

THE MIND AND TRUTH.

Give me the mind of man or maid,
Intelligent enough to know
That seeds of truth, wherever laid,
Must have their time for fruit to grow.

The while the winter rages round,
Only a wilderness is seen:
In early spring, above the ground,
There comes the trophet speak of green.

Through busy days and silent nights,
Through frost and sleet and sun and rain,
Through disappointment, grief and sighs,
We see mature the yellow grain.

First is the blade and then the ear,
And then the full and ripened corn;
And thus goes on the wondrous year,
Since man to time and truth was born.

I know not how our divine thought
May like the whetstone glories be,
Yet somehow, all as it is wrought,
As branches in the spreading tree.

It gives us gladness truth to seek,
Our wages thus to manifold care,
And in our broken words to speak
The happy harvests we discern.

So wisdom shows itself as ours,
And diligent to aid and bless,
We see the wheat amid the flowers,
We see the weeds have happiness.

For so from less we reach the more,
While centuries but as moments seem;
The ages give their growing store,
Fulfilling love's immortal dream.

And we amid the garden stand,
Or wander in the fields so fair,
To find our earth is Holy Land,
And God and goodness everywhere.

—William Bruntton.



CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

For the first time Kathleen looked full into his face. Let it be forgiven her when recorded that the curious complexity which we call a woman's heart throbbled strangely. No woman was ever really the lover of two men at the same time; but many a woman has believed that she could have loved (and passionately and truly loved) some man whom she has known while still loving the object of her first allegiance. Perhaps it was this way with Kathleen; perhaps the fact of Clairmont's great rank wrought with her more than she would have wished to tell. Women are shaped from self-contradictions, not because they will some day be scientifically disclosed, no doubt, that they are strong where men are weak and weak where men are strong, but because millions of years have lapsed in which they have served as slaves to the alleged lords of creation. Yet is this, after all, a true philosophic view of things, and is not a stern wrong done to Kathleen, when we assert of her that she felt one whit more disarrayed than a like environment would have rendered one of the other sex, this nearness of sovereignty being feminine, not masculine? Few men in history do not err, have resisted the blandishments of queens. And Clairmont, if he dealt in no blandishments, bore himself at all times with that magnetic demeanor which would have made his greatness quite secondary in the eyes of not a few women, on whom he might have chosen benignly to beam.

Lightly he now pursued, with his gaze fixed upon Kathleen's face in a way that somehow belied the levity of his words: "Oh yes, the weather here is my only rebel and my only traitor. I've an idea about it; I've decided that it is only endurable when we don't think of discussing it. Am I not right, and do we not respect it most when, like Caesar's wife, it is above suspicion?"

Laughing, enjoying the pleasant, Kathleen threw back her head. Now for the first time had she a moment of real, vivid social distraction.

"I resent this rebellion, monsieur," she said, "on the part of your Saltravian weather. Still, as yet, I've no personal grudge against it. When a rainy day comes I shall ask you to give me some preliminary edict, that I may read it to the insurgent elements, signed with your royal seal."

"Have you as much faith in my power as that, mademoiselle?" he asked, drawing closer to her. "I assure you I am a very small sort of king."

"You're the first that I've ever met," she answered, gathering boldness. "If they are all like you, monsieur, I shouldn't be afraid to meet any of them—not even the tsar of Russia."

"Russia?" he said, his sunny face clouding a little. "Do you care for that country?"

"It's romantic to us who do not know it. It's so far away, monsieur, and so—"

"Barbarous," he replied, a little harshly. "Yes, being the most uncivilized of European countries, Russia is hence the most romantic. Her very patronymics, with their 'bristling' thickets of consonants, seem like hairs for the imps of assassination; and one need only hear the words 'Mascov' and 'Odessa' and 'Volga' to feel as if one had been assisting at a conspiracy of nihilists."

He ended these words almost sternly, but at once his face lightened and his voice grew kind.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," he pursued. "I try to be without rancors. Usually I succeed in showing none. Of all times this is the last when I should remember them. Shall I tell you why?"

"If you wish, monsieur?"

"Then my reason is this: That I read in your face, in your manner—will you pardon me for saying so?—the evidence of a sorrow which does not consort with your unquestionable youth, and—will you still pardon me?—with your very extraordinary beauty."

