CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 51--NO. 28. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1884. WHOLE NO. 2,507.

LOCKERT & REYNOLDS

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs,
Chemicals,
Patent Medicines,
Dye Stuffs,
Paints, Oils, Brushes,
Flavoring Extracts,
Spices, Soaps,
Pefumery,
School Books,
Blank Books,
School Tablets,
Paper of all kinds,
Inks, Pens, Pencils,

Toilet Articles of finest quality. Remember the place.

LOCKERT & REYNOLDS,
NO. 19 FRANKLIN STREET.

BOWLING & WILLSON,

The Leading House for Fine and Late Style Goods, Consisting of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Our stock is larger and more complete than any heretofore brought to this market. A great variety of

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL SHOES.
OLD LADIES' SHOES,
SOLID COMFORT.
FARMERS' BOOTS AND SHOES.
EXTRA GOOD.
GENTS' FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,
LADIES AND MISSES FINE SHOES.
Soft and Stiff Hats,
STETSON'S MAKE.
Gents' Fine Underwear and Hosiery.
Collars, Cuffs, Shirts and Ties

Boots and Shoes made to order, and any Boot or Shoe we sell that rips we will have it

REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE.

Money saved by examining these goods before buying elsewhere. Respectfully,

BOWLING & WILLSON.
17 Franklin Street.

J. F. WOOD,

55 Franklin Street,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HARDWARE,

Queensware,
Glassware,
Tinware,
Stoves, Grates,
ROOFING, GUTTERING
Tin and Sheet-Iron Work

At Lowest Prices.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,
(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

Special attention will be given to the Compounding of Medicines, and a careful and competent Prescriptionist will be in attendance at all hours. S. B. STEWART.

March 18, 1884—tf

The Clarksville Wagon Co.

Reduces its Prices.

We have on hand a large stock of superior Wagons of all the various sizes, and made of the very best materials, which we now offer at a reduction of $10.00 to $15 00 per Wagon, according to size, below our previous prices. The TIMBER used in our Wagons has been seasoning under our sheds from 3 to 5 years and is of the very best.

Every Wagon Warranted.

All who need Wagons would do well to see and price our stock before buying.

JOS. ELLIOTT, Manager.

March 9, 1883.

UNDERWEAR

At Cost.

I have on hand a Good Assortment of

GENTS' UNDERWEAR!

—Embracing—

Imperial, Merino and Camel's Hair Shirts and Drawers; also Scarlet and White All Wool Underwear which I will Sell at COST.

CALL : AND : GET : BARGAINS !

M. A. STRATTON,
25 Franklin St., - - Clarksville, Tenn

KINCANNON, SON & CO.,

HAVE NOW IN STOCK, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Axes, Anvils, Augers, Andirons, Clocks, Curry Combs, Collars, Chains, Churns, Cages, Chamber Sets, Baskets, Buckets, Belting, Bar Fixtures, Grates, Grain Drills, Grind Stones, Guns, Hatchets, Hollowware, Hoes, Hames, Iron, Lamps, Locks, Lanterns, Leather, Pumps, Planes, Plows, Stoves, Shovels, Saws, Queensware, Spades, Tinware, Wagons, Wagon Material, Wheelbarrows, Wrenches, etc., etc.

AND MANY OTHER USEFUL ARTICLES, AT

Prices as Low as the Lowest.

TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK,
GUTTERING AND ROOFING,
Promptly Attended to.

Respectfully,

KINGANNON, SON & CO.

Oct. 6, 1883.

R. S. BROADDUS, AGT.,

Has Removed to Roach's Old Stand, Next Door to Coulter Bros.,

Where he has a Large and Attractive Stock of

DRY GOODS, CLOTING, BOOTS, SHOES & HATS.

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Go and see R. S. Broaddus' New Goods for Christmas. Beautiful woolen Dress Goods at 15c to $2. Elegant Silks and plain brocaded Velvet, new and stylish Russian Circulars, Newmarkets and Dolmans. These goods are selling rapidly, ladies; call early.

