

## MISERABLES IS BAD.

HUGO'S WORK DECLARED UNFIT FOR SCHOOL READING.

The Philadelphia Board of Education Wants None of It—Lovers of the Book Very Indignant—Two Conferences Favor Lay Representation.

## Jean Valjean Must Go.

Girls in the Philadelphia high schools must not read "Les Misérables" in hours. At least this morning's French class, Chairman Thomas G. Morton of a committee of the board of education declared he had read the book, and considered it improper for the reading of young ladies. Principal William D. Rorer of the girls' high school presented a list of text and supplementary reading books, in which the masterpiece of Victor Hugo was included. The committee listened to what Chairman Morton had to say, and what that struck the adventures of Jean Valjean from the list. Mr. Morton pointed out places in the English translations which were scarcely what he regarded as family reading, and assured the committee the text in the original French was decidedly more objectionable. He pointed out that Victor Hugo had drawn with a rather free hand the relations of men and women in the book called "Fantine," one of the books which make up that masterpiece of the French author, in which all the world knows as "Les Misérables." He ran rapidly through the romance which follows the fortunes of Valjean, and assured his conferees that it contained passages which could hardly be approved as an intellectual diversion for young women in school. "Les Misérables" has always been regarded as an essential in any well regulated library collection.

## EQUAL REPRESENTATION.

The Matter Acted Upon by Two Conferences.

Victory for the laymen marked the opening hour of one business session of the Rock River conference at Chicago. Soon after the ministers had been called to order in the Western Avenue Methodist Church Rev. P. H. Swift, secretary of the committee of five, made his report. It recommended the adoption of the proposition for a constitutional change granting equal representation in numbers of preachers and laymen at the Methodist general conference held every four years. This proposition was favored by a unanimous vote. In addition the conference passed the resolutions favoring the laity, which was also presented Monday by the laymen's association committee had been heard by the clergy. As the action was expected, it did not arouse very much enthusiasm, but the church members present, when the report was made and the action was taken, joined in hearty applause. At Dubuque, Iowa, by a vote of 141 to 8 the Upper Iowa Methodist Episcopal conference declared for the proposition to increase the lay representation at the quadrennial general conference.

## PAYS WITH A PISTOL.

Kansas Farmer Resorts to Extreme Measures to Lift a Mortgage.

Frederick Brown, who owns a 100-acre farm ten miles west of Eldorado, Kan., raised a big wheat crop this year, more than enough to lift the \$1,500 mortgage that he had been forced to put on his place. He stepped into the Farmers and Merchants' National Bank and told the cashier that he wanted to pay off a \$1,500 mortgage on his farm. The cashier finding that it was a wheat crop, he refused to take the money and said: "I am going to pay that mortgage to-day." The cashier canceled the mortgage, delivered up the document to Mr. Brown and took the money.

## Fatal Battle in Idaho.

News just received from Long Valley, Idaho, says that there has been a battle between the settlers and the shepherds, in which three men were killed and one dangerously wounded. Details are meager, but it seems that fifteen of the settlers warned the shepherds to leave the valley and when they refused, made an attack upon the sheep camp. Thirty shots were fired by the settlers, and a man named Barber was wounded. The shepherds then returned the fire, killing three of the settlers. The rest of the attacking party fled. It is thought that Barber was killed.

## Train Robbers Convicted.

George Jackson and Charles Williams, who held up an Oregon Railway and Navigation Company passenger train near Portland, have been found guilty of highway robbery. Jackson pleaded guilty and Williams was found guilty by a jury.

## Miss Clara Barton Returns.

Miss Clara Barton, president of the Red Cross, who recently went abroad to attend the annual conference of the order, has arrived in New York from Havre.

## New Turkish Minister.

The State Department at Washington has received word that Ali Pasha Bey has been appointed Turkish Minister to the United States, to succeed Mustapha Bey.

## Unveils Vanderbilt Statue.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew delivered the oration at the unveiling of the statue of Commodore Vanderbilt at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

## Confesses to Eight Murders.

A shepherd named Vachon has been arrested at Bellefleur, Department Ain, forty-four miles from Lyons, France, charged with committing a series of so-called Jack-the-Ripper murders. He has confessed to killing three shepherds, three girls and two old women.

## Big Gold Strike in Colorado.

A great strike is reported near the Rev. mine tunnel on Mount Sneffels, in Ouray County, Colorado. Tests run as high as \$200,000 to the ton and \$1,000 has been taken out of two cubic feet of rock.

