

Business Directory.

SABBATH SERVICES. SERVICES are held every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock...

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS. Wm. Perrot Post No. 1010, 11th and Walnut Sts. Buchanan, Mich.

DR. J. T. SALTER. DENTIST, 211 N. 3d St., Buchanan, Mich.

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BUCHANAN, BERRIEN COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1892. NUMBER 37.

ROSE & ELLSWORTH'S DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT. Something of Interest to Our Lady Friends.

NEW DRESS GOODS! Truly the most wonderful gathering of all the latest Parisian Styles for Fall and Winter Wear.

Our Cloak Opening Will take place Monday and Tuesday, September 13th and 14th.

Rose & Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind. Watchmaker and Jeweler. Repairing Gold Spectacles a Specialty.

Do you know? That more ill result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause—Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and Malaria usually attend it.

VANDALIA LINE TIME TABLE. In effect June 12, 1892. Trains leave Gales, Mich., as follows:

Teachers' Examinations. Notice is hereby given that examinations of teachers for the county of Berrien will be held as follows:

Accident Association, THE METROPOLITAN. Royal Insurance Building, CHICAGO. If Your Time has a Money Value You should Protect It.

Teeth! Teeth! OSTRANDER, THE DENTIST, 109 N. 3d St., Buchanan, Mich.

Dr. J. T. Salter, Pain Subduer, LIVER PILLS, RECORD, \$1.50.

TARIFF FIGURES. WHO PAYS THE TAX? A PRACTICAL LESSON ON THE TARIFF QUESTION.

The Effects of the McKinley Tariff Law Illustrated—Canadian Farm Products No Longer Compete With Those of Michigan—Home Markets Preserved.

The following table of imports through the port of Detroit, during the year ending June 30, 1892, shows the ruinous competition of Canadian farmers...

THE DANGER SIGNAL. CLEVELAND TELLS WHEN IT SHOULD BE RAISED.

THE DANGER SIGNAL. One of the silliest seaves ever raised during a campaign to delude the people is the present Democratic howl about the McKinley tariff...

ASK FOR IT! THE SELF-THREADING ELDRIDGE "B". It is the combined mechanical skill, the most useful elements, and the most perfect machine.

ELDRIDGE MFG. CO. Factory and Wholesale Office, Belvidere, Ill. 871 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 89 Broad Street, New York.

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PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder—No Ammonia; No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years Standard.

"TOO MUCH AT STAKE" THE DANGER SIGNAL. SO SAYS JUDGE MORSE TO A COMRADE.

Whom He Voted to Turn Out of Office—Democratic Office Seekers Preferred to Veterans—The Boys in Blue not Enthusiastic Over Morse.

Who PAYS the Tax? A gentleman in Detroit, who had grown rich in the fortune of the McKinley bill, was asked...

Who PAYS the Tax? One of the most interesting interviews was that of Mr. Fletcher, Jervis & Co., wholesale hardware and iron merchants of Detroit.

Who PAYS the Tax? Another valuable tariff lesson is taught by HITCHCOCK & CO., who sell dealers in woollens and tailor's trimmings.

Who PAYS the Tax? The French forces in Dahomey have cut the railroad from the sea to the interior, and have destroyed the bridges...

Who PAYS the Tax? More of these interesting interviews were held, and the results will prove of incalculable advantage to the man who wishes to cast an intelligent ballot next November.

Who PAYS the Tax? The Free Press idolizes Judge Morse now, but when he and the other "boys in blue" went to the front...

School Books, School Supplies.

TABLETS, PENCILS, INK, SLATES, ETC.

HARRY BINNS, OPPOSITE HOTEL. PRICES NO HIGHER BUT IN MANY INSTANCES THEY ARE MUCH LOWER.

Since the Passage of the McKinley Tariff Law—Democratic Lies About Higher Prices Completely Refuted—Plain Talk by Practical Business Men.

THE DEMOCRATS, in the state campaign of 1890, told the ladies that the effect of the McKinley bill would be to increase materially the cost of imported goods...

