J. T. Orndorff.

We are pleased to announce large arrivals of

NEW FALL and WINTER GOODS

Your attention is invited to a choice, complete and carefully-selected assortment of the newest and most charming effects in

COLORS and FABRICS

And the best quality the market affords in the line of

Dry Goods, Notions,

&c., &c., &c.

Dress Goods, Fancy Goods,

DRESS TRIMMINGS, DRESS BRAIDS, PLUSHES, &c., IN ALL SHADES. CHILDREN'S SACKINGS, EIDER DOWN AND STRIPED FLANNELS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS AND WRAPS.

Blankets and Comforts.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Druggets, Rugs, &c.

Men's and Boys' Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT WE OFFER UNPARALLELED INDUCEMENTS TO BUYERS IN THE WAY OF HIGH CLASS GOODS OF QUALITY BEYOND QUESTION, WHILE WE SUPPLEMENT THIS IMPORTANT FEATURE BY UNLIMITED VARIETY, INCLUDING ALL NOVELTIES IN THE SEASON'S STYLES. TO THESE WE ADD THE STRONGEST INDUCEMENT OF LOW PRICES BY WHICH WE SHALL DEMONSTRATE THAT THE CHEAPEST AS WELL AS THE CHOICEST STOCK IS AT

J. T. ORNDORFF'S,

20 AND 22 WEST MAIN ST.,

WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.
oct-6

GRAND DISPLAY

—OF—

DRESS GOODS

AND TRIMMINGS

—AT—

Oak Hall

As we present our circular to you, and as candidates for your favor, it is proper for us to state the platform upon which we rest our claims.

We believe in PROTECTION of customers from misrepresentation, over-charge and adulteration.

We believe in FREE-TRADE with the merchant whose selections of goods and prices are best adapted to the wants and tastes of the customer.

We believe in the PROHIBITION OF INFLATED VALUES—exorbitant prices charged for second-grade goods represented as first.

And a visit to our store will convince all that our PRICES HAVE REACHED ZERO, which means LOW TARIFF on all goods.

Behind all our promises stands the FINEST LINE OF DRESS GOODS, TRIMMINGS, SACKINGS, LADIES' JACKETS AND COATS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, CLOTHING, Boots, Shoes, Carpets, Queensware, Jewelry, Silverware, Hats and Notions, of all kinds, to be had in a first-class store. We know our COMPETITORS envy us for the success we have attained in the extension of our Dress-Goods trade. We know, in our Shoe and Boot Department, there exists a jealousy, but we are happy. We have no inclination to change our line, as Evitt & Brother's Shoes stand to-day at the head of the list. If you want to see a beautiful line of Shoes, call at our place. Fine Dongola Shoes, especially adapted for tender feet. Dress Goods, all kinds, 5 cents up to $1.25. Henrietta, Dalma, Tricots, Clarrett, Cassimere, and a number of Fancy Cloths, all shades. Our Black Silk at $1.00, the past season, was decided the best by an overwhelming majority. We have a better one to-day, guaranteed not to cut. A safe investment for any lady. Ladies' Coats in abundance, latest styles. Dress Trimmings, the very latest. Notions of all kinds. In Boots we start the season with a Solid Boot at $1.75; another at $1.85. A full Stock Boot at $2.50. We still sell the best Button Shoe in town at $1.25. Fine Dongola Shoes at $2.50; others get $2.70 to $2.75. We have a large assortment of Ready-Made Clothing for both men and children. Overcoats very cheap. Rag Carpet, 22 cents; Flowered, 25 cents. Oil Cloths all prices. Druggets, Rugs, etc. Domestics very low. Canton Flannels, 6¼ cents. Ginghams, 5 cents. Calicoes, 4 cents. Large line of Blankets. A 6-pound White Blankes at $1.25 per pair. A 7-pound Grey Blanket at $1.50. Comforts cheap. A job lot of Ladies' Coats at less than half price. Great bargains in Men's Clothing to clean up stock. WOLF ROBES AND BLANKETS all prices.

