

WALLS OF CORN.
Smiling and beautiful, Heaven's dome
Bends softly over our prairie home.
But the wide, wide lands that stretched away,
Before my eyes in the day of May,
The rolling prairie's billow swell,
Brooding uplands and timbered dell,
Stately mansion and hut forlorn,
All are hidden by the walls of corn.
All wide the world is narrowed down
To walls of corn, now sere and brown.
What do they hold—these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn?
He who questions may soon be told,
A great State's wealth these walls unfold.
No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warden's horn,
Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming gold
Left all unbarred, though thieves are bold.
Clothes and food for the tolling poor,
Wealth to heap at the rich man's door,
Meat for the healthy, and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in the chamber dim,
Shoes for the barefooted, pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine,
Things of use for the lowly cot,
Where (bless the corn) want cometh not;
Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Gifts of all rich and fertile land;
All these things, and so many more,
It would fill a book to name them o'er.
Were hid and held in these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn.
Where do they stand, these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn?
Open the atlas, coney by rule,
In the old days of the district school,
Point to the rich and bounteous land
That yields such fruits to the toiler's hand.
"Treeless desert," they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsook by men.
Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairies rolled.
Who would have dared, with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?
And how would the wise ones have laughed to
score,
Had prophet foretold those walls of corn
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn!
—*Topoka Weekly Capital.*

MY CHARMER.

BY M. A. B.

I felt vexed that my mother did not enter into my raptures concerning Lulu.
"She's the sweetest girl in the world!" I cried, enthusiastically. "So natural, so innocent, so free from anything like deceit. I don't think any other man in all this world will have so lovely a wife as I will have."
My mother only smiled and answered nothing.
"She is so beautiful, and she has such a winning way for her that it attracts every one. Then she loves me so devotedly that she never gives a thought to any other man."
Still my maternal relative spoke not.
"Now, mother," cried I, losing patience, "why don't you tell me what you think of Lulu? Surely you can't think there is any other girl who would be more suitable for me."
"Well," said my mother, slowly, "since you want my candid opinion, I can only say that I do not like your sweetheart. But then old women and young men can hardly be expected to look at a girl with the same eyes."
"But what objection have you to Lulu for a daughter?" I persisted. "Isn't she beautiful, graceful, intelligent and refined? Is it because she is poor that you object to her?"
"No, Frederic, not on account of her lack of fortune. I believe her to be a heartless, mercenary girl, who is not so devoted to you as you suppose."
"That is very unkind of you, mother. You don't know her as well as I do."
"I suspect I know her a great deal better. But if you have made up your mind, my son, I suppose it is of no use to argue the matter with you. I would have greatly preferred Inez Rathmore for a daughter, but of course it is useless to speak of that now. Yet I used to think that you really liked her."
"That was before I met Lulu," said I, with significance.
My mother sighed and looked out of the window.
"They say love is blind, and I think it is truly so in your case. Inez is a loyal, true-hearted girl as well as a beauty and an heiress, while I believe Lulu to be a mere fortune-hunter."
"Mother," I cried, hotly, "if you and I are to remain friends you must not speak in that way of my future wife."
"You asked my opinion and I gave it. Now let us drop the subject."
In no very good humor I took my hat and stalked out of the room. Leaving the hotel, I bent my footsteps to a grove near by, which was a favorite resort in warm weather.
"No doubt Lulu is in her room, reading or sleeping," I thought. "It is really too warm to do anything else these sultry afternoons."
Finding a pleasant spot beside a huge fallen tree, I lay down and fell to musing.
"Mother is the best woman in the world, but she can not appreciate my beautiful Lulu. The idea of for a moment comparing her with Inez Rathmore! Of course, Inez is well enough, but she is not an angel like my Lulu."
I commenced to feel drowsy, and at length fell asleep. Voices on the other side of the fallen tree aroused me from my uneasy slumber. Reluctance to playing the eavesdropper was overcome by a desire to hear the conversation, for I recognized one of the voices; so I lay perfectly still and listened.
"Yes, it is very tiresome," Lulu was saying, in her sweet, gentle tones, "to marry a man I do not love. But, Cyril dear, I must. I have always been accustomed to luxury in my uncle's home, and he expects me to make a good match for him. But, love, do not look so sad. You will find some other girl to marry."
I ground my teeth in rage. Who said this man she called "love" and "dear"? When he spoke, my angel came, for I knew the voice to be that of Cyril Helstone, a young man who had been Lulu's lover before I came.
"You do not care for me as I care for you, Lulu," he said, "or you could not talk so."
"Now, Cyril, is it you who are talking foolishly? I love you with all my

heart, but I have more prudence than you. Were we to marry, what would we live on? You have nothing but your profession, and I am dependent upon my uncle. No, no; much as I love you, I will have to marry Frederic Carlyle."