"A sorrow?" faltered Kathleen, drooping her eyes. Then, in another minute, she lifted her gaze and said firmly: "You are right, monsieur. I have a sorrow—a great sorrow."

For what seemed to Kathleen a strangely long time there was silence between herself and the king. She waited for him to speak, and at last he did so, in a voice full of somber repressions.

"If it were a sorrow that I could lighten, or in any way appease, mademoiselle, I would so gladly do my best to help you."

Once more their eyes met, and Kathleen's lips trembled.

"You—you are so good!" she hesitated. Then a flood of memory swept over her and she continued: "We only came here, mamma and I, for a short visit. We are going to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow. We are going to—"

"Going?" shot in Clairmont, with an intonation that was at once flattery and reproach.

"Yes, monsieur, to Vallambrosa."

"To-morrow?" he gave an impatient frown and tossed his head. Then, as if a desire to control undue overplus of ardor, he went on: "May I not induce you to change your mind, mademoiselle? May I not induce you? And for an instant he touched her wrist with his hand."

Kathleen shook her head. "Ah! monsieur," she murmured, "you will be good and not try to persuade us."

"Us!" he echoed. "Ah—your mother! I had forgotten her. And you, mademoiselle? You are bent on leaving Saltravia?" His face had flushed and his gray eyes had kindled. "You must stay for a little while yet. You must stay!"

Kathleen smiled. "Is that a royal command?" she asked. "They tell me I must not remind you that you are a king; and yet—"

"Ah!" he cried, softly. "I will remind you, mademoiselle, that I am not only a king but a tyrant!"

"Monsieur?"

"Yes, yes, I mean it! And he threw his walking stick into the air with a grand show of semi-genial vehemence. "I tell you that I will not have it. Now you have reminded me that I am a king, you shall feel my power. I will defy your country—America, is it not?"

"Yes and no, America and England, both together, monsieur, for I was born—"

"Enough." And he waved his walking stick once again. "I will defy America and England both. Luckily Saltravia is an inland kingdom, and they can't come with ironclads to get you until—"

He paused and looked intently at her, smiling, and yet with a sudden dubious, undecided gleam in his liquid eyes.

"Until?" said Kathleen, secretly excited, with a lovely rose at full bloom in either cheek.



"Until I have opened the ball with you at the palace next Thursday. It's against precedent. It will shock certain people. It will immensely shock my mother, the princess of Brindisi. But I vow to you that I shall not dance the first quadrille, that all the duchesses and archduchesses and princesses must do without me, provided you refuse this little request of mine. Now, will you refuse, or will you be kind and consent?"

She saw that he was greatly excited. She realized that unwittingly he had captivated him, a young man of about her own age and full as was she herself with the power to love, even to worship. She could not, as a woman, fail to understand the tremendous honor that he paid her. For a moment she forgot Alonzo. This man was a king, and womanlike she forgot the man she loved better than throngs of kings.

"Will you consent?" he persisted, and she scanned his face, thinking how manifold, how noble he looked. How every inch royal.

"Yes, monsieur," she answered, knowing well the exultant delight of her mother on learning of this brilliant honor, no matter what might be the stern disapprobation of the court.

Just then her mother's voice broke upon her ear. She started, half because the sound was not further away and half because it jarred so on her new pleasure mood.

"My dear Kathleen," her mother began.

"But it was too late. Eric, slipping away from two or three ladies with whom he had been at odds in some gay argument, darted forward, but he also found that it was too late.

"Lonz," he said, catching his friend by the arm.

"But Alonzo, who had arrived from Munich a day or two earlier than he had himself expected to come, pressed forward, seeing the king and never dreaming of whom else he was destined to see. He had secured two or three really superb pictures in the Bavarian capital, and was anxious to tell Clairmont of this treasure. As he reached the king's presence, however, he abruptly perceived the truth and recoiled, growing pale."

Clairmont noticed nothing, however. Kathleen thoroughly controlled herself, as did her mother. In a way they were both prepared for the meeting.

"My friend," said the king, extending to Alonzo his hand. "You have returned sooner than I expected." Then there was a pause, after which Clairmont, with all his accustomed graciousness, continued:

"Let me present you, Lispenard, to these ladies, who are, I believe, your countrywomen."