The handsomest and cheapest stock of Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs in the city.

Splendid stock of Hosiery Gloves and Notions.

Real Bargains in Table Linens, Towels and Napkins. Good bleached Table Linens for 50c, worth 75c. Good bleached Table Linen at 75c, worth $1. Extra fine Barnesley bleached Table Linen $1, worth $1 50. Real French 2 yd. wide Table Damask for $1 50, worth $2. Ladies, don't fail to see these goods; it will pay you to look before buying elsewhere.

Don't fail to see our 25, 35, and 50c Towel; they are bargains.

R. S. Broaddus has the Largest and Handsomest stock of Hamburgs in the city, at very low prices.

Having recently made very advantageous purchases of 10-4 Sheeting and 4-4 brown and bleached Domestics and Long Cloths I am enabled to sell them at very low prices.

R. S. Broaddus' is the place to buy

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

A full Suit, coat pants and vest, for $5. A long Ulsteret Overcoat for $5. Odd Vests at 50c, and fine and medium Clothing at proportionately low prices. Our $10, $12, $15, $20, $25 and $35 Suits are real bargains.

R. S. Broaddus sells the *Best Boots and Shoes* in the market, at lowest prices.

Sewanee Planing Mill

G. B. WILSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

And Dealers in

Builders' Material of Every Description.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Cor. Spring and Commerce Sts - Clarksville Tenn
Jan. 1, 1880-tf.

BLANK BOOKS

Of Every Description

Made to Order at this Office.

EXPOSITION

For sale, 30 pairs of fine White, Red and Grey Blankets, many of which are made by B. F. Coulter, of Los Angeles, Cal. We are sole agents for his goods, call and see them.

COULTER BROS.

Best assorted stock of staple goods in the city. Every lady should see that yard wide Bleach Cotton at 8½c at

COULTER BROS.

Genuine bargains in Table Linens, Towels, Napkins. Table Damask worth $3.00 a yard for $2.25; Table Linen worth $2.00 a yard for $1.50, &c., at

COULTER BROS.

Just received a new supply of Ladies' Linen Collars, Handkerchiefs, both in linen and silk, which every lady should examine before buying elsewhere.

COULTER BROS.

Buy the Pearl Shirt; they are the best and cheapest. $6.00 will buy a half dozen at

COULTER BROS.

Go to Coulter Bros. and buy 12 yards 4-4 Bleach Domestic for $1.00. It is just the goods for ladies' skirts.

Examine our stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose. We have all grades at from 5c a pair to $3.00, all styles. We have some grand bargains in Hosiery in broken lots and sizes. Call and see them.

COULTER BROS.

Do you want a Cloak, Dolman or Jacket? If so, don't fail to look at ours before buying.

COULTER BROS.

Why do you pay 7½c a yard for Calico when you can go to Coulter Bros. and buy them at 6¼c?

We are constantly receiving new goods, especially in Dress Goods. Ladies, you cannot do better than to examine our Dress Goods before buying elsewhere.

COULTER BROS.

Gents' Underwear.

Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear and Suspenders. Our stock of Furnishing Goods is large and embraces all qualities from the finest down to the lowest quality, consistent with durability. Examination solicited.

COULTER BROS.

Trunks, Valices, Hand Bags, in great variety at

COULTER BROS.

The best stock of Cashmeres, Flannels, Blankets, Shawls, Cloaks, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Oil Shades, Cornice and Cornice Polls, and at the lowest prices, is at

COULTER BROS.

We shall open up a large Bargain Counter December 1st, that will be made up of real bargains, which we cordially invite all to examine.

COULTER BROS

THE MOTHER.

Though lost in the whirlpool of passion,
Though high on the pathway to fame,
When hopes of our innocent childhood
Have melted away to a name,
One thought, like a gem amid ruins,
Will dazzle our eyes with its joy,
And bring back the sweet words she uttered:
"You'll think of your mother, my boy."

