

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1889.

Number 32.

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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REED & COE, Proprietors.

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CATO & PARRISH, Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. Office on First Street, opposite the Court House, North Yakima, W. T.

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Office with County Treasurer, at the Court House, North Yakima. Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory and U. S. Land Office.

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Diseases treated according to Nature's Laws. We invite our friends and all who believe in true science and advancement to call and see us. Calls attended to day or night. Office consultation free. Office over Post Office, North Yakima, Washington.

WM. G. COE, M. D., E. E. HEGG, M. D., COE & HEGG, Physicians, Surgeons and Accoucheurs.

Office Hours—8 till 10 a. m., 2 till 4 p. m. and 7 till 8 o'clock p. m. Office on Second Street, near Allen & Chapman's.

DR. J. JAY CHAMBERS, Physician and Surgeon.

Has had five years' practice—the year Assistant Surgeon of City Hospital, Baltimore. Special attention given to Surgery, Obstetrics and Diseases of Women. Office over Bushnell's Drug Store.

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Office over Yakima National Bank. Hours, 8:30 to 10 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

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All work in my line first-class. Local anesthetic used to extract teeth without pain. No charge for examination. Office over First National Bank.

J. T. KINGSBURY, Civil Engineer.

Office: Room No. 1, Kingsbury Building, North Yakima, Washington.

HALL & GARDNER, Civil Engineers.

Mining Claims Located and Grades Established. Office over First National Bank.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. F. SWITZER, Contractor and Builder.

NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.

Will contract for the erection of all classes of Buildings, either Brick, Stone, Concrete, or Wood, and will complete the work promptly.

And According to Agreement.

REPRESENTS: First Nat'l Bank of North Yakima. Office, in rear of Rodman & Robinson's, Yakima Avenue, near Hotel Yakima. Office hours, 4 to 8 p. m.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NORTH YAKIMA.

Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$24,000.

J. B. LEWIS, Wm. Ker, Chas. Carpenter, A. W. Engle, Edward Whitson, President.

W. L. STEWART, Cashier.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Buy and Sell Exchange at Reasonable Rates. PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of the orders of the Probate Court of the County of Yakima, Territory of Washington, made on the 24 day of June, 1889, and on the 14th day of August, 1889, in the matter of the estate of Mary L. Morrison, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, will sell at public sale and auction, to the highest bidder, for one-half cash, in gold U. S. coin, and the other one-half on six months' time, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court on Monday, the 7th day of September, 1889, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the front door of the Court House, of Yakima County, Washington Territory, in North Yakima, all of the right, title, interest and estate of the said Mary L. Morrison at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that she could have by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Mary L. Morrison, at the time of her death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situated, lying and being in Yakima County, and Territory of Washington, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: The lots of sec. 6, and lots 2, 3 and 4 of section 23, township 13 north range 19 east, containing 1.5 and 7.5 acres, and lot No. 6 in block 2, in the city of North Yakima, as the same appear of record in the auditor's office of said North Yakima. And also the 1/2 of the sec. 6, and the 1/2 of sec. 24 in township 13 north range 19 east, on the 1st of August, 1889.

Summons.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, ss. MARTHA H. JARDINE, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY JARDINE, Defendant.

To the above named Defendant: You are hereby notified that Martha H. Jardine, of Yakima County, Washington Territory, Plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, holding terms at North Yakima, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: sixty days after the first day of August, 1889, and unless you appear and answer on or before the first day of October, 1889, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer of the said complaint shall be granted. The object and prayer of said complaint is to annul the bonds of matrimony upon the ground of abandonment and desertion for one year and more, to-wit: from the eighth day of February, 1888, more particularly set forth in complaint now on file.

Notice For Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T., July 2, 1889. NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim to the land described in said notice, to-wit: GEORGE KER, of Yakima County, Washington Territory, who made D. S. No. 236 for the 1/2 of sec. 6, T. 13, R. 19, north of Range 21 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his claim and residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George Ker, of Selah, W. T.; George E. White, of Moose, W. T.; W. E. Payne and J. Johnson, of Cold Creek, W. T.