On the other side of the tree, I solemnly registered an oath that no such marriage should ever take place. "I will work hard and make a fortune for us, if you will only wait," pleaded her companion.

"It would be years before you could gain wealth by your profession, and 'love in a cottage' does not suit me. I prefer life in a palace, even though I must have Frederic Carlyle for an in-laws."

"My darling, my darling!" I heard Cyril cry; "how can I endure to see you another man's bride?" Then I heard the sound of passionate kisses, and soon afterward they left their seat and walked off toward the hotel.

As their retreating footsteps sounded in my ear, I groaned in agony of spirit. So this was my true, innocent darling, for whose sake I had almost quarreled with my mother!

"She cares for nothing but my money," thought I, "and that she shall never have. Thank fortune, I have found her out before it is too late."

That night, when the dance in the hotel parlor was well under way, I entered the room with my mother on my arm. The dear old lady had been told nothing of my painful discovery; she only knew that I was irritable and moody.

On looking around the room, the first person I saw was Lulu. She was arrayed in spotless white, with white flowers at her throat and in her golden hair. I gazed at her earnestly, but not with admiring eyes. I knew her false heart too well to be blinded by her dazzling beauty. Her face flushed when she caught my look of scrutiny, and she smiled sweetly at me. I crossed the room and came to her side.

"Where have you been all day?" she asked in her low, musical voice. (Alas! I remembered when I had heard that voice last.) "I have not seen you since breakfast."

Now was my time for a signal revenge. I looked down at the tiny figure by my side. Her golden hair and liquid blue eyes, the exquisite coloring of cheek and lips, made her a picture fair to see.

"I will tell you where I was this afternoon, Miss Lulu," answered I, watching the white hand upon which glittered the magnificent solitaire diamond I had given her. "I was in the grove enjoying a conversation which I happened to overhear. I had fallen asleep, but was aroused by voices near me, and so became an unintentional listener to a conversation between Mr. Helstone and yourself. Permit me to observe that I have very strong objections to being married for my money; so, if you will be so kind as to return my ring, we will consider our engagement at an end."

She grew white to the very lips, but took off the ring without a word, and placed it in my hand. With a bow which I flatter myself was both haughty and graceful, I left her.

Six months later I married Inez Rathmore.

Italian Scenery.

There is an education needed for the appreciation of nature as well as of art. Many people scorn this notion, and as there undoubtedly are some with so fine an innate perception and discrimination of the beautiful that they instinctively recognize it, anybody may believe himself to be one of the chosen few. But the rest of us know that without the native gift, which nothing can wholly replace, the eye and taste require experience and training to comprehend and analyze the beauties of the outer world. There was a time when I resented as hotly as most other Americans the idea that any scenery could surpass our own; I knew that the Alps were higher than the Alleghenies, but, beyond that, I thought that where there are mountains, valleys, a lake, a waterfall, there must of necessity be a view of the utmost beauty, without regard to degree. It would be as rational to maintain that a human being is necessarily beautiful because possessed of eyes, nose, and chin; almost everything depends upon the outline and the relative proportion and disposition of the features. The Italian landscape has a classic form and profile; its glowing complexion is due to the light—that heavenly effulgence which can transfigure any scene.—*Atlantic.*

A Silurian Scorpion.

Herr Lindstrom, a Stockholm geologist, has found a perfect fossil scorpion in the upper silurian rocks of the Island of Gotland, in Sweden. The cuticle can be distinguished, also the dorsal plates of the abdomen and the cephalothorax. The surface is quite similar in appearance to the scorpions of to-day, and its organization proves it to have lived on land and breathed air. It has been called *Pachyphonus* Nuncius, and is evidently one of the most ancient of terrestrial animals, the libellules found in the Devonian formation of Canada, having hitherto been esteemed the oldest known. It is remarkable that the four pair of thoracic claws are thick and pointed like those of the embryos of several other tracheates and campodea, a form of claw which does not exist in the known fossil scorpions of the carboniferous era, which in their appendages resemble those of to-day.—*Engineering.*

Cure for Drunkenness or Morphinism.

