

Subscription price 12 cents a year in advance.

CONTENTS. FOR AMERICANS.

CHAPTER VI. HAMBLE BULL.

new, disorganized factories, alienated workmen and general discontent.

the election canvass was seen in the victory of the Dallas party and James K. Polk was elected.

passed by and for a while all went on as usual without the Fletcher.

throughout the country but another low tariff era and their foundation, for in 1846 a power did indeed repeal the tariff of '42.

in the United States has ever known, and a practically free trade, became a

mediate ruin did not result was due to the fact that in Ireland, in Europe, the Mexican war, the war and the discovery of gold in California.

free trade destroyed, put into the hands of a few men and women a colossal power.

months passed by times grew worse, the number of unemployed men increased.

Fletcher, through all the trouble of the day, kept his workmen employed.

during this time, three men were over a miserable fire kindled on the hill.

meddlin' here week in and week there, she's got my own family up and down.

Work had been waiting for her at Kelly's very door yet she showed a desire to embrace it beyond his reach.

There, her thin, white face worked. She shook her puny fist in her brother's face.

There, her thin, white face worked. She shook her puny fist in her brother's face.

There, her thin, white face worked. She shook her puny fist in her brother's face.

There, her thin, white face worked. She shook her puny fist in her brother's face.

There, her thin, white face worked. She shook her puny fist in her brother's face.

There, her thin, white face worked. She shook her puny fist in her brother's face.

There, her thin, white face worked. She shook her puny fist in her brother's face.



CHARLIE DANA—'Serves you all right now for eating those nasty green apples. Here I had cut a nice ripe watermelon for you, too.'—Judge.

They'd be fire it to-night, true as there's a God in heaven, they'd be fire it to-night.

There was such terrible earnestness in Nora's voice that Ethel Fletcher never paused to doubt.

The next instant she was in the hall calling to Fletcher and Peyton, and by the sound of banging doors and hurrying footsteps down the path.

When Miss Fletcher returned she found Nora unconscious on the floor, a tiny stream of blood staining the white fur of the bearing rug on which she had fallen.

As Ethel Fletcher knelt and raised the dark, unchildlike face to her bosom, Nora's dark, unchildlike face to her bosom, Nora's dark, unchildlike face to her bosom.

"Would you mind a kissin' me, Miss Ethel?" Then, as the kiss touched her lips, "I couldn't let him damn yer, no, not if he is my father!"

"A pain, in which she labored for breath, and then, looking once up at the pitying eyes above her and clutching her loved teacher's hand, she asked:

"Are you quite sure, Miss Ethel, about Jesus, an his a lovin' me, an' wantin' me in heaven?"

And Ethel Fletcher, her hot tears falling upon the stiffening form in her arms, did not speak, for she knew by the smile on the dead child's lips, that the answer had reached her.

As Fletcher and Peyton drew near the work of the counting-room windows were illumined from within, and tiny streams of smoke were curling through the loosened casings.

Fletcher drew his breath sharply, and tightened his grasp on Peyton's arm.

"We're too late, the whole place is on fire from within! Run, give the alarm, Peyton, I must see if some of the machinery can be saved."

Regardless of personal danger he hurried to the side of the building with the idea of forcing an entrance, and the door yielded to his powerful blows.

Then a sense of what these ruined buildings meant for him, caused him to tighten his grasp on Kelly's throat, and to shake the cowardly wretch until he whimpered for mercy.

A shot, sharp and cruel, rang out upon the air; in the blaze Gaffer Gwynne stood revealed for an instant, a smoking pistol in his old, trembling hand, and, as Fletcher with the crown relaxed his hold on Kelly's throat, and fell lifeless in the doorway of his burning factory.

Gwynne's unshaven, terror-ricken face disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER VII. DALLAS NIGHTCAPS.

The cry of hard times reaches us from every part of the country. The making of roads is stopped, factories are closed and houses and shops are no longer built.