You'll think of the love that she showered,
Unfailing by day and by night;
You'll sigh for the sweet, good-night kisses,
The eyes with their mock, loving light!
And whether life's pathway be pleasant,
Or robbed of each rosebud of joy,
Your heart back to her still will journey,
You'll think of your mother, my boy!

Wherever the smiles of a mother
Have relightened a heart and its care,
God's blessing has hallowed that roof-tree!
A glimpse of sweet heaven is there!
Though further the years lure us onward,
They cannot her mem'ry destroy;
In silence and tears all unbidden
You'll think of your mother, my boy!

AN INTERESTING PATIENT.

Two men sat in a pleasant room in a city boarding-house, chatting confidentially. Both were young, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, and both were enthusiastic students of the noble profession of medicine. They had become intimate at college, and a strong friendship existed that had known no jar or break. Dr. Wilfred Atkinson was a Western man, coming from Illinois; while Dr. Frederick Read claimed a New England town for his birthplace.

It was Fred Read who said:

"You will accept this offer?"

"Accept?" cried his friend. "I should think so. It is what I want most in the world. You see, I have always been more interested in the study of insanity than in any other form of disease, and to be resident physician in an asylum, where I have only made weekly visits, gives me opportunity for study that I could never have elsewhere."

"Yes, I know all that; but it will be very confining. I think I prefer general practice, after all. But you may expect to see me often. How I shall miss you, old fellow!"

And then the talk drifted into other channels, until Dr. Atkinson discovered that it was time for his train to L——, where his new home and field of duty lay.

"You will come over often," he urged, in parting from his friend; "and if I am busy or away, make yourself at home. The grounds are large, and very pleasant, and if you meet any of the patients, be sure those who are allowed to roam about inside the walls are harmless. Some of them are absolutely sane on every point but one; touch that, and off they go. But the eyes tell the story."

"Yes; it is hard to hide it there."

"And contradiction brings out the truth. As long as the delusions are humored they are generally amiable enough; but once cross them—whew!"

"I shall come over often and hear the results of your experience. My enormous practice takes about three hours a day."

In pursuance of this promise Dr. Read took the train about once a week and spent an hour or two with his friend, finding him generally busy, as his duties included a general superintendence of the asylum and details that were quite independent of professional work. Still, he took it all as a part of his new life, and gave his mind as fully to ordering groceries and towels as he did to writing prescriptions and studying cases.

But Fred, as he became familiar with the place, began to share his friend's interest in the study of mental disorders and would often spend hours roaming the wards and grounds with only a few words to Dr. Atkinson.

It was when June was young and the air soft and pleasant that Dr. Read, strolling about in the prettiest part of the grounds, saw a lady in a summer house whose face attracted him at once. It was a very pale face and the large dark eyes were languid, while the slender figure seemed weak as if from recent illness. But it was, too, a beautiful young face, shaded by waving brown hair, and with purely oval outline and regular features.

"A new patient," was Fred's mental exclamation. "What a lovely face!"

Then he sauntered over to the summer house and spoke to the lady. To his consternation, she started, gave a quick, gasping sob, and fainted. It was not a very long insensibility, and under Fred's quick treatment the large eyes opened, and she whispered:

"O, I am so sorry to trouble you! But I have been very ill, and you startled me."

"I was very much to blame," he said, penitently, "and I hope you will pardon me. Are you well enough now for me to run up to the house for a glass of wine?"

"I am well enough, but I do not need it;" and she sat up again and took up a piece of needle work that had dropped from her hands. Her fingers still trembled, and a pretty flush came a moment into her pale face, as she said:

"Are you one of the physicians here?"

"Only by courtesy," he replied. "I have the run of the place; but Dr. Atkinson is the physician. Old Dr. Hare is the head doctor, but he does very little."

