

The Poetry of Protection.

Just a little dollar, on its mission sent, makes a lot of people glad each time the coin is spent. You pay it to the butcher, for meat to give you strength; he takes it to the grocer from whom it goes at length, some pretty bit of cloth or lace his better half to buy, or helps to get her winter hat to make her rival sigh. The dry goods man sends on the coin to pay his market bill, and though the coin is often spent, it stays a dollar still, and every time 'tis spent at home, some act of good is done in "booming" local industries, ere setting of the sun.

But if you take that shining coin and break the local chain, the chances are that from afar 'twill not return again. If once it passes out of town, the butcher and the baker, the grocer and the dry goods man, the cook, the undertaker, the carpenter, the carriagewright, the blacksmith, every one, will lose the chance to touch that coin ere setting of the sun.

Just keep the little coin at home, just keep it moving well, and every time it changes hands some body's goods 'twill sell. That single little dollar has thus a wondrous power to make somebody better a dozen times an hour. It pays the bill and wards off ill, and ne'er its power relaxes to soothe the doctor, buy the coal and pay for clothes and taxes.

"Widder Jenkins," said an Ohio farmer as he bustled into her house one morning, "I am a man of business. I am worth \$10,800, and want you for a wife. I give you three minutes in which to answer."

"I don't want ten seconds, old man," she replied, as she shook out the dish cloth. "I'm a woman of business, worth \$16,000, and I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I give you a minute and a half to git."

THE YEAR'S SHOWING.

Admirable Illustration of the Benefits of the American Policy.

The year just closed is an admirable illustration of the benefits resulting from a wisely framed Protective Tariff. The first half was dull and profitless, and there was a growing cry that the Republican party had failed to keep its promises of good times; but during the latter half business was larger than ever before in the nation's history. The exports greatly exceeded the imports, showing that the country sold more than it bought. Mills started up on all sides, the wages of operators were increased in many localities, railroad earnings showed a pronounced increase over the preceding year, and the leading industries, such as woolen goods, iron and steel, boots and shoes, etc., enjoyed a demand never equalled in previous years. As for the wheat trade, it was phenomenal, the exports being enormous and the price very profitable. The shipments of merchandise to foreign ports during the first eleven months of the year exceeded those of the same period in 1896 by \$86,000,000, and for 1895 by \$242,000,000. This showing ought to satisfy any reasonable man of the benefits of a wise Tariff.

But apparently the zenith has not been reached. Shrewd observers predict a still larger trade in 1898. All indications point in that direction. Dealers in many lines say that stocks in jobbing and retail hands are small and buyers are even now nibbling at the markets in a way that presages activity after the new year gets well going. There has been no pronounced decline in prices, and most commodities are more than holding their own in this respect. Wheat keeps up, which means a good deal, not only to the farmer, but to the whole country; and, in fact, almost the entire line of farm products are selling at remunerative figures.

Everybody has done well. The farmer has emerged from his long eclipse and has money

to spend once more. The merchant again feels the satisfaction of the tradesman when goods go out of his store about as fast as they come in. The capitalist has no fear that with the exercise of ordinary caution in putting out his funds his interest will not be fourth coming in due season. The wage worker has less difficulty in finding employment, and when he gets it it is more permanent. When times are brisk more men are needed, and here is where the workingman is benefited by a healthy state of trade, to say nothing of the better wages which he is likely to receive.

Taken in all 1897 was not a bad year, but 1898 bids fair to make an even better record.—San Francisco Call.

At a recent Democratic meeting in Ohio, the speaker and the audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man howled out, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!"

After several interruptions of this kind at each speaker, a young man ascended the platform, and was soon airing his eloquence in magnificent style, striking out powerfully in his jestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry. Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking trumpet, this man was howling at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speach." The chairman now arose, and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking. "Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why that's the little cuss that told me to holler."