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> A SUM IN ADDITION. One and one are two.

But when we add The good or bad We cannot keep the score.

Add a gentle word To a loving thought (One and one are two, you say, And think that I am caught): Eternity alone can pay The total that is wrought!

To an evil heart (One and one are two, you say, And think to make me start); Yet you may eigher night and day

And only add a part. Add a pleasant smile To loving thought and word (Two and one are three, you say, And think that I have erred);

The total still deferred. Add a crafty hand To cunning heart and lip (Two and one are three, you say, And tell me that I trip) Go seek the total as you may,

It still eludes your grip. Add a noble deed To thought and word and smile (Three and one are tour, you say, "However you beguile") And yet the sum goes running on.

Increasing all the while One and one are two. Two and two are four, But when we add The good or had -Alfred H. Miles, in Golden Days.



Ontside was howling windstorm, and the blinding drifting snow; Inside was warmth and laughter, while the firelight's ruddy glow Drove shadows from the corners in a

merry, fitful chase, Touched with brightness all the faces gathered round the chimney place; most lovingly it lingered on a

quaint old instrument-Just a worn old violin 'twas, with a case all warped and bent-

But grandmother touched it gently as she looked across the snow. "Twas last played in such a storm,

dears, just two hundred years ago. Then we sat there in the firelight, storm without and warmth within,

And listened to the strange old story of Faith Bradford's violin. In the days when sturdy Puritans,

Strong of heart and stern of will, Made their homes in bleak New England, toiling on through good and ill.

Came one Capt. Bradford, sailing from the land across the sea. Bringing with him his one treasure-a wee maiden just turned three. Brave and sturdy was the captain, heed-

ing neither want nor cold; Foremost in each expedition where was need of leader bold;

And his roughly-fashioned dwelling, strong without and plain within, Had no sign of wealth or beauty save a quaint old violin.

Naught of music knew the captainnever had he drawn the bow-But his brother oft had played it in

their childhood long ago. In the old colonial village, swiftly passed the years away;

Each one saw the captain feebler; each one saw his hair more gray. 'Though they left so many traces on

his weather-beaten face, Lightly passed they o'er his daughter, each one adding some new grace. Gentle was she like the May flower hiding 'neath its leaves of green, But in all the little village was no fairer

maiden seen. Well she kept her father's dwelling, deftly could she sew and spin, Rut so happy was she never, as with

that old violin. No one taught her how to use it; she but echoed what she heard,

Whispering wind and laughing brooklet, hum of insect, song of bird; And the stern old captain, listening, shook in doubt his grizzled head; Then: "I see no mischief in it. Let the

maiden play," he said. Meantime had a stealthy rumor crept around from ear to ear: "Who had taught Faith Bradford music? There is something strange, we

fear!" Ever louder grew the whisper, strange looks met her often now-Looks that made her (why, she knew not) flush all over cheeks and

brow. One day came the stern-browed elder, long the captain talked with him; When he went to call his daughter his sharp eyes were strangely dim. Quickly Faith obeyed the summons,

reverent stood before the guest, Waiting with a gentle courtesy that she might hear his behest. "Daughter," said the elder, gravely, "I

have heard strange tales of thee And the instrument thou playest Are these sayings true? Tell me."

And Faith answered: "Of these savings, truly I have naught to tell, Save, perchance, the one confession,

that I like the music well. None hath taught me, and my art is very simple and unskilled, But it is a pleasure to me, when each

duty is fulfilled."

Still more gravely said the elder: "Thou art young and dost not know All the ways the evil Tempter draweth mortals here below.

And just that which seemeth degrest, seemeth hardest to give up, Is the sacrifice that's called for. Daugh-

ter, wilt thou drink this cup?" Slowly answered Faith: "Thou knowest I am willing to obey, Yet, so feeble is my vision, is it sure

this is the way? How can He who sent the west wind He who taught the birds to sing. Say, whenever mortals touch it, music

is a wicked thing?" And rebuking said the elder: "Foolish

are thy words and wrong. The little birds do well to praise Him with their voices and their song, But these instruments are carnal. Thou dost speak beyond thy ken.

