

**FIGURES NEVER LIE.**

**AGES HAVE INCREASED UNDER THE M'KINLEY BILL.**

Still They Continue to Rise—The Mugwump New York Times Called to Task for Its Assertions—The Republican Side.

It has been asserted and reiterated over and over again that wages have risen since the McKinley tariff was enacted. It is the one single survivor of the multitude of falsehoods sent abroad during the campaign of lying in 1890. It survives, not that it was more fit than the others—McKinley lies, for example—but from the faculty of securing labor statistics complete enough to obliterate it. McKinley prices" were disproved by simply comparing the market reports published before and after the new tariff took effect. But there are no regular reports published on rates of wages. Thousands of changes are annually made in this country, some involving increases, others decreased wages or hours of labor. They have occurred, do occur and will occur independently of any tariff in response to the varying conditions of industry. If orders for goods come flowing in, the labor in the industry which makes the goods will be fully employed and wage reductions will be impossible. But if short crops curtail the purchasing power of consumers, or the demand becomes inadequate to the supply because of overproduction, or a change in fashion even, or for any other cause, labor in the industries concerned will be inordinately affected, and if the unfavorable conditions continue, wages will fall. The law of supply and demand will continue to operate inside, and so far, independently, of any tariff law that can be framed. Thousands of changes in wage rates, both up and

Number of employes, prices and products in the coal mines of Illinois:

Year	Price per ton	Employes	Product, tons
1882	1.01	11,017,000	12,123,450
1883	1.48	23,039	12,308,075
1884	1.26	25,875	11,834,459
1885	1.17	25,446	11,775,241
1886	1.10	25,846	14,423,066
1887	1.08	26,801	14,328,131
1888	1.12	29,410	14,017,268
1889	1.07	28,574	15,374,727
1891	1.00	28,951	15,600,668

Wages per day:

Years	Cutters	Blasters	Helpers	Loaders	Laborers	Timbermen
1882	\$1.33	\$2.07	\$1.70	\$1.79	\$1.61	\$2.12
1883	1.34	2.09	1.78	1.80	1.52	2.17
1884	1.29	1.97	1.77	1.78	1.73	2.14
1885	1.25	1.97	1.77	1.78	1.73	2.14

With a single exception, and that the most unimportant, wages were higher in 1891 than in any of the three other years considered. These are the results arrived at by scientific investigation. Similar results would appear in every State from similar investigations. Wages are going up under the new tariff.—American Economist.

**A Farmer's Tariff Talk.**

A Missouri farmer, Mr. W. H. Pittenger of Hickman Mills, in a letter to the Protective Tariff league, shows the falsity of the free trade claim that farmers are naturally free traders by giving these solid reasons for being a protectionist:

"I am a protectionist.

"Because self preservation or protection is, and of right should be, the first law of nature.

"Because history proves beyond controversy that it was only by and through this system that it was made possible for the United States of America to lead the world to-day in intelligence and prosperity.

"Because I am a farmer and believe that there can never be permanent prosperity among us as a class so long

It was at his behest that the honest convictions of Democrats in the House on the silver question were strangled in order to give Cleveland a chance to grind away on the only string he can play—the free trade string. This is an assertion that the Republican party has already solved the money question and that it is not an issue.

"Agin' the Constituteoshun." Democratic editors ought to be at work showing why no measures should be taken against the introduction of cholera. Such steps can be shown to be "agin' the constituteoshun." Besides it interferes with natural law to set up quarantine stations against the importation of this cheap foreign product. If we are going to have free trade let us be consistent.—Ex.

**The Lonely Mugwump.**

Mugwump newspapers are pointing with assumed sorrow to some of President Harrison's appointments, whose wickedness, in the Mugwump view, consists in the fact that they have done good work for the Republican party. Why do not the Mugwumps look up the list of convicted criminals appointed to office by President Cleveland?

**A Tariff Picnic.**

Republican reciprocity with Cuba went into effect on September 1, 1891. During the seven months beginning with September 1, 1890, our exports of domestic merchandise to Cuba were

\$7,981,888.	
For the first seven months under reciprocity they were	\$11,607,438.

**Women in the Coal Pit.**

"It is significant of the abject condition of labor in free trade Belgium," says the New York Press, "that a number of women perished in the disaster at the Anderlech colliery. Among the victims was a girl 14 years of age;

**A QUEER RACE.**

**A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.**

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

**CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.**

"Didn't I tell you?" said Peyton, turning to me with a smile. "All right, lad! But I only want two; cannot spare more, and two will be quite enough. We must draw lots. Mr. Bucklow, write down the name of every man who is willing to undertake the job on a slip of paper, put the slips into a hat, and then Mr. Erie will perhaps oblige us by drawing two at random, and the names on them will be those of the two lucky ones."