In conclusion, will say we invite our friends to inspect our Fall Goods. Bring your friends with you. Don't think of making your Fall purchases without calling to see our stock.

Our claim to having the finest line of Dress Goods, Trimmings, etc., in this part of the county, is not imaginary on our part; it has been so decided by all who visit our store. Many thanks for past patronage. We hope our efforts this season to please will still be appreciated by you. Very respectfully,

oct-13 GEO. C. ANDERS.

F. A. Sharrer & Son

Undertakers and Cabinet-Makers

A Fine and Assorted Stock of

Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

FINE & COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON,
Main St., East End, Westminster, Md.
jan-10-y

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 42. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

A HELPING HAND.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

On the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And looked up at the dim, vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary.
I climbed till my brain was on fire,
I planted each footstep with wisdom—
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference,
And that one was gilded with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another
I found, under velvet, a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning,
And my heart strength began to fail,
And the flush of the morning's excitement,
Ere evening commenced to pale.

But just when my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last gained round,
When my hopes, coming back from the future,
Were sinking again to the ground—

One who had climbed near to the summit
Reached backward a helping hand;
And, refreshed, encouraged and strengthened,
I took, once again, my stand.

And I wish—oh, I wish—that the climbers
Would never forget as they go,
That, though weary may seem their climbing,
There is always some one below.

Select Story.

MY MIDNIGHT VISITANT.

An Unexplained Mystery—Marrying a Ghost.

From ALBANY JOURNAL.

I had never been superstitious; I had always believed that the seemingly most supernatural occurrence could be satisfactorily explained by natural phenomena if one could only make a little rational investigation. And yet, with all my skepticism and boasted common sense, I was obliged to confess that there are occasional mysterious happenings which the keenest researches of wisdom and experience fail to explain. One midnight I fell into a deep study on this subject. The place was a cosy room on the lower floor of a pretty country cottage.

I had purchased the property—the cottage and the inclosed grounds surrounding it—only a few weeks before. And for more than a year previous to that event it had been unoccupied. It had belonged in the past to a Mrs. Moray—a widow, who had resided there with an only child—a lovely daughter. The daughter, Ethel Moray, had been my affianced wife. But in a foolish moment we had differed about some trifle; the little difference had been aggravated into a painful misunderstanding; Ethel was too proud to yield and I was too stubborn; and so our engagement was canceled and we parted in anger and forever.

I left the little country village at once, and started for Europe. When I returned from my prolonged tour, I learned that Ethel was no longer among the living. Some months after my departure she and her mother had left the village. They had started with a yacht party for some point down the southern coast; there had been a tempest and a collision, and the yacht had gone down with all on board. Only a single seaman—stunned and half drowned—had been rescued to bring the story of the doomed yacht back to the village. And so it happened that their old residence had been sold, and that I, while I had purchased the cottage, for any time when you feel like leaving the city for a bit of hunting or fishing or a breath of country air," said the real estate agent from whom I had bought it.

I had not yet succeeded in securing a care-taker for the place, and in the meantime I had restored the grounds to order and had refurnished the cottage. The room I had selected for my own was the one which had been Ethel's parlor. I had desired to have everything as nearly as possible like what it was during the happy summer when I had met, wooed and lost the only woman I had ever loved, and the only woman I should ever live to love. With the exception of a narrow brass bedstead, canopied with pale-blue netting, the room looked almost precisely as it did on that last bitter day when we quarreled, and parted to meet again no more. Perhaps with so much to remind me of her, I need not have wondered that Ethel's presence sometimes seemed very near me.

"But that wouldn't account for the mysterious sounds of approaching and receding footsteps in the deep midnight, of whispers which seemed breathed through the lonely silence, of the touch of the lips upon my face," I pondered as I sat there on this particular night. For those were the sounds and fancies which had aroused me from my slumber, night by night, ever since I had occupied the cottage. I would awake with a start, feeling that I was no longer alone, that something was moving slowly and surely toward me.

