

1.50 Per Annum

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10th, 1884.

VOL. V. NO. 25.

QUINCY CARDS.

The following is a list of First-class Quincy Business Houses and representative firms. We would call the attention of those of our patrons who deal in Quincy, especially country merchants, to this list. Especial care was taken to have first-class, responsible men on the list.

L. C. WILLIAMSON,
BRASS FOUNDER,
MODEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER,
Third and Main Streets,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

H. C. NICHOLS,
LAW AND REAL ESTATE,
505 Main Street,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

SMITH, HILL & CO.,
Manufacturers of
IRON HOUSE FRONTS,
ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,
Quincy, Illinois.

J. H. MICHELMANN,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
STEAM BOILERS
and all kinds of Iron Work, Steam Stacks and
Boilers, Special attention given to all kinds of
repairs. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly
attended to. Second hand boilers always on hand
under special price.

HARVEY CHATTEN,
ARCHITECT,
QUINCY, ILL.

P. C. CLAYBORN, M. D.,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

OFFICE HOURS—8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.
105 1/2 MAIN STREET.

KIRKSVILLE CARDS.

R. L. BARROW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.,
Will buy and sell Real Estate, pay taxes,
write and acknowledge deeds of all kinds,
make abstracts direct from Records, prepare
contracts and write insurance policies in first
class companies. Office over Kirkville Sav-
ings Bank, with F. M. Harrington. —1815

T. C. HARRIS
Justice of the Peace, Constable, Real
Estate and Tax Paying Agent,
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

A. M. SMITH, H. E. PATTERSON
A. M. SMITH & CO.,
Real Estate, Tax-Paying and Insurance Agents
Notary Public, Etc.,

Buy and sell on commission make collections ex-
amine titles, furnish abstracts, write deeds of
conveyance. Have for sale large tracts of the most
desirable grazing lands at low figures either in Adair
or Boone counties, well watered and capable
of producing large crops of corn and other
crops. Also have for sale a large tract of
land on payments to suit purchaser with low
rate of interest. Land especially adapted to sheep
raising, being elevated and rolling. Also have
large tracts of improved land, with fine
buildings and other improvements. OFFICE—South
corner square, over Johnston's Drug Store, No. 2
Room No. 2. —1884

A. J. FOWLER'S
MERCHAND TAILOR,
KIRKSVILLE, MO

(East side square over Johnston's Drug Store)
In this place to get the Best suit of Clothes for the
least money.

HENRY BESTMAN

UNDERTAKER.
Has opened a shop on the Northeast corner of
the square and keeps a full stock of
COFFINS, BURIAL CASES ETC.
In hand at low rates. Orders promptly filled and
work in the cabinet line.

H. S. HAMILTON,
DEALER IN

WOOD, COAL ETC.
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

OFFICE: NORTH SIDE SQUARE.

J. W. JOHNSTON,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Office over Savings Bank - Kirksville, Missouri.

J. H. CARTER,
DENTIST,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Physician & Surgeon,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Will attend calls at all hours. Office now
in rear of a building on Third Street - 105-111

W. D. OLDHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Office—Over Hope & Hope's store South Side
Square. —187-8

THE CROAKER.

"Laugh at those who grumble
And be merry as you can."
We met travel through life, but way makes
dead march of it."
"Oh, how melancholy croaker,
With his croak, croak, croak,
He can always tell a funeral,
But never tell a joke;
He, in his ready mouth,
Can drive a nail, no doubt;
But with a smiling visage
He never draws one out."
Oh, the poor, unhappy croaker,
Like a revolving vane,
He anticipates the weather,
Is sure it's going to rain,
He knows the crops are ruined,
His memory he loses
To prove that the country
Is going to the dogs.
The dreary, weary croaker
Will have to die some day;
Perhaps he'll go to heaven
And wear the golden crown;
But when the shining pavements
His gloomy eyes behold,
He'll cry out in despair and mutter,
"I do not believe they're—R.M."

CLEVELAND'S WAVE.

