Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - MISSOURI.

UNDER A CLOUD;

—OR,—

CLEARING HIMSELF.

The Thrilling and Absorbing Story of a Great Crime.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S SECRET," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

"Look here, Ingot, you have talked like that before. If I said nothing, it was not because I particularly favored you as a prospective brother-in-law. I have never thought that you stood a shadow of a chance with Carol, but I was quite willing that she should have the settling of the affair. I have no idea of holding myself responsible whatever her decision may be, and I certainly shall not attempt to influence her in your favor. It would probably do no good if I tried, but I shall not try."

Instead of having his anger rearoused by this speech, Ingot was put into a good humor by it.

"I'll give you the odds in a bet that you go back on your word," he chuckled. "Here we are at my turning-off place, but I'm going home with you instead. I've a keepsake I want to show you. So you've been on Bergman's side after all, and your good words to me were only to keep me smoothed down till he got in his work!"

"I never believed he thought of her in that way. I was sure she cared nothing for him. Why, they never met above two or three times until this past week. I don't favor him, though I admit now I was jealous of him and perhaps that prejudiced me. If Carol takes to him, I don't see but that I must make the best of it."

"You can continue to keep clear of him," said Ingot, shortly.

"I am not even sure of that. He has as good as accepted an offer Mr. Everleigh made him to go into the bank."

"The dickens!"

"I think I recall his telling me that you made him a proposition to go in under you."

"Yes, but I had a reason for wanting to keep him under my eye, just then, which I haven't got now."

Ingot made no effort to explain himself further; he dropped into a reverie and spoke no more until they stood within Lyman's den. Lyman had but one desire—to get rid of his visitor. He did not wish to mar the pleasant recollections of the evening by a quarrel with Ingot, but he was not pleased to have the latter's society thus thrust upon him.

"Can't imagine what interest any keepsake of mine has for you, eh;" said the book-keeper, jovially. "Well, there it is. Only a key—a toy key at that—lost out of the little gold padlock you wear as a watch charm. Carol gave it to you, I've heard you say, on your last birthday. Now, if you know where that key was lost and found, you know why you'll do well to favor my suit for your sister's hand."

Had it been Bluebeard's key, and he the luckless Fatima, the effect upon Lyman Childer could scarcely have been more pronounced. The color flamed hotly into his face and then faded from it. His quivering lips opened and closed again without uttering a word. He was conscious that Ingot's keen eyes were reading every sign he gave.

"Don't trouble yourself to say any thing," put in the latter, with perfect good humor. "I can do all the talking. You've given me a sneer every now and then, Childer. You've held yourself a little better and higher than I am. I don't hold any grudge against you for it, though I might, if I hadn't had this in my hands to turn the tables on you whenever I chose. Now, you'll admit yourself that I'm making generous use of it. All I ask of you is to stop any mooning between your sister and that chap. Bring her home to-morrow and give me a clear field. If I need any help from you, I'll ask it in due time, and I don't think you'll refuse—no, in spite of all you said on the way, I don't think you'll refuse."

CHAPTER XII.

"COME TO ME."

Norris paid that proposed visit to his uncle when he left the banker's home. He found Amos Bergman deep in a study of Vidocq, but none the less glad to have his boy back in the quiet cottage which was sometimes just a little lonely for even such a self-sufficient man as Uncle Amos.

"You couldn't possibly have come at a better time, Norris," he exclaimed, gleefully. "I want to see how my theory holds together in other eyes than my own. I think I have it perfect at last, but they say an author's judgment is always at fault regarding his own creations, and if there is a flaw I want to know it. You don't think I am filching from your domain, I hope? This idea of yours about going into the bank is not bad. You'll be in a position there to do me some good, perhaps, if your own case don't suffer by it."

"What theory have you created, Uncle Amos?"

"In the first place, I don't take any stock in Everleigh's thought that there was some one behind Edson. That man did the work and got away with the spoils. He was successful in dodging the officers and hiding, first in one place and then in another, but naturally enough he got tired of that after a time. Besides, he'd got little good out of his stolen fortune. It wasn't the love of money made him steal it; it was the love of ease, the desire for luxury, good living and the like. Having the means, he was as far off from the end of enjoying these as ever, so to bring about the end for which he had sinned, he—died."

"Certainly a queer way of doing it, Uncle Amos."

"Not when you understand. It only goes to show how clever the man is. I don't say *was*, you perceive."

"Then you think—"

"That he is still in the land of the living? —yes! That the death was a sham,

"I'VE GIVEN YOU MY THEORY IN FULL."

planned and executed very skillfully, I have no doubt, to stop pursuit. If it was real, there would be some trace of the bank's funds. He would either turn them over to his friends or try to buy himself off from the judgment of the next world by returning them to Everleigh. He did neither. The detectives think that he had them hidden, and so do I—where he can go back and enjoy them when the whole affair has blown over and been forgotten."