Dr. Fleischl, of Vienna, declares that morphinism, alcoholism, and similar habits can now be cured rapidly and painlessly by means of cocaine chloride. The method is very simple—a withdrawal, either gradual or abrupt and complete, of the habituated morfinic, and treatment of the nervous and other symptoms which arise therefrom by means of hypodermic injections of the cocaine. He claims that in ten days a cure may be effected in any case. The dose of cocaine chloride, hypodermically, is from one-twelfth to one-fourth of a grain, dissolved in water, repeated as necessary.—*National Druggist.*

GOOD MANNERS.

What to Talk About.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must with some be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer a true and honest man." But when there is no need to express an opinion let poor Bouncer swagger away.—*Dr. John Hall.*

How to Be Entertaining.

One of the most important rules in the science of manners is that you preserve an almost absolute silence concerning yourself. Play the comedy, some day, of speaking of your own interests to ordinary acquaintances, and you will see feigned attention swiftly followed by indifference and then by weariness, until every one has found a pretext for leaving you. But if you wish to group about you the sympathies of all and to be considered a charming and agreeable fellow, talk to them of themselves, seek some way of bringing each into action in turn; then they will smile at you, think well of you and praise you when you are gone.—*Balsac.*

Politeness in Public.

What is politeness in public? It involves the prompt perception of the rights and comforts of others, and the willing and graceful concession of these. Where this is done, even if the manner be not all that could be desired; the spirit and purpose answer. These are apt to be evident in the manner. And where there is a purpose and effort to make others agreeable, the essence of true politeness will appear. But selfishness, that seeks only personal enjoyment, at the expense of all others, is the essence of all impoliteness. There appear in public life many who are polished as to outward manner who are, at the same time, at variance with all the rules of good conduct. A stately bow, a polished expression, do not answer for that regard for the comfort of others which is the material element in good conduct.—*Philadelphia Call.*

How Napkins Are Used.

Some people unfold their napkin at table and carefully fasten it around their neck like an apron; and I have seen the same people gather up the crumbs at the close of a meal and carefully shake them over the tablecloth. There are others who would let it slide onto the floor and make every one uncomfortable to regain it. And I have observed the absent-minded person use it for a pocket handkerchief, and calmly proceed to appropriate it, feeling quite mortified afterward when the contents of his pocket were revealed. There are those who tuck the napkin under the chin, as one does when about to feed an infant, and some who on leaving the table carefully fold it as if for future use. This is not good form, unless a ring is supplied. It is a pretty custom to keep rings for guests, each ring of a different pattern, or designated, if for ladies, by a different colored ribbon. It gives a guest an at-home feeling, as if he had some share in the home. Otherwise, on leaving the table the napkin should remain on the left side of the plate, discarded, without any attempt at folding.

Rare Epitaphs.

Among the communications which you have printed on this subject I have not observed any reference to the well-known one in Massachusetts.

A sorrowing and pious parent had inscribed the following two lines to the memory of his dead child:

We can not have all things to please us,
Poor little Tommy's gone to Jesus.

A sympathetic reader, mistaking the point of the lament, added the lines:

Cheer up, dear friend—all may yet be well,
Perhaps poor little Tommy's gone to H—!

The following, on a blacksmith, is in Shropshire. I forget where:

My sledge and anvil lie neglected,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, and my work is dead;
And in the dust my body's laid;
My coal is out, my iron's gone,
And in the dust my work is done.

If not too long for your columns the following epitaph (I believe unpublished in any generally accessible form), in Bramfield Church, Suffolk, will interest students of "style":

Between the remains of her brother Edward
And her husband John, who died in 1778,
Here lies the body of Bridget Applewhite,
Once Bridget Nelson.