Notice For Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T., July 2, 1889. NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim to the land described in said notice, to-wit: HENRY J. BICKNELL, of Yakima County, Washington Territory, who made D. S. No. 237 for the 1/2 of sec. 6, T. 13, R. 19, north of Range 21 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his claim and residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Henry J. Bicknell, of North Yakima, W. T.; and Andy McDaniel and E. D. Stone, of Yakima, W. T.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE FIRM OF SPINNING & ROBERTSON, consisting of E. S. Robertson and H. Spinning, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. H. Spinning withdrawing from the business, and E. S. Robertson will continue the business, and is authorized to collect all claims due the firm and will assume all liabilities.

100,000 to Loan.

MacLean, Reed & Co. have \$100,000 to loan on improved farm lands. Applications for loans will receive prompt attention.

A fine new line of saddles, harness, etc., just received at C. E. McEwen's shop, Yakima Avenue.

Delicious ice cream can had day or night at Herke's. Leave orders for family use.

All styles of job printing at the Herald office.

North Yakima is Acceptable.

Vancouver Register: While numerous other questions are claiming the attention of the territory, including the aspirations of politicians, the question of the permanent location of the capital is one not without interest and one that is receiving some attention by the different towns aspiring to that honor. North Yakima puts forth a claim and suggests among other things the importance to the river counties of having the capital located at that point. There is much force in the argument they present, and we should not be disappointed if the capital were located at Yakima. No town that is likely to receive that honor will be more acceptable to Vancouver than North Yakima. One thing is sure, the location of the capital at that point would certainly expedite the building of the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima railroad.

ALASKA GOLD MINES.

Largest Mill in the World, With 240 Stamps in Operation.

Interesting History of the Big Gold and Silver Mines in the Pacific Northwest.

At the base of a great moisture-steaming mountain on Douglas Island, three miles distant on the other side of Gastineau channel is the "Paris" gold mine, or, as it is commonly called in Juneau, the Treadwell mine. The property is immensely valuable. It is owned by Col. J. D. Frye, an urbane, white-haired San Francisco millionaire, and several other nabobs of the California metropolis. It has been operated only for a few years. This largest stamp mill in the world (240 stamps) has been erected on the island, and is producing such rich returns as to put the value of the mine away up into the aristocratic neighborhood of \$100,000. The "Paris" enters at a narrow gulch into the base of one of the Douglas mountains which makes up Douglas Island. The vein of ore is 47 feet wide and has been followed downwards to a depth of 280 feet without the bottom of the ore being found. Is it any wonder that Col. Frye wears a smiling countenance just above his necktie.

The ore is of a low grade, yielding from \$6 to \$12 per ton of quartz, but the immense quantities of rock which are crushed make the gross product immensely profitable, the cheap chlorine process being used to extract the metal from the pulverized mass. As each stamp breaks two and one-half tons per day, and the Paris has 240 of these iron and steel masticators, Colonel Frye can get away with 630 tons of Douglas Island every day that his mill runs at its full speed and capacity.

Douglas Island is six miles wide and twenty miles long. How much of its rock is auriferous nobody knows. Claims have been staked off in every direction. An English company is now erecting a 120-stamp mill on the claim adjoining the "Paris," and expects to pick golden eggs out of the "Bear's Nest," as its property is called, within a short time.

The history of gold mining on the island is not a long one. About 8 years ago some prospectors discovered traces of some placer gold in the decomposed rock on the surface and staked a claim which, with careful sluicing, yielded between \$6,000 and \$70,000 before the "mould" was exhausted. Strange to say, they did not think it worth while to examine the bed-rock, which they supposed to be valueless. One of them, however, Mr. John Treadwell, was an old miner in some sort of a "raze," and looked carefully over the rock which his comrades had neglected. Finding traces of pay ore, he managed quickly to buy up the whole claim for \$8,000. Then he started to San Francisco to interview some of the gold kings there, and, if possible, to secure capital to build a quartz mill on his property. The men of wealth were not eager to experiment in polar nights; but at length Mr. Treadwell succeeded in interesting Col. J. D. Frye and several other Californians, who advanced the money to erect a five-stamp mill as partners with Mr. Treadwell. The mill arrived in Juneau about five years ago. Treadwell soon had it put together and drove a tunnel into the rock. The indications were so satisfactory that the cash was advanced for a 120-stamp mill. It was speedily erected, and in a very short time ground out hundreds of thousands of dollars, to the great delight of the investors. The amount of the golden harvest was kept secret; but last year 120 more stamps were set going, making the cost of the milling property run up to something like \$1,500,000, which is a sufficient evidence that the previous investment had proved satisfactory. All the stamps were under one roof, and they have ample work to keep them running. The ore seems to be inexhaustible.