"You are a Pere Tabaret for reasoning," said Norris, with a smile.

"The thing seems plausible to you, then?"

"Oh, very plausible. The only point against it is, that things of that kind are not easily covered over. There would have to be accomplices, or at least false records."

"A clever man could manage it. We'll pass over the difficulties, and see what comes next. Supposing that he is dead and buried in the eyes of the law, where would a person of Edson's stamp naturally turn to hide himself? Not an intellectual man, a plodder in fact, understanding no language but his own, after living all his life here, what chance would there be for him to have a good time in foreign countries? Not any. There's more probability of his drifting back here in some sort of disguise where he knows his ground, and will not feel altogether outcast and alone."

"Then your idea is to watch for him here?"

Norris had learned to be patient with his uncle's hobbies. He looked at all this as another chimera, to be pursued while the novelty lasted, then dropped and forgotten, but he would not wound the relative who had been kind to him in his own eccentric way by saying as much.

A shrewd look came into Amos Bergman's shriveled face.

"I've given you my theory in full, but I shall not give even you my plan of action. A pretty detective I'd make, even of the amateur sort, if I didn't know when to hold my tongue. It's a lesson you have learned very well, my boy, very well indeed, and I approve of it in you. Come and see my flowers while the daylight lasts."

He arose with alacrity and led the way, as if anxious to leave the subject they had been speaking on. Norris blushed a little to feel that he was leaving a wrong impression by his silence. He had lost all zest in his own effort at detective work; the mystery of the train robbery was likely to remain as much a mystery to the end, and of late he had not felt so sensitive on account of the express company's suspicion.

He staid three days at the cottage, then finding Amos Bergman still absorbed in his theories and plans, went back to his city lodgings.

It was only the middle of December now. He had quite two weeks at his disposal before settling down to the routine of bank duty—for Norris had made up his mind to go to work there with the new year. He had a check in his pocket-book which Uncle Amos had insisted upon giving him "for expenses, my boy; you know I said I would see you through," and though Norris had seized upon the opportunity to explain that he had no hope of discovering the train-robbers, the other had only laughed and refused to be convinced.

"Take your own time, my lad. There's nothing gained by being in too much of a hurry. Come to me when you want more and use that as you please. I haven't had my eyes shut, though you may think so. Your friend Childer is a brick, eh?—lucky that his loss wasn't such as to worry him much!—a fine fellow, but we could wish he was more sociable and not so much on his guard. By the way, did he go to see you after you were hurt? I thought not! But his sister did—and there's your point of vantage. Remember that all's fair in love and war."

Saying which, Uncle Amos had parted from him in high, good humor, leaving his nephew amazed by his penetration and shrewdness.

"He must have got an inkling of how things stand through the Everleighs. And he seems perfectly willing for me to try my luck with Carol. I thought—but no matter what I thought. The dear old man is improving with age. I must show him more attention after this, I have not gone to see him as often as I might."

Oh, wonderful kingdom of a lover's heart! The magic touch which opens it is a kind word for the reigning deity; the knowledge that his uncle was not averse to sweet Carol did more to win his nephew's gratitude than all his kindness in the past.

Mrs. Bates opened the door for him close after his ring.

"Well, it *do* seem like a Providence that you should come just now, with *such* a note waitin' from the lovely young lady, and I hope it's no bad luck as has come to her. I—I didn't go for to read it, Mr. Bergman, not bein' inquisitive, as I'm sure you'll say, but it sort of fell apart in my hands before I knew. You'll find it on your table, yes, sir; and I hope you'll excuse me for happenin' to see—. Oh, lordy! lordy! what did I have to go and give that away for?" groaned the landlady, as Norris sprang up the stairs three steps at a bound. "I hain't got a mite more sense than that Sally."

But, indeed, that slip of cream-tinted paper, neither inclosed or sealed, must have proved a temptation to the average landlady. Norris Bergman's heart beat fast as he took it up; but for that confession by Mrs. Bates, I am sure it would have gone to his lips before he opened it.

It held but a dozen words:

"Come to me at once. I am in the greatest distress. Yours, ALTHEA."

A sense of disappointment, but also of relief, passed over the young man. The simple matter of the signature made all the difference, but he prepared at once to obey the summons.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

The air was full of soft snow-flakes when Norris again found himself in the street. The gas lamps were like dim, yellow blurs against the thickened atmosphere, and the electric lights were like hazy moons. The sound of footsteps and the rattle of vehicles were muffled; cold blasts whistled about the corners; there would be hard freezing by and by, and bitter discomfort for all who had to face the inclement night.

Norris did not mind the cold, but he plunged along at a great pace, intending to take a street car for the avenue, but had not yet reached the line when he stopped suddenly, as a sharp cry, followed by a deep groan, came to his ear.

The sounds proceeded from a side street near at hand, and remembering his own experience in that dark alley, he ran toward the place, to find a black heap upon the sidewalk, which lay silent as he approached.

