EMENT.

TENTS.

AMERICANS.

BY ONIA S. HOOD.

HAPTER I.

AN KINDLED.

work for the hands of men
the their teeth. Where there
will be bread."—DANIEL

bright and uncompromising.
the blackened chimneys of a
some fifty years ago. It
smoke of the furnaces that
to join the white clouds in the
every crack and crev-
unpicturesque buildings,
the valley, and then, in
up into the shadow of the
the figure of a fair young
dreamily at the scene be-

her hat and, pushing back
from her forehead, lifted her
warm beams as they fell.
It seems, Joe. Oh, to be
upon such a day seems a taste

a stalwart young man who's
sullen frown, lifted his
his heavy features as

born for the sunshine and
shut ye from it, sez I!"
rang out shrill and clear as
they ceased vibrating, the
below grew dark with busy.

with a laugh: "Well, I must
look how all the hands are
and me a-lilin' like the richest

time do you and me get to
to idle. I never would have
but for the Gaffer's bad turn-
heartedness!"
with an impatient gesture.
's not me that will listen to
false and you know it! Why
day after grandfather's bad
Ethel called and offered us
money, thank God,
her and thought for us poor

here a quick, suspicious glance.
their money, eh? Well, if
matter seemles just the
thing, you know it as well as
and sweat all day for but
like them up yonder.
and hen-fishery, and to buy
Rhine to drive in? Next
their fine horses out to
have the men up from the
them around!"
impatiently, as though he
at his mouth and the lash
lines.
looked roguishly at him.
me due, for I haven't no
I wanted to drive. I guess
me."
hurryin'," he urged, placing
on her arm and then in-
it. "I'd be yer slave, let
I'd but speak the word, and
—".
Jon," interrupted the girl,
be the good friends we are,
as you did last week, and
after we've growed up boy
—".
sighed, "if I must, I must. I
won't go to Keepin' company
will ye, dog?"
strip in the thought, then a
serene face sobered her.
Joe. I want naught to do with
you well, but I do not care for

day then," he remarked sen-
as well."
Margaret's home, a low
garden at the door.
lying on the bed near the fire-
lined with a peevish scowl he

ye never come, Meg. Mis-
the boss gae ye a ha' day off
be thrown."
the bells rung, greatthur."
smilingly, "but it was so hot
so rough that I stopped to

always the way," muttered
that can I get with the pain.
time dare?"
Margaret prepared their
coaxed him into a better

entry one for the season and
clouds thickened and threat-

the door in the early twi-
lights as they one by one flick-
down far below.
in a pleasant voice behind

Margaret; and how is our pa-

is that you? Grandfather
sir. I will go back to work

Here are some books Ethel
on my way to town. She
what she has marked, and
few evening."
red, without speaking, and,
night," he was gone.
a moment where he had left
to her bosom, then went
by the lighted lamp, raised
her lips.
on the hearth, the shouts
below, and the town slept,
here, studying far into the

a young woman of ideas.
superiority of her sex and
personal inconvenience, to
whom she thought might
assistance.
spent abroad she had return-
own to find many of her
in need of assistance, and
with them and their wants.
poetry, of her abundance for.
Affluence, she felt
South, she was then barely
beauty and ignorance had
attracted the heiress.
had been working out.
subject, some of her fa-
education.
some a frequent and welcome
house on the hill. She re-
interest with a devotion
to idolatry, and already at
muted murmurs had arisen
partiism shown Meg Gwynne
master of the works.

HAPTER II.

ION OF '48.

stry, with one voice, de-
in the Constitution the
tive legislation, a power
another declaration of in-
by which we are able to
en of labor. This power
, must not sleep, until
hauled down from the
which, I trust, neither
to the thousandth genera-
—RUFUS CHOATE.

g a critical point in the
tory and party feeling ran
National Convention of
in their platform their op-
and their endorsement of
Under the protective tariff
returned to the States, and
had become immense.
, farmers enjoyed large
are high. Why, then, should
a change?
had responed his large fac-
employment to hundreds of
men, and, as employment

FREE-TRADE SAMBO—Fo' de Lo'ds sake, don' shoot, aunty! I's a Free-Trader, I is, and was only 'plyin' Free Trade to dat melon.