These barrels were mockingly dubbed "Dallas Nightcaps" by the starving, desperate men whose votes had placed Dallas in power.

One cold winter confronted each other in the path, while to Margaret's home and looked down upon the ruined factories.

"An' so," sneered he, "ye've come back on the poor folk," then reading only too plainly the terror in her eyes, he sat down by the wayside and with a groan hid his face in his rough hands.

"Damn 'em," he cried, "for takin' ye from me! What good has their learnin' an' the ways of doin' ye, Meg? Ye are starvin' like the rest of us, an' they leave ye to die!"

The girl's eyes, looking down at him with almost unearthly beauty, were filled with tears.

"Don't yer be a cryin', my girl, don't yer, or as true as there's a God in heaven, I'll have their hearts' blood! I have murder in my thoughts!"

"And what good will murder do?" asked the trembling girl, catching him with a touch of her hand.

you would see it is your own fault that you are starving and not the fault of the man you would murder."

He gazed gloomily at her, yet stood quietly under an influence that seemed to bring calm and comfort to his desperate mood.

"Look at yonder factories," she continued, with unconscious oratorical power, raising her young voice and pointing to the silent buildings below.

"Miss Ethel taught me many things in those happy days," answers Margaret sadly, "and now that she is gone it seems sometimes as though my grandfather was dying."

"Grandfather—he died the next day, you know—just turned his face to the wall and cried like a child. God bless you, sir, he said, 'for comfort, it is on my conscience that I raised a hand against you. You've been a good boss and I know it isn't your fault that the people are ill and starving. Would to God we had listened to you from the first!'"

"I kept up as long as I could," said Mr. Fletcher, "without reducing wages, and then I called the men together and told them I must give them less until the pain was over, but would not close the works unless obliged to."

"You know what happened then. They burned my factory, threatened my life and home, and now I must go elsewhere; but if it is any comfort for you starving men to know it, I go a ruined man. Joe, Mr. Fletcher is a good man."

"Yet yer 'good man' leaves yer to starve, it seems," sneered Dattie.

Margaret's pale face grew warm with the crimson blood as she replied: "I could not take money from him! Miss Ethel knows he thinks just before she died, she called me and said: 'Margaret, these are hard times, and worse days are ahead, and I don't feel happy if I thought of you as suffering. I have placed a sum of money in the bank for you, and you can draw it as you need it. My brother will try to sell our home and his property here, and will follow us in England soon—in a few months I will write and fully, and in a few months I will write and see that more is placed to your account. You will not be forgotten!'"

Margaret paused many times to wipe away the tears as she repeated the words.

"Well, an' whose yer money, then?" demanded Dattie.

"Joe," answered Margaret, with her dark, earnest eyes turned toward the quiet town, "do you think that I could have money in the bank and see poor folk a starving around me? I've drawn out every penny, and thank God I had it to give!"

"An' a starvin' an' freezin' yourselves to do it!" cried Dattie.

"I am young and strong and it doesn't matter," said the girl. "There are many sick and old ones in the town that need it more than I."

Dattie looked at her glowing, inspired face with awe, while a new emotion was born in his breast and mastered him.

With something very like a sob he bowed his head.

"An' ye such a slyp of a girl, too! God be thanked for such as ye, Miss. I've been a bad man, but God helpin' me, from this hour on I'm a changed one!"

With a smile of newly-born trust Margaret took the hand held out to her, and together they went down into the famine-stricken town.

CHAPTER VIII. THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"Who is hungry? Go and see. You that are full fed and know not what it is to be hungry—perhaps never saw a hungry man—go and see do and see thousands, men and women, boys and girls, old and young, black and white, of all nations, crowding, I might say, each other, almost fighting for a first chance, acting more like hungry wolves than human beings, in a land of plenty, waiting till the food is ready for distribution. If we could stop the import of the foreign articles, the gold would cease to flow out to pay for them, and money would then again become more abundant, and labor again be in demand."

—New York Tribune, January 15, 1892.

