OLD DEMOCRATIC ARGUMENT COMPLETELY EXPOSED.

The American Market Worth Over Four Billion Dollars a Year More Than All Others Combined-Let Us Keep Our Own and Not Destroy It.

The renewal of the free trade party's destructive free raw material war cry against American industries nathrally calls to mind their old theory of the markets of the world, and how great a gain it will be if we can only secure them. Let us look into it.

The total manufactures of the United States in 1890, according to the last census returns, amounted in value to \$9,054,435,537, of which we exported to the value of \$151, 102, 376, leaving \$8,903,332,961 worth of American manufactured goods consumed at home, as follows:

Total home consumption, 1890.. \$8,903,352,961 In the same way we must deal with our farm products, the total value of which during 1889, consumed in 1890, was \$2,460,107,454. We exported to the extent of \$532,141,490, leaving American farm products worth \$1,927,-965,954 consumed by Americans. Thus:

AMERICAN FARM PRODUCTS. Total farm p oducts 1889 \$2,460,107,454
Total exported, 1889 5:2.141,490

Total home consumption, 1891. \$1,927,965,964 We see that the American people consumed American manufactured goods and farm products in 1890 to the extent of \$10,831,298,925. To this we must add the value of the foreign goods entered for consumption through must add the value of the foreign our customs department, which amounted to \$773, 674, 812 in 1890, thereby getting the following aggregate value of the entire

AMERICAN CONSUMPTION IN 1890.

 American manufactures.
 \$8,903 332,04

 American farm products.
 1,927 955,964

 Foreign goods.
 773,174 812

Total American consumption \$11 601,973,737 Against the aggregate consumption of goods in the United States, worth \$11,604,973,737 in the year 1890, or \$178.52 for every man, woman and child of a population of 65,000,000 persons, what are the great markets of the world that we may expect to secure?

The markets of the world comprise only such goods as are imported by the different countries of the world, bacause we can not claim to supply them with what they already manufacture or grow in their own countries, unless they propose free trade, as the democratic party would have us do. They are not so foolish, however. Other countries prefer to retain what they already possess rather Can throw away the substance for the shadow. We find from the American Almanae of 1888 that the total

imports of all other countries in the

world at the latest date for which

complete returns are available, were as follows: TOTAL FOREIGN IMPORTS. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and

South America, Australia and the Islands of the Sea...... \$7,569,900,000 This is less by over four billions of dollars than the total consumption of goods in the United States. Thus: Potal United States consumption

...\$11,604,973,737 Total imports, all other countries,

United States market excess. £4,035,973,737

Will It Be a Total Eclipse?



FARMERS, ATTENTION!

See How the Democratic Promises of 1892 Have Been Kept in 1894.

In October, 1892, that great democratic authority, the Chicago Herald, exhorted its readers to vote for "a change," and in order to catch the votes of the farmers it used the fol-



"Vote for Cleveland and \$1.25 for

wheat."-Chicago Herald, 1892. In less than two years we have seen many "changes" that have become only too painfully familiar to the people of the United States. It is unnecessary to dwell upon these beyond drawing the attention of the farmer to the manner in which the Chicago Herald's promise of \$1.25 for wheat | the water that is floating on top."

WORLD'S MARKETS has been fulfilled. This we do by quoting from the Chicago Herald of July 6, 1894, a telegram which it published as follows, grammur and all:



VANDALIA, Ill., July 5.-Wheat threshing is in full blast in Fayette county. Six hundred bushels of the new crop was brought to market today and sold at 46 cents per bushel. The berry is exceptionally fine, and weighs over sixty pounds to the bushel measure. - Chicago Herald, 1894.

Democratic Respect for Labor.



POPULISTS ARE TO BLAME.

They Vote With the Free Wool Party

and Against the Wool Growers. In the event of a tariff bill becoming law with free wool, it is but right that the sheep farmers of this country should know exactly who is to blame for the cheapening or destruction of this branch of their interests. Some western wool men have accused the eastern manufacturers of desiring free wool This is an entirely mistaken

The records of the senate showed a solid republican vote in favor of putting a duty on wool, and a solid democratic vote in favor of putting wool on the free list. While the populist senators voted for a duty on wool, they are really to blame for wool being put on the free list, because they tied themselves up with the democratic senators in order to act on the income tax. Had the populists stuck by the republican senators there would have been no free wool, no tariff bill passed, and no income tax.

The policy of the free trade party is to throw our American market-worth \$11,604,975,737 in 1890—open to the competition of the farmers and manufacturers of all other nations, while we strive to secure their markets, all of which put together are worth \$4,035,973,737 less than our own home market.

Is it not best to retain the good home market that we already possess, also striving to cease buying the \$773,674,-812 worth of foreign goods that we consume and to produce these goods for ourselves, if we can, rather than to throw away what we are sure of and take chances in securing a portion of the smaller markets of the rest of the world in open competition with the cheap labor of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, of Canada, of Central and South America, and of the savage labor of the Islands of the Sea?

