff outlines of newness, looking as if it might have just left the store; the other shoe looks as if even a tramp might pass it by with contempt. Yet they are mates.

One has been cleaned, the other has not, is all the difference; yet neither has ever been "blackened;" the shoes have never been worn with rubbers, yet when cleaned the leather is soft and pliable as one could wish; yet with all the spick and spanness they are half worn out. How is it done?

Have three small, clean cloths, a basin of water, a bottle of cosmoline, vaseline, petroleum jelly, or whatever name you like to call it, is all the same, and a clean shoe polishing or cloth brush.

The shoe should be wiped as free of mud as possible before drying and should be hung in a warm current of air, say two or three feet above a register or stove-pipe, not underneath the kitchen range, where they will be scorched on top and wet underneath.

When they are perfectly dry wipe the mud stains off with a damp cloth, be sure to get them all off; then rub hard with a dry cloth, then polish with the brush, being careful about the stitching and around the sole. It is best to do only a part at a time, say first the vamp, one side, then the other, not forgetting the heel.

Unless your shoes have been badly scuffed and rotted by bad shoe dressing they will look almost like new. Now rub cosmoline over them with a clean cloth and rub it well in; use it liberally, for too little will only destroy the polish, while plenty of cosmoline improves it. The whole shoe should be carefully done, even among the buttons and buttonholes, and presto, your shoes are soft and pliable, black and just polished enough to look well; will not stain your underclothes or fingers when putting them on, and a little water will do them no harm.

Try it once, and you will never want to do it any other way.—Philadelphia Times.

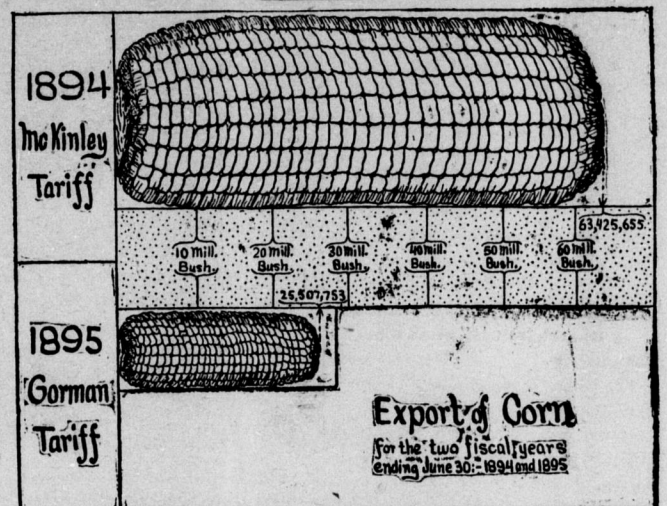
## Gigantic Petrified Oysters.

A bed of petrified oysters was found on the top of Big Mountain, just back of Forkston, Wyoming County, Penn., a short time since. A Judson Starke and William N. Reynolds, Jr., of Lafayette College, amateur geologists of Tanhannock, spent a day on the mountain and brought back a fine collection of them. Some of the specimens are of mammoth size, one measuring twenty-two inches long by nine inches wide, and weighing forty pounds. The specimens range in all sizes, from this down to the ordinary edible oyster of the present time. Some of the specimens show the eye of the oyster perfectly, and in all of them the meat is easily removed from the shell. The bed seems to be confined to a small mound resting on a broad plateau, at the extreme top of the mountain, near the Sullivan County line, and was first unearthed by workmen in grading a railroad from Lopez to the Jennings Brothers lumber tract.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Must Prove They Can Ride.

Bicycle accidents are very rare in St. Petersburg, Russia, for the simple reason that the authorities do not allow the use of the bicycle in public except by riders who have given satisfactory proof of proficiency before a secret board of examiners.

## CAPTURING THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.



## LABOR AND WAGES.

## THE FALSITY OF FREE TRADE CLAIMS CLEARLY SHOWN.

More Hands Were Employed and Better Wages Paid Under the McKinley Law Than Under the Wilson Act—Results of a Thorough Investigation.

Since the beginning of the present year the free trade newspapers have been busily engaged in reporting what they were pleased to term "advances" in wages, though in no single instance has it been stated to what previous rate of wages the "advance" related. With a view to ascertaining the facts, the American Protective Tariff League has undertaken an investigation to determine the average number of hands employed in different industries, during the first half of the years 1893, 1894 and 1895, together with the percentage of wages paid, the rate of 1890 being taken as a full standard.