Lucky ones, indeed! The names were written. I drew two slips, and announced, amid the breathless attention of the crew, that the winners were Harry Smithers and Jack McKean. Both threw up their caps with delight; and the others looked bitterly disappointed; and the curses they vented on their ill-luck were loud and deep.

After this a couple of hawvers were passed from the stern of the "Diana" to the bows of the "Lady Jane," the forlorn hope (very forlorn, I feared), amply provided with water and provisions, went on board the derelict, and the fever ship was taken in tow.

I have already mentioned that the "Diana" had an auxiliary screw. It was, however, very small, and seldom used—only, in fact, when there was a dead calm or exceptionally bad weather. So far, it had not been used at all, and our coal supply being unusually low (owing to our carrying a full cargo of merchandise), Peyton would probably not have put the "Diana" under steam at all had we not fallen in with the fever ship. But as it is extremely difficult for a vessel under sail to tow another, he ordered the screw to be slipped and steam to be got up. It was, however, quite evident that our progress in any circumstances would be slow, and that if a gale of wind sprang up we should have to abandon our prize. Nobody knew this better than Peyton.

"What will you do with the 'Lady Jane' when you get her to Nassau?" I asked. "Batten down the hatches and fumigate her with sulphur; then put a crew aboard, bend fresh sails to her, and send her home under charge of Mr. Bucklow. If there should be any fever-germs left—and I don't believe there will be—the cold will soon kill them."

Had I been unduly alarmed, after all! There was no communication between the two ships; it was hardly possible for the infection to fly across the streak of water that separated them; and yellow fever being generally confined to certain localities, the sea must necessarily be unfavorable to its development.

When two days passed and nobody seemed any the worse—not even Bill Bailey, who had handled the dead body—I began to think that I had been unduly alarmed; my spirits revived, and albeit none of us passengers (nor probably any of the crew) particularly liked the proximity of the fever ship, we soon ceased to trouble about her, and our lives went on as usual.

In the meanwhile, the wind had fallen, and though every stitch of canvas was spread, we could not make more than four knots an hour, even with the help of our tiny screw, much to Peyton's annoyance. "At this rate," he said, "we shall not reach the Bermudas for two or three weeks. However, it might be worse. If it had come on to blow, we should have had to cast the 'Lady Jane' off; and if we were quite becalmed, we should soon be without coal. I wish Nassau was a few hundred miles nearer. It is a good stretch out of our way."

The responsibility he had incurred by deviating from his course was evidently preying on his mind. If all went on smoothly, if he got safely to Nassau and disposed of the "Lady Jane" to advantage, or sent her home, good and well—his co-owners would be more than satisfied, and praise his enterprise and pluck, and he would put money in their pockets and his own. But if, after prolonging his voyage two or three weeks, he had to abandon his prize, they would probably have something to say that he might not quite like.

So far as I was personally concerned, I had no objection in the world to make a call at the Bermudas. Not knowing when—if ever—I should be able to make another long voyage, I wanted to see all I could.

One of my greatest pleasures was an early walk round the "Diana's" deck. There being none of the fair sex on board, we had no need to study propriety; and I generally rose with the sun, slipped on a pair of pyjamas, and paddled about the deck with naked feet. As often as not I appeared even without the pyjamas, and jumping overboard at the bows, swam to the stern and climbed up the ship's side by a rope.

Rather a ticklish operation; for if you don't seize the rope at the right moment you may be left behind, and swimming after the ship under sail is by no means easy and may be dangerous. Before she could be brought to and a boat lowered, you might easily be drowned or gobbled up by a shark.

Captain Peyton several times warned me of the risk I ran by this proceeding. "You will be missing your tip one of these days," he said, "and then look out! If the ship has much way on her, it may be half an hour or more before you get help."

But as I never missed my tip, I thought I never should; and with practice the feat became so easy that I grew confident and careless, although I did not end, as Peyton said I should, by "missing my tip."

One morning, shortly after we had discovered the "Lady Jane," I rose, if anything, a little earlier than usual, was on deck, just as the sun began to rise, and diving over the bows as usual, struck out leisurely for the stern, which, as the ship and myself were moving in opposite directions, I reached in a few seconds. Raising my head, I prepared to make a dash at the rope.