PROTECTION AUNTY—You nigger, fork ober de price ob dat melon quick, or dere'll be a free funeral 'roun' dese diggin's. I believes in Protection, I does.

in this free country means health and happiness, contentment, like a benediction, had settled upon the town where Fletcher lived.

Beaumont, the home of the Fletchers, built in early Colonial style, stood upon a hill high above the factories, and commanded a magnificent view of the country for miles around. It had been forsaken and closed during the disasters preceding the commercial panic of 1857, Thorpe Fletcher's father having chosen to live with his family abroad rather than risk his wealth in an unequal competition with English manufacturers.

After ten years of life in European capitals, Thorpe Fletcher and his sister had returned to their childhood's home, a deep and patriotic love for Republican principles and institutions in their hearts, in spite of the long and careful training given them by their father in the political economics of Europe.

One evening, during the excitement of the campaign, Thorpe Fletcher stood upon the piazza at Beaumont talking eagerly with two other gentlemen. Turning to one he exclaimed:

"It is an abominable deception, Peyton, and you men of the south should blush for it!"

The gentleman addressed flushed slightly, but made no reply. His finely cut, thoughtful face looked more than usually grave as he turned his gaze from the illuminated sky at his friend's excited words.

"How so-called men of honor can countenance such fraud, I cannot comprehend," Fletcher continued, angrily. "Why, that ticket ought not to deceive a child, yet I feel convinced that the workingmen of this State will be blinded by it, in spite of our efforts to unmask the duplicity of its politic leader. James K. Polk voted against the Tariff of '28, declared against our present tariff and has always steadily opposed protection. Yet read his celebrated Kane letter, Kalloy and himself could not better use language to conceal his true thoughts. His intention seems to be to convey to us Pennsylvanians the impression that he favors protection, while in fact he says nothing of the kind. To help along the shameless fraud the Democrats have placed on the ticket, as Vice-President, our own statesman, George Dallas, a professed protectionist but we manufacturers well know where he will stand in the day of trial."

"If James Polk proves to be the double-faced candidate you fear, and George Dallas turns traitor to the policy he professes," exclaimed Peyton, a flash of anger illumining his quiet eyes, "then will I no longer boast of Democratic honor or Democratic principle. I will look into this matter, Fletcher, and be assured that no vote of mine shall ever be used to further a lie and perpetuate a national disgrace! Truth first and always, in politics as in religion, is my creed, and if that is heredity, then do I thank God for my forefathers!"

The two men clasped hands and their companion, a blonde-bearded Englishman, threw a half-smoked cigar upon the lawn and joined in the conversation.

"How horribly in earnest you Americans seem over these frequent elections of yours. Really now there is no ground for a quarrel, is there? Free trade isn't on the ticket, and I've generally noticed that the trouble is about that in this country. Here you have a model nomination—Polk, the idol of Southern statesmen, and Dallas, a staunch supporter of your pet tariff and a beloved son of your own State. I hear your people in the town shouting: 'Polk, Dallas and the tariff of '42!' continually, and what more can you manufacturers ask, Fletcher?"

"Well, Ogilvie, speaking of that tariff," said Peyton, "I agree with Fletcher as to its beneficent effects. The prosperity of our country is due to that and that alone. Remember our past free trade or very low tariff periods of 1783, 1816 and 1832; look at our laborers vainly seeking work while their families starved, our farmers without a market, their produce rotting, while their lands, rich with harvest, were sold for taxes, and our manufacturers obliged to go abroad in order to live. Such have always been the results of free trade periods, and if the tariff is threatened I, for one, will never support so unpatriotic a policy."

"Well," drawled Ogilvie, "we English maintain that you Americans should confine your attention to tilling the soil, don't you know; that the climate of this country is not fitted for manufacturing. Your great American statesman, John Randolph, declared years ago that manufacturing was a curse to the nation, and many of your best men of to-day agree with him. Mr. Walker was saying to me a short time since that if all restrictions were removed from agriculture, with your fertile soil, you could feed and clothe the people of the world, and I believe him."