In spite of the general distress throughout the country, the Democrats were so thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of British Free Trade, that they persisted in maintaining the low tariff, and foreign goods continued flooding the market.

Everywhere, and money became scarce in consequence of the enormous importations. Soup houses were opened in the cities and towns, and thousands of starving people looked to them daily to be fed.

Margaret Gwynne and Dattie upon reaching the town entered one of the soup houses and found Thorpe Fletcher, with two other workmen, standing in the midst of the wretched crowd.

"I hear that this soup kitchen is one of your charities, Fletcher," said one of them. "A Christian work, the only trouble is we need more of them during these sad times."

"Yes," replied Fletcher, "I sustain this one but it is contrary to my principles. I do not like soup houses. They are a degradation to the free country. Every man in town should be making soap from oil of his own table."

"Who, they are a lazy lot," drawled the other young man in a lower voice. "This is easier than you know than earning it. Ours is the grandest government on the face of the earth for now everything is cheap for these poor devils. Did you ever know a time before when boots and shoes could be bought for a mere pittance? Why, our working men ought to live like princes!"

"These are disastrous times, sir, and you don't politicians know it," retorted Fletcher. "I have not the money to buy? I am compelled to start my factory abroad in order to live but none the less I mourn my ruined country."

"I consider the cheap placards, marked 'cheap,' displayed in all our shop windows, as badges of poverty, signals of distress and omens of famine and financial ruin!"

The stronger turned to leave and Fletcher followed, after speaking pleasantly to some of his best known workmen in the crowd. As he crossed the room Margaret detected among an evil glance directed toward him.

"Damn that aristocrat," muttered one man, "he pretends to be our friend, and yet, curse him, he's takin' the gold we put in his pockets to forrin' paris and leaves us here to starve."

"He's trying to sell his grand place and the plant," said another.

"Divil of a plant he left him," chimed in Kelly's familiar brogue. "Faith, we need to get the night we were after smashin' his windin' an' puttin' a torch to the pile. Shure, he's a white-livered coward, fer he never so much as lifted a finger against a man of us, an' now he's fer runnin' away wid the crowd we armed for him, and hopes to shlop our mouths with a soup house!"

"Be damned if he do it!" shouted the now excited crowd.

An Echo from Free Trade Times.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July, 1892. EDITOR AMERICAN ECONOMIST: I should like to let you know of a little occurrence that happened when I was a boy of twelve, which recalls vividly how free wool benefits the farmer.

It was soon after the Walker Tariff began to cast its blighting shadow over the country. I was at that time living in one of the most prosperous sections of the State of New York, and the farmers had got nicely started in the sheep industry, but when they were ready to sell their wool the price was not only very low, but the demand was limited; in fact, it required about as much labor to sell their clip as it had to produce it, the country being flooded with foreign wool.

The result was the farmers became discouraged, killed off their sheep, dried the pastures down for tallow, and sold the logs of smitten in the village; for two cents per pound. Thus ended the sheep industry in that and probably other sections of the State, but long before it was again started the cunning Englishman had raised the price of wool to a higher figure than it was under the Protective Tariff of the previous four years.

Hoping our "Tariff Reform" farmers will read and ponder awhile over these facts, I remain, very truly yours,

W. W. MITCHELL.

Free Trade British Testimony.

The workmen, it must be confessed, have not hitherto looked to the Tariff in vain. They have not only enjoyed a high rate of wages, but they have also had an increasingly high rate for a number of years past. Labor has nearly doubled in value in all iron and steel works in the United States during the last twenty years. Within the same period there has been a general reduction in the prices of commodities, so that labor has enjoyed the benefits of both high wages and low prices.

—London Industries, July 21, 1892.

COBDEN CLUB'S SCHEME REVIVED.

Another Attempt to Convert the West to Free Trade.

The Western Democratic Campaign Fund, headed by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the millionaire editor of the New York World, will appeal to the sympathy and to the pocket-books of the Cobden Club. Mr. Pulitzer, who lives abroad, and merely visits this country occasionally to see how things get along in his stupendous newspaper building down on Park Row, is doubtless in close touch with the foreign Free Traders. Theirs is the idea of converting the Western farmers to Cobdenism.