After the fatigues of a married life,
Born with indomitable patience,
For four years and three-quarters, bating three weeks,
And after the enjoyment of the glorious freedom
Of an easy and unblemished widowhood,
For four years and upwards
She resolved to run the risk of a second marriage bed;

But due to her forbade the banns;
And having with an appetitive dart
Of the instrument with which he had formerly
Disparted her mother's

Touched the most vital part of her brain,
She must have fallen directly to the ground
(As a thunder-struck),
Or she had not been so quick and supported by
her indefatigable husband.

Of which invisible brute,
After a struggle of over sixty hours,
With that grand enemy to life,
(But the crown and meritorious friend to helpless old age).

In terrible convulsions, plaintive groans, or suffering sleep,
Without recovery of speech or senses,
She died on the 12th day of Sept. in the year of our Lord 1778,
And of her own age 44.

I beg to inclose copies of two curious epitaphs, both of which are to be seen in the graveyard at Wigtown, in Gallowayshire, Scotland.

Here lies the corpse of Andrew Cowan, of Croft Angus, who died June 6, 1778, aged 70 years. And his son William lies beside him, who died the 1st of February, 1778, aged 17 years.

And his son John of honest fame,
Of stature small and a leg lame,
Content he was with portion small,
Kept shop in Wigtown, and that's all.
Died August 21st, 1778, aged 22 years.

In memory of the "Wigtown Martyrs":
Here lies Margaret Wilson, Daughter of Gilbert Wilson in Glenvarnoch, who was Drowned in 1778, aged 25 years.

Let earth and heaven witness beare
The death of a Virgin Martyr Here,
Martyr of our Church and Christ Supreme
Head of his Church and no more crime
But not a crime of blood.

And not a crime of blood,
They her condemned by unjust law,
Within the sea they'd to a stake,
She acted to have been a saint.

Was Lagg Strachan, Wigram, and Graham,
Neither young years nor yet old age
Could stop the fury of their rage.
—*London Spectator.*

HUMOR.

There are always fore feet in stock yards.

Most people like to feel stove up in cold weather.

ALLOPATHIC doctors consider drugs a physical necessity.

An exchange tells of a "wide-awake policeman." Had too much dinner, poor fellow!

The French way of spelling Stephen is, "E-t-i-e-n-n-e." The French are a brave people, but they can't spell worth a cent.

SOME of the coffee served nowadays is so weak that it looks shameful for the strong, active digestive organs to tackle the poor helpless thing.

"MAMMA," asked little Carrie, "can you tell me what part of heaven people live in who are good, but not agreeable?"—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

THE woods are gaunt, the fields are brown, and sorrow fills our cup,
For as the mercury goes down,
The price of coal goes up.
—*Boston Courier.*

TR: NAST is going to lecture. We breathe a fervent prayer that, for the sake of Mr. Nast's family, he will draw better than he has for the last year.—*Buffalo Express.*

A New York florist, in laying down bouquet regulations, remarks: "If you send a bouquet to adorn the house, it should be in a basket or a majolica vase, the latter having the advantage of being pretty to preserve after the flowers fade." He forgot to add that it should be sent in a herdic.

"Does not the practical joking of some of your scholars annoy you at times, Mr. Blackboard?" "Very much. I have always had an abhorrence of practical jokes in any form, but to some of the pranks played by the boys—such as placing bent pins in my chair, for instance—my dislike is particularly deep seated."—*New York Times.*

FAIR CALDER—You see, I wanted to work Mr. Chasuble a pair of slippers, and I thought you might lend me one of his old shoes to get his size. Curate's Landlady—Law, Miss! the shoes is all a given out four days ago, and it was only yesterday morning a lady as had heard his shoes was all bespoken, come here an imploring of me to let her measure the wet marks in the reverend gentleman's bathroom immediately he had gone out.

KENTUCKY LOVE LYRIC.
With one mad jump
A great big lump
Sprang up into his wizen;
A long me thrill
His soul did fill
As he wished that she was his'n.
She also cooed
In manner dazed,
Her heart 'twas love did burn;
She'd cheer him give
Her right to live
If he was on'y her'n.
—*Exchange.*

CAPPED THE CLIMAX: An Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American were discussing the merits of painters of their respective countries. The American, after listening to all the others had to advance in favor of their countrymen, remarked: "Wall, yes, I guess they did some tall painting; but there was a young fellow in our village, and he got a piece of marble and painted it like cork, and darn me if it didn't float."—*Augusta Chronicle.*

O, SAT can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What you failed to perceive at the twilight
last gleaming;
A cranky concern that through the lone night,
O'er the bed where you sleep, was so saucily
streaming?
The silk catches so fair,
Round, three-cornered, and square,
Give proof that the lunatic bed-quilt is
there.