"What is the matter here? Are you hurt? What has happened to you?"

"I—I slipped and fell," answered a gasping voice. "Don't call any one, please. I'll be—able—to get up—after—awhile."

"I doubt it," was Norris' mental comment. The thin, white face he was able to descry through the gloom was so wan and ghost-like, the slender frame of the man so attenuated beneath his thin clothing, that the other had no doubt of this being one of those cases of miserable destitution in which pride has its part, making its victims shrink from any thing in the guise of charity.

"I fear you have seriously injured yourself," he said, as a moan forced itself from the man's lips. "I will have an ambulance called, it will be the best plan; there is no disgrace in being taken to the hospital, and you will have proper care."

"For God's sake—don't," panted this strange sufferer, clinging with a desperate clutch to the other's clothing. "Go away and leave me. I will do very well, but promise—promise—not to send—any-one."

The gaunt figure was all of a tremble either with cold or terror; he resisted with all his strength as Norris made an effort to lead him toward the thoroughfare.

"I will not—you shall not! Do you want to ruin me? Can not you see that I am afraid—afraid of being known? I never asked you to help me; I don't want you to stay with me. Why will you persecute me so? Oh, good sir, do not be angry with me, but leave me as I ask."

"Do you mean that you have been guilty of some criminal act?" asked Norris, sternly. "Well, even at that, I don't think I can leave you here to freeze to death. Tell me where you wish to go—to this home which you are so confident of reaching if I leave you to yourself. Have you such a refuge left open to you, or is that a fabrication?"

"Indeed, there is such a place. At least, I—I *was* stopping there, and I don't think they will refuse to take me in now. It's not very far."

"Then take my arm. Now lead the way. I must get you to some shelter, and it may as well be there if the place is near."

Their progress was necessarily slow. The stranger leaned heavily on Norris' arm, moving with painful and dragging steps, but protesting against any pause, though his breathing came thick and heavy, and his overtasked strength seemed to be giving way. Through by-ways, by a dark and devious course, they came at last into a narrow street which was crowded with small shops, mostly of second-hand wares, ill-smelling clothing stores and noisy saloons. At the side entrance of one of these latter they finally paused, when Norris' patience had become almost exhausted.

"I'll not ask you to come in, sir. It's not a place where a gentleman would care to be seen, nor where one would be safe at all times. You have been—very—kind."

"Well, good night!" said Norris, thrusting his hand into his pocket, but before he could make up his mind to offer the coin which he held between his fingers, the door was flung back from within and an irate figure appeared in the light of a smoky, kerosene lamp, which dimly illuminated the small, bare hall and narrow stairway inside.

"Bedad, and is it yersilf back, Miller, loike the bad penny ye are? Not a fut ye'll put beyant me doorstip till ye pays me the boord yez are owin', d'ye moind, onless ye've a friend wid yez"—his voice changing as he caught sight of the figure back of his lodger—"as will stand good for the 'rears. I'll not be hard wid ye, me lad, and it's little Mike Maloney wud moind the bite

"HELP THE POOR FELLOW IN."

and the bed if it worn't for the hard toimes and the growin' fambly, but it's a matther of sivin-and-a-quarther the day, and only the bit of a bag wid a tramp's wardrobe for security, which ain't worth the half of it. Will the gintleman pay?"

"Help the poor fellow in. I will pay you the arrears," said Norris, pitying the friendless condition of his charge. The latter had sunk into a state of collapse at the appearance of his landlord. He scarcely seemed to hear what was being said as he leaned, weak and dizzy, against the door-frame. Mr. Maloney put his head into the saloon.

"Tom, come here, will ye. Give us a hand. This way, sir; ye shall see the illegant 'commodations yer frind has wid me. Is it dhrunk he is, the craythur—and him niver to spind a nickel in me house for the beer aither, the rogue!"

Norris hastened to explain as he followed the two men who helped Miller up the stairs between them. He gave one look at the bleak and dismal room they entered, dimly shown by the sputtering tallow candle the landlord had procured.

"This will never do," said he, decisively. "The man must have fire and care. Do the best you can with this. Give him beef-tea, plenty of it, and unless he improves speedily, I advise you to send for a doctor. I shall call to see the sort of treatment you give him," he added, meaningly.

"Sure, yer honor, I'll do me best," promised Maloney, lovingly fingering the bill which Norris had placed in his hand. "Yer honor can't blame a man for lookin' after his own. If yer honor's the friend he was lookin' for, ye'll may be know why he's kapin' shady, and the bit of boord noways pays me for the risks I take, belike gettin' a bad name to me house now. But I'll do the best for him if yer honor says so," and leaving the room the next moment he could be heard shouting his instructions to some invisible person below. In the interval of his absence Norris went up to the bedside to take leave of Miller.