"Yes, I know! It's a lovely place, is it not? Out here, I mean! Inside," and she shuddered, "the sounds are often dreadful. But the doctor at home thought a change of air would be good for me, and so mamma sent me here."

"Change of air!" thought Fred. "Poor little thing. Quite unconscious of her infirmity."

And he chatted away with her, discussing the weather, the beauty of the grounds, the songs of the birds in the trees around them, and so, gradually drifting to books, to comparisons of opinion and criticism. And all through a delightful hour Fred vainly tried to discover the one point upon which the new patient was insane. Whatever it was, it evaded him and he looked as vainly for any wandering or vacancy in the soft brown eyes that met his own, full of intelligence.

They were still conversing when one of the nurses came down the path leading to the summer house.

"Miss Bessie," she said, "Dr. Atkinson sent me to say you had better lie down now for an hour or two, and he has sent some medicine to your room. Let me help you!"

Dr. Read being a physician, made no attempt to detain the fair patient, noting with sincere sympathy how weak she was, and how wearily she leaned upon the nurse's strong arm.

He did not feel inclined to have any jesting about his interest, such as his friend was wont to indulge in, when ladies were the subject, so he said nothing of his experience, and joined Dr. Atkinson in his "rounds" without hinting at any desire to see one especial patient—a desire not gratified, for there were only familiar faces in the wards.

But the summer house was soon found to be Miss Bessie's resort. It was in a secluded part of the grounds, shaded by a thick clump of trees, and provided with a rustic table and comfortable chairs. Here the young girl made a cozy nest for herself, and the place looked homelike with her work-basket, her books, knitting, or sketch book, her cushions and footstool.

"The doctor said I must be in the open air as much as possible," she told Fred, one day; "and as no one seems to care much for this summer house, I have appropriated it. Sometimes I have visitors," and her face saddened, "the poor patients here, you know, but they do not like the quiet, and soon leave me."

She never classed herself with her companions, Fred noticed, often speaking pityingly of those more heavily afflicted. But this phase of mental delusion was very common. There had been one very sweet-faced, elderly lady of whom Fred had grown quite fond, and whose mental infirmity he did not discover for several weeks. But one day, in passing another patient, she had turned to Fred, saying:

"That poor soul we passed is not quite right here," tapping her forehead; "she fancies *she* is the Queen of Sheba," and she drew herself up with stately dignity and said, "while every one knows *I* am the Queen of Sheba."

But Fred had not, when July closed, found out the delusion of the sweet little girl he called "Miss Bessie." She had gained perfect health in the two months of quiet and open air; but while her eyes had lost their weary expression, they never stared or wandered, but were always steadily tranquil, or lighted only by the animation natural to interesting conversation.

In the two months Fred had scarcely seen Dr. Atkinson. His superior in office, Dr. Hare, had gone away for a summer vacation, and a new wing was being added to the building. With the entire care of the house and the patients, the direction of the workmen, the work of selecting furniture, carpets and other necessaries for the new building, the resident physician had scarcely a moment to call his own and Fred frequently did not see him at all during his visit.

It was in July that Dr. Read suddenly awoke to the appalling conviction that he was deeply in love with the inmate of a lunatic asylum. He had deluded himself with the thought that it was pity, professional interest, even curiosity, that drew him again and again to the summer house, where he was sure to meet a warm, if shy, welcome, and where the hours flew by in utter content.

But so simple a matter as the reading of a poem had opened his eyes to the truth. It had become quite a common thing for him to read scraps of newspaper intelligence, little bits from one of the books on the table, or a selection from a favorite work he brought with him, while Bessie sewed or knitted, and listened to him. And on this particular July day he had a little love poem, nestled in the corner of a newspaper. It was not a wonderful production of genius, but it was pretty and tender. Looking up Fred saw a pair of blushing cheeks, downcast eyes, trembling fingers, and his heart stood still.