And at that point Alonzo quite lost his head. It seemed to himself after-

ward, that while hurrying away he must have fallen there on the terrace before the palace, if Eric's arm had not strongly thrust itself within his own, and perhaps, too, if Eric's voice had not harshly burst upon his ringing brain.

"Lonz! Lonz!" this voice called to him. "You're disgracing yourself before the king."

"I can't help it. Let me get away."

"Lonz!—Oh, very well, we're both getting away, it strikes me, as fast as we're able—look here, now, Lonz, if I'd known you were coming—"

"Yes, Eric, I understand. Come right on. When we're at home we can talk it over."

At home they did talk it over. When Alonzo had heard everything, and when his mood was thoroughly calmed, he said, with a kind of dogged dullness, to Eric:

"I suppose it's all up with me. I might as well send in my resignation at once."

"Nonsense," replied Eric.

"What I did, you know, was a great breach of etiquette."

"The king isn't a slave to etiquette."

"Still, I rushed off at scandalous haste. What could you do? Write him a letter and confess everything?"

"Yes," Eric said, after a reflective pause. "That's precisely what I would do, my dear friend. And if you want him to sympathize with you, be as truthful as you can manage."

"What do you mean, Eric?"

"Don't let the full facts transpire. Don't tell Clairmont how badly you behaved to that poor girl."

"Ah, you will have it that I behaved badly!" said Alonzo, as he quitted the room to write his proposed letter.

It was now almost dark, and dinner would be served at eight. Alonzo lighted the studio and then seated himself at his writing desk. The words were slow in coming; he felt the excessive awkwardness of this placating epistle, and yet did he not owe it to Clairmont, his master, his benefactor, his protector? Would not silence in him be childish at such a time as this?

Suddenly a certain thought crossed his mind, and he rose, flinging his pen aside. In one corner of the room stood his easel, draped. He drew back its



covering and looked at the canvas thus revealed. It was the picture of Kathleen.

Just before leaving for Munich he had given the portrait what he felt were his absolutely final touches. He had not known then how good it was—how definitely and vitally the witching head bloomed forth from shadow. Yes, Eric had been right. His powers were of the slow and brooding sort; they were like those of the poet who must "beat his music out" in travail of self distrust. But here was plainly a masterpiece, nevertheless. And yet, as he watched this perfect portraiture of a woman whom he still hungrily loved, though she was lost to him forever, a sense of the terrible irony of such a picture pierced him to the soul. The very excellence of its art would be an incessant jeer. Why had he not foreseen this? An abrupt desire to ruin the picture now swept down upon him, oddly blended with the egotism of the creator, an element always potent in every true artist's mind. He actually seized his palette knife and stood undecided as to whether he should rip the work into tatters or spare it for future hours of mingled happiness and grief.

While he thus hesitated, a knock sounded at the studio door. "Come in," he said, startled, casting the palette knife on the floor, and turning to meet, as he supposed, Eric Thaxter.

"But it was not Eric. To his very great consternation, it was the king."

Clairmont seemed repose itself. "You must pardon me," he said, "for intruding upon you like this. No doubt I bore you horribly. I do not? That is pleasant to hear. Pray let me take this chair, and you—will you have the kindness to sit near me? That is right. I wanted to stretch out my hand to you and clasp it for a moment—like that. You see, I am certain you are very unhappy, and when my friends are unhappy I am always full of sympathy for them."

The king's hand was pressing his own while Alonzo, with drooped eyes, miserably murmured:

"Oh, monsieur, I have behaved with an immense vulgarity!"

"Vulgarity?" said Clairmont, in a musing voice, which had the effect of giving his listener a chance to escape from the toils of embarrassment, just as the young sovereign's marvelous tact had no doubt suggested to him that it would do.

"Vulgarity," he went on, "is the intimate ally of passion. And passion is natumness. We can't always keep the landscapes of our lives full of clipped shrubs, like an Elizabethan garden. Tell me, now, mon ami, were you not once engaged to marry this Mile. Kennard?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"So I gathered, from the tumultuous things that her mother said after you left. Mademoiselle scarcely spoke at

all, her mother had an extraordinary amount to say."

"And against myself, of course, monsieur!"