It was not there! I had forgotten to order one to be thrown out, and I was not sure that anybody had seen me go into the water. I shouted to the man at the wheel but he did not hear, and the next moment the ship had forged ahead. There was nothing for it but to climb up the bows of the "Lady Jane." Better risk taking the fever than be drowned.

She was rather low in the water, or I do not think I should have managed it, and I was greatly helped by the loose end of a bolt-rope which hung down from the bowsprit. As I struggled up, knocking myself about a good deal in the effort, I happened to cast an eye on the hawser nearest to me, and fancied I saw something black moving along it toward the "Diana."

"What on earth—" I could not spare a hand to rub my eyes, so I shut and opened

them by way of squeezing out the water, and looked again.

There could be no mistake about it. The black thing was a rat, and it was followed by a lot more rats. They were running along the rope in regular procession—scores of them—and when I got over the bulwark I found ever so many more, waiting for their turns. When the hideous things saw me they ran away squeaking. I shuddered, for I knew what they had been feeding on; but my mind was just then too much occupied with my own concerns to take in the full significance of the incident. I felt rather foolish standing stark naked in the bows of the "Lady Jane," and did not want to add to the absurdity of my position by halting the "Diana" and asking for a boat. Why should I not imitate the rats, and use one of the hawsers as a bridge?

No sooner thought than done. I am a pretty fair gymnast, and seizing the hawser with both hands, and letting myself down, I moved them alternately forward until I reached my destination. It was still gray dawn; nobody had seen me, and I crept unperceived over the taffrail. Bill Bailey was at the wheel, and Bucklow the second mate, and Tom Bolsover were near the binnacle, deep in conversation.

"Good-morning!" I said, in a hollow voice, for I was breathless from exertion. "Lord help us! One of them chaps from the 'Lady Jane!'" shouted Bailey, and without more ado left the wheel to itself, and ran forward as fast as if our ghostly foe had been at his heels. His exclamation and my appearance so scared Bolsover, and he jumped round, slipped on the wet deck (it had just been washed), and clutching at the mate in a frantic effort to save himself, both went down together, and the ship, pitching to at the same moment, they rolled, one over the other, into the scupper.

"It is just me—nothing to be alarmed about. Only come aboard," I said, bursting with laughter, as I ran below to dry and dress myself.

When I looked into my glass and surveyed my body, I was not surprised at the scare I had caused. My hands and legs were covered with tar from the bows of the "Lady Jane"; some of the stuff had got on my face, and as my long and rather red hair was matted on my forehead and hung over my eyes, and my skin was very white, I looked decidedly queer and slightly diabolical, if not very ghost-like.

So soon as I had made myself presentable I went on deck. There had been a great to-do. When the ship broached to, the captain came out of his cabin in great wrath, and wanted to know what—the something or other—was up. Bucklow was excessively riled at being rolled into the scupper, and called the boatswain a darnation old woman, to Tom's great disgust, and Bill Bailey received a severe reprimand for deserting his post and letting the ship broach to.

"I thought it was one of them chaps from the 'Lady Jane' come to life, or may be Yellow Jack himself," pleaded the quarter-master.

"And if it had been, that was no reason for letting the ship broach to," said the captain, severely; but when his momentary fit of anger was over, he laughed as heartily as the other; and for the rest of the day all were enjoying the joke, and talking about the apparition of Yellow Jack.

Ah, me! It was the last bit of fun we had on board the "Diana."

In talking the affair over with Peyton, I mentioned the portentous sight I had just seen. He seemed much disquieted.

"Rats!" he exclaimed. "Rats running along the hawsers? Are you quite sure?" "Quite; and the procession continued until I got on board and disturbed them."

"This may have been going on all night," he said, uneasily. "It must be stopped. I want nothing from the 'Lady Jane' on board this ship, lest all rats."

No wonder he felt uneasy. The rats I saw had been living for days on the bodies—now thrown overboard—which we had seen on the "Lady Jane's" deck, and now they were among us, running round the ship, nibbling at our food, scampering over the water-casks. If it were possible to convey the infection, they would surely convey it—had, perhaps, conveyed it already.

The captain asked me to keep what I had seen to myself—he feared it might alarm the crew—and the carpenter received orders to fix on each of the hawsers a round board, studded with nails, to prevent an invasion of rats from the "Lady Jane."

"I have heard of rats running along ropes before now," he said to the carpenter, "and it is just as well to be on the safe side."