"Yes, most Englishmen are in favor of Walker's free trade theories," sneered Fletcher, "and I cannot say that I blame them. It is the old cry of the cotton king and foreign manufacturer, and should be resented by every honest, patriotic American citizen. Agriculture would only be of sectional benefit, and all statesmen know it. Manufacture alone can make us what we are destined to be, the greatest nation in the world; and in order to manufacture we must maintain our present tariff, for that only can give to us variety of products, a home market, and decent wages for our workmen."

"Oh, you manufacturers are too narrow; you cannot take a reasonable, cosmopolitan view of things," pouted Ogilvie. "I positively fail to see how you can rouse yourself so over this election. It looks to me as though you had things all your own way and that party lines had melted away."

"Ah, if I could but believe it," sighed Fletcher, "but I know my man too well. I can respect an honorable foe, but a treacherous one I will fight with my dying breath! Why, Colonel Ogilvie, if the Democratic cry in indeed for the tariff of '42, are you Englishmen so busy over here spending time and money upon an election which, if it succeeds, only means commercial disaster for Great Britain?"

Col. Ogilvie's blonde face grew red at this question, and an angry retort arose to his lips, when a gay voice from within checked his words and turned the general attention that way.

Ethel Fletcher, in dinner costume, stood in the lighted doorway. She was a young woman, with a fair, intellectual face, and a smile that dwelt in one's memory. Tall, graceful, and with a self-possessing partially the result of foreign training, she was a fitting representative of the earnest, cultured American woman-hood that has since won for itself a first place in the recognition of the world.

"Come, gentlemen," she said, sweeping them a curtsey, "dinner is served, and as you will know a political quarrel can be taken up at any time, whereas a dinner cannot, so please follow me and save your arguments for parliamentary exercise."

CHAPTER III.

A DEMOCRAT OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"Providence has filled our mountains and our plains with minerals and given us a climate and soil for the growing of hemp and wool. These ought to have extended to them adequate and fair protection, that our manufacturers and laborers may be placed in a fair competition with those of Europe. It is time we should become a little more Americanized, and instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England feed our own."—Andrew Jackson.

After the gentlemen were seated at the table the conversation, turning upon certain past events in our history, Miss Fletcher, fearing an other discussion on party issues, took the subject in hand herself.

"Speaking of past mistakes, Mr. Peyton, I do not see how we can blame our ancestors for them. No man is ahead of his time."

"You are right, Miss Fletcher, for nature makes no leaps. It has taken centuries for man to stand where he does to-day. We cannot pass at a bound from the savage to the statesman, for thousands of years of intellectual development lie between. We must learn to walk."

"It is so much easier to labor than to walk," said Miss Fletcher. "This talk about future generations seems so hopeless, so far away, and human enough to want to gather the harvest I plant."

"I have that feeling myself," answered Peyton, "I find working for man's advancement impossible unless I buckle on the armor of Faith, as St. Paul directs. Human development is so slow while the patience to work for it and to wait for it is divine!"

Ethel Fletcher studied Maurice Peyton's rather plain face, as he spoke, and wondered wherein lay the charm of this man's personality.

Col. Ogilvie with his florid complexion, perfect features and well bred manner, testifying to his noble Saxon lineage, and her brother were handsomer men, as the world would judge, yet would she change the finely cut, beardless face beside her, for either of these?

Maurice Peyton, philanthropist and Christian teacher, had sprung from good old Virginia stock. Inheriting a large number of slaves he had, upon gaining his majority, freed them, and because of this and certain bold utterances from his pulpit, had found himself socially ostracised in the conversative city he had made his home.

He had dared call his slaves brothers, had opened a school for their benefit and had even encouraged their entrance into the fold of the fashionable church over which he presided.

All this had roused the caste feeling of the times. Vague murmurs grew into muttered threats and he was finally requested to resign his charge and advised to seek a field of labor elsewhere.

The desire to study life in the industrial Northern States caused him to close up his affairs and prepare for an indefinite absence from his Southern home.

Col. Ogilvie glanced curiously from Peyton to Miss Fletcher as they talked apart, and half lost the meaning of what Thorpe Fletcher was saying.