He read the truth in a flash. He loved the lovely girl before him, and she—alas! she returned his love. His first feeling was one of keen self-reproach. What if he had added to the mental infirmity that had caused this beautiful young creature to be sent to an asylum? Would she forget him, or—dreadful possibility!—would the whole reason give way if he deserted her?

He scarcely knew how he reached his boarding-house; but once there he sat down and looked the situation squarely in the face. His own share of the affliction he put aside for the present. He was a man, and could bear his trouble manfully. That he loved, where his love must die, was, in a great measure, his own fault and folly; but that he had won a pure, sweet heart only to wound it, caused him bitter pain. Long meditation brought him to one resolution: He must see Dr. Atkinson, make a clear confession, and have his opinion of the danger to be anticipated.

"He knows where the weakness I have failed to discover lies," Fred thought, "and he can tell me whether it is safe to break off my visits suddenly or gradually."

It was not an easy matter to catch Dr. Atkinson, or, having caught him, to secure his attention, but something in Fred's troubled face aroused his friend's anxiety, and he turned his back for the time upon his manifold duties and shut himself in his private office with Fred.

At first he listened gravely enough, but as Fred proceeded his face became more and more amused, until to the consternation of the penitent speaker, he threw himself back in his chair and broke into a roar of laughter.

"O," said Fred, "it is funny, is it? I do not see it in that light. Even if this poor girl is insane——"

"Stop!" interrupted his friend. "Don't get angry, my dear fellow. You really love her, you say?"

But Fred was too angry to answer.

"And she loves you—at least you think so—and you want to know if it is a curable case, and—well, I will not torment you any more. Your charmer, Fed, is not a patient, nor, as far as I know, a lunatic."

Fred gave a long sigh, but only looked his eager questions.

"She is my sister, Bessie Atkinson, who has had a long winter of illness from typhoid fever, and is making me a visit. I thought she was quite safe from intrusion in that summer house, as the attendants have orders to keep the patients away from there, and I did not think of you! But since you have been prowling around so long, perhaps you had better come now and be introduced in form."

"One moment, Will. I have been a puppy, it seems, in taking her love for granted, but if I have won it?"

"I am her oldest brother, and her father died years ago. I am quite sure that what I approve my mother will sanction, and you must know nothing could please me better than to know Bessie has a lover I esteem so highly as I do you!"

"And—you will not tell her—will you?—my awful blunder?"

"I can't promise. I'll try to keep the secret, but—" and the doctor roared again, "the idea of Bess as a raging lunatic! Well, there, I won't tell her, at all events, until you have told her something far more interesting."

And he kept his word so loyally that Bessie Atkinson had been Bessie Read more than a year before she knew that her husband had ever considered her an interesting patient in a lunatic asylum.

A New York man has asked for a divorce because a moustache is sprouting on his wife's lip. As a rule, it makes a man mad to have any moustache on his wife's lip but his own.

NOT a nail is used in the construction of houses in Japan. They are put together by a method of mortising.

If you are a frequenter or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all new countries—ague, billious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

LUDINGTON, MICH., Feb. 2, 1880.

I have sold Hop Bitters for four years and there is no medicine that surpasses them for billious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate.

H. T. ALEXANDER.

Bishop G. F. Pierce.

This distinguished minister and servant of God will celebrate his golden wedding next month, as we learn from the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, of Macon, Georgia. Here is his letter:

I have passed my three-score and ten. That I am growing old is a fact of the calendar rather than of consciousness. I know it, but do not feel it as one would suppose. The pains and infirmities of age are yet to come, if come they must I thank God that I am not superannuated. To me this is a great blessing. God be praised.

I was converted in my sixteenth year. Well nigh co incident with it was my call to preach. The settlement of this question I held in abeyence until I had gone through college, secretly hoping that the conviction of duty would wear out and pass away. When the time for decision came, I was reluctant—nay, rebellious. Verily, I had a fearful struggle. But I surrendered, absolutely, unreservedly. If ever a man had a victory over self, nature, ambition, the world—I had. The battle has never been renewed; the enemy was slain. There has been no looking back, no regrets, no pining of spirit. I am content, and have been all along through a ministry of fifty-four years. Now, if I could repeat my life, I would renew my consecration.