On each occasion I had lain quite still, waiting breathlessly for the coming of—I knew not what. And on each occasion I had heard those ghostly footsteps moving slowly and steadily up the hall outside, pausing for a second at the door, then crossing the room and pausing again beside me. Then I could feel the light touch of lips, a sigh, a whisper would stir the air, and then the footsteps would turn back steadily and slowly, until all was once more utter silence. But I had seen no shadow shape, no phantom presence—nothing but the moonlight beaming brightly across the space between the door and my bed.

On the first night of this extraordinary experience I was so vividly impressed with the belief of some person having really entered the room that I arose and inspected the fastenings of doors and windows. But I discovered everything precisely as I had left it on retiring. On several successive nights I did the same, but always with the same result. And still the viewless ghost—that visitant sound—came and went; a mystery which vexed my philosophy, and one which the most persistent investigation failed to penetrate.

"Must I believe that it is my lost one's spirit coming to me nightly, telling me that I am forgiven?" I asked myself, as I sat there pondering in my deep velvet chair on that particular night when the poet's suggestive lines recurred to me.

My room was rather less than the ordinarily sized parlor and directly opposite my chair was a long French glass window opening upon a narrow porch with a high ornamental iron railing. From the porch, a short flight of iron-railed steps descended to a walk hedged with tall rose-bushes. The heavy blue plush hanging of the door-window were drawn widely apart on either side, and a round and brilliantly white moon, just swinging clear of the budding tree-tops, lighted the whole apartment with a radiance almost like day.

As I murmured that last question, suddenly, without a sound of warning a form and face flashed against the clear crystal of the window. The form was clothed from throat to feet in a clinging white garment; a loosened abundance of hair fell like a cloud of gold about the graceful shoulders and pallid face. And that ghastly white face was the face of my Ethel; those great blue eyes, wild and staring, were hers; and she was gazing straight upon me with a look which stopped my heart beats, and seemed turning the blood in my veins to ice.

With a cry, I sprang to my feet, and with one stride reached the door, but the apparition was gone—gone as swiftly and entirely as if it had been a pencil picture on a slate brushed away by a schoolboy's sponge! In that second I did not think; consciousness was a blank. Perhaps it was instinct; but whatever it might be, I dashed the casement apart and sprang down the steps with a single bound, into the narrow walk between the roses.

Not a form in human shape was visible; there was no sound of any human thing moving. On either side of me stretched the smooth level lawn, green and distinct in the clear moonlight. She directed her course toward the iron-railed porch, and as I rapidly followed her to the entrance, she disappeared through the open door of my room.

As I stepped quickly after the lady, I beheld my Ethel, or her apparition, sitting in my own chair, with her white face and wild eyes, and with a scarlet fever flame burning on each cheek. Her hands were stretched piteously to Mrs. Hastings, who was bending over her, and as she spoke, I heard my darling's living voice, weak with illness and sharp with agony.

"What does it it mean, Aunty?" she was saying. "Every night, for nights and nights, I have been here and whispered to him that he was forgiven. Why did he not stay when I came to him just now? Why did he go away angry?"

It was easy to understand that the poor child was delirious. And I knew at once she must have been frightened by my wan, startled look as I sprang from my chair at her appearance, that she had hidden among the roses, and that she had slipped into my room while I was searching through the grounds.

"My dear," Mrs. Hastings returned soothingly; "you have never been here before; you haven't been out of your bed for weeks. You were only dreaming that you saw him and spoke to him. And you must come with me, dear—perhaps he will call and see you in the morning."

I stepped across the room, put Mrs. Hastings gently aside, and took Ethel in my arms. Even in her delirium the poor child seemed to understand that we had met, never again to part, and with a great sobbing cry she nestled to me like an over-wearied infant.