I lifted John Kelly to dat cart
And John Kelly bailed an' wouldn't start
An' its bye, bye, Maria,
I took some money and pressed that golden crown,
An' its bye, bye, Maria,
An' it won't be long till I put on de golden crown.
CHORUS.
Um bye and bye,
And I won't fly,
When I get on my high,
And wear de golden crown.
(Repeat.)

As I was going across de field,
A car driver hit me on de heel,
An' its bye, bye, Maria,
An' it won't be long till I put on de golden crown,
An' although I have on my hat
I fell in an Irish horse nest,
An' its bye, bye, Maria,
An' it won't be long till I put on de golden crown.
Chorus—Um bye and bye, etc.

As I war out takin de air,
Some one said dat its five cent fare,
An' its bye, bye, Maria,
An' it won't be long
Till I put on de golden crown
Don't make der meent plain
Dey said, honey has yer heard from Maline,
An' its bye, bye, Maria,
An' it won't be long
Till I put on de golden crown.
Chorus—Um bye and bye, etc.

A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION.

BY JAMES PAYNE.

I
My house, like that of the American
patriot immortalized in "Martin Chuzzlewit,"
is now "beyond the setting
sun"—that is to say, in the uttermost
regions of western Manchester—but
there was a time when it was situated
at the opposite extremity of Cottonopolis,
from which I fled for reasons to
be hereafter stated, with the feeling
that I could not put too great a
distance between myself and it. My
former habitation was a semi-detached
villa (of which I was also the proud
proprietor) in Paradise Row. My
occupation lay in the town; but it had
in truth but small charms for me. It
was there I made the wax from which I
derived the major portion of my in-
come, but my money—and I was a
very busy bee at that time—was made
at home after office hours, still, indeed,
by the pen, but in a very different
fashion. My soul was devoted to Lit-
erature, and all the time that I could
spare from Messrs. Bale and Crop,
cotton cornerers, was given to com-
position. Except for the interval con-
sumed in getting home, I might in-
deed have been said to have stepped
from my high stool on to the back of
Pegasus, which took me flights which
lasted from seven o'clock to ten.

Let me hasten to say that this ex-
pression is metaphorical. As a man
who is still connected (at all events on
one side) with business, I should be
sorry to have it supposed that I ever
wrote poetry. No; it was only prose,
though prose (if I may be permitted
to say so) of a high order. I wrote
stories for the magazines, and lead-
ing articles for a local newspaper or
two—what, in short, may be fairly
called imaginative literature. I had
a young wife and a growing family,
and the addition I thus made to my
official income was very welcome, yet not
more so than the work itself. With
my quill pen in my hand—I could
never use a steel one, such as sufficed
me in the city, for these flights—my
knees in their snug haven under my
writing table, and a good stock of
ideas in my head to draw upon, I felt
as happy as a king. It is a modest
pleasure, known to a few and envied
probably by none; but believe me,
there is none more satisfying or su-
preme.

When our little children had been
put to bed, my wife used to come
down and sit with me, occupying her-
self with needle work; it was under-
stood that (like a ghost) she was not to
speak unless she was spoken to, lest
she should interrupt the flow of com-
position. I could trust her for that,
implicitly. There are some good
women who can never keep silence
when they work for two consecutive
minutes, but must be always making
some muttered observation about their
stitches. Clementina was not one of
that sort, which was fortunate for both
of us.

There might have been two opin-
ions (that is my opinion and that of
other people) as to whether my work
may have been of a meritorious or val-
uable kind, but such as it was, it re-
quired perfect silence. If there was
the least noise, a coal flying out from
the fire, a door banging in the attic,
all was over with me. It a night-
gale had begun to sing in the back

garden I should have been paralyzed.
Our two maid-servants always went
about during those hours of composi-
tion in list slippers.

For a month after my purchase of
Eden Lodge, Paradise Row, the house
in no way belied its name; but in the
fifth week the serpent raised its head
among the flowers and hissed out:
"Sir, you are mistaken about the name
of your residence. This is Purgatory
Villa."