I left all to follow Christ, and I wish gratefully to record that he redeemed every word of promise to me. My life has been one of self-denial and close economy, but I have never suffered. Accepting Christ's teachings, I have lived like the lillies and the birds, by the providence of my heavenly Father.

I was born on the 3d of February, 1811. On that day, 1833, I was twenty-three years old—the next, the 4th, I married. The birthday is at hand again, and the "golden wedding." My wife and I had determined on a quiet, private recognition of the event, but our children insist upon a more formal celebration. Our son, our only son, claims the privilege entertaining us at his house on the night of the 4th of February. It will be a family reunion. Four daughters with their husbands, my son and his wife, thirty grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. I hope my two brothers, John and Thomas, with their families, will be present. Some remoter kin may also be on hand. The house is not mine, and the tribe is too large to allow a much larger invitation of guests. Nevertheless we shall be glad to see all who choose to honor us with their presence. Bridal presents were not the fashion when we were married. Nor do we expect them now. If, however, Florida will send us a box of oranges, Virginia a bucket of oysters, and Georgia will furnish me cigars—then the other States and the rest of mankind may do as they please—nothing if they like.

By way of apology, let me say—numerous friends have urged me to make this announcement. There will be no cards—"no hop," but a simple, rational Christian entertainment—commemorative of a long wedded life.

Heaven prepare us all for the great marriage supper of the Lamb.

Defended Her Honor.

Monroe (Ga.) Dispatch.

Three sharp reports of a rifle, accompanied by the shrieks of a woman, aroused the quiet citizens of Centerville. The reports came from the residence of Mrs. Whitley. People who rushed there were horrified to find the dead body of a man across the threshold, the top of his head completely blown off, while his flesh was still quivering with the last spark of life. Blood was flowing in great streams around his shoulders, while some distance away lay the upper half of the dead man's head. Inside the house Mrs. Whitley, wild and frantic, was just leveling her gun for another shot, when one of the neighbors jumped to her side and knocked the weapon downward in time to send its messenger through the floor, exclaiming: "My God, what is the matter?"

"Unhand me," she cried wildly, "I will never submit."

He clinched her firmly in his grasp, and soon convinced her that she was in the hands of friends, when she told the story of the tragedy. The man was John W. Diall, a young man of high character, whose standing in the community was that of the best. While Mrs. Whitley was engaged in household duties Diall came in and placed his arm around her waist. She repulsed him with a slap on the face. He grasped her again, when by a vigorous effort she loosed herself from him and ran out and around the building three times, closely pursued by her assailant. She then ran into the house and seized a rifle which had been left her by her last husband. She brought it to bear and fired just as her pursuer reached the door. As the sharp report rang out she loaded, and in her wild despair she was firing at her imaginary foe. The community is loud in its praises of the brave woman's defense of her virtue. Assaults upon women in this country have been unusually frequent of late. The first there was that by Taylor Bryant, who had just served one sentence for indecent assault only to commit two more of a heinous character on the same night, for which he was hanged a few weeks ago. Then there was another night of horror on the Gwinnett county line, wherein four young desperadoes assaulted women at several houses, running off the men by the use of firearms. Other cases of like character might be mentioned, hence the conduct of Mrs. Whitley fit the occasion.

The Newspaper as an Educator.

Pensacola (Fla.) Commercial.

The difficulty of getting children to read books is well known to all intelligent parents. We mean books that are beneficial; those that are not, are often too easy of access and too eagerly consulted. Yet the daily and weekly home paper is eagerly read and goes the rounds of the family, if for no other reason, because it contains matters of local interest. The wife reads it and it enlarges her view of the outside world and its doings, from which she would otherwise in many cases be wholly excluded or at best get an imperfect knowledge.