Woman knoweth naught of reason, That gift is bestowed on men. Book sayeth that every woman should look well to household

Should be humble and submissive, and should raise her voice in praise. 'Tis a maiden's task, my child, to dili-

gently sew and spin. 'Tis unmaidenly and sinful, if she play the violin."

He ceased speaking, and Faith stood there, eyes cast down and cheeks aglow:

Then, with loving touch she laid her hand on violin and bow, Saying simply: "I obey thee. If I use them from this day,

Thou with justice shall rebuke me, and remove them far away."

Then the elder rose and left her, well pleased with the duty done: And Faith watched him down the valley radiant with the setting sun. She made no complaint or murmur, she Then rose Faith with heart of glad-

had sinned, she must atone; But the day seemed dark and cheergone.

Summer vanished. Quickly faded all the autumn's fleeting gold. And the winter, long and dreary, came with bitter storm and cold.

All the day had it been snowing, and when early twilight fell, Scarce a trace could be discovered of the roads once known so well.

And good Capt. Bradford, standing in his fire's ruddy light, Said: "God pity any traveler who is out on such a night!" Hark! a sound of muffled footsteps, and a knock upon the door,

Then the voice of the old elder: "Open. captain, I implore!" Quick Faith rose then, from her spinning, and the door was opened

And the elder, weak, half-frozen, came with feeble steps inside. "Nay," he said, "I must not tarry; I can but few moments stay, For old Goodman Dale is dying, and he

dwells a mile away. 'But," said Capt. Bradford, gravely, "hast thou counted well the cost? Buried now are all the landmarks, and

'tis death if thou art lost." the brave old elder answ while his face shone with strange light:

"In His hands all living things are; what He sendeth will be right" Then returned the captain, proudly: "Ne'er shall it be said of me That I shrank from any danger, Goest then; I go with thee."

All the time bad Faith been standing, though unnoticed, white with

Now she started to detain them, when she plainly seemed to hear: 'Just the thing which seemeth dearest,

seemeth hardest to give up, Is the sacrifice that's called for. Daughter, wilt thou drink this cup?"

And she checked the words unspoken, and spoke words of quiet cheer, And she watched them till they vanished in the storm and darkness

Slowly, slowly dragged the hours. She could only wait and pray. Two had passed-now three. Kind

Heaven! They had surely lost their way Oh! what could she do to save them, she a girl on such a night. Whose cold would freeze the strongest

traveler, snow conceal the brightest light?

Suddenly a thought came to her-was it answer to her prayer? 'Twas 'unmaidenly and sinful;" and her promise-would she dare?

But her father and the elder! Aye, to save them she would sin! And with eager, trembling fingers she took down her violin.



LOUDER, STRONGER RANG THE MUSIC. Then she cast her cloak about her and wide open threw the door; She trembled with strange gladness, just to hold the bow once more. And once she softly whispered: "Help

me;" and twice, and yet again, And then, with piercing sweetness, rang out the first wild atrain. Fiercely cold the north wind stung her, but she stood there undismayed. les you?"

Louder, stronger, rang the music, and: "O help them, Lord," she prayed. On the borders of the forest did the two

lost travelers stand. They saw but death before them, only death on either hand. Freezing wrapped the north wind round rests

them, pathless snow concealed their way.

'Now if God doth not send us rescue, we must perish soon," said they. And the elder prayed (while near him mighty God.

If 'tis Thy will." Then sweetly, clearly through the the following forceful remarks: forest, stole a strain of music rare, And faintly distant was it echoed in the woodland bleak and bare.

And the elder, praying, heard it, and he said with quickened breath: 'Doth the Evil One entire us, or is it, is it death?"

Then spoke brave Capt. Bradford, as he reverent bared his head: "Thank God we are saved, for 'tis my daughter, Faith," he said.

"Of a truth, while we were thinking we had still afar to go, We had almost reached the village, but were blinded by the snow."