It was about 7:15 P. M., and I had,
as usual, sat down alone to my be-
loved occupation, when from the party
wall at which my desk was placed,
there issued forth a bang as if a can-
non had gone off, followed by three or
four shrill explosions, such as are
caused by rockets. For the moment I
really thought they were rockets and
that the strike had penetrated my
brain which, indeed, was scattered in
all directions.

My faithful wife, who had felt the
shock in the nursery, rushed down the
stairs, and was by my side in an in-
stant. As she entered the room the
hideous cannonade was resumed, and
with such effect that the hearth brush
fell down (stunned) in the corner of the
fireplace and the top of my ink bottle
shook of itself with a click.

"Merciful heavens!" I cried. "What
is it?"
"I feared it would annoy you," be-
gan Clementina in trembling tones.
"Annoy me! It has destroyed me,"
I exclaimed. "Not another line shall
I be able to write to-night. What is
it?"

"My dear Charles, I am sorry to say
it is the daughter of our neighbor,
Mrs. Brown, who has just come home
from school and is practicing 'The
Battle of Prague.' Jemima, whom we
took with Eden Lodge you know, says
she does it all through the holidays.
The foolish girl never said a word
about it or I am sure you would never
have bought the house."

But do you mean to say this is to go
on always? I exclaimed despairingly.
"Hark at it!"
It was like a magnificent pyrotech-
nic display without the fireworks. No
human being could stand it; no one
but a fiend could have inflicted it.

"It goes on Jemima says," replied my
wife despondingly, "for six weeks from
seven to ten; only on Sundays she
plays sacred music!"
I am not a passionate person, but I
am impatient; and it at that moment
I could have got at that girl next door,
I believe notwithstanding her sex, her
age and her piety, that I should have
strangled her. The question was not
one to be put aside or debated about
for an instant and I sat down at once
and wrote to Brown (as well as the in-
fernal melody would permit me) a let-
ter of courteous remonstrance. I was
on something more than speaking
terms with him and believed him to be,
but I had a suspicion that he had a
terragrant for a wife. Mrs. Brown
laced too tightly not to have a temper,
but still she must have a woman's
heart beating somewhere; and surely,
if that can be called anticipation
which is the very reverse of what one
has ventured to expect.

My letter ran as follows:
"DEAR MR. BROWN: In thus addressing
myself to you, I know I am relying upon
our relations as friendly neighbors, and by
no means urging a legal right. In the eye
of the law, an Englishman's house is his
castle, and he can, if he please, fire royal
salutes from his battlements night and
day. Unfortunately I am so constituted
that noise utterly destroys my power to do literary work; in
which (as you are aware) I am of necessity
engaged from seven to ten every evening.
Your dear little daughter's piano playing
is quite wonderful for her age; this was
very true; no full-grown demon, I should
have thought, far less an imp of her age,
could have created such discord! But if you
would kindly contrive that she should
pursue it during the daytime, instead of
between the hours aforesaid, you would lay
me under an eternal obligation."
"Awaiting your kind consent, for which I
thank you beforehand."
"I am, your truly,
CHARLES JONES."

I was in such a state of anxiety and
excitement—the hideous cannonade
continuing all the time, without one
instant's cessation—that I wrote upon
the envelope, "Beware waits," and bade
my messenger bring back the answer.
It came quickly enough, but put an
end to my suspense only to substitute
for it an agony of despair. It was, as
I guessed in moment from the hand-
writing, all sloping like the ears of a
donkey in a state of obstinacy, the
female Brown who addressed me, as
follows:
"DEAR SIR: My husband is from home,
but your application is one which I have
no hesitation in answering in his name in the
negative. You are, as you properly remark-
ed, urging no legal claim whatever, and you
must forgive me for adding that your request
is preposterous. It is not convenient for
my daughter to pursue her musical studies
except between seven and ten, to which hours,
as heretofore, she will confine them."
Yours truly,
ARMAEL BROWN."