Such is the policy of protection. But the free trade policy is to give our markets to the cheap labor countries and to compete with the cheap labor in their smaller markets. We already consume over four billion dollars' worth of goods more than they can buy from us. Let us keep our own trade first. Always vote for protection.

The western wool growers should understand clearly that the only party to blame for free wool is the populist party of the house and senate, and the populists represent the wool-growing sections of the country. Perhaps the populists think they will acquit themselves from any blame in their actions by voting against free wool, but if the farmers can see a hole through a fivefoot door they will readily see that the Populists tied themselves up to the democrats, and it would have been utterly and absolutely impossible for the democrats to pass a tariff bill without their vote. Tnat would have left wool with 11 cents per pound duty as it had been heretofore.

That the democratic platform went all to splinters we know full well. They have acted very viciously toward the wool men, especially when they put a duty of 15 per cent on old rags and shoddy, and placed scoured wool on the free list. Out of ninetynine woolen manufacturers in the state of Rhode Island there are only three that can be counted as free wool men, and there is not one in Massachusetts. It is not the eastern manufacturer who is to blame for free wool,

At Coney Island. Adams-It is astonishing. Brown-What is astonishing? "That there should be so much

but the populist senators.

water." "Yes, and just think, you only see THE DACOITS.

Kept at Bay by the Brave Wife of a Missionary. Among the arrivals at the Occi-

denta! the other day was Mrs. J. E. Case, a missionary of the American Baptist board in Upper Burmah, who was accompanied by her to children and Miss Ma Mo Bwin, a Burmese girl of about 18 years.

Mrs. Case has been in Upper Burmah many years, and has had many remarkable, as well as very dangerous, experiences, says the San Francisco Examiner. She related some of them, while the native girl, arrayed in the queer costume of the country whence they came, sat near by and gravely accentuated the story by sundry bows. The children meanwhile climbed on her lap and talked in the strange language which they had learned in Upper Burmah.

"At the time I had my most dan-gerous experience." said Mrs. Case, we were living in the outskirts of Myingan, a town of 13,000 people, seventy miles below Mande y, the capital city of King Theebaw. Numerous bands of Dacoits were traveling about and committing crimes, robberies and murdering the people. The Dacoits are really marauders; that is the meaning of the word dacoit. The natives are composed of many different people, as, for instance, the Karens, the Chins, the Kochins, the Shans and the Burmese. They are all, however, of Mongolian origin.

"The people inclined to rob would get a bo, or general, and set out. then they moved about in many bands, especially in the district in which we were situated, and they robbed and killed people right and left. My husband was away, and for several nights I our house with a revolver in my hand, not knowing what moment the dacoits might come. I had no one with me but the servant girl and a native man.

All this time the different bands were going about killing, maining and robbing. If the victim resisted he was attacked, and maybe he would be anyway. If they got very angry at those who resisted they would cut their arms off at a blow, or cut them off by pieces with their hatchets. Some times a man's arm was cut off in half a dozen or more pieces. There were many instances of great cruelty. Luckily for us we were not attacked, though we hardly knew how we escaped.

"King Theebaw, as has been learned, was cognizant of the work of the dacoits, and even encouraged them, while he received a good share of the profits. But the British government has taken him in hand. has been deposed and sent to India, along with his retinues, where he is now receiving several thousand dollars a year. Things are, therefore, changed in Upper Burmah. It is peaceable and free from anything of that kind.

Recovered His Long Lost Memory.

Authentic instances of old people who have recovered lost sight, hearing or speech, or who have grown a third set of teeth or a supplementary crop of hair, are not uncommon. But cases in which perfect memory has been regained after being impaired almost to the verge of extinction by paralytic shocks are rare. This, however, has happened to William McEntee, an old man of 84, residing on North Twenty-eighth street. During the recent storm he insisted upon taking his daily walk. and in consequence was laid up with a severe cold. While sitting in his arm chair after his recovery, a day or two since, he found himself humming an air which he had not heard since he was a boy in the Emerald Isle. Then he began to tell a story which the old song recalled, and. to the amazement of his family, he went on to recite incidents and events not only of long ago, but of more recent dates, of which before his brief illness he had no recollection.-Fhiladelphia Record.

Not so Low as That.

"I'm sick," whined the tramp at the kitchen door, "and will you please give me just a piece of bread and butter?' '...Nothing mean about you is there," responded the charitably-inclined cook. "No ma'am there ain't." "Perhaps you would like to have some sugar turning she again had to cross the

yourbread?" said the with sarcasm. The tramp the cook drew back dignifiedly. "Excuse me." he said. "I may have my weaknesses, but I hardly think there is anything in my manner to warrant you in thinking I am a United States senator." And the cook apologized on the spot. - Detroit Free Press.