"It will be well with her now," kind Mrs. Hastings murmured with the tears raining over her cheeks.

And it was well with her, indeed—well with us both.

Ethel had been saved from the sinking yacht by the same vessel which picked up the half-drowned seamen a little later. But the shock of the terrible casualty and the melancholy fate of her mother, had nearly deprived her of reason. A prolonged illness had succeeded; and it was months before she had gained sufficient strength to communicate with her aunt, who was her only remaining relative. Before she had done so, Mrs. Hastings—who, of course, would have been the only heir to the little property—had deemed best to dispose of the cottage.

Ethel rapidly recovered her health and strength, and not very long afterward I led my fair ghost to the altar.

"And the marriage precluded the necessity of setting aside the sale of the cottage," Mrs. Hastings commented, humorously.

I still continued to occupy my solitary bachelor quarters in the house, until I brought home my beloved and lovely bride. But from the night of our singular reconciliation I was never again startled from sleep by mysterious footsteps and ghostly whispers and the touch of invisible lips against my own.

My wife and I occasionally discuss the mystery.

"It is very strange," Ethel says, thoughtfully; "for every night, exactly at that time, I dreamed of coming to you exactly as you dreamed I did—only, always in my dream dear mamma was not dead, and the room was still my own little parlor."

"Well, my love," I answered her, "I think we can say of human intelligence as has been said of other things: Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. There are certainly happenings some-

half a dozen caramels into her mouth at once and appear to enjoy them hugely. She stood in full view of the proprietor as she did so and I expected to see him administer a reproof. Instead of doing so he only looked at me and knowingly closed his left eye. "I should think terrible inroads must be made in your stock if all your young women have appetites like that," observed I. "Not a bit of it," he responded, "when a young woman is engaged to sell candy for this house she receives permission to eat just as much as she likes; with the strict understanding, however, that she is not to carry any out of the store. She avails herself of the permission readily enough, but she doesn't devour half so much the second day as she does the first; on the third she gets away with even less and at the end of a week she wouldn't give you

pears, lettuce, peas, beans, carrots and vines.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF HAMPSTEAD, CARROLL COUNTY, MD., TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2ND, 1888, BY

REV. J. B. HALL,

OF THE BALTIMORE ANNUAL CONFERENCE M. E. CHURCH; AN OLD SOLDIER AND A MEMBER OF COLE'S MARYLAND CAVALRY.

My Fellow-Citizens:—In speaking to you upon the economic question of our national politics which is the great topic of discussion in the present campaign, it is my purpose to present some of the facts germane to the subject, and to deal fairly in my appeals to every man's reason. But the little time that can be prudently occupied forbids an elaborate discussion, and will confine me to a few of the points that most concern the general and local interests.

As you all know, the shibboleth of the Democratic party in the present contest is free-trade, or tariff for revenue only. The free-trade policy is clearly enunciated by the President's annual message, the recent action of the House of Representatives, and by the party platform adopted at the St. Louis National Convention. This is the issue that confronts us upon the present political arena, and the common weal or woe is depending upon the decisive echo that will come from the National ballot box next November. Not since the campaign of 1860 has the intelligence and patriotism of the people been more directly appealed to and never has the elective franchise been attended with greater responsility than in the present contest between the great political parties. As in the campaign of '40 we are once more called upon to save our manufactories and markets from the consequences of an unfair competition with the foreign world, and to rebuke the administration that persistently tampers with the tariff question at the peril of our home comforts and the national prosperity. The common interests involved are paramount to all party preferences or the individual aggrandizement of the office seekers, who arrogate to themselves a superior claim upon the suffrages of the people, and demand the liberal thought and independent action of every American citizen. If self preservation be the first law of nature, the time has come for men to assert their liberty and to think and act for themselves, that suicidal calamity may be averted, and the teeming millions of this great country who by the Almighty's decree must eat bread in the sweat of their faces may be afforded lucrative occupations and be protected in the same to the fullest extent of the national responsibility. The British free-trade economy advocated by the Democratic party would soon tear down the walls of defense the protective system has thrown about our farms and cities and open our markets to the productions of the foreign pauper labor. This, before another presidential election, would make tramps of thousands of our citizens and reduce the honored wage-workers of this country to the level of European coolies.