Treadwell, the discoverer of the mine, remained for a time as superintendent, and accumulated a fortune. Recently, however, he fell into bad health, and retired, selling out his interest to Col. Frye and his partners. Col. Frye is an economist who counts every dollar to be worth at least 100 cents, and a good many stories of his management since Treadwell's retirement are afloat in Juneau. One piece of gossip has it that he was amazed and disgusted to learn that the miners at "Paris" were allowed pie at their dinners at the company's expense, and forthwith abolished the pie as an unseemly extravagance.

This tale may be touched with an element of doubt; probably it could not be proven to the satisfaction of a jury; but at least it illustrates a fact, and the fact illustrates in an instructive way how a millionaire may expect to stay rich. With the exception of the Paris and the Bear's Nest, no mines are in process of actual development on Douglas Island. There is no capital here, and the returns to be expected from the large investments required for the erection of machinery are too uncertain to attract capital from the east.

On Admiralty Island, just north of Douglas, indications of gold have been found and claims have been staked off, but no work has yet been done. The ore where found is of low grade, so that without expensive machinery no profit can be made, and the amount of ore to be worked has not been ascertained.

On the mainland just back of Juneau is a gulch which can only be reached after a struggle through three miles of mud and water. When you get there you are in Silver Bow Basin, which is something of a misnomer, since the rock is freckled not with silver, but with gold. In this locality three new mines have just been opened—the Takou Union, the Gold Mountain and the Juneau Gold Mining company's claim. Owing to the altitude of the lakes and the lack of water at that height, the mill owners are obliged to build tramways resembling coal elevators to lower the quartz to the mills. The tramways work automatically, the loaded cars on the down grade pulling the empty cars at the other end of the cable. The plant of the Takou will cost when completed about \$400,000. Its cars will run about a quarter of a mile. The tramway of the Gold Mountain will be the equivalent of a mile long, and the cost of its plant will be about \$1,000,000. The Juneau's tramway will be two miles long. Its mills will be situated at the confluence of Snowslide Gulch with Upper Bow Basin, 250 feet above sea level. As Snow Gulch is in the immediate vicinity, the miners need have no fear of sunstroke even in July. The veins of ore in the basin do not crop out extensively at the surface. They are believed to be smaller in size, but of higher grade than that of the Treadwell mine. All of the ore yet found in Alaska is of a quality known as "free milling ore," and can be easily worked.

Outside of the three Basin mines no quartz mills are being constructed on the mainland; but the country is covered with claims staked out by enthusiastic miners who expect to realize fortunes from them some day.

A recent silver discovery has greatly excited the town and will probably lead to a new influx of miners and prospectors. Some three weeks ago three prospectors were strolling along the shore of Holcomb Bay, sixty miles from Juneau, when one of them, from some trivial cause, put a notion to land. When he was put ashore he thoughtlessly raised his pick and struck a random blow at the rock by the beach. A piece was chipped off, and as it fell the gleam of the quartz caught his eye. Picking it up he examined it with close attention, and then, in an excitement, called to his companions to pull ashore. The three soon had their heads close together over the quartz and their joy may be imagined when it dawned upon their minds that they had "struck it rich." The quartz was full of silver. Specimens of the rock were taken, claims staked off, and the happy news returned to Juneau. An assay of the ore showed it to contain from \$34 to 4.0 ounces of silver per ton of quartz. The news speedily leaked out, and all the boats of the town were chartered by prospectors, who sailed or rowed down to the new Eldorado. Many of them are there yet, and many claims have been staked off in the vicinity of the original strike. A ton of ore from the original claim is now on its way to San Francisco to be experimentally milled. The claim has already changed hands several times, and is now held by a dozen men in partnership. Its value is still purely speculative, but it is held at from \$6,000 to \$10,000.

Verily, Alaska is a land of great expectations, but thus far few realizations. That gold and silver are to be found in large and paying quantities among the almost inaccessible hills is more than probable. Prospectors, however, are exceedingly difficult, and there are large tracts of country into which the hardest miners have found it impossible to force their way.

The forests of Alaska are peculiar, choked with fallen trees and mosses, into which a man may sink up to his armpits, not to speak of other obstacles, which make progress through the tangled mass always laborious and sometimes impossible.

BIGGEST ON RECORD.

How Uncle Dan Rice Won a Fortune in a Game of Poker.