Late as it was, I clapped on my
hat, repaired to the house-agent of
whom I had purchased Eden Lodge,
and procured from him an advertise-
ment-board, which I stuck up on a
pole in front of the house that very
night. "This villa residence to be sold,
with immediate possession. No reason-
able offer will be refused."
After that I walked about the street
till ten o'clock and returned home a
little comforted. My wife assured me
that the noise had ceased precisely at
that hour; but the echoes of it seemed
to be still ringing through the house.
I felt that I was on the brink of a
nervous fever, and wrote to my employ-
ers to say that my return to business
must for the present be uncertain. I intend-

ed to stop at home *de die in diem* (un-
til seven o'clock), so as to miss no
chance of any one calling to bid for it,
till that house was disposed of.

The very next morning a card was
sent in to me, with Mrs. Joseph Plum-
lin on it. He was a pudgy, red-faced
man, of by no means aristocratic ap-
pearance, but I welcomed him as if he
had been one of the family. His
manner was curt in the extreme, but I
thought he looked an honest man and
the city side of my character assured
me at the first glance that he was the
sort of person who means business."

"I see this house is to sell," he said.
"I am a builder and know when a house
is worth buying. If we can come to
terms, I mean to buy Eden Lodge.
Now what do you want for it?"
I mentioned the sum I had fixed
upon as a reasonable one; but, in
truth, I would gladly have taken half
the money rather than not have got the
place off my hands.

"Too much!" he said, shaking his
solid head. "Too much by a hundred
pounds!"
If I had been a Frenchman, I should
have got up and kissed him on both
cheeks; being an Englishman (with
half my time devoted to the main
chance), I concealed my joy and shook
my head almost as resolutely as he
had done. "The house is cheap," I
said, "at the sum I have put upon it."
"No doubt it is. I know that as
well as you; indeed, a deal better," he
answered coolly. "But a man don't
put 'with immediate possession' on his
notice board unless he has reasons
for wanting to quit. Now, look here,
I am a man of action. [I am sorry to
say he used an aspirate.] I am al-
ways for settling matters off the reel.
I will split the difference between us,
and give you your money, less £50.
I'll draw you a check for it, if you like,
this very moment. And he actually
produced from his breast-pocket a
large and greasy check-book and threw
it open like a front door.

"My dear sir," I answered with ef-
fusion, "there is no need to be so precipi-
tate; a letter from your lawyer to-
morrow will be quite sufficient; but,
on the terms you mention, the house is
yours."
"By immediate possession!" I under-
stand that I can come in at once; pur-
sued Mr. Plumlin. "Say in a week!"
I nodded assent. I could hardly
prevent myself from saying: "Come
this evening," which would have been
fatal, indeed. If he had heard that
piano the bargain would surely have
been cut off at once. I felt that, since
he was coming to live in the house
himself, I was about to take his money
under false pretenses, for the poor
fellow was looking forward to "a home."
Still, the city side of my character
reminded me that my first duty was to
myself; and I performed it.

Having made inquiries about Mr.
Plumlin which convinced me of his
solvency, I went out that very day to
look for a new house, and fortunately
found one—this time, you may be sure,
"a detached residence." Within the
week we had shifted bag and baggage to
my intense relief. Every night in
the meantime was made hideous by
that dreadful child's piano. I should
have thought nothing could have been
worse than her tunes, but the serpent
of Paradise Row had more terrible
things in store. On alternate nights
she played her scales.

Six months afterward, on getting in-
to an omnibus on my way home
to the town, I found myself next neighbor
to Mr. Plumlin. He recognized me at
once, though, in any case, I think I
should have spoken to him. One al-
ways feels a little constraint with the
stranger to whom he has sold a house
or a horse. We know its little imper-
fections, which the other gentleman
does not till he has bought it; and
though there had been nothing particu-
larly wrong about Eden Lodge, I felt
that as a residence (even independent
of its usual neighbor), it was not fault-
less. I took the bull by the horns,
however, and at once observed: "I hope
you like your house, Mr. Plumlin?"