I made no further remark, but I much feared that it would prove another case of shutting the stable door when the steed was stolen. My worst foreboding revived, and I turned in that night with a heavy heart. After lying awake several hours, I sunk into a dream-haunted sleep. My procession over again; saw the little black demons crawl along the hawser and sweep in thousands over the deck; saw the watch fighting with them; and Peyton, coming out of his cabin to see what was the matter, the creatures fell fiercely upon him, and in a few minutes there was nothing left but a skeleton.

When I awoke the sun was shining, and a huge rat sat on the side of my bunk. For a moment I thought that I still dreamed, but as I moved and stirred the bedclothes it jumped on the floor with a squeak and scurried out of my sight.

The first rat I had seen on board the "Diana," and no doubt one of the horde from the fever-ship. As likely as not, it had been playing about my bunk and running over my bed all night.

big toe. But I had my revenge. I kicked the beggar off, and then knocked it on the head with my other boot. Where did they all come from, Captain Peyton? There did not used to be any on board; you said so yourself."

"I did not think there were; but rats are very unaccountable creatures. You never tell. Two or three pairs may have come aboard at Liverpool, and been increasing and multiplying down in the hold. You have no idea how fast they breed."

"Gad! if two or three pairs have increased into two or three hundred since we left Liverpool, they do breed fast, and no mistake," returned Bulnois, dryly.

"Two or three hundred! Nonsense! I don't believe there are two or three dozens."

"Aren't there, though? Why, they are all over the ship; and if some are so bold as to come into our bunks and crawl into our boots, just think how many must there be down in the hold. I hope they won't eat through the sides and sink us, that's all."

At this point Peyton (whom the conversation evidently annoyed) remembered that his presence was required on deck, and left us to ourselves, on which we had a long talk and many stories about rats; but I made no mention of the strange sight I had seen on the occasion of my late involuntary visit to the "Lady Jane."

The captain afterward told me "on the quiet" that (as I suspected) he had seen several rats in his cabin, only it would not do for him to admit the fact.

"We must make the best of it," he said; "no use crying over spilled milk, you know. If we were to cast off the 'Lady Jane' we would not get rid of the rats; and it may be a false alarm, after all. I really don't see what harm they can do."

But this was all make-believe—whistling to keep his courage up. I knew that in his heart Peyton thought just as I did, and feared the worst.

When I went on deck next morning I missed Bill Bailey, and asked Bucklow what had become of him.

"On the sick-list."

"What is the matter?"

"I don't know; but I believe he is very sick. The captain has seen him; he will tell you."

We had no surgeon on board, and the captain, in addition to his other functions, acted as doctor. When I saw him, I asked what was wrong with Bailey—if it was anything serious.

"Very serious," was the answer, "I am sorry to say it is."

"But is it not possible you may be mistaken? Are you certain that your diagnosis is correct?"

"Do I know a case of yellow fever when I see it, you mean? I ought. When I was second officer of the 'Neva,' one of the Royal Mail steamers, you know, we once had seventy deaths from yellow fever within a week of leaving St. Thomas'. Yes, Bailey has got it; and I fear it will go hard with him, poor fellow."

It did go hard with him. Forty-eight hours later the quarter-master's body was stretched up in his hammock and committed to the deep, and at the captain's request I read the funeral service over the poor fellow's watery grave.

"The first victim," I thought. "Who will be the next?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

**PURITY IN POLITICS.**



**CLEVELAND'S DOUBLE ROLE—To Get the Nomination He Bows Before the Goddess; to Get Elected He Bows Before the Tammany Tough.**

down, were made in the most prosperous years this country ever knew; they are made now under the McKinley tariff, and will be made unless Edward Bellamy or Henry George succeeds in revolutionizing the existing industrial system.

As a rule, changes in rates of wages do not get into the public press beyond the local papers. A reduction in wages, being more unusual in this country than an advance, is more likely to be chronicled. Ever since the McKinley law passed, the free-trade papers all over the country have watched like vultures for instances of wage reductions, and gloated over these misfortunes of the working people like birds of prey. The New York Times in particular has been on the alert to record and exult over every reduction of wages, in order to ascribe it to the McKinley law. Reading its editorials on this subject one would get the impression that a five or ten per cent. decrease in wages was an unknown occurrence before the McKinley act passed. We have before pointed out its shallow dishonesty in this respect. It collects ten or a dozen or a score of cases of reduced wages, and proclaims that wages generally are falling. It heeds not the thousands of cases of increased pay which have occurred under the new law.