He Should Be More Careful.

A young girl, tall, curly-headed and bright-eyed, sat near the fruit hind her. stand of which her father is the owner, in Brooklyn. Charles F. Erwin tried to kiss her and may have succeeded. She screamed. He was arrested, but, protesting to Justice Goetting that his arrest was an outrage, for the girl had put her lips in a kissing position, he was dis-charged with a mild caution to be more careful.

The Highest Tower.

The public building of Philacelphia, when finished, will have the highest tower on any building in the world. It will be 537 feet high. The building covers four acres, and will be finished next year at a cost of \$10,000,000.

We Never Speak as We Pass By. from the people of our sphere.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, knows just as well whether the

THE TRUE STORY OF BRAVE ELIZABETH ZANE.

By a Courageous Act She Saved the Fort and Her Friends-Troubled-Coyote Not Afraid to Be Near a Man Whom He Knows Is Unarmed

A Heroic Girl.

In the year 1777, when the British troops in the Middle states were marching on to Philadelphia, and Washington, at the head of the colonial army, was doing all he could to keep them from entering the city, General Burgoyne led his forces from the north by way of Lake Champlain and landed near Crown point. Here he met a large body of Indians, who went with his army to Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

These Indians, cruel, cunning and savage in their nature, were the most terrible enemies the American soldiers and country people had to fear. They were worse than the Hessians, the Tories and the British regulars all put together.

A body of troops under Colonel Shepherd held Fort Henry against the British and the Indians, but the garrison was gradually diminished to a few hundred men. They were daily looking for reinforcements, and the majority of the men, going one day to meet them and bring them through the enemy's lines, were cut off by a band of the Indians, who prowled about in every direction.

Within the stockade surrounding the fort the farmers, who were also soldiers, had driven their horses and cattle spared by the invaders; and their wives and children, with their household goods, were safe inside the walked a porch we had in front of fort. At the approach of the Indians the little garrison of twelve brave men, under the command of Colonel Shepherd, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and not knowing how far off or how near the reinforcements might be, they hoped for the best.

But their powder was nearly exhausted and there was no chance of keeping the savages at bay by any other means. Some one then remembered that in a small building just outside the stockade there was a keg of powder that had been forgotten when the other effects were carried inside the fortified place. But who would go for it, or who could be spared from the small garrison?

Every man was needed at such a time. Their leader was a brave and generous man; but he knew that his place was there; his duty was to protect the fort and save the helpless women and children from the savage cruelty of the enemy. Several of his best men offered to go, but he could not make up his mind to lose one of them, so great seemed to him the risk of venturing within the range of the Indian's tomahawk.

"I cannot command any man to go for the powder," he said. "If there be any one willing to take the risk he must assume all responsibility of the venture."

What was to be done? The powder they must have. Soon it would be too late, for the savages were coming nearer all the time. Three of the men were discussing which of them could best do the hardy deed, when a brave girl, whom history knows as Elizabeth Zane, approached Colonel Shepherd as he stood listening to the arguments of the men.

"Let me go," said she. "I can bring the powder as well as any one else, and if I do not come back with it-why, you will be no worse off than you are now. It would not be like losing a man."

After much hesitation they let her go, thinking the Indians would be less likely to attack her than a man. Very carefully they watched herthose inside the fort-as she crossed the open space before it, until she reached the house in which the powder was.

No doubt, if the savages had rushed upon her, the gates of the stockade would have been opened and the men would have defended with their last breath the brave girl that had so nobly risked her life.

But she reached her destination before the savages had fairly seen what was the object of her expedition outside the gate of the stockade. Reopen space.

Perhaps the weight of the keg of powder made her footsteps slower. Perhaps the Indians had a suspicion of what it was that Elizabeth carried in her homespun apron, for with a wild whoop they let fly a shower of arrows round her head-not one of which, however, harmed her-and two or three of the nearest savages rushed towards her as the gate of the outer barricade opened and shut quickly be-

The powder that Elizabeth brought held out well, and the Indians, judging from the incessant firing the garrison kept up that reinforcements had arrived withdrew and left them undisturbed until the main body of the troops came to their relief. -Philadel-

Cunning of the Coyete. The barking habit of the coyote is very doglike, and his old name of barking wolf is very appropriate. When collecting mammals in Wyoming, says a writer in St. Nicholas, it was a very common thing for us to hear the covotes around our camp set up a great barking in chorus at the first sign of daybreak, just when the roosters begin to crow on the farm. It was a wild and uncultivated kind Once every fifteen years the planet of bark, ending in a falsetto howl, Mars comes within 35,000,000 miles and resembles the cry of the jackat of of the earth. At all other times a India more nearly than any sound I distance of something like 141,039, ever heard. But Sir Coyote is cute. 000 miles separates the Marsians | He knows exactly the distance that | constitutes fair rifle range, and he a spanker."