"Yes," he replied, quite naturally
(thereby lifting quite a load from my
perhaps too tender conscience). "I
am not one in any case to cry over
spilt milk; or to complain of a comple-
tely bargain; besides, being a build-
er, you see why, of course, I did not
expect perfection. There's a little
damp in the front attic [there was],
but I flatter myself I know how to
treat it; I've just given it a coat of
Paris cement, and that'll soon be all
right."
I said to myself: "I'll back the
damp," but did not pursue the subject.
The whole topic of Eden Lodge was
a delicate one; still I could not con-
quer my curiosity to know how he had
exercised that musical fiend next door;
that he had done it somehow, I took
for granted, or he would never have
looked so cheerful.

"And how do you like your neigh-
bors, Mr. Plumlin?"
"Oh! pretty well, not indeed, that I
know much of them." Then, as if
moved by an afterthought, he added:
"To be sure, there's that there Brown.
He's a queer one. What do you think
he's been doing, or rather his people;
for I believe his wife was at the bot-
tom of it."
"Now," thought I to myself, "it's
coming. Plumlin has had the benefit
of that piano," I replied, however,
with a blush I strove in vain to con-
ceal, that I could not possibly guess
what Brown had been doing.

"Well, the fact is, I've a large fami-
ly, most of them girls; so, of course,
they're all for music; they practice on
the pianer—one or other of them—
mostly all day long, as is only natural.
Why shouldn't they?"
"Why, indeed?" I echoed. An unholy
joy began to fill me. I began to think
that all the poets and moralists have
taught us about the retribution that
awaits the wicked even in this world
might not be without foundation.

"Just so," he continued, contemptu-
ously, "and yet this man or his wife—
for it looks like a woman's hand—had
the impudence to write to me one
morning. I've got it somewhere," he
observed parenthetically, bringing about
forty letters out of his breast pocket,
and selecting one after an animated
search. "Yes; here it is."
He read the letter aloud in the omni-
bus, with many interpolations and
interjections of contempt and wrath.

"DEAR MR. PLUMLIN: [It was like
her impudence to begin 'dearing' me,
just because she wanted something;
but she little knew J. P.] In thus ad-
dressing myself to you, I am relying
upon our relations as friendly neigh-
bors, and by no means urging a legal
right."
[Legal right, indeed, I should think
not: I should like to see her trying
legal rights with me upon a matter of
that kind!]

"In the eye of the law an English-
man's house is his castle, and he can,
if he please, fire royal salutes from his
battlements night and day. [Well, of
course he can.] Unfortunately, my
wife is so constituted that noise—such
as constant piano playing—"
"Now, did you ever hear such a
thing as that?" inquired Mr. Plumlin,
laughing wildly. "As if I had anything
to do with his wife's constitution. Well,
to cut a long story short, the lady ob-
jected to 'noise'; not very complimenta-
ry, said Mr. P., to call our girls' piano
playing noise; but that's by the way.
It's her coolness that fetches me. Did
you ever see such a letter?"

"Never," I said, "or hardly ever." I
was obliged to put that in because I
recognized, as far as it had gone, in
Mrs. Brown's plaintive appeal the very
epistle I had addressed to her. She
had copied it out verbatim, without
the least respect for the laws of copy-
right, but not, I hope, without the bit-
ter reflection that she herself had once
turned a deaf ear to its touching elo-
quence.

"And what did you reply to her?" I
inquired, with irrepressible complac-
ency.
"Reply to her?" echoed Mr. Plumlin.
"Why, what would you, or any other
fellow who was not a born idiot, have
replied to her? I wrote to her husband,
of course, since the letter purported to
come from him, though I knew it did
not, and that gave me a better oppor-
tunity of speaking my mind. I told
him that not only had he no legal
claim—which, indeed, he had the
sense to acknowledge—but that his
application was preposterous. [A
very good word to use, was my reflec-
tion, and also that would be familiar
to her.]

"If you don't like our music, I ad-
ded," continued Mr. Plumlin, getting
himself together for his exit from the
bus, "then go somewhere else. Buy a
house at the other end of the town";
that's what I told him. Good morn-
ing, sir."
London, England.

How Many Know?