Eagerly, led by the music, they then stumbled on once more, Till at last, through the thick snow-

flakes, streamed a light from open door. Why so sudden stopped the music? Why did erv of anguish ring?

Ah, for life she had been playing, and she'd broken the last string; Helpless sank she in the doorway, and her sad lips moved in prayer. Hark! was that a shout that reached

her, piercing through the snowfilled air? Yes, another, and another! And dim figures soon were seen, Looking like "strange phantom war-

riors with the blinding storm beness, and set forth her simple

store. less, all the light and music Murmuring softly: "God is great; so shall I trust Him evermore." Soon they entered numb, half-fainting, frozen snow in beard and hair, But the gentle Faith revived them, ministering with tenderest care.

Then the elder, looking upward, saw Faith standing at his side, In her hands the violin, and on her cheeks tears not yet dried;



CLEAR AND SWEET, ABOVE ALL OTHERS, DID FAITH BEADFORD'S YOUNG VOICE

But a kind of gentle courage seemed to shine forth in her face. An air of quiet dignity to mingle with

her grace. "I have broken, sir, my promise, I have played the violin; Of a surety, I know not, even now, if

'twas a sin. If 'twas wrong to save my father in the one way that was given. Then in truth, I'll seek forgiveness, as

I sought his life of Heaven. But as we have made agreement touching this, I bring to you My poor violin. Nay, shrink not! It can no more mischief do!

Thou canst see the strings are broken, and the music all is dead." And the stern old Puritan took it from

her trembling hands and said (While looking at the worldly toy he shook his head in doubt): Truly, strange Jehovah's ways are-

very strange, past finding out! I had thought such things were snares, delusions of the Evil One. Lo, He makes them as His servants! I know not what will come.

The Good Book saith babes shall lead us. Perchance, daughter, thou art Take back thy violin. Thou surely hast found favor in His sight."

On the next bright Lord's day morning, many, many years ago, When the bell had called to worship, ringing solemnly and slow,

The old elder, from the pulpit, such strange words of love did pour That the people said in wonder: "Never spoke he thus before." And when the long prayer was ended,

and the people rose to sing, Clear and sweet above all others did Faith Bradford's young voice ring:

For not only did her father stand beside her safe once more. But she knew she was forgiven, if she had done wrong before. But the violin lay silent. Never did

she draw the bow After that strange, stormy night, so many, many years ago.

-Good Housekeeping.

The distressing state of mind into which some English scholars are thrown by the American spelling, so called, is amusingly hit off by a little scene-imaginary, no doubt - at the world's fair. An English visitor was talking with a reporter.

"It's really a beastly shame," he said, "the way Court of Honor has been spoiled, you know!" "What's the matter with it?" asked

the reporter. "Isn't the architecture good?" "Isn't the color scheme appropriate?

Don't you like the statue?" "Certainly, but-" "Nothing wrong with the fountains, eh? Obelisk is graceful, isn't it? And the Administration building is imposing? Well, then, what is it that troub-

"Oh," said the Englishman, "everything's pretty, y' know, and all that, but think of spelling the word 'honor' without a 'u'!"--Chicago Herald.

-Calcutta has 681,500 population and 2,873 police, who in 1891 made 47,802 ar-

WILSON ON THE TARIFF. Final Argument of the Chairman of Ways

and Means Committee. During the closing debate on the Wilson bill in the house on Thursday, stood the captain, reverent, still): | February 1, Mr. Wilson, chairman of "Oh! soon guide us home in safety, the committee on ways and means, made an exhaustive and pointed argument in defense of his bill, closing with

"It was but two hundred years ago that men were willing to fight for the idea that governments were made to serve the governed and not for the benefit of those who govern Not yet, in all the world, have men advanced to that point where the government is operated exclusively and entirely in the interests of all the governed. That is the goal of perfect freedom. That is the achievement of perfect law. And that is the goal to which the democratic party is courageously and honestly moving in its fight to-day for tariff reform. Whenever that party and whenever the members of it are able to cut loose from local and selfish interests and keep the general welfare alone in their eye, we shall reach that goal of perfect freedom and will bring to the people of this country that prosperity which no other people in the world has ever enjoyed.