To the mechanic, business man and merchant, it is a necessity. The newspaper is an encyclopedia of science and of the improvements being made in every department of industry and of trade and commerce, in fact, every thing almost is contained from time to time in its varied columns. No man, not even the poorest, can afford to do without it, and to every man it gives double and triple value for the outlay. There is no man that does not take a newspaper published in his own locality who does not lose much that is of great value to him not only in moral and mental, but in a pecuniary point of view; and the truth of this is manifested by incidents that are every day bring brought to light in life's ordinary transactions. This is not sham—it is simply true.

Our Protected Farmers.

Nashville American.

The farmers are manifesting a desire to know something about the operations of the tariff, and disposed to investigate for themselves. This is a good sign. It indicates that they are getting to be a little skeptical about the intense zeal of the political demagogues in the interest of the farmer class. Many farmers are told by these demagogues, and honestly believe, that only the manufacturer is protected against foreign competition, while the farm products are open to free trade.

Now if the farmers will examine the tariff laws they will find that they impose the following direct protective duties on agricultural products: Rice cleaned, 2½ cents per pound; wheat, 20 cents per bushel; wheat flour, 20 per cent; Indian corn, 10 cents per bushel; oats, 10 cents per bushel; rye, 10 cents per bushel; barley, 10 cents per bushel; butter, 4 cents per pound; cheese, 4 cents per pound; potatoes, 15 cents per bushel; tobacco, unmanufactured, 25 cents per pound; sugar, from 1½ to 5½ cents per pound; live animals, 20 per cent.; those for breeding purposes are admitted free to benefit the farmers; beef and pork, 1 cent per pound; wool, from 2½ to 10 and 12 cents per pound, and hay, $2 per ton. These duties, and others on lesser products, tend to keep out foreign competitors, especially on our northern borders, and leave our home market almost exclusively free for our own farmers.

Thanks to home manufactories making a home market, to the railroads facilitating transportation, the American farmer is better off than the farmers of any other land. The statistics from the Agricultural Department at Washington show that the wages of farm laborers are best in those States and districts where the greatest number of manufacturing enterprises exist. It showed, in 1882, that wages were $24.55 per month in Ohio, a manufacturing State, and $18.20 in Kentucky, just across the river, an agricultural State. The difference is marked even in the manufacturing and agricultural portions of a single State. In the Northern district of Illinois, where manufacturing is most extensively carried on, wages are $27.52 per month, and in the Southern district $19.87. The Department report says: "Wherever other industries flourish, and the number of persons employed in agriculture is fewer than those engaged in other occupations, it is found that the prices of farm products are also higher in manufacturing districts, and the gross and net earnings of the farm proprietor greater."

A fair method of estimating the farmer's comparative profit on his product, as between free trade and tariff, would be to see how much a bushel of corn or wheat would buy of some other article. Where under free trade his bushel of wheat would buy 8.51 yards of bleached sheeting, under protection it would buy 11.04 yards. Where under free trade it would buy 16.34 yards of prints, under protection it would buy 16.27 yards—and so on of other articles. So, if free trade would cheapen whatever necessarily he might be compelled to buy abroad, it would, of course, correspondingly cheapen his own product and lessen its purchasing power. His better way to cheapen the cost of what he has to buy is to encourage home manufactures and diversified industries at home. Farms and factories thrive best when near each other. Steadiness and regularity in the returns to agricultural labor grow with increase in the variety of commodities produced in the land.

As we have repeatedly said if protection protects anything it protects home labor. Diversified industry is desirable to the capitalist, but much more so to the workman. The capitalist could go into a region where cash was scarce, because the people were far from market, loan money to farmers and swallow up their little farms, according to law, if not according to gospel, by relentless foreclosure of mortgage. But if, instead of doing this, he invests his capital in a wool, cotton, iron or sugar mill in that same region—bought the provisions for his employes from the neighboring farms, there would not only be no mortgages, but the farmer's land would rise rapidly in value and his credit rise with it.