"If you have any friend whom you can call to your aid, you had better do so. I greatly fear that you are going to be ill; you will need care, watchfulness, long nursing, perhaps. By all means, send for your friend. Give me his address and I will write to him in your behalf."

A wistful, doubtful shade hovered over the face of the man for a moment.

"I—thank you," he said, hesitatingly. "You—promised—to come again. If there is need then, I will tell you. I can't think—now."

With that Norris was forced to be contented. A boy had appeared in response to Maloney's summons, and the light flame of the kindling he brought was curling up the black chimney when the young man departed.

The door of the bar-room was ajar as he passed through the hall below. The place was full of hard-looking characters who were smoking and drinking, while the clatter of dishes came from an eating-room on the other side. At the same instant the man called Tom, who had helped in conveying Miller up the stairs, swung the door open and backed out.

"Mind you, if the cops git you agin, *I* won't help you out," he was saying in guttural, disgusted tones. "I should think the last time cost you steep enough, and even a big M mayn't git you off again. What in thunder brought you back, anyhow?"

The answer did not reach Norris' ear, but he had one fleeting glimpse of the face of the man who spoke it—a face that was familiar to him, which sent a thrill to his very finger-tips.

It was the burglar with whom he had fought his battle in the Childer home, who had forfeited his bond, secured by funds stolen from the express company, which, being identified beyond doubt by the rightful owner, had been restored to him, and the authorities were left in a humor to make short work of Abraham Stone, should he fall into their hands again.

Abraham Stone was here in Mike Maloney's place, and Norris, who had the deepest personal interest in his recapture, had recognized him at a glance under the thin disguise he wore. The latter, however, realized that it would not do to raise an alarm there. Single-handed, he would have little chance in that resort of thieves and desperate men, as he correctly guessed it to be. He passed quietly out, and, crossing the street, took up a position where he could watch both entrances, undecided what to do. Should he leave his post to summon the police, Stone might make his escape.

Indeed, the two men came out into the street, and remained standing in the light which streamed through the open doorway. A third figure was approaching, at which Norris scarcely gave a glance, until he paused beside the other two. Greetings were exchanged, the newcomer shook hands with both, and then the three turned within, while all the thrill and eagerness brought by his former discovery died out in the heart of the watcher before the new revelation—for the third man was Lyman Childer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN FLAG.

"For Cleveland, Thurman and Tariff Reform."

PLEADING FOR REFORM.

Senator Whiting, of Illinois, Announces His Determination to Support Mr. Cleveland — The President Representing a Great Principle—Views of a Life-Long Republican.

"Men do not make enduring political parties. To earn and retain the confidence of the voters of this country a party must hold principle higher than men." Lorenzo D. Whiting was the speaker. He saw Chicago in 1838; he came to Tiskilwa fifty years ago; he was the trusted ally of Owen Lovejoy, the abolitionist; again and again through eighteen years he was returned to the State Senate by Republican votes. In 1869 in the Illinois Constitutional convention Senator Whiting was the first to introduce a measure looking to the control of corporations by legislative enactment. A man of pronounced ability and rugged honesty, he is rounding his three-score years and ten rich in the respect of those who know him best. Six months ago the *Herald* presented at some length the views of Tiskilwa's farmer statesmen on the tariff question. He said then that the issue of tariff reform would dwarf all other issues in the campaign of 1888, and expressed a hope that the Republican party would array itself on the side of the people in the surely impending conflict. Senator Whiting has been disappointed in the action of the Chicago convention, but he will not eat crow. He says that the Republican masses of the country were not fairly represented by the body over which Thurston and Estee presided, and thinks there are hundreds of thousands of Republicans who will not surrender principles at the dictation of a class interest. "I do not like to take my Republicanism from B. F. Jones," he said, "for it is so unlike the doctrine which Abraham Lincoln advocated. William Walter Phelps is not an acceptable substitute for Wendell Phillips. No protected lumber barons can interpret to me the Republicanism which was taught by the lips of Owen Lovejoy. In the old days the Republican party was not run in the interest of factory and mine owners, and a railroad man controlling $300,000,000 of capital was not supreme dictator."

The object of the correspondent in visiting Tiskilwa was to obtain Senator Whiting's views on the platforms adopted at St. Louis and Chicago.