## Minister to Bolivia.

President McKinley has appointed George H. Bridgman of New York minister to Bolivia. Ambrose W. Naulin was appointed collector of internal revenue for the sixth district of Indiana. David W. Henry was appointed collector of internal revenue for the seventh district of Indiana.

## Artificial Respiration.

A girl in the St. Paul Hospital is being kept alive by artificial respiration produced by attendants constantly working her arms. The patient is suffering from Laury's paralysis, and the physicians think there is a chance for her recovery.



## AT LOVE'S COMMAND.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

Christmas and the opening of the new year passed. February came in mild and bright, bringing with it an odor of sweet violets and a gleam of snowdrops; but his beauty was all lost upon Peter Lennox. He must have suffered greatly, for he had grown thin and pale. He was not like the man who during the year preceding had been the proud head of one of the finest establishments in London.

Mrs. Carew had been away during the winter months. She had returned in the spring, for which season she had a peculiar liking. But Mrs. Carew did not seem to enjoy the season as she usually did. There were whole days when she paced up and down the garden path, thinking deeply, as one who had a problem to solve. She had lost somewhat of her bright expression. It was plain that there was a struggle going on in her mind.

"I used to think," she said to herself one morning, "that human life was a jest. It seems to me that in what has passed of mine I have had the roses, and now must prepare for the thorns."

Her son Beltran came down to spend his Sunday with her. The bright, graceful artist, the changeable, lovable, vivacious woman, the sensitive, gifted genius, loved her son better than the whole world. She was proud of him, she gloried in his bright, strong manhood. She gloried in his talents and his goodness.

He looked pale and wan. He had the air of one who had worked hard not only during the day, but far into the night, when he should have slept. His mother taxed him with it, and he told the truth. "For some time he had worked nearly twenty hours out of twenty-four."

"Why not pay for assistance, and save yourself?" his mother asked.

"Because I want every shilling, mother, that I can earn," he replied. "I have not one to spare."

Her bright, gleaming face clouded.

"Why do you want money so, Beltran?" she asked.

"To marry, mother," he answered. "I want a pretty home for my darling. She does not hurry me about it; she would be willing to wait, for years; but I am anxious about her."

"Why?" she asked again. "Do you doubt her?"

"Doubt her, my dearest mother?" he cried. "I would just as soon doubt heaven! There are few so loyal or true as she. It is not that; but Lady Ailsa is not strong, you know, and Beatrice tells me how anxious she is for me."

"Does that cross, stern old man still hold out, then?" asked Mrs. Carew. "Does he show no signs of relenting?"

"No, and never will. We do not speak about him. His money and his land are forgotten. We never think of him when we make our plans. Only one thing troubles us, mother. Beatrice has shown such truth and fidelity; for love of me she has declined to be Duchess of Heathland; for love of me she has lost one of the largest fortunes in England. No man living loves less for money than I do, but I wish—how I wish—that I had a fortune for her sake. Work as I will, it must be many years before my income will be more than moderate. Oh, mother, if I had but a reasonable rent roll, I should be the happiest man in the world!"

"Why?" she asked again. "Does Beatrice not care for wealth?" observed Mrs. Carew.

"Nor does she, mother. At the same time I wish with all my heart that I had it to give her. Of course it can never be, but I should have liked to go to her and say: 'You gave up everything for me, my darling, now it is in my power to repay you.'"

"Would that make you very happy?" she asked, musingly.

"Yes, very happy," he replied.

"I will think the matter over, Beltran."

"What good will thinking do, mother?" he asked. "Father would forget it and do not mind my troubles."

"You would really be the happiest man in the world if you had wealth, Beltran?" she interrupted.

"Yes, I should indeed. But, mother, do not think that I am complaining. The man who inherits one is greater than the man who inherits one. I must work hard, study hard, and save my money."

She looked at him wistfully.

"You must not work by night and day," she said. "That will not do, Beltran, if I could give you wealth and did not, you would consider me very cruel, I suppose."

"I should indeed," he laughed. "But, as that is not the case, I consider you very kind."

And Mrs. Carew turned away when she heard the words.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Mrs. Carew had many long fits of musing after that conversation. She saw that her son loved his beautiful fiancée so dearly that he would wear his life away in trying to surround her with luxuries. She thought of it by day and by night. Her work was at a standstill, her whole time was spent in thinking. The result was a note addressed to her son.