"I remember reading, some time ago, in a speech of Sir Robert Peer's, when he was be-ginning his system of tariff reform in England, of a letter which he had received from a 'canny Scotchman'-a fisherman-in which the man protested against lowering the duty on herring, for fear, he said, that the Norwegian fisherman would undersell him; but he assured Sir Robers, in closing the letter, that in every other respect except herring he was a thorough-going free trader. Now, my fellow democrats, I do not want any man to say that you are acting in the cause of herring, not in the cause of the people. I do not want herring to stand be-tween you and the enthusiastic performance of your duty to your party and your duty to the American people.

"If time permitted I would like to take up ome of the arguments against the bill among my democratic friends. The first argument is that the bill will create a deficit, and therefore ought not to be passed. In the name of common sense how could you ever pass a tariff reform bill if you did not reduce the taxes under the existing laws that you seek to reform? Have gentlemen forgotten that here may be a system of tariff taxation under which the government receives little, and the protected industries receive much, and that there may be a lower system of taxation under which the government receives a great deal and the protected industries receive but

The McKinley law is constructed on the first line, and the pending bill is constructed on the line of revenue. If you take up the history of the free trade movement in England you will find that nothing so surprised the tariff reformers as to see that the more they cut down taxes and the nearer they approached free trade the more the revenue grew, in spit of them. At the beginning of that movement there were 1,200 articles taxed and at the close of it only seven; and the revenue was as great on the seven as it had been on the 1,200. I have here the report of Robert J. Walker, as secretary of the treasury, showing that in the first year of the operation of the Walker low tariff of 1846 the revenues went up from \$23,500,000 to \$31,

"But I cannot dwell on that matter. The next argument which my friends on this side are using among themselves against the bill, or to hesitate, at least, in voting for the bill, is that the income tax has been added to it f need not say to my brethren on this side that I did not concur in the policy of attaching the income tax measure to the pending bill. I had some doubts as to the expediency of adding the income tax measure to the pending bill. when the committee decided otherwise I threw in my fortune, loyally and carnestly, with that amendment, because I never have been hostile

to the idea of an income tax. "John Sherman has been quoted as saying that an income tax is class taxation. It is same would-be panic breeders said a ton, R. I., assigned. The embarrassment of nothing of the kind. It is simply (as the gentleman from Georgia, Mr. Crisp, declared an effort-an honest effort-to balance the weight of taxation in this country. During the fifty years of its existence in England it has been the strongest force there in wiping out class distinctions. It was a doctrine taught by Sumner, Walker and other New England economists that an income tax was the most simple form of taxation New England taught that doctrine to the south and west, and she has no right to come up to-day and complain because her own teaching has been used against her. In all my conferences on the subject of this bill I have heard no man protest that we have been ac tuated by an unworthy motive, or that this great scheme of taxation was undertaken in any class

or sectional spirit. "Gentlemen (addressing the republican side of the house)—I doubt not your sincerity. I doubt not the love of your fellow man which impels you to champion your side of the question any more than I doubt that which impels my asso ciates on this side. I agree with the gentleman from Maine (Mr. Reed) that the question of general welfare and the question of wages of the workingmen are after all the vital questions in this controversy. We are trying an experiment whether, in God's name, we can establish a country where every man born into it will be born with the possibility that he can raise himself to a degree of ease and comfort and not be compelled to live a life of degrading toll for the mere necessities of existence. That is the feeling which animates all who through danger and defeat have steadily labored for tariff reform. We wish to make this a country where no man shall be taxed for the private benefit of another: but where all the blessings of free government, of educat of the influences of the church and of the school shall be the common, untaxed heritage of all the people, adding to the comfort of all, adding to the culture of all, and adding to the

happiness of all. "And now one word more. We are about to vote on this question. If I knew that when the roll was called every democratic name would respond in the spirit of that larger patriotism which I have tried to suggest, I would be proud and light-hearted to-day. I wait to say to my brethren who are doubting as to what they shall do that this roll call will not only be entered on the journal of the house, but it will be entered on the history of this country. and it will be entered in the annals of freedom.