O, the crazy-quilt manna triumphantly raves,
And the wife, and widow are bound as its
saves.

"SEE here, Mr. Man, I hear that you are flirting with my wife, and if you don't stop it I'll break your neck."
"Flirting with her wife! I'm neither flirting with her nor want to do so. I don't like her well enough for that."
"You don't? I'd like to know why you don't. She's just as nice a woman as there is in town, and I don't want you to be tellin' me that she hasn't got enough for you to like. You've got to like her just as well as any other woman, or I'll know why, and don't you forget it." The angry husband then walked away swearing vengeance because Mr. Man didn't like his wife. Some men can't be pleased any way.

DOT FUNNY LITTLE BABY.

Droo as I love! most every day
Lam my little to see day
Dat small young baby try to play,
Dot runny little baby!

Yen I look of dem little toes,
Und see dot funny little nos,
Und hear de vaw dot rooster crows,
I schmile like I was crazy!

He pulls my nose and kicks my hair,
Und crawls me over every where,
Und slobbers me, but vat I care?
Dat was my schmal young baby.

Around my neck dot little arm
Was squeezing me so nice und varm,
Oh, may de never come some harm
To dot schmal little baby!

—*Yakob Strauss.*

How to Make Her Perfectly Safe.

Every toboggan carries a lady, and there is just enough danger to make it delightfully exciting.

The lady takes her seat on the soft cushions, her feet firmly braced against the front piece, which curls over and covers them, her hands grasping the rail at either side, the body slightly thrown backward. All will go well if she does not move, but woe betide the girl that moves an inch to the right or left!

The steerer takes his place behind. His position is optional, but the general mode is to lie on the left side, propped on one arm with the right leg extended which is used for steering.

"Our invariable rule," said a friend, "is to hold on to your girl, and there are critical moments when a very tight hold is absolutely necessary."—*Harpers' Bazar.*

Both Told the Truth.

Smith and Jones were watching a prestidigitator performing a few tricks of legerdemain on the streets, when Jones exclaimed:

"Isn't it wonderful? I never saw the beat!"

"Pshaw!" said Smith, "you have seen the beat many a time."

"Ah, indeed? When?"

"When you shave."

"Yes, yes, so I do; but I can't help it, Smith. You shouldn't stand in front of my window when I am shaving if you don't want me to see you."—*Newman Independent.*

THE SILVER QUESTION.

President Cleveland's Recent Letter Elicits a Reply from the Friends of Silver Coinage.

An Earnest Protest Against the Position Assumed by Mr. Arthur's Successor.

[Associated Press dispatch from Washington.]
The silver question has been the first of the President's administration, and it is not inclined to make a formal reply to the letter of President-elect Cleveland, since it has been given to the public, decided at a conference held this evening to reply openly to those parts with which they do not agree. They say they did not invite a conference, but, on the contrary, were anxious to avoid it. They also say it was not until it had become known that a determined effort was being made to induce the President-elect to commit himself and his administration in advance to the gold side of the currency question that they decided merely to ask him not to commit himself until his Cabinet had been formed, and both sides of the question considered. They believe, however, in the independence of the legislative branch of the Government, and assert they will at all times maintain it. They furnish the following as a statement of their views:

In the letter no distinction is made between silver coinage and silver bullion, and it is true that the silver bullion, which is excluded from coinage and consequently from monetary use, is worth less in the ratio of 16 to 1 than 35 per cent of gold. Silver bullion, however, is admitted to monetary use the same as gold, and equal in value to gold coin. The silver dollar exchange for as much as a gold dollar. It will even buy the gold with which gold dollars may be made. France, with a population of 36,000,000, and territory not as extensive as the United States, has silver with \$360,000,000 gold, while we have but \$200,000,000 full-tender silver to over \$600,000,000 in gold. Altogether \$1,300,000,000 of silver bullion, at the rate of \$1.29 to the ounce, has a value of \$1,668,000,000. Of paper and silver together, the United States has \$1,668,000,000, while France has \$250,000,000, which shows that in this country there is more gold than paper, and nearly three times as much gold as silver. With this proportion of gold and silver, it is not difficult to understand why the Secretary of the Treasury might not, if he chose to do so, pay out more silver than gold, and still maintain the gold standard. The gold standard is not a matter of principle, but of expediency. It is not a matter of principle, but of expediency. It is not a matter of principle, but of expediency.