In these days of campaign vituperation
and lying, and these Democratic
attempts to construct mountains out of
mole-hills, let men of sense stop and
think! Read the whole Fisher & Mul-
ligan series of letters and then ask
yourselves what is there in them?
Mr. Blaine is nobly vindicated by their
publication! How many know—

1. That the Little Rock and Fort
Smith Railroad bill passed both
Houses of Congress unanimously.
2. The Mr. Blaine's ruling on it
was right and just and could not have
been withheld in honor.
3. That when it was made he did
not have the acquaintance of a single
person interested in the road or in-
strumental in promoting the passage
of the bill.
4. That he alluded to his connection
with the bill after his interest in
the road had been obtained.
5. That the bill was a declaratory
statute merely, not granting lands nor
reviving a dormant or lapsed grant,
and conferring no original nor substan-
tial rights nor benefits.
6. That the investment was a losing
one.
7. That Mr. Blaine honorably
shouldered all the loss and restored to
his friends every cent they had invested
in the bonds on his representations.
8. That in the letters addressed to
Fisher he said he had done the friends
of the bill "a service without knowing
it."
9. That instead of obtaining a favor
through the managers of the road he
suffered a severe pecuniary loss.
10. That his ruling as Speaker was
in no sense caused by his interest in
the road, but was six months antecede-
nt to his obtaining a share in it.
11. That he did not rule in favor of
the bill (which passed both Houses
unanimously) because he was inter-
ested in the road, but became interest-
ed in the road because his attention
was directed to it during the passage
of the bill through Congress.
12. That the land-grant was sim-

ply restored to the State of Arkansas,
which conferred it upon the road.

3. That the justice of the bill con-
tinuing the grant and the rightfulness
of Mr. Blaine's ruling in point of law
have not been disputed from that day
to this, and cannot be.

The American people possess an
inherent abiding love for fair play and
as surely as election day comes, will
tell those slanderers at the polls what
their opinion is of this species of cam-
paign warfare.

HON. NICHOLAS FORD.

The St. Joseph Herald has the fol-
lowing to say of Hon. Nicholas Ford,
the people's candidate for governor of
Missouri:

The Hon. Nicholas Ford was born
in Dublin, Ireland, where he received
his education, graduating with honors
at Dublin University. At the age of
eighteen he was forced, on account of
his love of the principles of liberty, to
leave the land of his nativity and seek
a more congenial home among the
people of this country. Upon his ar-
rival in New York young Ford became
engaged as a traveling correspondent
of the New York Tribune, in which
capacity he had the advantage of ex-
tensive travel through the states and
territories, with most favorable oppor-
tunities to study and familiarize him-
self with the institutions and general
character of his adopted country. Next
we find him engaged in editorial work
upon one of the leading journals of
Chicago. He finally settled in Mis-
souri as a permanent home, locating
at first in Buchanan county, afterward
removing to Andrew county, where he
was for a number of years engaged in
mercantile trade and in farming. He
became somewhat interested in state
politics, taking an active part in the
liberal movement of 1870, through
which the elective franchise was re-
stored to the late Confederates.

In 1878 Mr. Ford was elected a
member of the Forty-sixth Congress,
over the Hon. David Rea, who had
been elected for two consecutive terms
by majorities ranging above 4,000,
his (Ford's) majority over Mr. Rea be-
ing over 1,200. In 1880 Mr. Ford
stood for re-election to Congress, this
time defeating Gen. James Craig, who
is now, in 1884, one of the nominees
for presidential elector on the Demo-
cratic ticket. His actual majority at
this election was several hundred votes,
but owing to manipulation of the re-
turns, it was finally reduced to two
votes. In each of his elections to
Congress, as will be seen, Mr. Ford
encountered and overcame a large
Democratic majority, as he had done,
also, on a previous occasion, when a
successful candidate in Andrew county
for member of the General Assem-
bly of Missouri.