'This is not a battle expressly on this tax or on that tax: it is a battle for human freedom. As Mr. Burke truly said: The great bat tles of human freedom have been waged around the question of taxation. You may think io-day that some herring of your own will excuse you in opposing this great movement; you may think to-day that some reason of locality, some desire to oblige a great interest behind you, may excuse if when the roll is called, your name shall be registered among the opponents of this measure: but no such ex-

cuse will cover you. "The men who had the opportunity to sign the declaration of independence and refused or neglected because there was something in it which they did not like-I thank God there were no such men-but if there were, what would be their standing in history to-day? If, on the battlefields of Lexington and Bunker Hill there had been men who became dissatisfied, wanted this thing and that thing and threw away their weapons, what do you suppose would have been their feelings in all the years of their lives when the liberty bells rang every coming unniversary of American freedom? And in the name of honor and in the name of freedom 1 summon every democratic member of the house."

UNSET GEMS THE top of a cloud is always bright. THE easiest thing for a fool to do is

tell how little he knows. It is impossible to travel far with the man who rides a hobby. What true man would not rather

die for truth than to live a lie?

price: for parily the price: for parily the price was price of public of justice court was delivered to

mouth. ONE of the times when a woman has to her store to buy a bonnet for his wife.-Ram'e Horr

A PRUDENT man doesn't tell every-

INFAMOUS TACTICS.

Contradictory Declarations of the Panic-

Yawping Protectionists. Almost ever since the adjournment of the special session of congress very many of the beneficiaries of McKinleyism and nearly everyone of their organs have been exerting themselves with increasing energy to deepen the depression necessarily following the silverprotection panic. Employers have attempted to reduce

wages, sometimes with success, and threatened to reduce them further in the event of the passage of the Wilson They have suspended work in many instances and threatened to suspend in many more without good reason and for no other purpose than to publicity in the interests of truth and coerce their employes into protesting justice. against the passage of that measure, and to frighten the majority in congress into the abandonment of even their ation resulting from the panic to opanother panic. Their organs are ening to the Wilson bill and that his the same hours of work and the same pay and poverty." They even say that by the prospect of tariff reduction, and that it is still "raging." That they know better is proved con- gives as follows:

clusive by the fact that their utterances are now in flat contradiction of their utterances from four to six months ago, when the panic really was raging. Then they admitted the truth that manufacturers were not alarmed by the result of the elections of November, 1892, although they knew what that result meant as well then as now. They admitted the fact that manufacturers continued to increase the number of their establishments and to enlarge their plants for eight months after the election. Like Thomas Dolan, president of one of the most rabid associations of protected manufacturers, they admitted that the panic was caused entirely by the silver-purchasing policy, and that the coming reduction of the tariff had nothing whatever to do with it. They admitted that it was a money panic, and not a tariff panic at all. They have no way of escape from the conclusion that they are now deliberately lying every day when they call it a tariff panic, and when they attribute all its necessary and unnecessary consequences to a very moderate tariff bill which cannot go into effect

for five or six months to come. They ought to be able to see by this time that they are not accomplishing their purpose by pursuing this course. They do not make friends of workingmen by lying to them; workingmen have memories and know what these few months ago. They do not frighten the Forbes satinet mill, at East Brookfield, congress at all. On the contrary, the house has shown itself more courageous and radical than its ways and means committee. The overwhelming majorities by which amendments cutting the committee's rates are adopted should teach the McKinley organs that

the scare policy is a flat failure. If they cannot see it now they will see it at no distant day, when events regarding employment and wages. They will not earn public confidence and good will by inciting employers to acts of cruelty or by lying about past events, or by endlessly reiterating false prophecies of disaster.-Chicago