But this, my fellow citizens, cannot be done against the protest of a majority of the people in November, and it will not be done if the people go to the trouble to solve the problem before them in the light of reason and historic precedent. It will be disloyalty to our homes and treason to our country to allow ourselves to be duped by the superficial plausibility of the Cleveland free-trade theory, which is fallacious, and must be impracticable as long as conditions of inequality continue to exist among the nations of the earth. The best political economists for centuries past have exposed its fallacy, and the best authorities to-day are flooding the country with literature which shows beyond contradiction that our financial and industrial questions and troubles cannot be solved and adjusted upon any such principles. We must pay deference to such authorities as Edward III, Oliver Cromwell, Colbert, Napoleon, Gustavus Adolphus and Hesselrode, with many other sovereigns and nationalists contemporaneous with them across the waters, who for the past five hundred years have advocated and enforced the high tariff system with the most salutary effects upon the finances and industries of their respective countries. They give us the theory with the practical results. And Bismarck, one of the greatest living statesmen to-day, says, "The success of the United States in material development is the most marvelous of modern times. The American nation has not only successfully borne and suppressed the most gigantic and expensive war of all history, but immediately afterward disbanded its army, found work for all its soldiers and marines, paid off most of its debt, given labor and homes to all the unemployed of Europe as fast as they could arrive within the territory, and still by a system of taxation so indirect as not to be perceived. Because it is my deliberate judgment that the prosperity of America is mainly due to its system of protective laws, I urge that Germany has now reached that point when it is necessary to imitate the tariff system of the United States."

But as American citizens, we are prouder of the wisdom of such statesmen as George Washington, Alex. Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, William Henry Harrison, Abraham Lincoln, and hosts of others whose names are household words among us, and who served their country in their day and generation with honor to themselves and their latest posterity. These were all advocates of the protective system which is now assailed by the present Democratic party.

Protection contemplates the greater good to the greatest number of the people upon the principle that all are in some way producers, or dependent, as beneficiaries on the results of production. But the free trader overlooks the interests of the producer in his great anxiety for the consumer, and conceiving of his ability and purpose to consume only, bases his logic solely on a theoretical man—an ideal abstraction—to whom he gives no greater importance in relation to the financial and industrial prosperity of the country than a mere machine. The highest type of the free-trader's consumer is but the "fragment of a man," incapable of aspiration or patriotism, who has no interest in common with his fellow citizens; but lives a kind of zoophyte existence, only to take in, or devour the products of other men's labor.

This phantom of dreams in the free trade theory substitutes the real bodypolitic of the nation, and as fast as our opponents are awakened from their slumbers and begin to reflect, they discover this defect in their argument and leap from their dungeons to join the great stampede to Harrison and Morton. A great many are being awakened all over the country by the deepening roll of the nation's call, and will vote next November for the American principles of home protection.