Shunning Two Gamblers Out of \$250,000 on Board a Cholera Stricken Steamboat.

The reported big winning of Jim Reacher at a gambling house at Long Branch a short time since has started all the old sports to recounting their valorous deeds with cards. So far the story told by Uncle Dan Rice's exploits seems all right. Uncle Dan is the old circus clown. He is quite vigorous in spite of his seventy odd years. No one knows exactly how old Uncle Dan is. He says he doesn't know himself but is looking for some one familiar with New York history to enlighten him. "I was born on the 1st day they killed Blackbeard on Chatham square," he says, "and anybody who knows when that was can tell how old I am."

"When they talk about winning money at cards," he said, "I make no use of it. Why they don't let big money nowadays. They ain't got the money in the first place, and if they have they ain't the nerve to put it up. What's \$33,000? \$500? I won \$23,000 one night playing poker. I won it from two smart gamblers, too. Canada Bill and George B. Pettibone, they were cunning, but your Uncle Dan was too smart for 'em. I could outbeat 'em, you see. I knew 'em. George Pettibone taught me to play check-back, and won my money out of me even with him."

"It was this way: I had my circus in Cincinnati, in 1851. The cholera broke out and we had to get away quick. So I loaded the whole darned circus upon a boat and started for Pittsburgh. Drew all my money from the bank and put it aboard. I had about \$3,000 in cash. Carried it in a safe in my stateroom. People were a-lying on the lower decks and Canada Bill, Tom Bone, my ringmaster, named Fowler, and I went up stairs to play poker. Did that to keep our minds off the cholera, don't you see? We started in at a quarter limit. Then we got to play at a no-limit game, and I had 'em then. I had dollars to their buttons. About four o'clock in the mornin' we got to battin' on a hand. All had big hands. We played with a short deck. Took everything below the tens out and threw them overboard. Bill and Pettibone had everything on the table—money, watches, diamonds and everything. I told Fowler to watch 'em, and I went back to my stateroom and got \$200 out of the safe. My wife says—good woman, my wife—

"Where you goin' with that money?" "I had it in canvas bags. It made an awful noise."

"Goin' to bet it, I says."

"No, you ain't," he says.

"Yes I am," I says, and I slammed the door.

"I threw it on the table. There, I says to Bill and Pettibone, I raise you that." They demanded a sight. I wouldn't give it to 'em. It was a no-limit game, don't you see, and they couldn't see my hand without putting up the money. They didn't have any more.

"They drew bowie knives. Yes, sir, bowie knives—great big long fellers. I whispers to Fowler, I says: 'Swipe the swaz and sherry your nips.' That's slang, you know. Then I says to Bill and Pettibone, I says: 'Hold on; don't say 'ave any trouble, and while I was sayin' that I piked up a chair and hit 'em both. Oh, I landed 'em good. Lord, I was a strong young feller then. People came runnin' out in their night clothes—great excitement. The cap'n wanted to throw Bill and Pettibone overboard, but I wouldn't let him. I gave 'em their hats back. I landed my wife a big diamond ring. That shut her up. Then I pronounced her 'I'd never gamble any more, and I never have."

Who Caused the Lamentable Situation?

EDITOR HERALD: I noticed in the Oregonian of Aug. 17, this under head of "Notes and Comments."

"With commerce run down at the heels, and entering manufacturers anxious to open trade with all the world, the United States congress looks on with indifference and endorses the democratic dogmas of free trade, instead of striving to a rescue of the situation and putting our immense resources at work. We have a surplus in the treasury to use, and do not dare to do it. All the enterprises of our people is handicapped by governmental indifference. The maritime powers, and some that can hardly be called so, are alert and active in maintaining steamship lines to South America and other American countries, while this nation, which claims to exercise a supervision over all American interests, has not made an effort to control or in their trade. If commerce were run after national affairs and business principles be pursued by governments, then we have utterly and lamentably failed to meet the requirements of our day or improve the advantages that we have."

I answer by saying, that G. O. P., now in power, by its high protective tariff policy, so strenuously advocated and practiced for twenty-five years, run our commerce down; and would also say that the principles advocated by the democratic party, and referred to as dogmas, were carried out the commerce of our country would be "run down at the heels," but would have been in a flourishing condition and trade opened to the world without stint or hindrance.

To look at the trust combinations which

MAKES HIS OWN GODS.