"My dear Beltran—I must go to Strathnam; and it will save trouble if you will go with me. Make arrangements for the journey, and meet me at the train."

The astonishment of Beltran Carew when he read his mother's note was equalled only by his surprise at what he heard when he reached Strathnam. He went at once to his mother, and his first question was:

"Why are you going to Strathnam, mother? What can you possibly want there?"

"My dear Beltran, I have a story to tell; and, as I do not care to tell it twice over, you shall hear it there."

Nor could he win one word more from her. They started the next day, and during the whole journey he thought his mother strangely unlike herself. She laughed and cried. She was in the wild of spirits, and there was a gleam of mischief in her eyes. In the same breath she described herself as happy and miserable.

They reached Strathnam in the dull twilight of a full spring day. Mrs. Carew looked around with sympathetic eyes.

"How terribly dull it is here!" she said. "Is it possible that Miss Lennox has been

shut up in this place? Why, Beltran, it is a ruin, not a house."

Margaret Macpherson opened the door, and looked up in surprise on seeing Mrs. Carew and a lady.

"Right glad to see you, sir," said the old servant, "for the ladies are but dull; they do not expect you, though, and Lady Lennox is ailing. I will fetch Miss Lennox, for my lady must not be taken by surprise."

"That will be best," remarked Mrs. Carew; and in another moment Beatrice, looking lovelier than ever, stood before them.

She uttered no cry, but her face grew deadly pale when she saw Beltran and his mother. He kissed the pale face until the color returned in a burning flush; and then Mrs. Carew kissed her. Beatrice looked from one to the other.

"There is nothing wrong, I know," she said, "or you would not laugh; but why come to this miserable place, where no one can be properly received?"

"We are here," replied Mrs. Carew, "because I have a story to tell you."

"A story?" repeated Beatrice, wondering.

"Yes, a story—one that you do not dream of, or suspect—a story that concerns both you and Beltran, though it is but another record of the instability of women and the stupidity of men."

"Beltran is not stupid," laughed Beatrice; "you may say what you like about other men, but you must make him the exception."

"Of course," said Mrs. Carew. "And now, Beatrice, if your mother is weak and unwell, will you prepare her to see us? We shall not remain long; so do not distress yourself by thinking of our entertainment. I have ordered the carriage to return in three hours; then we depart."

There was an air of natural command about Mrs. Carew which no one ever thought of resisting. Beatrice went to prepare her mother to receive their visitors. Lady Ailsa clung to her daughter's hand.

"Is there anything wrong, Trixie?" she asked. "It seems so strange, my dear. Can your uncle be ill, do you think?"

"I do not think so, mamma. I feel that there is some good fortune in store for us. Mrs. Carew looked as though there was."

Then Mrs. Carew entered the room. She went up briskly to Lady Ailsa and kissed her as she lay on the couch.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"Do not disturb yourself, dear Lady Ailsa," said Mrs. Carew. "I am come only to recite a short history to you, and when I have done so, I shall go away. Pray do not move. I will sit here by your side. Beltran, my dear, I should feel easier if your hand were in mine."

He went at once to his mother's side and took her hand; then, while all three looked at her in silence, her face changed slightly, the color varied. She looked half shyly, half boldly at them as she began:

"I was never quite like other women, dear Lady Ailsa; I lacked their prudence and their calculating wisdom. I have greater failings, but I think, also greater virtues and greater genius. If you look upon me as you would upon other women—you will never understand me, and there will be a terrible misconception. My name, you see, I am beating at the beginning—was Grace, Carew, and Beatrice, looking at her lover, wondered why his face flushed and his lips quivered with sharpest pain.

Lady Ailsa raised her head and listened with a great show of attention. Mrs. Carew smiled, and nodded at her son.

"I know what you are thinking of, Beltran," she said. "You must listen patiently. My father was not an artist," she continued, "nor can I tell you whence I have my love of color; my passion for art certainly came not from him. He was a doctor, but a never-do-well. I cannot remember that I ever saw him in one town or city more than two years. He was very clever—wonderfully clever—but he was anything but steady. He would write a treatise that would set the faculty at loggerheads, and then foolishly spend the proceeds. You must understand that this erraticism of his did not in the least interfere with my education. I was kept in a fashionable school in New York until I reached my sixteenth year, and then my father sent me a letter asking me if I would like to go to Peru with him. We went to Peru together, and there I met my fate."