"I have," continued Senator Whiting, "studied the two platforms chiefly in reference to the tariff planks. The tariff issue now before the country is the most important question we have been called upon to consider since slavery was abolished. The Republican party, through its last convention, transformed itself into a high tariff and monopoly party. I can not think of the convention that nominated Harrison as a Republican convention. It was a high tariff and monopoly assemblage. It took an entirely new departure on the tariff, leaving all the grounds it has formerly occupied. When the present war tariff was levied, as a compensation for the direct tax which was laid on manufactured goods, it was conceded by its authors and all supporters that the two, coming in together, would go out together. But when the direct taxes were removed from manufactured goods the protectionists managed to retain the high tariff. The country submitted, on the ground that the money, so far as it went to the Treasury, was applied to pay off the war debt; but all parties conceded that the time was near at hand when it would be improper to continue this high war tariff. Strong protectionists then said its continuance would be unjust to other interests. But now what do we see? These protected interests, having long enjoyed its advantages, have joined in a combination, offensive and defensive, to make a war tariff a permanency. Their first oracles to broach their scheme were Messrs. Randall and Kelley, who, something more than a year ago, openly advocated that the National revenue should be reduced by the removal of the tax on spirits and tobacco. This proposition was then deemed by the people generally to be too absurd for serious consideration. Massachusetts and the East generally (where the protected interests dominate in public affairs), through State conventions and the press, gave it their indorsement. The nearly unanimous public sentiment of the West was for retaining the tax on spirits and tobacco and removing it from lumber, coal, salt, and reducing it on the other necessaries of life. The former, through their grangers' alliances and farmers' institutes, were unanimous in demanding such a tariff reduction, but the politicians who secured the representative positions in the State and National conventions were passive and allowed the combined protected interests to shape the revenue plank in the platform.

"I regard the action of the Chicago convention as a new departure, dictated by powerful interests for perpetuating an unjust advantage which the exigency of the war had given them. I consider it a robbery of the West to enrich the East. I think it is drawing the life blood from Western agriculture to give large bounties to a class interest. The programme of the protectionists is to confine their operations to the home market, and, as the mills, their employes and appendages are ample to manufacture for a continent, they contemplate, through combinations and trusts, to stop production by running on half time and other devices and yet obtain prices for their goods which will give them their desired profits. This tariff, or revenue plank, aims to secure this state of things, and the election of the high tariff candidates is to obtain the indorsement of the country of this programme. I believe the time has come when the manufacturers of the United States should contemplate in the near future a competition at home and abroad for the trade of the world. This country affords so many advantages for such an enterprise that by running on full time and with economies which are now in many cases disregarded, their profits will not be reduced and the wages of their employes will be greater because of the increased demand. In the early days of the Republic commerce was counted as one of the great elements of our prosperity. Commerce is a civilizer and enricher of nations. It is contrary to the genius of our institutions and instincts of our people to adopt the Chinese plan proposed by the late high tariff convention. Though I would not suddenly make radical changes in the tariff the protected interests should prepare for the application of that sound principle that a business or interest which can not sustain itself is not worth sustaining by others. The American people are rapidly learning that to protect one interest is to do it at some other one's expense.

"I would retain the internal revenue taxes on spirits and tobacco as one of the permanent sources of revenue. I fully indorse Mr. Blaine when he said, not long ago, that he would tax whisky so long as there was any whisky to be taxed. I fully indorse Presidents Grant, Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland in their declared purpose to keep the taxes on spirits and tobacco so as to give a proper opportunity for reforming the war tariff. I regard the revenue plank in the high tariff platform as no less an indorsement of Grant, Garfield and Arthur with their distinguished Secretaries of the Treasury than of Mr. Cleveland. This new departure of the late high tariff convention at Chicago is not only condemnation of Mr. Cleveland but of these distinguished Republican statesmen and of the Republican party up to a very recent period.

"Its success at the polls can not destroy tariff reform, but it will delay it and convulse the country for an indefinite time to the detriment of other reforms. It will continue a system of robbery which the farmers can not much longer endure. Tariff reform Republicans now face an exigency which taxes to the utmost their wisdom and courage and faithfulness to principle. It seems to be plain that they must refuse to support the doings of the Chicago convention. The majority of Republican tariff reformers will be averse to identifying themselves with the Democratic party, though that party at this juncture, in its platform at St. Louis and doings in Congress, substantially represents their views. It seems to me to be desirable that there shall be some public consultation on the part of such Republicans to decide what action they will take to sustain their principles. If that decision should be to support Mr. Cleveland, the purpose of such support could be publicly made known. In the several Congressional districts of Illinois, and I think of the West generally, there should be found a practicable way for all tariff reformers, of whatever party, to combine in supporting a tariff reform candidate.

"I view with great apprehension the fact that the late Chicago convention was so completely officered and controlled by the great monopolies of the country. There is nothing less than the defeat of the Republican party that can purge it of this dangerous element. Its success would be the success of monopoly. I somewhat anticipate that a real anti-monopoly party must be organized in the near future. On all the principles which constituted the Republican party in regard to slavery and the war I am as ardent as I ever was. Were those issues present ones I would be as zealous in the cause as ever. I helped to organize the Republican party in Bureau County in 1854, and never from that time till now voted for any candidate for office but a Republican. But I regard principle as above party, and party as a means to carry out principles. I can not regard the late Chicago convention as Republican. In all its essential features it was a convention of classes and monopolists."

"When you tell your Republican friends this, what do they say?"