The true theory recognizes the consumer *in* the producer and *vice versa*, and deals with the interests of both as identical, and protects the producer that he may be able to minister to the wants of the consumer. The necessary unity of representation as to the two-fold capacity of every man to produce and consume, makes the interest of both producer and consumer one and inseparable, and this interest must be fastened by such wise discrimination in favor of production as will be most conducive to the possibilities of a large consumption. The ability of the country to consume depends upon the development of the varied industries which diversify labor and give occupations to the employed at fair wages. The incidental increase in the manufacturing population and the fair wages increase the demand on the home markets. This, of course, will effect the life of trade and prices will go upward, and high prices are as much a symptom of the life and prosperity of the nation as a temperature of 98° is of a healthy human body. High prices are always in favor of the poor man, because prices are regulated by the standard of wages and the life of trade. Give the poor man good wages and by his industry and frugality he can take advantage of the markets and lay aside some of his earnings for future emergencies. But give him the allowance of the wage-workers of Europe to-day, and even the possibility of subsistence becomes a question of most serious concern. The decline in prices, except through the increase of reproductive ability, has always indicated the approach of hard times, and is ominous of the nation's woe. We all know the best times we ever saw was when the prices were the highest. During the late war the prices were high, but everybody had something to do, and everybody had money; and many who were poor in '61 were rich in '65. You may speak as you please of the inflation of the currency, but it supplied the wants of the people and served the nation's highest purpose. The farmers had a market for their produce at home, and they could command high prices and accumulate large profits. As regiment after regiment were recruited from the rural districts the market became larger and larger, and the more nearly the farmer's pursuit approximated all the advantages of a great monopoly. The produce of those who remained on their farms increased in value with every successive diminution of the agricultural force until the equilibrium was reached which regulated the corresponding maximum prices. The farmers never got higher prices for their produce than they received during the war, and this illustrates the practical importance of the protective system. But because of the meagre profits at the present time, many of our farmers interpret protection as detrimental to their interests and advocate tariff reduction as the precursor of lively markets and inflated prices. We submit to every fair minded man among you, that with a balance of trade against us to-day amounting to $40,000,000, instead of reduction, their interests demand rather higher tariff and greater protection. "In one month last November, there were imported 773,000 bushels of potatoes, averaging less than 31 cents per bushel. In four days of January the imports at New York alone were 149,000 bushels—from Scotland 68,000, from Holland, Denmark and Germany 13,000, and the remainder from other distant countries." Onions and cabbage, now free, are also brought by vessels from a great distance; about 1,000,000 bushels of beans and peas were imported within the last year. We give these figures as illustrative of the importance of higher tariff and greater protection for the farmers' interests. Protect our manufactories by giving them the control of the American markets until thousands of those who are now engaged in the agricultural business find it profitable to leave the farms and become artizans; protect our varied industries until every town has its factories, and the 1,000,000 of our population who are idle today, find lucrative employment; protect the laboring masses until wages will justify a tide of healthy immigration from other countries, and the farmers will find all they can do to supply the workers at the very best prices. The practical results of this theory induced England in 1849 to repeal the last of the Corn Laws which were intended to protect the interest of the farmer.