stranger is armed as does the stranger himself. When hunting in the Shoshone mountains in 1889, I wanted to kill a coyote for a special purpose, but never once succeeded in getting a fair shot, even at 200 yards. For ten days we banged away industriously at every one we saw, but never touched ahair. Finally, at Corbett's ranch I left the expedition and started north by stage, leaving behind me rifle, revolver, knife and even seissors. Just two hours after I had said good-by to my shooting irons and taken the buckboard "stage," we saw a coyote ahead of us, close to the trail. Seeing us coming he selected a soft spot, sat down within thirty yards of the trail and waited for us. We drove up, stopped as we got opposite him, and still he did not run. That villain sat there coolly without moving a muscle, but with a leer that plainly said: "Now, don't you wish you had your old gun?" When we got through making faces at him and wishing for a gun or a revolver or even a common stone to fire at him, we drove on, and then he got up and went hunting for jack rabbit. To this day I have been puzzling over the question: "How did that crazy rascal find out so quickly that both the driver and I were totally unarmed?" That he did know it perfectly well I have no doubt whatever, for no coyote ever waited like that for a man with a gun.

A Boy Policeman

"Lieutenant, when do I get my pay? I think it is about time, 'cause I want to get a tin whistle and lots of things,' said a cute little shaver of 6, as he strutted into Central police station and walked up to the lieutenant's desk, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lieutenant Hill peered over the desk and recognized his little protege, Horace W. Carle, all dressed in a complete lieutenant's uniform, with a silver badge, stripes on his shoulders, with a revolver in one hand and a clab in the other.

"Well, how much pay do you think you ought to have?" asked Lieutenant Hill.

"Well, you might give me about \$50, I guess. That's a big pile of money, but I 'spec it's about what a lieutenant ought to get, and you know, I am a lieutenant now," and the little shaver strutted about an l then asked Lieutenant Hill if he thought a burglar could get away from him.

"Lieutenant" Horace Carle, though only a very little boy, is a born policeman. Ever since he was a baby he has been wild over policemen. When he had on short dresses he strutted around with a club and would run to the window and call to every policeman that passed. He got acquainted with Lieutenant Hill when the latter was a sergeant. Little Horace had his aunt fix his suit up as a sergeant's uniform, and when Lieutenant Hill was promoted he had his uniform changed, too, and Lieutenant Hill got him a silver star and a club.

When he does not mind his father tells him it he is not good that he will not let him be a policeman, and that brings little Horace to time at once. His great ambition is to catch a real live burglar, and who knows but what he may some day?

Troubled. If it were not for fairies, this world would ! drear.

(I'm sure they are true -heigh-ho') The grass would not tangle, The bluebe is would janzle. And things would be stupid and queer, you

know, And everything dull if the fairles should go. (I'm sure they are true, -heigh-ho!)

I love to believe in the odmother's mice, And Hop o'-my Thumb, heigh ho! And it's cruel in Willy To call me a silly

If brothers would only be nice, you know.

Not tease and make fun, all my troubles

I'd believe in the fairles forever, -heigh-ho! -Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge in St. Nicholas Her Way of Telling It.

We have seen in print this little story about a niece of Bishop Brooks. The child was three years old.

Her mother was preparing her for bed when she had a call down stairs; as she was about to leave the room she said:

"Dear, say your prayers while mamma is gone." When she returned she asked the

child if she had said her prayers. The little one replied: "I did and I didn't."

"Why, what do you mean, dear?" asked the mother. "I told the Lord I was very tired

and couldn't say my prayers, and He said 'Don't mention it, Miss Brooks!' '

Having a Splendid Time. Sammy came home from an after-

noon at the natural history museum. "Where have you been?" said his grandpa, who saw that he was in uncommonly good spirits.

"Oh, we've had a splendid time. We're been to a dead circus."-Sunday Mercury.

Sadie at the Dentist's. Sadie was giving an account of her experience at the dentist's.

"My tooth ached dreadfully," she said, "till the dentist took the cavity out"-and she was indignant when her listeners laughed, instead of showing the sympathy that the case demanded.

Poll-Parrots.

"Oh, mamma, Maudie had the loveliest funeral; the poll-parrots were all in white and wore wreaths of flowers." "Poll-parrots, Ethel!"

"Yes, indeed, mamma, that is what

they called the little girls that carried her." Something She Did Not Like to Meet. Four-year-old Minette was much

opposed to going on board the ship. "What are you afraid of, sweetheart?" said her uncle, the captain.

"I'se 'fraid, 'cause Bobby says it has

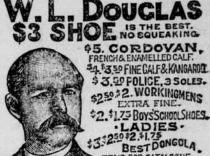
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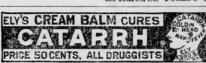
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