He now turned from Fletcher and addressed his sister:

"Miss Fletcher, you should plant some of our European ideas in these small towns of yours. You Americans need more cosmopolitan training; you are too narrow."

Miss Fletcher smiled.

"I cannot agree with you, Col. Ogilvie. The trouble is that, as a nation, we are not independent enough of monarchical traditions."

"The idea being," laughed Peyton, "that we wish to cherish individuality in this country, and to copy no other people on the face of the earth. Who has said that 'a narrow orbit is favorable to a powerful individuality?' There is a world of truth in it, for too much space is fatal to concentration of thought or purpose. As individuals we work better by not exhausting our vitality upon too many duties. If we live for others, is it not wiser to have the number limited? Only Christ could hope to save all."

"I agree with Mr. Peyton," said Miss Fletcher. "I have purposely curtailed my own work, for I have found that by doing a little I do it well."

"What do you say to those philosophers, Miss Ethel, who condemn your womanly mission?" smilingly inquired Col. Ogilvie. "You know there are those who contend that your harmless, pretty charities are destructive forces undermining society, and that, *la chatelaine*, with her white hand, is sowing the seeds of future pauperism and misery."

"It is easy for those who are not hungry to be philosophers," answered Miss Fletcher. "Away from individual suffering it is very comfortable to sit and theorize about the race. How few men or women would be philanthropists did not Lazarus beg and lie at the very doors of their homes? We cannot go abroad without being tormented by a sight of his poverty and physical tortures. God has given me a heart to pity his misery, and if I did not use my wealth to aid him I know that some day at the bar of heaven he would cry out against me, and justly, too. I cannot make over the world or fight great social wrongs. In the future I think Woman will be strong enough to do so; but now, as I stand doing the little good I can, no vain philosophy shall deter me or rob me of the blessed happiness of giving."

Ethel Fletcher looked so beautiful, with the light of generous impulse warming her gray eyes and coloring her cheek, that Col. Ogilvie could scarcely repress a declaration of his admiration then and there.

He had come to America for political reasons, but an interior motive had urged him to the town where Ethel Fletcher lived. The absence of a fair, well-known face had left the gay cities of Europe desolate for him, and he had decided, during this trip to the United States, to see her at her own home, and there lay his fortune and prospective life at her feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MYTHICAL MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Even If We Could Capture Them They Would Not Amount to Much.

What and where are the great markets of the world, for which the Free Trader would give up our splendid home market?

The following table shows the purchases of the whole world in 1889, according to that eminent Free Trade statistician, Michael G. Mulhall:

	Million $		Million $
U. K.	2,077	Canada	111
France	812	Australia	330
Germany	902	South Africa	43
Russia	188	Mexico	38
Austria	233	Central America	14
Italy	272	South America	277
Spain	141	West Indies	84
Portugal	32	India	96
Sweden	77	China	126
Norway	43	Japan	53
Denmark	72	Java	68
Belgium	296	Persia	24
Holland	618	Egypt	84
Switzerland	160	Algeria	43
Greece	19	Cuba	48
Roumania	63	Other Countries	194
Servia	9		
Bulgaria	14		7,833
Turkey	97		

Here are the buyers of the whole world. Now, which of them does our Free Trader expect to capture by his "lower cost of production?" Even the abiding faith of an American cannot hope for greatly increased sales of the products of American mills in the shadow of English factories, so Great Britain and its 2,077 millions may be eliminated. Next subtract France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, Belgium, Canada, Switzerland, Scandinavia and Australia, all of which are Protected countries, whose policy is to preserve for their own manufactures a monopoly of the domestic market. The Protectionist law makers of these countries will see to it that no very extensive "captures" of their markets are made by the United States or any other country. There remains then as the only part of this great world's market of 7,833 million dollars only 1,696 millions for which we can even hope.

Well, what are our prospects for obtaining this remnant? Holland, the most liberal buyer, exports nearly as much iron and steel of all kinds as it imports. As for textiles, it usually exports quite as much as it imports of them and sends to England three times as much as it takes of British products. India is beginning, with the help of its extremely low wage rate, to supply its own demand for manufactures and will soon be a dangerous competitor in these "markets of the world." Cottons are the principal manufactured goods needed in the Orient and it is altogether probable that the demand of China, Java and Japan will soon be abundantly supplied with Oriental cottons at so low a rate as to compete successfully with those of England or the United States. Turkey, Africa and the "other countries" have but few wants, and these are for the most part such as we could not supply.