"I am sometimes asked when I met with my change of opinion. I reply: I have not changed. One year ago, I say to my Republican questioner, you were with me for retaining the taxes on spirits and tobacco, and for making the reduction of National taxes on the necessaries of life. I know of no Republican who then dissented from this proposition. You were with me six months ago, and two months ago, and down to the time of the promulgation of the Chicago platform. If you now indorse that tariff plank, you must have changed almost in the twinkling of an eye. You accuse me of change! If you will study your own case you will see where the change comes in.

"If the occasion called for it I could shout as ardently as ever: 'Free soil, free speech and free men,' but I do not expect that the high tariff confederacy will ever induce me to shout for free whisky and free tobacco.

"The National Republican party was formed in Pittsburgh, in 1856, and the platform on which Fremont was nominated related to slavery, Mormonism and the public lands, making no reference whatever to the tariff. The platform on which Mr. Lincoln was nominated in 1860 was slightly injected with incidental protection to please Pennsylvania. The Republicans in Congress in 1858, even those from Massachusetts, joined the Democrats in reducing the tariff, conforming to the principle of a tariff for revenue. The Republican platform of 1864 made no reference to the tariff. From that time up to the last Chicago convention, the declarations in regard to the tariff were moderate and constant in favoring a reduction of the war tariff. Mr. Garfield did not lose his standing as a Republican by declaring in his speech in Congress that he was for that kind of protection which led to free trade.

"The high tariffites claim that the system of protection commenced under Washington's Administration. That tariff, however, averaged but 8 per cent., and up to the war of 1812 it did not reach 15 per cent. The war of 1812 forced into existence many manufacturing establishments. Henry Clay, with considerable propriety, proposed to protect for a time these infant enterprises. In 1843 Mr. Clay declared that the doctrine of protection was a temporary expedient to protect infant industries which have now grown mostly to maturity and would not much longer require protection."

"Does protection in any instance within your knowledge increase the pay of the laborer?"

"I think that in no case within my knowledge does it increase the laborer's pay. The high tariff has tended strongly to derange labor by stimulating into existence more establishments than the country needed. Many of the strikes and lockouts have been caused by the desire of the mill-owners to stop production. The wages of labor are regulated by supply and demand, the employers always seeking to hire at the lowest price. The claim of a high tariff as protection for American labor really means a high tariff to protect monopoly."

"As between the St. Louis and Chicago platforms which do you intend to support?"

"The Chicago platform clearly demands a continuance of the tax upon farmers to give bounties to the manufacturers. The St. Louis platform, on the contrary, demands such a reform of the tariff as will give great relief to agriculture. Unless farmers are willing from partisan motives to vote that heavy and unjust burdens shall be imposed upon them, they must vote down the Chicago platform. The St. Louis platform declares in the line of the interest of farmers and other consumers, and there should be found a way in this emergency by which they can give it their earnest support. Personally, believing Grover Cleveland to be the foremost champion of the rights of the people, I shall support at the polls the views he advanced in his brave message. Grover Cleveland has grown in public estimation, in ability and in character. He represents a great principle, and when a principle is at stake I shall be true to my convictions. This year, to be consistent, I must indorse by ballot, pen and voice, the platform of the St. Louis convention.—*Tiskilwa (Ill.) Cor. Chicago Herald.*

A SICKENING WHINE.

Candidate Harrison's Chinese Record and the Opposition Press.

Some Republican papers are worried over the way in which the Democrats are using that effective campaign matter, Harrison and the Chinese record. They affect to laugh at the story as something too ridiculous for serious consideration. Let them laugh. It is well to assume a pleasant exterior even if apprehension is gnawing at one's vitals. Besides, the man who laughs last laughs best.

But when a Republican organ seriously charges the Democratic press with indulging in personalities when it quotes from General Harrison's Chinese record; and when the organ hints that if this is to be a personal campaign it will know where to look for the personalities, it is, to use common parlance, giving itself away. It is the whine of an organ which is cornered. There is no personality in quoting from General Harrison's Senatorial record. It is public property. What Harrison did when he was a Senator of the United States is the business of the public. If he made a misstep, or by favoring the interests of any measure put in jeopardy the welfare of the Nation, it is only right that the Democratic press should impress the facts upon the public, so that they may vote intelligently. In fact, it is the duty of the Democratic press to warn where such warning is necessary, as it seems to be in this case. There is no doubt that the record of General Harrison on the Chinese immigration question and his course in the strike of 1887 are doing him great damage among the working-men of the country. It is an anti-Harrison sentiment which is bound to grow. The Republican papers will find that threats will not stop it. They will add new fuel to the fire, because it will convince the public that there is truth to the charges. If there is to be any effectual objection raised it must be by argument. But, unfortunately for the Republican party, argument is useless in this connection. The record is there. It is as plain as day. Every one can read it. It will stay there until after the campaign, and every threat on the part of Republican organs will not alter it one jot or tittle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

——The Minneapolis *Tribune*, a strong Republican newspaper, says of President Cleveland that he has "manly strength," "sturdy independence of character," "strength of will" and "personal integrity." Pretty good equipment for a President of the United States, we should say.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

RUINING THE FARMERS.