"I wish for your sake," continued Mrs. Carew, "that I had a picturesque love story to tell you. Unfortunately, mine was a most commonplace woe. We did not take a home at Lima—the city in Peru where my father hoped to do so well—but we lived at a large hotel there, and there also lived an Englishman, a young man, stern and cold, but reputed to be rich. At that time I was very enthusiastic about art. I began to receive a decided talent for sketching faces. My father was delighted about it, and said that if I could have lessons from a good master I should make plenty of money afterward. He had no money to pay the master, but the stern, silent young Englishman offered it to him as a loan—only as a loan—to be repaid when I had finished my course of lessons."

"I do not want to trouble you with a lot of details; but my father was pleased that I should be able to earn money. He was grateful to the young Englishman, and asked him to dine with us; and when the first reserve was broken down by my father and his young benefactor became great friends. His character had a wonderful charm for the young Englishman. After a time he grew quite at home with us; he liked to spend his evenings in our rooms; he talked a great deal to me, and I was so young, so blithe of spirit, so happy in my art that I talked gaily enough to him."

"I never thought seriously about him, but suddenly he asked me to marry him. I was utterly indifferent. My only answer to him was that I had no time to think of getting married. He must have gone to my father at once, for presently he sent for me and said that he had been informed of the offer made to me, and that he thought I should do well to accept it."

Mrs. Carew paused for a few minutes, and an expression of sadness came over the bright, changing face.

"I make no excuses for myself," she continued. "I was not persuaded or threatened. My father treated the whole matter half as a jest, half as a business agreement of a most satisfactory nature. We settled between us that I should marry the young Englishman. I made but one stipulation, and that was that after my marriage I should still be allowed to pursue my art education. The grave young Englishman agreed, and then it was supposed that all difficulty was removed. The Englishman took a handsome house in Lima."

"Listen, Lady Ailsa—you who feel so tenderly for your daughter. I was just seventeen, without the least notion of what I was undertaking, when I married. I was ignorant of the sentimental as of the practical side of the matter; and I never seemed to realize my obligations until I found myself a wife, without knowing what the duties of a wife were. I have never been constant to one set of opinions for many days. With a true, tender, constant love I have never loved but one object; and that it was Beltran, so, Lady Ailsa, I married; and the name of the Englishman I married was Peter Lennox."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst there could not have been a greater expression of surprise. Lady Ailsa repeated the name. Beatrice cried aloud:

"Are you 'the mystery' that has shadowed all my life?"

Then Beltran rose suddenly, and with a white, startled face confronted his mother.

"Lennox?" he repeated, with an air of incredulity. "Oh, mother, is this a jest?"

"My dear Beltran," she replied, calmly, "all things considered, I wish that it were a jest—perhaps not for your sake, but for my own. I do not most certainly. Unfortunately, I have said is true."

"My Uncle Lennox your husband?" cried Beatrice. "Is it possible that the story can be anything but fiction?"

"It is no fiction," replied Mrs. Carew. "I cannot believe such a recital," cried Beatrice—"it is too wonderful to be true." (To be continued.)

continued. "I was not persuaded or threatened. My father treated the whole matter half as a jest, half as a business agreement of a most satisfactory nature. We settled between us that I should marry the young Englishman. I made but one stipulation, and that was that after my marriage I should still be allowed to pursue my art education. The grave young Englishman agreed, and then it was supposed that all difficulty was removed. The Englishman took a handsome house in Lima."

"Listen, Lady Ailsa—you who feel so tenderly for your daughter. I was just seventeen, without the least notion of what I was undertaking, when I married. I was ignorant of the sentimental as of the practical side of the matter; and I never seemed to realize my obligations until I found myself a wife, without knowing what the duties of a wife were. I have never been constant to one set of opinions for many days. With a true, tender, constant love I have never loved but one object; and that it was Beltran, so, Lady Ailsa, I married; and the name of the Englishman I married was Peter Lennox."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst there could not have been a greater expression of surprise. Lady Ailsa repeated the name. Beatrice cried aloud:

"Are you 'the mystery' that has shadowed all my life?"

Then Beltran rose suddenly, and with a white, startled face confronted his mother.

"Lennox?" he repeated, with an air of incredulity. "Oh, mother, is this a jest?"

"My dear Beltran," she replied, calmly, "all things considered, I wish that it were a jest—perhaps not for your sake, but for my own. I do not most certainly. Unfortunately, I have said is true."