Thus do the "great markets of the world" disappear under careful examination and analysis. Even if the whole 7,833 millions which represents the entire purchases of the world's "neutral" market were offered to us in exchange for our home market we could not afford to accept, for our home trade is at least ten times this amount annually. All its profits are kept at home, and the cost of distant ocean transportation is reduced to a minimum. Its benefits and blessings are incalculable, and it will be a dark and dismal day when this splendid birthright is bartered away for that miserable mess of pottage, "the world's neutral markets."

Canadians Pay the Tariff.

The committee appointed by the Senate to investigate the effect of the new tariff on trade with Canada visited Detroit, Michigan, September 19, 1891, and gives in its official report the following dialogue between its chairman and residents of Detroit:

Senator Morrill.—Mr. McDonough, what is the effect of the tariff on importations generally in this city—has it increased the price to the consumer?

Mr. McDonough, (Chief Clerk of the Custom House.)—That question may be answered satisfactorily by citing an importation of eggs received at this port to-day, the foreign value of which was 10 cents per dozen, as against 15 cents per dozen one year ago, while the selling price in this city to-day is 17 cents per dozen, as against 17½ cents per dozen a year ago, thus illustrating the fact that the duty of 5 cents per dozen imposed upon eggs by the McKinley Tariff is paid by the foreign producer and not by the consumer.

* * * * * *

Senator Morrill.—I am anxious to know the amount of business done here, etc., and I would like to know Mr. Josiyn, anything that you can communicate to us on the subject of prices on this side of the line and upon the other.

Mr. Josiyn (United State Consul at Windsor).—Detroit is the market for at least 95 per cent. of the products of Windsor (in Canada, across the river from Detroit), and the Detroit market price will govern anything that is sold in Windsor. What it will cost to remove the goods comes out of the original producer. There is one thing that has come under my observation: A farmer in Canada gets, say, 500 or 600 bushels of beans and watches the Detroit market, and when it goes up a few cents ships them in. The purchaser here in Detroit will pay the freight and duty and will deduct that from the agreed upon price and remit the balance to the dealer. That is how a great deal of trade is carried on. With reference to horses, it would be a difficult matter to state the exact effects, but I can state that it has reduced the price of horses in Canada at least from 15 to 20 per cent.

Protection—What Is It?

That system of Tariff legislation which levies duties on imports such as are adequate to establish and maintain industries, insuring high wages to laborers, is called PROTECTION.

The amount of Protection needed is determined by the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad.

For instance: If, because of high wages here, it costs $30 to produce a ton of steel rails, and because of low wages it only costs $22 in England, then steel rails need a duty of about $10 a ton to keep our mills open and to protect our own workmen from the low wages abroad.

Again, if it costs seventy cents a bushel to raise barley here and only forty cents a bushel in Canada, then barley needs Protection to the amount of thirty cents a bushel.

If a duty is imposed on any article less than the difference in the cost of production, it cannot be Protective. Twenty cents per yard might be a Protective duty on a grade of plush, while eighteen cents per yard might not be Protection at all.

A Protective Tariff system not only means high duties on some things, medium duties on others, and even low duties on certain articles, but it means no duty at all on such things as we cannot produce or manufacture in sufficient quantities for our own use.

On tea and coffee, for instance, we levy no import duty, for we cannot raise them in this country.

And raw sugar, too, we admit free of duty, for we have not yet developed the industry sufficiently to supply our own people. So, instead of a duty a bounty is given.

A Protective Tariff, therefore, besides being a source of revenue, develops and maintains our agriculture and innumerable manufacturing industries; it enables us to pay our million- of workmen high wages, thereby insuring a home market of several times greater value than the whole world's markets combined; it keeps hundreds of millions of dollars in the country that would otherwise be sent abroad to pay for things we can raise and manufacture ourselves; it incites invention; it enables us to live better, eat better food and wear better clothes than any other nation; it enables us to keep our wives at home instead of in the fields or in the mills; it enables us to educate our children; in short, it makes us the most prosperous, most contented and happiest people on the face of the earth.