It is an infallible law that wherever a large center of consumption is formed the neighboring farmers are the first to profit by it. Take the little city of Anniston—not so little either—in Alabama, which sprang up in a night, as it were. Could a farm be bought around this town to-day for as low a price as it could have been before the town was built? Not at all. And the products of these farms have increased in value in the same proportion. Just compare the price of lands in a manufacturing State with those of a State that does not manufacture.

The farmer receives incidental protection by the creation of a home market, while direct protection keeps off competitors. Independent of our great staples of cotton and tobacco, ninety-two per cent. of the surplus products of the farmers of the United States are consumed at home. England will buy just what she requires and no more, and she never will supply the place of a home market. We have the authority of United States Commissioner Loring, that of the $15,000,000,000 produced by our various industries, nearly $14,000,000,000 are consumed at home. Our home trade and consumption is fourteen times greater than our foreign trade, large as it is. The closer the farmer brings the market to his door, the more he saves in the cost of getting to market. There is the saving of transportation, the increase of prices for his products, the appreciation of his land, the improvement of his credit, the protection from a competition which would ruin him if all manufacturers should turn farmers. American producers, whether the producers of vegetables, animal or mineral products of their own soil, must stand together against the competition of all other nations. It is America against all the world. When all the rest of the world is ready for free trade, it will be time enough for us to think about it, but not now, at the behest of England only, who coolly asks us to surrender to her our market, to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for English millionaires and monopolists. As we diversified her enormous wealth in manufactures, established herself the great money center of the world, by protecting our industries against the world, so will we. We are only on the threshold of our industrial development. If the government will follow up every other country runs on the globe, we need not be troubled for a market for our products at home. Throughout the world that nation is the most wealthy and prosperous, the most free from mortgages, the most independent, and the most able to maintain its institutions, the most free from paupers and tramps, the most free from anarchists, the most free from communists, the most free from socialists, and the most able to maintain its institutions against all comers. In every one of these particulars we are the most favored nation.

Scientific American.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is now in operation from Montreal to Ottawa, and will be completed to Pembroke by the 1st of February. The road is being rapidly ballasted and the rolling stock is being put on. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have 5,000 men employed on the road between Pembroke and Port Arthur, and will have 10,000 men and 2,000 teams at work on the road next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in operation, and will have 2,000 miles in operation next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Manitoba, and will have 2,000 miles in Manitoba next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in British Columbia, and will have 2,000 miles in British Columbia next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in the Northwest Territories, and will have 2,000 miles in the Northwest Territories next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Ontario, and will have 2,000 miles in Ontario next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Quebec, and will have 2,000 miles in Quebec next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in New Brunswick, and will have 2,000 miles in New Brunswick next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Nova Scotia, and will have 2,000 miles in Nova Scotia next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Prince Edward Island, and will have 2,000 miles in Prince Edward Island next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Newfoundland, and will have 2,000 miles in Newfoundland next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Labrador, and will have 2,000 miles in Labrador next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Greenland, and will have 2,000 miles in Greenland next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Iceland, and will have 2,000 miles in Iceland next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Spitzbergen, and will have 2,000 miles in Spitzbergen next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Nova Zembla, and will have 2,000 miles in Nova Zembla next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Siberia, and will have 2,000 miles in Siberia next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Kamtschatka, and will have 2,000 miles in Kamtschatka next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Japan, and will have 2,000 miles in Japan next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in China, and will have 2,000 miles in China next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Australia, and will have 2,000 miles in Australia next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in New Zealand, and will have 2,000 miles in New Zealand next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Tasmania, and will have 2,000 miles in Tasmania next spring. The company have 1,000 miles of road in Sandwich Islands, and will have 2,000 miles in Sandwich Islands