Only after a painstaking canvass of all the industries of the country, and of the wage changes occurring in them, can any one form an intelligent opinion as to whether the general course of wages is up or down. But your zealous free-trade "reformer" does not care for that. He is bent on making out a case against protection, and, in his desperation at the lack of favoring evidence, does not hesitate to manufacture it.

In this connection we have already called attention to the fact that the annual report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of New York State for 1891 chronicles 1941 cases of increased wages, 2085 cases of decrease in the hours of labor—virtually increase of wages also—and only 441 cases of reduced wages. Yet all that year the New York Times was loudly proclaiming that wages were generally falling.

No less instructive is the record of the State Bureau of Labor Statistics of Illinois, which has issued a report on coal statistics for that State. Not only has more coal been mined in the first year of the new tariff and more men been employed than ever before, but wages have averaged higher, while coal has been cheaper, as will appear in the following figures from the report:

as our markets are made 5,000 miles from our farms; hence the need of diversification of American industries until our markets are made at home or by us. Protection and only protection makes this possible."

Expressions like these from the people show that the cause of protection is making headway in the homes of the nation.—N. Y. Press.

**Danger of Forcing Education.**

Perhaps the stress is applied too early to our little ones. I throw out this word of caution to our good lady friends here who have them in charge. Some years ago I was passing down a street in Indianapolis from my residence to my office, and on the way there was one of our public schools. The children were just gathering in the morning. As I came near the corner two sweet little girls, evidently chums, approached from different directions, and, meeting at the crossing, soon had their heads close together, but not so close but that I caught the conversation. One said to the other: "Oh, I had such an awful dream last night."

Her sympathizing little fellow put her head still closer and said: "What was it?"

"Oh," said the trembling little one, "I dreamed I did not pass."

It is safer to such little ones to dream, as in my careless country boyhood I was wont to do, about bears.—President Harrison at Saratoga.

**Strikes Not Due to Tariff.**

Democratic demagogues are attributing the labor riots at Homestead to the "increased tariff" of the McKinley law and drawing the conclusion that increase of tariff means decrease of wages. As a matter of fact, the cause of reduction of wages at Homestead was due to increase of competition in the business and consequent reduction of the price of the product to American consumers. The following shows the tariff on the product of the Homestead mills under both the old and the new laws:

	Old tariff	New tariff (McKinley)
Beams, girders, channels, etc.	14c	8-10c
Plates	14c	8-10c
Billets	45 per cent, about 6-10c	4-10c
Steel ingots	45 per cent, about 6-10c	4-10c
Pig metal	2-10c	3-10c
Rails	\$17 or about 8-10c	6-10c
Wire nails	4c	2c
Rods	6-10	6-10c
Spliced bars	14c	1c
Round iron	13-10c	1-10c
Bar iron	8-10c	8-10c
Wire	14c	14c

Cleveland is Democracy. Cleveland is the Democratic party.

while children cried around the mouth of the pit for their mothers entombed below. In the United States, happily, there is no need of women going into coal mines for a living."

**The Democratic Rooster.**

Dana—Good Lord, I wish I was a rooster.

Tammany—Why, brother?

Dana—Because the rooster doesn't have to eat his crow.

**Democratic Hopes.**

The Democrats' only hope of carrying the election is by either carrying New York or Indiana. Yet they hissed and hooted New York's candidate for President and spurned Indiana's candidate for Vice-President.

**Trace Up There, Dave.**

Lo, ancient times  
To modern times have lent  
A great Ae-Hilles,  
Sulking in his tent.

**What He Meant.**

Johannie—Papa, what did Gov. Hill mean when he said he was a Democrat?

Papa—He meant to get the Presidential nomination, but he missed it.

**Political Pointers.**

Democratic editors are apparently unwilling to fight the coming battle on the tariff issue. They are attempting to counter on the "force bill" issue. There is no "force bill" and there never will be.

Exports of domestic merchandise for the fiscal year 1892 were \$1,015,789,607. This is the first year they ever attained the sum of a billion dollars. This is a billion dollar country.

The Democrats are now discussing the possibility of carrying the election without New York. This means they have no hope of carrying New York. Cleveland knows his danger from Tammany. The people should know what consideration he is willing to offer for its support.

**Military Wheelmen.**

The first military company of the United States to adopt the bicycle as part of the service is the Toledo cadets. An application has been submitted to the Adjutant-General and permission granted by him for the company to use the bicycle in their drill. It is not intended the two wheels shall succeed the horse, but this company intends to give some cavalry maneuvers at the world's fair on wheels. It will be a novel sight. One of the conditions is that the members buy their own wheels, to which all gladly assented.