A Dutchman Who Worships 300 Home-Made Idols.

nearthing of a Peculiar Character in Pennsylvania—A Thorough Going Idolater.

A most remarkable character has just been unearthed at Reading, Pa. He is a thorough idolater, and daily bows down to gods of his own manufacture, within sound of the church-going bells as reverently and devoutly as the most pious Hindu or Zulu. He has made a religion entirely his own, and has evolved out of some three hundred or more gods who dwell in and speak through the same number of idols of clay, which form the chief furniture of his house. He is constantly making the acquaintance of some new supernatural being, and as soon as he has supposed to represent the outward and physical habiliments of the new divinity. All his gods are hollow, and are filled from time to time with food as he thinks their peculiar nature demands. Among others he has a god of medicine. This is filled with pills and odd prescriptions, and whenever he feels unwell he prays to this divinity, and always, he says, with beneficial results. He has a god of sewing machines which is filled with blank contracts for the purchase of machines on the installment plan. He claims that the worship of this god will help anyone to get a sewing machine, though instances of its successful use are given. He has one image which he calls the god of preachers, and says it has a congregation of 300 in its stomach. He has one god which he says is inhabited by his own celestial spirit, and another which contains the spirit of his mother.

The god of the Reading railroad company occupies a prominent position among his collection. The interior of the god is filled with cabbage, and its particular mission is to keep cows off the track, and prevent accidents generally. There is a god of horses, filled with hay and oats, a god of fruit, filled with apples, a god of weather that regulates storms and floods, a god of watermelons, a god of truth, which is in the shape of a hand, and gods which represent almost everything imaginable.

He has these images set up on the shelves in his cellar and garret and worships them, constantly according to his name. His name is William Christoph Clemmer, and his home is at No. 614 Locust, where he lives with his wife and six children. He is a brick maker by trade, and works regularly at one of the brick yards of the city, occupying all of his spare time with his idols, which he fashions out of clay obtained at the brick yard. He is a Pennsylvania Dutchman and "cannot speak English, is unlettered, and can scarcely read; so that all his strange ideas about the deities which he worships are evolved from his own imagination. A great many of his gods are supposed to contain the spirits of his friends, living or dead, but he has gods also which represent those whom he considers his enemies. These he sets apart by themselves and he treats them with great deference and consideration, so as to placate them and ward off as much as possible any harm they may intend toward him.

Clemmer's mania does not seem to interfere at all with his regular occupations, though the purchase of food for them costs him a considerable sum of money. He has revealed some of the secrets of his gods, and that they regulate every action of his life and tell him what to do in every emergency.

Clemmer allows no one to meddle with his idols when he is not at home, but when he is there he is glad to show and explain them to any one, and endeavors to impress every one with his peculiar beliefs, having no doubt that all the world will sooner or later see the necessity of consulting his gods.

How the Saw-Ballists Stand.

LEAGUE. Won. Lost. Per cent.

Boston..... 62..... 34..... 645
New York..... 61..... 37..... 622
Philadelphia..... 52..... 46..... 533
Cleveland..... 51..... 49..... 496
Chicago..... 54..... 46..... 534
Pittsburg..... 47..... 49..... 487
Indianapolis..... 44..... 61..... 424
Washington..... 32..... 63..... 336

How the Saw-Ballists Stand.

AS A LATION. Won. Lost. Per cent.

Brooklyn..... 65..... 35..... 652
St. Louis..... 65..... 35..... 643
Pittsburg..... 47..... 49..... 487
Cincinnati..... 54..... 47..... 534
Albany..... 53..... 47..... 529
Kansas City..... 49..... 51..... 492
Columbus..... 41..... 63..... 394
Louisville..... 35..... 76..... 347

Six lots were given away to people who will build. Goodwin & Fugley.

Patents and Progress.

Marvelous Changes in Half a Century—Work of the Inventors in all Branches of Mechanics.

One need not be very old to have a distinct recollection of his daily life, his conditions and environments, 50 years ago, when the patent system of the United States was in its early infancy. Then the country was almost entirely agricultural, and our grand career in manufactures and the industrial arts was just beginning. It virtually began with the patent system—the creation of the patent office—and it has actually kept pace with the development of that system, so that this magnificent progress stands as the indisputable result of the system. In other words, we owe our splendid achievements in manufactures and the arts to the stimulus that the patent laws have given to invention.