There would be no need for a legal tender if one who receives money be permitted to choose the kind he will have. That silver and silver certificates are valuable, and that they have the same effect on gold as much in silver or silver certificates. Why has it never been proposed to withdraw the national bank notes as certificates of value, and to issue silver certificates? The proposition that there now exist, or ever have existed under our Constitution, obligations specifically payable in gold, the silver men feel it their solemn duty to enter their protest. Gold and silver at rates fixed by Congress constitute a legal standard of value in this country, and neither Congress nor any State has authority to establish any other standard or to do so. This "One act to strengthen the public credit," approved March 18, 1869, solemnly pledged the United States to the payment of bonds in coin. The refunding act of July 14, 1870, provided for the payment of all refunding bonds in coin, of their present standard value, which is the same as the present value. The redemption act of Jan. 14, 1875, provides that from and after Jan. 1, 1875, the Secretary of the Treasury should redeem in coin the outstanding legal-tender notes. The act of March 3, 1879, provided for the redemption of the coinage of the standard dollar, the silver dollars were made legal tender for all debts and dues, public and private, unless specially provided otherwise. It was a public obligation outstanding, and never was, containing a stipulation of payment in gold. In January, 1890, Congress adopted the following concurrent resolution, offered by Stanley Matthews, then Senator, now on the Supreme bench:

That all bonds of the United States issued or authorized to be issued under the acts of Congress heretofore recited are payable, principal and interest, at the option of the holder, in coin of the United States, in silver dollars of the coinage of the United States, containing 412½ grains each of standard silver, and that to the extent of such silver coin as may be tendered, in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not in violation of the public faith, nor derogation of the rights of the public creditor.

The opinions of Secretaries of the Treasury from 1879 down are referred to as authority. The gold standard is a value which is supported by facts and sound reasons, but ought not to be controlled by these same Secretaries have steadily pressed the silver question in the opinion that it is most desirable to maintain and continue in use. The silver question is not a matter of principle, but of expediency. It is not a matter of principle, but of expediency. It is not a matter of principle, but of expediency.

It is believed, therefore, that no crisis as has been foreboded can overtake us under the existing conditions. It is not believed that the power of all the banks in the country, even if they were so disposed, to take the gold out of circulation and hold it for any longer time than a premium. They must first look up the world's money and arrest the world's commerce. Nor can paper or silver certificates now in circulation be redeemed for gold except gold. The gold can be expended only by forcing into circulation, in addition to \$750,000,000, either silver or paper. The entire volume of gold now in circulation is \$750,000,000, and the gold now in circulation is \$750,000,000, and the gold now in circulation is \$750,000,000.

It is doubtless true, too, that if the population of the United States were to be suddenly increased, the conditions of the country would be changed. In fact, in order to preserve a stable ratio between the money volume and the population and wealth in any increase, not less than \$100,000,000 of currency of some kind is now required. In other words, the increase of the population and wealth calls for an addition to the currency of at least \$100,000,000.

If, while these conditions continue, silver is coined at the rate only of \$23.00 to the ounce, there will be a considerable volume of silver coin in circulation. This silver coin will have increased in the country steadily since the act of 1875 was passed, and why gold has increased by nearly \$100,000,000 during the last year, and is now increasing at the rate of nearly \$1,500,000 a month, notwithstanding the depression of business in the country, and as a matter of fact there is to-day more gold in this country than there ever was before in its whole history. Another fact is that \$80,000,000 of gold in the treasury was put there in exchange for silver certificates.