A M'KINLEY RIOT. The Promised Land of Protection Ablaze

with Incendiarism. Be it understood that this riot in the Mansfield coal region of Pennsylvania is a republican riot, a high tariff riot, a McKinley riot. The rioters are Huns, Slavs and Sicilians, the very dregs and offscourings of southern and southeastern Europe. They were imported to this country (duty free) by the coal barons, and, in the name of "protection to American labor," substituted in the mines for decent American, English, Irish and German labor. The coal barons had no use for decent labor, for self-respecting labor, for labor that knew its rights and demanded to live as a white man should. They brought in these convicts and fugitives from justice (duty free), and, having installed them in filthy hovels, stripped them of their names, numbered them like convicts and then paid them what wages they liked, chiefly in store truck. They supplied them with cheap whisky, and, in a word, supplied all the ac-

cessories of a pandemonium on earth. That is what the coal and coke regions of Pennsylvania have been made by these rascals who are now insulting American labor by denouncing the Wilson bill in its name. These are the fellows who, forsooth, must now cut down wages to "the European level." They have done what they could already to debase labor below any known European level. Not in Siberia, not in the quarries of Carrara or the vineyards of Sicily is labor at a lower ebb, mentally, morally or physically, than in the hilly fastnesses of these robber

barons of Pennsylvania. It is their riot-a McKinley riot. They brought this mob element into a peaceful land and planted their convict colonies. The convicts (duty free) have broken loose and are spreading murder and arson over the region. The very center and promised land of McKinleyism is lighted up with incendiary bonfires from the torches of the wretched creatures whom McKinleyism has brought (duty free) into the land. It is a notable triumph for the

McKinley party. - Chicago Times. -The charge that McKinley has but one speech will no longer hold good. He fires the northern heart by declaring that the Wilson bill was framed thing he knows every time he opens his by rebel brigadiers, and then he informs the southern people that the measure is especially designed to ruin no mercy on a man is when he comes their particular industries. This streak of versatility is a great innovation for McKinley .- N. Y. World

M'KINLEY'S BRAG.

Effects of Protection on the Eastern

Woolen Mills. One of the proudest boasts of the author of the McKinley tariff-a boast which has gone the rounds of the protection press and had innumerable changes rung on it-is in these words: "I know every factory was running and running on full time from the date of the passage of the present tariff law up to the election of the present administration." It was a ridiculous boast on its face and has been so shown to be a score of times; but the Springfield Republican exposes its absurd untruthfulness so clearly and convincingly that its showing is entitled to the widest

A correspondent of the Republican takes it to task for certain statements in its columns relative to the effect of small beginning of tariff reform. They the McKinley act on factories and prachave taken every advantage of the situ- tically reiterates the McKinley boast, declaring there was but one failure of press their men and if possible create a woolen mill after the passage of the McKinley act until the present year. gaged in the same despicable work. This declaration is made on the au-Day after day they groun for the poor thority of a New England expert; and working man. They tell him that the the Republican "goes for" expert and present industrial depression is all ow- correspondent in the most thorough manner. To refresh the memory of wages must go down, down until the former and further enlighten the "labor in this country and Europe will | latter as to the remarkable nature of be on the same plane and level, having McKinley's claim, it says: "We have taken from the files of the American Wool and Cotton Reporter a few items the panic of last summer was caused of mill news for the six or eight months succeeding the enactment of the McKinley law." These it then

"Home Woolen Mamufacturing Co., of Lewiston, Me, failed about ten days after the Mc-Kinley law took effect. About the same time the Bel Air woolen mill at Pittsfield shut down

"The next month, or in November, 1890, the Alexander & Co. knitting works at Decatur,