A Few Timely Thoughts About the Agricultural West and the Trusts.

Last year over 80 per cent. of the total exports from the United States were farm products. They were all sold at absolute free trade prices, while on all the farm supplies, provisions and clothing used by the farmer in producing them a tax of from 25 to 175 per cent. (average 45 per cent.) was paid into an overflowing treasury.

Mr. Harrison's organs quote from a speech in the Senate in 1886, in which he declared that "our policy should be small farms worked by the men who own them." In spite of this emphatic condemnation of the policy of class government, Mr. Harrison has accepted a nomination on a platform advocating an increase of taxes to the point of a prohibitive embargo. He declared in 1886 what our policy ought to be—"small farms worked by the men who own them." In 1888 the bribe of a Presidential nomination has led him to repudiate this policy and to appear before the people as the representative of the Depews, Thurstons and Haymonds—of the Robber Trusts of the East and the Robber Rings of the West.

If the trust agents and syndicate attorneys who assembled at Chicago and called themselves a Republican convention could carry out their plans for free whisky and higher taxes on the necessaries of life, the ruin of the great agricultural West would be complete. What escaped war taxes would be taken by embargo. What the canker worm left the locust would destroy.

Already the condition of the agricultural West is grevious. Its vitality is sapped by the villainous system of class robbery, which drains it of its resources to fatten a favored class in a favored locality—a class which does not constitute one-tenth of one per cent. of the total population—a class composed of men whose vast fortunes already excite the astonishment of the world; who rival the spendthrifts of the Roman Empire in display and extravagance; who spend half the year in Europe, scattering with lavish hands what this Government has enabled them to rob from the American people during the other half; who drive "four-in-hand" over vast tracts of land from which the cotter, the crofter and the shepherd have been expelled, "bearing in their arms their household goods and their squalid children"—to make room—think of it—to make room for deer parks for American millionaires—for deer parks for Americans enriched by robbery at home that they may become oppressors abroad.

There is no limit to the insolence, the cupidity, the arrogance, the cruelty of this mammon aristocracy of ours, but we can not follow the Carnegie coach from which Mr. Blaine looks down upon the American ducal deer park that was once the home of a sturdy peasantry—a peasantry evicted from the ancestral holdings of a thousand years to gratify the pride and vanity of an American money-king. We have to do with evictions at home which made these evictions abroad possible. The ruin of our own farmer cries out against the Carnegies, the Blaines, the Thurstons, Depews, Harrisons and Haymonds, and the figures which tell its progress are eloquent in denunciation of the robber policy of the Chicago platform. Read this table compiled for one of the leading banks of Chicago, published in the *National Review* and republished in the *Congressional Record* of May 3, 1888:

STATES.	*Amount of farm mortgages.*	*Assessed value of real estate, census of 1880.*
Ohio	$330,000,000	$1,093,000,000
Indiana	175,000,000	538,000,000
Illinois	200,000,000	575,000,000
Michigan	125,000,000	432,000,000
Wisconsin	100,000,000	344,000,000
Iowa	100,000,000	297,000,000
Minnesota	70,000,000	208,000,000
Missouri	100,000,000	381,000,000
Kansas	50,000,000	108,000,000
Nebraska	25,000,000	55,000,000
Colorado	15,000,000	35,000,000
Oregon	15,000,000	32,000,000
California	125,000,000	466,000,000

This computation shows the farms of thirteen Western States mortgaged for $1,430,000,000 (fourteen hundred and thirty million dollars). It does not include State debts, railroad property in these States mortgaged to the Eastern favored class, or any thing except farm mortgages.

As these mortgages are foreclosed and the small farmer evicted, the land passes more and more into the hands of the trust and loan companies which put out at usury the surplus money of the favored class.

Buying every thing he uses in a cornered market, selling every thing he sells at free-trade prices, the Western farmer has nothing before him under this policy except ruin, followed by eviction; or else the position of a tenant or a hired man on the immense farms that will be managed by incorporated syndicates under the new system of agriculture that must take the place of the old when embargo taxation for monopoly shall have done its perfect work.

The farmer is flouted by the Republican party when he asks relief. The Chicago convention was willing that "the tax should be abated on tobacco and whisky, as the same men were that it should be on bank stock, bank deposits, incomes from United States bonds, perfumery, playing cards, etc.," but it proposes still higher taxation "on the shoes, the blankets, the clothing, the plowshares and all other necessaries of life."—*St. Louis Republic.*

——It appears to us that this record of General Harrison's is a perfectly legitimate subject for attack. The Republican party, for whom General Harrison now stands as the highest representative, has posed as the friend of labor, and now it presents a man whose official record while a Senator of the United States shows him to have been in favor of opening every employment to the most degraded race with which our working-men come in competition.—*Nashville American.*

——We are told that Louisiana, and especially New Orleans, was carried by Democratic suppression of the negro vote. And now the Democratic city government has put fifteen or twenty negroes on the police force. The colored brother will stand that sort of suppression forever and a day.—*San Francisco Alta.*

POPULAR PRINCIPLES.