The immediate effect of stopping the coinage of silver must necessarily be to lower the price of silver bullion and gradually to appreciate the value of gold the world over. The difficulties in the way of establishing an international ratio, so much desired, or of the readjustment of the relative value of gold here would thereby be increased. How it is possible for such things to take place as are predicted in the last paragraph of the letter is difficult to see. Gold is to be withdrawn to its hoarding places, followed by an unprecedented contraction in the actual volume of our currency. Such a contraction, it has been shown, must be followed by a great fall of prices. What then? Would not gold flow here as tides flow? Surely it would come as fast as ships could bring it. What would those who have been hoarding gold do with it? Labor, the letter says, already greatly depressed, would suffer from the depression by the scaling down of the purchasing power of every so-called dollar paid into the hand of toil. Here in one sentence we have gold hoarded, unprecedented con-

traction, fall of prices, and scaling down of the purchasing power of the dollar. That is, when these things are calculated in proper perspective, all becomes cheaper, and money becomes less valuable at the same time. That is, both sides of the balance go down together. Usually one side goes up and the other goes down; usually as commodities become cheaper money becomes relatively dearer and vice versa; usually a contraction of the money volume results in a rise in the value of money and not in a fall. The contradictions involved in this paragraph of the letter are hardly calculated to carry conviction to those who have ever studied the money questions at all, or to awaken in them any sense of alarm at our approaching calamities from such a course.

In one thing all will agree, and that is in the importance to the whole country, and especially to the laboring classes now struggling with want of the revival of business and of prosperity. The one condition essential to this is to stop the contraction of currency. No country ever did thrive, and never can, while its money was undergoing contraction. Business cannot be secure when its foundation is constantly giving way. Stability in the volume of money is the one essential to safe and prosperous business. What is the monetary condition of the world to-day? Are we not brought face to face with the startling fact that the gold production of the world is less than the consumption in the arts, and that there is no probability of any new gold for the money supply for centuries? What is the monetary condition of things as to gold? Shut off silver, as is now proposed, and where is the money supply, even for keeping up the stock of coin now in the hands of the public? Business from? As a result of this state of affairs in this country, the paper currency is undergoing contraction by the surrender of notes. If this state of things is to last, upon what is to build the hope of returning prosperity? In the last three years, according to the London *Economist*, prices have fallen more than 20 per cent.—that is, money has appreciated in that ratio. In the quarter century following the gold discoveries of California and Australia, the stock of precious metals in use as money was increased by nearly 40 per cent. The trade and commerce of Great Britain and the United States during the same period increased more than four fold, and wealth proportionately.

Reverse these conditions, shut off all money supply, and what room for hope is there for mankind, except for those who are sure? With the appreciation of money all debts appreciate. When it is remembered that such debts run into tens of billions—more than the entire present wealth of the United States—the vast consequences of the appreciation of money are seen. The control of feudal lords over the early middle ages was maintained by the vast consequences of the appreciation of money, and the control of modern creditor kings and lords, who, through legislation, can secure an increase in the value of money, can be shown to have taken advantage of the close of the war, and to have sold the cotton of the cotton in value to the entire interest-bearing debt in 1865, but it will take 35,000,000 bales of cotton to pay the whole debt in 1865. It will take 35,000,000 tons to pay what remains of the debt that has been paid as principal and interest.

In view of the vast interests involved the friends of silver did not think it too much to ask that the question of stopping the coinage of silver should not be separated from its relation to the whole currency question and acted upon by itself. The currency question was brought to the present time overshadowed by other questions, and all the friends of silver have asked that the President-elect should give it full consideration and hear both sides of the question, and his administration to any particular view respecting it.

NEARING THE END.

Malignant Cancer Rapidly Destroying the Life of Ulysses S. Grant.

[New York telegram.]
In regard to Gen. Grant's illness, Col. Frederick Grant said to a *Post* reporter this afternoon: "My father is a very sick man. There is no use in longer denying the fact. We have made every effort to keep him from the truth, but we cannot because we knew that, as soon as it should become known that he was dangerously ill, there would be hundreds of letters coming in with every mail, and that would only excite him and make his cure less hopeful. For any facts concerning the nature of his disease I refer you to his physicians. The doctors who are attending him are Dr. Fordyce Barker, Dr. J. H. Douglas, and Dr. H. B. Sands, of this city, and Dr. L. M. Merker, of Philadelphia."
Dr. Douglas said: "I am responsible for the most correct report that appeared in the *Medical Journal* last week. Two days before the report was published I had a conversation with Dr. Sands at Gen. Grant's house. As a result of the consultation we both decided that the cancerous growth at the root of the tongue was not a steadily growing worm, but a malignant epithelial growth. Gen. Grant is a very sick man, but he will live a little or no