"My Uncle Lennox your husband?" cried Beatrice. "Is it possible that the story can be anything but fiction?"

"It is no fiction," replied Mrs. Carew. "I cannot believe such a recital," cried Beatrice—"it is too wonderful to be true." (To be continued.)

Overrid the Business.

"With a little more horse sense I might have been Governor of a great State once," laughed a man who is so thoroughly out of politics that he usually forgets to vote. "I was popular at home, was widely known, had held several minor offices and had my eye on the presidency. I was a bachelor, well off and thought mighty highly of myself."

"When nominated for the governorship I started right out to help do my own campaigning. We decided to clean up the country districts first and mass our forces on the big cities at the finish. My first date was at Millsdale. I called upon several of the local leaders, not forgetting to dandle the babies and vowe that each was the handsomest little thing I had seen in many a day. When I came to speak there was a goodly sprinkling of rural maidens in the audience. I threw all the admiration possible into my features, admitted the solitude of a bachelor's existence and vowed that the reason I had never married was because I had never been to Millsdale before. There was great hilarity, and it was evident that I had made a hit. I had captured the girls, and each one of them could control at least a single vote."

"But it was such a good thing that I decided to push it along. In every village and hamlet where I went I made the same assertion and secured the same evidence of approval. But there came the day of judgment. My opponents got hold of what I had done. They told the story from the stump and through the press, charging me with insincerity toward the tender sex, and toward every else, for that matter. It became notorious that I had said the same thing to all babies and all lasses. The mothers and the girls were against me 'to a man,' and I was lost under a landslide, though the remainder of the ticket won. I quit politics and the State."—Detroit Free Press.

Unnecessary Heroism.

One of those ridiculous situations which at the time bring the cold sweat out on a man's brow, and ever after remains with him as a source of mirth, occurred to a Shelton merchant a few days ago. He thought he would take a bath, and as his flat is minus one of the chief requisites for the job—a bath tub—he extemporized one out of a small washtub and enjoyed a cooling ablution.

He had just concluded and stepped from the tub for the towel when suddenly the top hoop burst with a sharp report, and the man saw to his horror that the whole contents of the tub would soon be flooding the floor. At the same moment he thought of the store beneath and the amount of damage the water would do if it ran down through the ceiling. He was a man of quick thought, and in a moment he did the only thing possible—threw himself down beside the tub, and clapping his arms around it, held the already fast swirling staves together. He was successful in keeping the water in, but what a situation. He dared not yell, for he was hardly in a condition to receive callers, especially as he knew that all in the block at the time were of the gentler sex, and he realized at once that the only thing left for him was to stay in that position until the return of his wife, who was out on a shopping expedition.

Like the boy who saved Holland, he manfully remained in his most uncomfortable position until relief in the shape of his wife appeared. Then, to escape the climax, when he asked her to get a rope and an old thing to tie about the tub or, after a long fit of uncontrolled laughter, asked him why he didn't carry tub and contents out to the stink room and pour out the water. With a look that froze the smile on her face he did as she said, and without a word donned his clothing and wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, a crushed and humiliated man.

A strong solution of potash should be often used in rinsing out the kitchen sink. It is excellent for dispelling the grease, which has such a mysterious affinity for the waste pipes, and will save many a plumber's bill if rightly employed.



## SILVER THE VITAL ISSUE

The Democracy of Ohio has roused itself to meet the situation and, taking a look westward toward Iowa and Nebraska, has begun a vigorous campaign on the currency question.

The financial issue is not to be ignored, and the Democratic candidate for Governor, Horace L. Chapman, has ignored all minor issues and is urging the importance of the unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. The purpose of the Republican party is not only to destroy silver money, but to put in its place rag money issued by the banks and secured by the assets of those institutions.

The Cincinnati Enquirer is outspoken in its advocacy of the silver cause, and discloses the plots of the gold clique as follows: "The purposes of the Republican leaders, if they shall succeed in all they hope to do at the elections this year and next, are not set forth in their platforms, their newspapers or in the speeches of their campaigners. All the facts, though, point to the intention to destroy the greenbacks. The president's message advising the creation of a monetary commission had that end in view, and the present irresponsible monetary commission is organized for the same purpose."