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PROTECTION AND RECIPROCITY.

VOL. I.—NO. 4.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1892.

PRICE ONE CENT.

Published monthly at 135 West Twenty-third street, New York. Subscription price 12 cents a year. Address PROTECTION AND RECIPROCITY.

Entered at the New York P. O., New York, as second-class matter.

CAMPAIGN SONG. 1892.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching. We are all Republicans, And we're loyal to the core. Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid. You can hear our Slogan ring, As our Campaign Song we sing— Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

house and close the door behind him, while the rioters drew together for a conference. They divided their men, some going to the rear and others to the front of the house. "Damn him," shouted one man, "he's got his place well locked up, but we'll force it or burn it over his head!" There was a yell of approval, and then followed a shower of stones and bricks against the heavy oaken doors and closed shutters.

barracks near by, where troops had been stationed during the late troubles, and soon afterward Margaret and the doctor started up the hill. As Dattle had predicted, as soon as it grew lighter the men had desecrated the blood stains and tracks in the snow leading toward the tunnel, and had guessed the truth. Drunk with success and liquor, there were yet a few in the crowd sober enough to trace them to Margaret's door, and before many minutes they stood outside parrying with Dattle.

No Free Trade For Him.

In Illustrations Democratic Lawyer and Author Repeats Cleveland. Democrats are now finding out how their party blundered when it too plainly defined the end at which it aims by its bold declaration against protection of any kind, made in the Chicago platform. Since that free trade pronouncement there has been a virtual stampede of intelligent Democrats out of the free trade camp to the side of American protection.

Pertinent Questions Answered.

You say that our people save \$48,000,000 a year through free sugar. Why not make other goods free and save many times that amount? For the hundredth time we reply to this question. There is no earthly analogy between the tariff on sugar—which was a revenue tariff—and the tariff on wool, for instance, which is a protective tariff. The former sustained no domestic industry of any moment, gave practically no employment to American labor and capital. Under it nearly all our sugar was imported, and when it was abolished there was no collapse of domestic industry.

MALCONTENTS. A STORY FOR AMERICANS.

Copyrighted by COBA S. HOOD. CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Margaret drew Dattle out onto the open air. She was pale as death. "They mean him harm, Joe." "Likely now," he answered indifferently, "but never fear. I'll have naught to do with the devil's work."

It was only by a supreme effort that he gathered strength to follow her. She divined something of this mortal weakness, for holding her little young arm about him, she aided his faltering footsteps into the darksome tunnel. For a few moments neither spoke. The way must be more than half traversed, Margaret thought, as with beating heart she hurried him onward. Suddenly she stumbled, and she felt the swaying of his powerful form against her.

CHAPTER IX. "DALLAS NIGHTCAPS" FEED THE FLAMES! The American people will now be openly and formally asked to decide whether this system shall be recklessly abandoned and a new trial made of a system which has already failed to national embarrassment, and wide spread individual distress. * * * The benefit of protection goes first and last to the men who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces.—JAMES G. BLAINE.

Among the most eminent Democrats who have repudiated Cleveland and the free trade platform on which he stands, is the venerable George Ticknor Curtis, whose fame as a constitutional lawyer and author is world-wide. The formal letter in which Mr. Curtis announces his intention to abandon the party which had so long claimed his obedience, and to support the Republican ticket in this campaign, is printed below. It should be read by every patriotic Democrat in the land: RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., September 10, 1892.

After that we should have no guarantee that we would get our wools any cheaper than now. We should be obliged to take our chances on that score. But about the losses we should sustain in the slaughter of flocks for their tail-wool, as occurred before under a low revenue tariff on wool, there can be no manner of doubt. Even free sugar would not, perhaps, be receiving the encomiums pronounced upon it on every hand had the American sugar industry not been securely protected against disaster by the bounty. For, in that event, the cry of distress which would ere this have reached us from the Louisiana plantations would, perhaps, cause us to pause and consider whether it was wise to impoverish even a few of our people.