Why the Democratic Party Is Entitled to Every Honest Man's Support.

Between now and November every intelligent voter of whatever party will be called upon to take sides upon the issue of the campaign.

On the one side the dim reminiscences of a war which was ended before this year's new voters were born. On the other, a courageous and hopeful grappling with the problems of the present and the needs of the future. The Republican party morbidly brooding on the past; the Democracy hopefully looking forward.

On one side a party bent upon wringing from the people in time of peace great revenues that are needed only in war. The Republican party for perpetuating the expenses of strife; the Democracy for the blessings of freedom and peace.

On one side a covert defense of the overgrown agglomerations of financial power that are plundering the consumers, crowding down wages and sapping the vitality and independence of all legitimate business. On the other the frank and sturdy championship of popular rights as they were handed down to us by the fathers. The Republican party for the "trusts," the Democracy for the people.

On one side a determined effort to reduce the taxation of articles of luxury or vice. On the other an earnest attempt to reduce the taxation, and consequently the price, of articles of necessity. The Republican party for free whisky; the Democracy for free wool.

All this is the issue of the campaign.

The Republican platform and policy are bad, but the great mass of the men who have made up the Republican party are not, nor are they fools. Now is the time for them to change. Let them not be afraid of being called inconsistent. The highest consistency, the consistency that is really "a jewel," is the consistency which is always on the side that is right. And however it may have been in the past, in this contest the Democratic party is clearly in the right.

The example of such high-minded men as ex-Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, and President Eliot, of Harvard University, points the way for other high-minded Republicans. The Democratic party of to-day stands for progress and equal rights; the Republican party for reaction and class privilege. The Democracy will welcome the aid of those Republicans who prefer to look forward and not back.—*Boston Globe.*

FIVE LEADING MEN.

Whom the Free Whisky Policy Has Driven from the Republican Party.

SETH LOW........ [Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn.]	The policy outlined in the platform is a policy in which firmly I do not believe, and in behalf of which I can make no fight.
RICH. S. STORRS.... [Pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims (Congregational), Brooklyn.]	I must "take to the woods."
THEO. L. CUYLER.. [Pastor of Lafayette Avenue Church (Presbyterian), Brooklyn.]	I enter my earnest protest against the reactionary "plank" on the most controverted question of the hour. Instead of taking off the burdens from many necessaries of life, it would give us free pipes and free whisky! It would bring in a carnival of Beelzebub and Bacchus all over the land.
A. F. SCHAUFFLER. [Superintendent New York City Missions.]	"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." The Republican party seems about to prove the truth of this proverb. For while they are in sore need of votes, they take such a stand on the whisky question that they drive away many who otherwise would vote their ticket.
GEORGE J. MINGES. [Presbyterian. Pastor of the Union Tabernacle, New York City.]	Ordinarily I would vote the Republican ticket, but this year I can not conscientiously do so. It seems to me the Republicans have made a grievous error, and grievously will they answer for it. The Republican platform, as put forth at Chicago, is the result of queer politics and defective statesmanship. The idea of advocating free whisky is preposterous.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

——The way the Republican party propose to help the laboring people is shown in the lockout of one hundred thousand steel and iron working-men.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

——The country is outgrowing protection for the sake of protection as truly as a healthy man at one time crippled outgrows crutches for the sake of crutches.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

——The deformed Tariff is the mother of the monster called Trust. The Trust, if permitted to have issue, will leave class privilege as its progeny.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

——The Republican candidate is weak, but the Republican platform is weaker. The Republican editors and orators are already kicking it to pieces. Free whisky and a Chinese invasion is not an attractive combination.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

——The Republicans propose to assess the coal barons for the purpose of raising a campaign fund. The price of coal has just been advanced twenty-five cents a ton. Cause, Republican necessity; effect, the people are taxed to assist it.—*Boston Globe.*

——This is what Governor Gray, of Indiana, says: "I am for the ticket, and will work sixteen hours a day for its success from now until election." Governor Gray and his friends are a power in Indiana, and when they say they are for "the ticket," for Cleveland and Thurman, they mean business and victory.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

——The warning of the "three R's" in 1884 ought to have taught the Republicans to beware of involving "apt alliteration's artful aid." And yet some of their campaign banners bear the strange device: "Protection and Prosperity." To complete the truth and the alliteration the motto should read: "Protection and Prosperity for Plutocrats." Continued war taxes means simply more money for monopolies.—*N. Y. World.*