It is not good politics for Democrats to ignore these facts. The Republicans should be forced to place themselves on record before the people in every political contest. They wish to evade the question, but when crowded into a corner dare not deny the charge for fear of offending the money power, whose tools they are. Democratic success in 1898 and in 1900 depends on keeping national issues before the people and in compelling the advocates of gold to fight in the open and to show the full enormity of the crime against the masses which they are plotting. Bimetallism is gaining ground every day, the success of Democracy is assured if this vital issue is kept constantly in view.

"Forty-Cent Dollars."

Special pleaders for the gold clique continually harp on one string. They sing the song of a "40-cent dollar," and they can invent no variations on the theme.

The bullion value of silver which gives the excuse for talking about 40-cent dollars is the result of special legislation against the metal, just as dollar wheat is the result of special providential conditions. Give silver the protection which it had under the law up to 1873 and the bullion value would rise until it equaled the coinage value.

History proves this contention if it proves anything. During all the years when silver was given mint privileges equal with its gold its bullion value and its coinage value were practically equal. Whenever the mints have been closed to the coinage of silver the bullion has fallen in price. Whenever anything has been done that looked toward an enlarged use of silver as money, the bullion price has risen. Even the slight concession granted recently by the Bank of England in announcing that it would hold one-fifth of its reserves in silver has resulted in a rise in the price of bullion to the amount of seven cents on the ounce.

For eighty years up to 1874 the bullion value of silver was equal to the coinage value. As soon as it became apparent that the coinage of silver had been restricted, the bullion price began to drop. In 1890 there was a movement which promised a restoration of coinage rights, and silver bullion rose to \$1.20 an ounce, lacking only 9 cents of a parity with gold at the ratio of 16 to 1. It is evident that unlimited coinage of silver would result in a bullion price of \$1.29 per ounce, and the 40-cent dollar would cease to exist.

## What Hanna Is Fighting For.

Mark Hanna is probably not fighting for his political life in Ohio this year, but the result of the election there is of the most serious importance, not only to himself, but to all his "chums" who are now exercising power and drawing fat salaries from both the State and the national treasury. To him defeat means the vacation of the seat in the United States Senate, which he obtained by playing on poor, decrepit John Sherman's vanity. To the others it means loss of income and influence for a long time to come, and to the Republican party of the country it will also mean the certainty of a grand beating in the Congressional struggle next year, and a worse one in that for the Presidency three years hence.

Hanna's experience in politics, measured by years, is limited. He is a manufacturer, and a speculator in other men's labor, who has gotten very rich by means of the help furnished him by the Government in the shape of favorable tariff laws. He has found it exceedingly profitable to be hand and glove with the legislators at Washington who dispense fortunes under the name of "protection," and so long as he felt that he had made a fight for what favors he wanted he was content to keep in the background. His success in the election of McKinley last year has led him to suppose that he can now take his ease and pose as a statesman.

If the Democracy should carry Ohio next November Hanna's dreams of the immediate future at least, will be sadly disturbed. The Senatorial seat which he obtained by means of what nobody who knows the facts will hesitate to call a "dirty trick" will have to be given up to another, and "defeat" will be written in large letters all over the Republican slate for a long time to come.

## Cheap Money.

The gold organs, says the Atlanta Constitution, are carefully avoiding a discussion that relates to the cheap and depreciated gold dollar which we now have with us. They admit that it is bringing prosperity, but they will not discuss the facts behind it.

Well, we are happier over the prospects of prosperity than any of the gold organs, for they have declared that higher prices—that is to say, depreciated

money—would be hurtful to the interests of the workingman, but we are not too happy to reason about the facts of the case. Here are some of them:

With respect to wheat, we have what may be termed a 60-cent dollar—that is to say, while a farmer had to pay a bushel and a half of wheat for a dollar a few weeks ago, he can now buy the same dollar in New York City with one bushel.

With respect to wool, we have a 50-cent dollar—that is to say, the farmer who was compelled to give a certain quantity of wool for a dollar can now buy the same dollars in the open market for half the quantity necessary a while ago.

But this is not all. We have a depreciated currency with respect to corn, oats and other farm products. We have "cheap" and therefore "unsound" money with respect to stocks and other securities.

And behold, this depreciated money, instead of plunging the country in ruin, is actually bringing prosperity! The gold organs not only admit it, but insist on it. And yet this is precisely what the Democrats said would happen if we could get higher prices—which is another name for cheaper money. It is an object lesson not likely to be lost on the people.

Encroachment of the Judiciary.

"Resist the beginnings." Herein lies the only safeguard against tyrannical rule. Especially is this true with