It was dark when Margaret reached her home. A heavy snow storm had settled over the town and the flak-s were coming down thick and fast. The country roads were always full of drift and, if this snowfall continued, would soon be rendered impassable. Shivering and chilled, Margaret stood at the window and sighed as she peered out at the gathering gloom and thought of the suffering in the town below.

"Keep up, Mr. Fletcher, keep up!" she cried. "Only a few more steps, sir, and we're safe. Oh, God, for he had fallen by her side as she spoke. "He has fainted, perhaps is dying, in this awful place!" She sank on her knees beside him and placed her ear to his heart. In the solemn, dreadful stillness she heard a faint pulsation and knew that he lived. She must leave him and go for help. Then horrible possibilities suggesting themselves she paused.

Reader, this story is no fancy picture, but a true record of the misery, crime, and famine, settling like a deadly miasma over our fair country, less than forty years ago. It has resulted as to the disastrous results always following the repeal of the protective tariff; and, although history repeats itself, unfortunately, repetition dulls the ear, and our working people are too busy, or too indifferent, to take up the book of life and read what the recording angel has written there in letters of blood. If we could but profit by the mistakes of our forefathers, then would their privations and sufferings not have been in vain.

It is not to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only. We demand that the collection of such taxes be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered. In drafting and voting for this resolution, the members either showed dense ignorance of American political history, or they manifested a purpose to win votes by deceiving the voters. I cannot, at the bidding of these gentlemen, unlearn the lessons of my whole life. The greater part of my long life has been passed in the study of American political history and constitutional-law. If I cannot claim to be an authority on such subjects, I can point out to others the true sources from which to devise interpretations of the Constitution. These sources are not to be found in recent Congressional speeches, whether made by members of one party or another. They are to be found in the interpretations given to the Constitution by the First Congress, by Washington's administration, and by the succeeding administrations of Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams and Jackson.

To guard against such a calamity to the wool interest, if we are to carry out strictly the comparison with sugar, we should need to provide for a bounty on American wool sufficiently liberal to take the place of the existing Tariff. But, under that arrangement, not a cent would be saved to the people, for the amount of bounty we should have to pay would at least equal and probably exceed the amount of wool duties now collected. In the case of sugar, since our home production was less than 1 pound in 10 of what we import, abolishing the duty of 2 cents a pound on the 10 imported, and paying 2 cents out of that saving on the 10 imported pound, resulted in a net gain to the people of 18 cents, or about \$48,000,000 in the aggregate. So we see that, no matter from what point of view, there is no likeness between sugar or revenue duty, and wool or Protective duty. We trust that our questioner will guard against these Free Trade fallacies in the future.

By the light of the torches they held, Margaret recognized front-man Kelly at the head of the well-armed ranks, and near him several of the men she had met that afternoon at the soup house. "Fifteen, boys, he's lame to-night an' alone, for his servants—damn 'em for bein' servants to such a him—ar— after layin' him, an' no more to come to wipe the floor wid the white divil and damn his aristocratic mug for ever. Begorra, an' we'll stop his takin' the cowardly best man has named for him across the say, for an' march!"

Joe Dattle, living in the town below, awoke some time after midnight, could not sleep, and rising, walked to his window to see if the day had dawned. What was that in the direction of Margaret's home? The sky was alive with the flame and sparks of a burning building. In a moment he had dressed and the next moment he was under the fiery sky, dashing with mad haste toward Margaret's cottage. The door was unlocked, and looking through the rooms he found the house empty. Was it possible that she had ventured out upon such a night?

Although his physician and a skilled nurse took up their abodes in the house, Fletcher, in his moments of consciousness, would have only Margaret at his side. In his weakness, he clung to her strong young hand, and his eyes followed her every movement as she went sootily about attending to his wants. When she was absent he grew restless, and it finally became quite a matter of course that she should sit beside him, reading or writing letters, during his long hours of convalescence. Mr. and Mrs. Peyton, while wandering through the East, received many of these ingenious epistles, and, with one thought, would smile at their perusal. "Poor Margaret," exclaimed Peyton, "I can read between the lines, and although as an amanuensis, she tells her story modestly, her's was a heroic act, Ethel!"