A most 500 reports from eighty-five different industries were received, the largest number of industries that ever reported to any census made by the League. As forty of the replies were either unsigned, only partially filled out, or both, the League omitted them from its calculations, leaving 165 representing the information given by 456 different employers of labor. The first list gives in detail the number of hands employed. It shows that the same industries employed 9530 more hands in 1892 than in 1890, an increase of 12 per cent. In 1894 they employed 21,081 hands less than in 1892, a decrease of 26 per cent.; in the early part of 1895 they employed 11,756 more hands than in 1894, but 12,925 less hands than in 1890 and 2795 less even than in 1892. For 1895 the employment of labor shows an increase of 17 per cent. as compared with 1894, a decrease of 13 per cent. as compared with 1892, and a decrease of 3 per cent. as compared with 1890.

Next the League gives the percentage of wages paid in 455 different industrial establishments. Such percentage shows that the average of wages paid in 1892 was 5 per cent. higher than in 1890; in 1893 it was 16 per cent. less than in 1890 and 21 per cent. less than in 1892; while for the 1895 period the average rate of wages paid was 14 per cent. less than in 1890, 17 per cent. less than in 1892 and only 2 per cent. greater than in 1894. While those reported "advances" in wages have been diligently announced in the cases of the few industries that have been able to make them, nothing has been heard of the far more numerous other instances wherein the wage earners have not been so fortunate.

Previous investigations made by the League were:

McKinley census, October, 1892, showing over \$40,000,000 invested in new or enlarged industries within two years; also that work has been provided for 37,285 additional hands.

Industrial census, October, 1893, showing a loss of 47.29 per cent. in the volume of trade as compared with November, 1892; a decrease of 60 per cent. in the number of hands employed; a decrease of 69 per cent. in the amount of wages paid; and a decrease of \$2.35 in the average weekly earnings.

Industrial census, October, 1894, showing a decrease of 56 per cent. in the output of factories as compared with 1892; a falling off of 39 per cent. in the number of hands employed; a falling off of 45 per cent. in the amount of wages paid; and a decrease of \$5 in average annual earnings.

These results can be briefly tabulated as follows:

McKINLEY CENSUS OF 1892.	Extra hands employed.	Value of new capital invested.
Since 1890 Census.	37,285	\$40,000,000

INDUSTRIAL CENSUS, OCTOBER, 1893.	Since Nov., 1892.
Decrease in labor.	69 per cent.
Decrease in wages.	69 per cent.
Decrease in business.	47.29 per cent.
Number of hands out of work.	191,361
Total loss in weekly wages.	\$1,202,531.36
Average decrease in rate of wages.	17 per cent.

INDUSTRIAL CENSUS, OCTOBER, 1894.	Since 1893 Census.
Decrease in labor.	56 per cent.
Decrease in wages.	45 per cent.
Decrease in product value.	39 per cent.
Decrease in cost of material.	44 per cent.

WAGES AND LABOR CENSUS, SEPTEMBER, 1895.	Since 1894 Census.
Comparison with 1894.	Wages 17 per cent. less; hands 13 per cent. less.

From this latest investigation it is apparent that the industrial condition of the United States has retrogressed more than half a decade. Six years have elapsed since the taking of the census of 1889, and we find that 3 per cent. less labor is employed now than

then, also that labor earned this year at the rate of 14 per cent. less wages than in 1889. These results, as applied to the whole country, appear in the following exhibit:

Census of 1890.		Investment of 1893.	
Hands em- ployed.	4,712,622	3 per cent.	4,571,243
Wages earned \$2,283,216,529—14 p. c. \$1,963,566,215			
The result of a Democratic Administration and a free trade fanatic Congress is that labor was earning \$300,000,000 less this year than in 1889. We have to thank the more conservative Democratic Congressmen that the result was not worse. Contrast this half decade of Democratic destruction with the progress of the country during three decades of protection.			
GROWTH OF CAPITAL INVESTED.			
1860	1,000,000	1890	\$1,000,855,715
1870	1,615,598	1880	2,118,208,769
1880	2,019,035	1890	2,790,272,606
1890	3,745,219	1890	6,524,475,306
INCREASE OF PERSONS EMPLOYED.			
1860	1,000,000	1890	4,571,243
1870	1,615,598	1880	2,118,208,769
1880	2,019,035	1890	2,790,272,606
1890	3,745,219	1890	6,524,475,306
TOTAL WAGES PAID.			
1860	1,000,000	1890	\$1,963,566,215
1870	1,615,598	1880	2,118,208,769
1880	2,019,035	1890	2,790,272,606
1890	3,745,219	1890	6,524,475,306
COST OF MATERIAL AND VALUE OF PRODUCT.			
1860	1,000,000	1890	\$1,963,566,215
1870	1,615,598	1880	2,118,208,769
1880	2,019,035	1890	2,790,272,606
1890	3,745,219	1890	6,524,475,306

There are two items in the above tables that stand out in bold relief of all others:

Total Number of Hands Employed. Total Wages Paid.

Nearly two millions of people given employment in a decade. Two hundred thousand per year. This is free trade. A free trade that has done this in 1890, and its earning capacity is less by three hundred million dollars a year.

Here