Ill., failed for ES4,000. "In December, 1890, came the big Ritten-house Woolen Manufacturing Co.'s failure with liabilities of \$802,000, made more conspicuous by the fact that Edward H. Ammidown, president of the American Protective Tariff league, was the chief owner and that the fallure was precipitated by Ammidown's speculations based on his confidence in the wonderful curative

effects of the McKinley law. "The same month brought further failure and distress to the woolen industry. The Kinsley, Davis & Co. mills at Braintree, Allen Woolen Co., of Hanover, Dover (Me.) woolen mill and Rockford (III.) woolen mill all shut down indefinitely. Wil liam Furnell, woolen manufacturer, of Wilton, Me., failed with liabilities of \$70,000. The Harris woolen mill of Woonsocket, R. I. shut down for an indefinite period. The Rankin Knitting Co., with the "cidest, largest and best equipped" knitting mill in Cohoes, N. Y., shut ties, \$150,000.

The Union Manufacturing company's mill, at Manchester, Conn., was in the same month reported idle and looking for purchasers. E. Parsons & Co., woolen manufacturers of Tilton, N. H., were announced as embarrassed. The woolen manufacturing business was renorted by the Roston Commercial Rulletin as dull at Blackstone, Mass., and nearly one-half of the operatives are out of employment. "Three months of the McKinley law found things in January, 1891, in about the same state. R. W. Lewis & Son, of Ansonia, Conn., woolen manufacturers, failed for \$40,000 . W. F. Spink, woolen manufacturer of North Kings-

pany of Cohoes, N. Y., denied that their mill was to start up. The Thompson & Pettengil knit mill, at Amsterdam, N. Y., was sold at re-"Most of the hands of the American Worsted company, at Woonsocket, were reported idle in February, 1891. McCauley & Pell, of Staffordville, Conn., woolen manufacturers, as-

was announced. The Troy Manufacturing com

signed; one hundred persons thrown out work. The Essex yarn mill, at Newark, N. J., "In March, 1891, six hundred weavers at the falsify all their calamity predictions Wanskuck mills at Providence struck against reduced wages. A strike for the same cause in the big Atlantic mills involved twenty-one hundred hands. The Fonda (N. Y.) Knitting com-

pany failed and went out of business. During April and May, the Peninsular knitting works at Detroit were sold at receiver's Conn., shut down and offered mill for sale. The woosen mills at Elmville and Killingly, Conn.,

shut down and the help begun to move away. Concluding, the Republican says: "And, without going further into details, we may add to the testimony of the American Wool and Cotton Reporter that this was a bad time for the woolen business, the statement of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, a McKinley paper, that 'the year 1891 will long be remembered as one of the gloomiest years the wool trade has known.' And at the end of the year the Bulletin reported: 'The situation among the woolen mills is anything but encouraging." This all ought to prove sufficiently filling for our Ohio reader. Gov. McKinley is describing how such conditions of manufacturing as he expected would exist after his law took effect-not what actually did exist. What this matter has to do with a statement of the relative demand upon the woolen manufacturing business just before and after the panic, nearly three years removed from the enactment of the Mc-

## Kinley law, we are at a loss to understand."-Detroit Free Press. COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

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-The new issue of government bonds ought to be known as the republican deficiency debt.-N. Y. World.

-- Neither injunctions, nor filibusters, nor Boutelles, nor other pestilence must divert the democratic party from its purpose to relieve this country as rapidly as possible from the effects of republican misgovernment.-Louisville Courier-Journal. ----When Gen. Harrison comes to fig-

ure up the expense of his next swing around the circle it will be well to remember that he has no earthly chance of getting a pass over the New England road while Boss Platt is its receiver. - Detroit Free Press. -- The revival of business is an

omen of good, and the intelligent observer will note the fact that with the prospect of the passage of the Wilson bill an impetus has been given to trade everywhere. Doubt is giving way to certainty and the signs of the times are propitions.-Toledo Bee. -An extravagant republican ad-

ministration left the country in a condition bordering upon bankruptcy, and now its wire-pullers are striving to make trouble over the plan which Secretary Carlisle has adopted to meet the demands of the emergency. Whether on the aggressive or defensive the republican managers of these latter years are invariably in the wrong and opposed to the best interests of the people. - Detroit Free Press.