I have been requested by the Secretary of THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE to give my views of the Protective issue, as it has been made by the two parties in the present campaign. This I shall do in a communication to be addressed to him, of which he will make such use as he sees fit. I am, Mr. Editor, very respectfully, Your obedient servant, GEO. TICKNOR CURTIS.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

Quick as thought she made her decision. She knew that through that hill, only a stone's throw away, and passing out in a dense wood at the rear of Beaumont, was a tunnel. Only a few years before, the construction of it had been a wonder to the simple people of miles around, and Margaret had sat many evenings watching the iron monsters speed around the curve and disappear in the bowels of the earth, carrying car after car in their wake, with childish curiosity, for the railroad was comparatively new, and was still regarded with superstitious awe by many. Here was a path through darkness and danger, yet what matter if it led to him? The next instant she had slid down the snow-covered declivity, and was at the tunnel's mouth. Ah, but it was dark and clammy! The air struck her face like the hand of death, and seemed in its dense foulness to push her back. With one swift, shuddering glance at the cruel, serpentine track glittering in the snow behind her, she turned, pressed hurriedly forward, and was swallowed up in the blackness.

"Where am I, Joe? How came I in this dreadful place?" Her eyes fell upon Fletcher and she cried: "Now, I know, 'twas the cars! Oh, quick, help me get him home, at once! They've shot him, Joe." No thought for Dattle or his constant love, Sighing, he stooped and took Fletcher in his strong arms. Margaret went ahead with the lantern and soon they were out of the noisome place and at Margaret's door.

Spring came and went, summer passed away, and one warm September day Thorpe Fletcher, a pale shadow of his former self, sat on the deck of an outward-bound vessel. Was his mind full of anticipations of a reunion with his sister and Peyton, or did a regret for the past and the country he was leaving behind him, sadden the future? Neither, for his thoughts began and ended just then with the beautiful girl who stood beside his chair, a world of devotion in her luminous eyes, as turning from the fast receding land she rested them upon his wan face. Thorpe Fletcher's smile was full of content as his glance met hers, for during those past weeks Margaret had become necessary to his happiness and had won by her heroism a first place in the life of the man she loved so well.

George Ticknor Curtis, an American lawyer and author, was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, November 28, 1812. After graduating at Harvard College, in 1832, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from 1840 to 1844, and was appointed United States Commissioner for Massachusetts. While he held this position the Fugitive Slave law of 1851 was passed, and he was soon called upon to execute it by remanding to his master a fugitive from Virginia named Thomas Sims. In spite of the popular odium thus incurred he carried out the law. In 1862 he removed to New York, where his professional ability has secured for him an extensive practice. Throughout his career he has been a diligent author, and his works on various departments of law have secured the highest approval. Among them are "Rights and Duties of Merchant Seamen," 1844; "Law of Copyright," 1847; "Law of Patents," 1849 (fourth edition, 1873); "American Conveyancer," second edition, 1871; "Equity Precedents," fourth edition, 1869; "Digest of Decisions of Courts of Common Law and Admiralty." He also published "Commentaries on the Jurisprudence, Practice and Peculiar Jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States," two vols., 1854-58. Beside these strictly professional works he has published a valuable "History of the Origin, Formation and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States," two vols., 1855-58, and a "Life of Daniel Webster," two vols., 1870.

ALFRED DOLGE'S FELT SLIPPERS AND SHOES. DANIEL GREEN & CO., Sole Agents, 44 East Fourteenth St., New York.

ARE YOU A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE OF PROTECTION TO American Interests? Are you willing to work for the cause of Protection in placing reliable information in the hands of your acquaintances? If you are, you should be identified with the AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE, 135 W. 23d St., New York.

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE the famous pamphlet entitled "American Tariffs from Plymouth Rock to McKinley," which will be sent to any address for ten (10) cents. Address WILBUR F. WALKER, Gen'l Sec'y, American Protective Tariff League, 135 West 23d st., New York.

[THE END.]