The Cobden Club years ago saw that the farmers constituted the bulwark of Protection in this country, and realized that, if the Cobden Club was to triumph, they must be won from their allegiance to the teachings of George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, Horace Greeley, and every illustrious American statesman who has earned the love, gratitude and admiration of his countrymen. So they hired one Professor Mongroden to write up the side of Free Trade, and his books were scattered free by the 100,000 throughout the West. The London Times instead of the New York World was then the leading champion of the Free Trade crusade. The Times said on July 12, 1889:

"We wish the Cobden Club the best success in the arduous encounter which lies before it. We hope Mr. Augustus Mongroden's excellent volumes, and the other publications of the club will, between them, carry the United States by storm and thrust reason [i. e., Free Trade] into all minds, whether willing or unwilling to admit it."

Substitute "Reform" Club for Cobden Club, and how like an extract from the World of 1892 this extract reads. But the Times added a serious reflection which we earnestly commend to the thoughtful consideration of the Western rainbow chasers of this campaign. It continued:

"But we dare not venture to be prophetic. We have heard too many prophecies, and have waited long and vainly for their accomplishment. That free trade will come some day in the United States it is perfectly safe to assert; but how and when, and other minutia of the kind, must be left to the Cobden Club and to its twelve Cabinet Ministers in their unofficial capacity to decide. Their prophecies shall be like lovers' vows—broken, it may be, a thousand times, but uttered sincerely every time, and believed in to the very last."

That is the love-like hope and confidence of which our Western Democratic Fund campaigners will need a goodly store to carry them through the cruel disappointments and failures lying before them.

"Tariff Oppressed" Wage Earners.

The following dialogue is reproduced in The Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association. It occurred between the District Attorney of Allegheny County and the workman (under oath) who offered to bail Burgess John McCluckie, arrested for participating in the recent labor disturbances at Homestead: "What is your name?" asked District Attorney Burchell. "Owea Murphy, sir." "Where do you reside?" "In Homestead." "How much real estate do you own, Mr. Murphy?" "Well, sir, I own a house of fourteen rooms with a lot 60 x 140 feet in Homestead." "What is its value?" "Ten thousand dollars." "Anything against it—any judgments or mortgages?" "No, sir." "Own any other property?" "Yes, sir," and then Mr. Owen Murphy, mill worker, proceeded to designate seven other pieces of real estate which he held in fee simple and free of encumbrance in the borough of Homestead, the aggregate value of which was \$15,000.

A second workman was sworn, who asserted that he owned real estate to the value of \$10,000. Comment is unnecessary, but we cannot resist the temptation to inquire: Where under the shining sun, except among tariff-oppressed workers of this protection-plundered land of ours, could two steel workers, or any other workers, be found who, between them, had laid away \$25,000 from their earnings?

Free Traders Think So Still.

In a free competition for the market of the United States, the wages of manufacturing labor in the Northern States must be reduced at least as low as the wages of labor in England. The natural price of the manufacturing labor of the Northern States is precisely the same as that of the manufacturing labor of England, and not a cent more.

—Speech of Free-Trade Congressman McDuffie of South Carolina, 1832.

Advertisement for 'Rising Sun Stove Polish'. It claims to be the 'BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD' and has an annual sale of 3,000 tons. The product is used for cleaning stoves, furnaces, and iron work.

A FEW YOU HAVE GIVEN LIBERAL SUPPORT TO YOUR LOCAL PAPER, SEND FOR A NEW PAPER OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST.

THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST. The regular amount of the paper of the person. Every person who subscribes to the paper should send a copy to the publisher.

SPECIAL CAMPAIGN OFFER. In order to give subscribers for every THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST a copy of the paper for 2 cents extra.

AMERICA'S ECONOMIC ST. 125 West 23rd Street, New York.