The agricultural force being diminished by the development of the varied industries of the country, the demand for bread and meat, in comparison with the supply was so great that the prices of produce had to go up. And as the prices went up, a higher rate of wages became necessary for the support of the laborer and his family. But instead of paying the higher wages the markets were regulated by a free-trade stratagem most hurtful to the farmers' interests. Their markets were thrown open to the produce of the whole world, and the prices went down until the small pittance allowed the working man was again equal to a kind of subsistence. For this legislation, which glutted the farmers' home market and robbed him of a living profit, in the interests of the capitalists, England claims the honor of a wise precedent and is dictating the present policy of the United States government. The Mills bill now pending the action of the Senate is a disguised attempt at the same outrage perpetrated upon the British farmers by the repeal of the corn laws. In our country to-day there are no troubles over high prices, *but low wages* and the labor strikes have become the great annoyance of the corporations throughout the length and breadth of the land. To adjust these difficulties between capital and labor, which often lead to anarchical riots, instead of these corporations dividing the profits with their employes and paying higher wages, they propose lower prices upon the economy of free-trade, or tariff reduction. This may be a panacea for the troubles of our large contractors and moneyed corporations who want the profits of the very best labor without paying a just compensation to the working men; but the farmers must pay the enormous drug bill. The equilibrium contemplated between the proffered wages and low prices may satisfy the demands of reproductive labor; but in logical consistency the farmers' profits must decline and his markets die from excessive engorgement. But Mr. Mills tells us that his low tariff policy will have the tendency to depose the despotism of corporations, and operate the capital of the country directly in favor of the working man's interest. This assertion, in view of the attitude of wealth to tariff reform, and the solicitude of their great corporations for party supremacy, gives rise to premonitions of a portentous duplicity that the working man must fear and flee from as you would flee from the cohorts of Satan. Mr. Cleveland gave his $10,000 to the campaign fund as the bread is cast upon the water, expecting it to be refunded to him twenty fold in his re-election. So Messrs. Scott, Whitney and others gave their tens and hundreds of thousands, expecting a large reimbursement during the next four years of free-trade administration. Does this augur a balance of gain in favor of the wage-worker from a change in the tariff system? Such large money endorsements of the Mills policy betrays the worst kind of double-dealing, and should be a timely warning to all of us who have no capital and must depend upon the hand of labor and the produce markets for a decent subsistence. Capital wants the fleece, the kraut and bean soup, too. English free-trade is proposed for the farmers in the principal wool-growing sections from the fleece of the fields to the vegetables of the garden. But the protective system is thought best for the Southern farmer, and Louisiana sugar and South Carolina rice are protected, respectively, 80 and 100 per cent. This is another phase of the double-dealing stratagem, and shows to all our farmers who must finally pay the expenses of the present free-trade campaign, if the Democracy is successful. Protect our manufactories and the markets will grow larger, and protect our markets from foreign competition, and you farmers will get higher prices for your produce. England dictates for the United States to-day the policy she forced upon the Colonies until the great Revolution was the result. She dictates for us the free-trade system which is forced upon helpless Ireland to-day. For many years the population of that little island have struggled for existence against heavy balances of trade, and with the recurring famines that must desolate every country that depends upon agriculture only, until they have the sympathy of every one excepting their selfish English foe. In 1849 when Mr. Morton made his contribution of $250,000 to help them, the whole civilized world was appealed to to keep starvation from their Western coasts, which could no longer resist the odds that were against them. When the lands produced abundantly prices were so low that it required all their produce for shipment to the English market, which was open to the world, to pay rents and buy the necessary articles of manufacture. They have to sell at the lowest market, and buy at the highest and consequently famine has threatened them when the products of the farms were equal to ten pounds per day, for each individual of the whole population. Free-trade will open the same market to the farmers of this country. Study the condition of Ireland to-day which is the result of the free-trade system, and you farmers will bury the champions of tariff reform so deeply, at the next election, beneath their party debris that they will never have a political resurrection. Sustained by the suffrage of the people, and enriched by the emoluments of office, they can afford the hazardous experiment which has been tried again and again with such dire consequences. But you and I, my fellow citizens, will have no government bounties or subsidies to depend upon when the day of adversity comes to us and our families. Nine times already in the history of our country have the financial and industrial bases been changed, alternating from protection to free-trade and from free-trade back to protection again. And while the free-trade policy has been buried in the past by the working classes in the midst of cries for work and bread, the protective system can boast of length of days and the unrivaled prosperity and development of the nation under its influence. To divert attention from such facts as these our opponents meet us here with a plaintive wail over the taxes that the present economy is extorting from the pockets of the laboring people. By this cry of high taxation they manifest the political adroitness that would take advange of a popular sentiment to win a weak point. "Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad." So the Democratic party in the present contest is trying to make the people mad with the cry of high taxes and surplus money. They insist on a repeal of the present policy, because it is crowding the vaults of the United States treasury with a large surplus at the expense of the people; but they fail to offer us the remedial alternative. The practical philosophy of the Mills bill is to turn the people's money in another direction and deplete the treasuries at home by filling the coffers of Europe. This, it is estimated, would deprive the wage-workers in this country of earnings to the amount of $100,000,000 and put the same into the hands of our labor competition from across the waters. This $100,000,000, upon every available basis of taxation conceived of by the advocates of tariff-reduction, far exceeds the present estimated drain upon the working-man's pockets from year to year, on account of the protective system, and shows a large balance in favor of the foreign laborer and foreign industries.