Pertinent Questions Answered.

Is not indirect taxation an infringement upon my rights?

No more than direct taxation would be. If we abolish indirect taxation, direct taxation must take its place. For we must raise money somehow to defray the numerous expenses of the National Government. Direct taxation would fall most heavily on land owners, as State, county, town and school taxes, which are collected directly, now do. Above all classes farmers do not want a change to direct taxation.

In what way does the tariff benefit farm laborers that work by the month?

It keeps the swarms of laborers in the cities employed in factories and elsewhere who otherwise would descend on the country districts in countless numbers, each in search of a job. Cultivating the land is the ultimate refuge of men when they are driven from other employments. With three men looking for one job on every farm in the country, how would the farm laborer fare?

The Free Traders say that it is a man's natural right to buy and sell wherever he will, and to interfere with this right by placing a duty on imported goods is unjust. Is this true?

We shall answer this question by quoting the words of Prof. R. T. Ely, one of the most prominent economists in the United States. In his book on political economy, Prof. Ely, who is not a Protectionist, says:

"It is frequently alleged that Protective Tariffs are a violation of an assumed natural right of every man to buy his goods where he will and to sell his product wherever he sees fit, untrammeled by human laws. This argument, based on natural right, may be dismissed as a 'dogmatism in disguise,' as an English jurist calls this sort of reasoning. High sounding phrases are substituted for arguments, and under their cover opinions are thrust upon others without a real effort to substantiate them. How prove the natural right? It does not appeal to the majority of mankind as a thing right in itself to buy and sell where one pleases, regardless of the common weal, and all history is against such exorbitant claims of individualism. It appears to most men that the public welfare must decide questions of this nature. Protection is thus called robbery, because it violates an assumed natural right. It is much to be desired that arguments of this sort should cease to be heard so frequently."

What is the difference between admitting pauper labor free, or admitting the product of that labor?

The products of labor flow freely from place to place in obedience to the least change or difference in price. Labor, which is man, is bound to his native soil by ties of kindred and association which will keep him at home in spite of very alluring inducements held out in a foreign land. The difference is precisely that between an insensate bale of cloth and a sentimental, shrinking human soul. A great difference in wages may exist between this country and France, yet Frenchmen will prefer, as they actually do prefer, to stay in beautiful France at less than half the American wages. Human nature itself prevents a leveling of wage rates in the two countries. It is altogether different with the products of that French labor, which neither feel nor think. If there were no Tariff to prevent, they would flow to this country in a deluge so long as prices here were a half of one per cent. plus the cost of transportation, higher here than in France. The result must be a leveling of wage rates of the labor employed in producing the goods in the two countries. By preventing this leveling competition of products the Tariff prevents a reduction in American wages even though labor is admitted free.

Why is the Democratic party so opposed to a Protective Tariff?

All men and even animals fear and hate whatever they do not understand. A horse not broken to the presence of a grist mill, a buzz saw, a threshing machine or a locomotive fears and hates it. He will smash everything to which he is attached to get away from it. He does not know that each of these things is doing more rapid and effective work toward feeding and sheltering him and his owner than he can possibly do himself. The buzz saw cuts out the boards which make his stable, the locomotive draws to distant markets the crops which he draws only to the depot, the threshing machine separates the grain he sets from the straw, and the grist mill furnishes bread to those who feed him. All are as beneficent to him as his master's most kind carcesses and far more efficiently serviceable. He hates them simply because he does not understand them and thinks fanciful dangers or cruelties are connected with them. The restive horse wants the locomotive, the buzz saw, the grist mill and the threshing machine all repealed, because he hears their clatter, but his reason is too single and simple to comprehend their utility. As the Democratic party gets broke to the Tariff it dislikes it less. The cure is to hold its nose right to the Tariff until it quiets down.

What more in the way of a tariff plank could the importers and British manufacturers ask of the Democratic party? There is no pretext now for any delay of the campaign funds expected from the sources named.

If John Bull is not satisfied with the tariff plank of the Chicago Convention, he must be hard, indeed, to please.

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