Fifty years ago most of the people of the United States were clothed from the products of the domestic spinning wheel and hand loom. The itinerant shoemaker went from house to house, setting up his bench and plying his vocation in the farmers' kitchens. There were no planing mills; no shops for the manufacture of doors, sashes and blinds. All the work of the builder, including carpenter and joiner's work, was done by hand. The carpenter, if a good one, got a dollar a day. Coal was consumed by but a few people then, in the larger cities, and by no one in the smaller towns. The tailors, like the shoemakers, came to the house and made into clothing the cloth made by the mother and daughters, with a little help from the fulling mill, that was generally near the arid mill of the neighborhood. The railroad and telegraph had not yet added their power to the forces of civilization. This year, 1889, is no more like 1839 than the hand loom is like a cotton factory, "better fifty years from Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Better one year of the life that is lived under the new conditions than any number of years of the hard existence that was dragged out under the old conditions. It is only the hopelessly pessimistic soul, the constitutional and incurable grumbler, that does not recognize the blessings that have come with the march of invention. For all these, would not be "run down at the heels," but would have been in a flourishing condition and trade opened to the world without stint or hindrance.

To look at the trust combinations which

are the offshoots of the protection policy, it is certainly an appalling situation; and to see the manner of getting foreign capital interested here, and protected as it is, it should arouse all thinking people to a sense of the situation. It is strange that men of apparent good judgment will let their prejudices carry them so far as to make them vote against their own interests, and also against the final perpetuation of our so-called "free government."

Let me say here that it is not a free government, but a government of absolute slavery, and the chains are being welded tighter and more solidly every day.

We hear the protected manufacturer crying, "if we are not protected we must stop work or cut down wages," claiming that the protection policy is good for the laboring classes, when it is exclusively for the benefit of centralized capital—for men who have already accumulated more wealth than they can enjoy, by gathering it from the producing classes and not allowing them a reasonable share of what they produce. The skill of our American working classes is now in successful competition in the world's markets with the manufactures of Europe, produced under the most favorable conditions, which is a high compliment to the skill and genius of our American workmen, and the fact must be regarded as the harbinger of a great industrial future when we have adopted a wiser policy and removed the protective shackles from our trade.

What American working man wants is not protection for their labor, (as now used, for they have set competition of the highest products of industry at defiance) but relief from a system which is blunderingly taxing their materials, giving an unfair advantage to their European rivals. In very important lines of manufactures they are able to triumph over the great odds in favor of the European workshops in cheap and untaxed raw materials. They send cutlery to Sheffield, printers to Manchester, watches to Switzerland, locomotives, mowers, reapers, sewing machines and fire engines all over the world. Look at the situation with an unprejudiced mind and leave off selfish desire for gaining wealth, and allow the man who does the work to have a just share of his profits on what he produces, and you can see the fallacy and injustice of the high protection policy as instituted and run by the republican party of today which is not the republican party of 20 years ago.

The centralizing principle of the present tariff system is the same that has caused trouble in all other governments, and will sooner or later cause it in ours, unless there is a stop put to it. There is no use of any one person having more than fifty or a hundred thousand dollars yet when that much is obtained, we must proceed to protect it for him. What an absurdity! And yet the working classes will vote away their own rights, in order to help multimillionaires get more. Voters, think over for yourselves. Lay aside your prejudices and do not listen to a leader's say, without investigating for yourself.

PATENTS AND PROGRESS.

Marvelous Changes in Half a Century—Work of the Inventors in all Branches of Mechanics.

One need not be very old to have a distinct recollection of his daily life, his conditions and environments, 50 years ago, when the patent system of the United States was in its early infancy. Then the country was almost entirely agricultural, and our grand career in manufactures and the industrial arts was just beginning. It virtually began with the patent system—the creation of the patent office—and it has actually kept pace with the development of that system, so that this magnificent progress stands as the indisputable result of the system. In other words, we owe our splendid achievements in manufactures and the arts to the stimulus that the patent laws have given to invention.

Fifty years ago most of the people of the United States were clothed from the products of the domestic spinning wheel and hand loom. The itinerant shoemaker went from house to house, setting up his bench and plying his vocation in the farmers' kitchens. There were no planing mills; no shops for the manufacture of doors, sashes and blinds. All the work of the builder, including carpenter and joiner's work, was done by hand. The carpenter, if a good one, got a dollar a day. Coal was consumed by but a few people then, in the larger cities, and by no one