But to meet the facts fairly, it must be conceded by all that duties on foreign imports is not a tax on the people of the United States, and that the amount of surplus in the treasury, accruing therefrom, has not been taken from the pockets of our people. It might be fair for our opponents to assume such a position if their wisdom could devise any substitute for the protective plan by which the surplus amount of revenue annually accruing from the custom-house receipts, could be made a yearly stipend to diffuse life into the varied industries, and supplement the present daily receipts of all our working men. But the change of economy proposed by them would deplete the treasury and depress the business life of the whole nation. Instead of taxes extorted from the people, the accumulating surplus at the head of government is but a flow of life that indicates the growth and development of the bodypolitic through a circulation that acts and reacts in wholesome effects upon all the interests of the whole organization. And we need not become alarmed, nor go into fits because of this flow of life to our federal head so long as the natural equilibrium is undisturbed. The increase of the revenue surplus under the protective system, in comparison to the growth of national wealth, is not above the ratio of 3 to 7 and cannot exceed this, for with every increase of revenue the proportion will forever diverge in favor of the commonwealth. With this profitable reaction upon the common wealth from the cause of a revenue surplus, it is fallacious to classify it under the head of exorbitant taxes. Similar money transactions are implied in getting the important services of your teams, or the indispensible products of your farms. You might as well complain of feed taxes and destroy the life of your faithful beast that brings you in 75 cents every day because it costs you a hundred dollars per annum to keep him. The farmer might as well repudiate seed taxes that are indispensible to reproduction, as to strike at the present tariff system which yields a profit of 90 per cent. upon every man's investment. * * * * * *

In conclusion I want to say that I am no politician, but am here because my neighbors and friends invited me to talk to them on the tariff. Twenty-seven years ago when my country was in peril and needed help, though but seventeen years old, I entered the army. Many talked of the impropriety and thought I ought not to go. I went nevertheless, and whenever my country calls, I am at its service.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

If worms attack the boxes of honey that have been removed from the hive they should be fumigated with sulphur and then well aired.

When potatoes are well ripened no advantage will be found by leaving them in the ground, but if left there may be serious loss by rotting.

Rice Meringue: One cupful of hot boiled rice, three cupfuls of milk, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, the yelks of two eggs, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat the rest and add rice. Bake and add meringue of whites of two eggs.

If it pays for a man to have his own food cooked that it may be the more quickly eaten and easily digested, why not also cook the food for farm animals, particularly for the hog, an animal said to have a stomach more nearly resembling that of a man than has any other domestic animal.

In early fall a great many premature and worm-affected apples are constantly falling to the ground. The best of these will pay to dry in the evaporator, and will not only furnish evaporator apples for home use, but also a very profitable product. If the orchard is so inclosed that hogs can be turned in and out at any time, the inferior wormy fruit can be eaten by them, and a great many destructive insects destroyed.

Chocolate Cream Pudding: Bake in layers, cake made of one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, one and one-half teaspoonful of baking powder. Spread with boiled icing made with whites of two eggs. Take out half the icing and add to it one-fourth of a cake of melted chocolate, and spread with dark icing and with the white over each layer.

The sanitary condition of a child's sleeping-room should be as near perfect as it is possible to make it. It must be so situated that the direct rays of the sun can enter for a certain period each day. Its internal arrangements should be of the simplest character consistent with convenience. As little furniture as possible should be the rule, and comparatively bare walls and floors are far healthier than when adorned with pictures and covered with carpets. A stationary basin, draining into the sewer, positively forbidden.

Professor E. W. Steward advocates flaxseed as a medicine for pigs. It is soothing to the stomach and intestines, and it is also rich in food for muscle and bone.

A window facing south in the poultry house this winter will pay in increased eggs.

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