In early stages of the political con-
test of the present year a strong pres-
sure was made upon Mr. Ford to again
submit his name to this district for
election to Congress, but a greater
and higher duty has demanded of him
the sacrifice of whatever preference he
may have felt towards serving his old
constituency. A peculiar exigency in
the political affairs of the state has uni-
ted the people of Missouri in a popu-
lar claimer for Mr. Ford as their can-
didate for governor. Such a powerful
and spontaneous uprising of the peo-
ple in favor of the candidacy of any
man for an office unsought by him, is
without parallel in the history of state
politics in this or any other state, and
whether yielding willingly or reluctant-
ly to this demand, there appears no
room, had he even the disposition, to
ignore the call of the masses. Mr.
Ford is therefore the candidate of the
people of Missouri for the chief execu-
tive office of the state. He is not the
candidate of any political party, but
the leader and champion of organized
opposition to the further encroach-
ment of Bourbonism which has so seri-
ously disgraced the good name of our
state. He will be supported and vot-
ed for by citizens of all parties and of
every shade of political opinion except-
ing that element which seeks to keep
burning in this unfortunate common-
wealth the fires of secession and who
are the defenders and apologists, many
of them the friends and associates of
the James gang of train and bank rob-
bers.

Thus early in his candidacy, even be-
fore the canvass of the state has com-
menced, it appears evident that Mr.
Ford will be triumphantly elected. But
there is an important duty devolving
upon every interested voter. Republi-
cans are especially called upon to do
all in their power upon this opportune
occasion to rid the state of an over-
bearing Confederate dynasty. It is
not their choice, neither is it ours, to
support any but pronounced and well-
known Republicans for office. Under
ordinary circumstances we shall insist
upon a straight Republican nomi-
nation. But the exigency of the situa-
tion is so great as to demand this small
sacrifice of party pride. In state poli-
tics, however, Mr. Ford is a fair repre-
sentative of Republicanism because he
is battling against Missouri Bourbon-
ism. He is an honest, able and pro-
gressive man, and we can conscientiously
give him our cordial support. Indeed,
so important do we consider his
election as a means of redeeming
the reputation, both at home and
abroad, of this suffering common-
wealth, that Republicans can well af-
ford to subordinate many of their local
issues to the greater and grander ob-

ject which is before them in carrying
the state not only for governor, but
the entire ticket.

SENATOR HAWLEY ON THE TARIFF.

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, in
his recent speech at Gailford, in that
state, used the following words in re-
gard to the tariff:

"A tariff for revenue only is a tax
on everything simply to aid the reve-
nue, and without regard to controlling
the amount of any manufactured arti-
cles coming into this country. The
protectionist, however, taxes heavily
articles that are poured into the coun-
try to the ruin of home manufacturers,
but places only a light duty on things
that do not interfere with the profits
and wages of American employers and
workmen."

This is a concise and clear state-
ment of the broad distinction between
the two tariff systems, the one which
is adopted by the Democratic party,
and the other by the Republicans.
The two systems, as to the interests of
the people, are essentially unlike, not
only theoretically, but practically.
They cannot be combined together.

Here are two articles—tea and cot-
ton cloth, for example—both of which
are produced in foreign countries and
imported into the United States for
sale, while only one of which, namely,
cotton cloth, is the product of American
industry. The importation of tea will
not in any way affect the industry of
this country, because tea is not an ar-
ticle of home production. The im-
portation of cotton cloth, however,
will affect the home production of
cotton cloth, because, owing to the
cheaper rate of wages in other coun-
tries, it can be produced there and sold
here at a cheaper price than it can be
produced here, and will, unless the
home production be protected against
this unfriendly competition by a proper
tariff duty on cotton cloth, or unless
the rate of American wages be reduced,
either impair or wholly destroy such
production.

The theory of the Democratic party
in dealing with such a state of facts is
to impose a tariff tax upon imported
tea and cotton cloth 'simply for revenue,
and without any regard as to the
effect on home industry. Let this in-
dustry take care of itself under the or-
dinary laws of trade, and if it cannot
do so, then let it die. It is no part
of the business of the government, in
raising revenue to defray its necessary
expenses, to foster or protect home
industry. Its one and sole business in
tariff taxation is revenue. We say that
this is the theory of the Democracy; not
that every Democrat holds this theory,
but that it is