The king stared for a moment down at the carved agate of his cane handle. "Well," he at length said, smiling, "she was not merciful to you. But I did not believe her, and it struck me that mademoiselle did not believe her, either. You will think me a sad busybody."

"You, monsieur?"

"But I should be glad to hear your version of the affair. Shall I tell you why?" He spoke with marked eagerness, and yet the instant that his eyes fairly met those of Alonzo he averted his look and went on in a querulously altered voice: "It is because the young lady, Mile. Kathleen—is not that her name?—has greatly interested me. Yes, after a few seconds he repeated the words: 'Greatly interested me. Yes, be so continued, if you would tell me just what occurred I should feel most grateful for your confidence.'

"Permit me, then, to tell you, monsieur," said Alonzo, and he at once began a recital, in which he adhered to the strictest truth with what might be called a very carnival of conscientiousness. Remembering Eric's harsh judgment of his conduct, he allowed this to cost upon his disclosures a self-accusative gloom. Ending, he said: "I fear that I exacted too much. I am conscious of this now, monsieur, though I once thought myself sternly wronged."

The king rose. "It all seems to me the fault of that very dominating person, the young lady's mother," he said. "You are generous to rid Mile. Kathleen of all blame as you do—but it is like you." He stretched out his hand, which Alonzo sprang forward to grasp with both his own. "I have known for some time that you had a large, humane heart. I did not need Eric to tell me that."

"Eric will rarely see any faults, monsieur," faltered Alonzo.

The king now turned his eyes toward the picture on the easel. "Ah! you have been painting something," he said, in the voice of one who speaks from a desire to break an irksome pause. Then he gave a great start and hurried toward the portrait.

"It is she!" he exclaimed. Receding a few steps, he threw both hands upward with a gesture of extreme enthusiasm. "Wonderful!" he pursued. "Not merely as a portrait, I mean, but as a work of art. It reminds me of the 'Mona Lisa' in the Louvre. It has the same fine security of treatment, the same rich subtlety of color."

"Monsieur is very kind."

"Kind? No! no!" the king replied, almost irritably. He turned toward Alonzo and surveyed him for a moment with an odd, restless, unkindly glance. "Good God!" he hurried on, gnawing his lips, "how I envy you for being able to paint like that—to paint her like that! There was now a dead silence. Alonzo, with wholly new emotions, watched him while he gave the picture a fresh impetus of survey."

"You can name your price for this!" he suddenly said, turning and facing his companion once more. "I want it. I want it very much."

"I did not wish to dispose of it, monsieur."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHIPS OF ALL NATIONS.

England Owns More Vessels Than All the Other Countries Combined.

The time when England will forfeit her title of mistress of the seas is still very remote, judging from a list of the world's shipping published by the Bureau Veritas of Trieste. The statistics given are for the year 1901, in which it appears that the whole number of steam vessels of all nations—none being included of less than 100 tons burden—was 10,103, and their total tonnage, 13,805,028. Of this aggregate more than half in number and nearly half in tonnage belonged to England, the figures for that country being 5,471 steamships and 5,369,951 tons. After this showing, it seems scarcely worth while to consider the relative standing of other nations. Only four, according to this table, have so many as 400 steamships; these being Germany, with 701, France with 448, the United States with 456 and Norway with 440, their respective tonnage, excepting Norway, which is much below the average, being in about the same proportion. When we come to sailing vessels, the preponderance of Great Britain is not nearly so marked, though she still towers far above her nearest rival, which in this case is the United States. The figures are: Whole number of sailing vessels in the world, of not less than 50 tons, 51,603; tonnage, 10,217,009. England's share is 9,751 ships and 3,563,524 tons, and that of the United States 3,504 ships and 1,519,114 tons. Norway comes next, with 3,418 ships and 1,393,481 tons. All the rest are far behind. At the foot of the list in sailing vessels is Japan, and in steamships our pugacious South American cousin, Chili, which has only 24. China has the same number, but its total tonnage is a few thousand more.—Mechanical News.

Mammifying a King.

It is now six years since Alphonso XII., king of Spain, died. It is generally supposed that he is buried, but he is said not to be. Carefully wrapped up in fine linen his body still lies upon a slab close to a stream that flows through the Padrido, the name of the cavern on the side of the mountain upon which the Escorial stands. It will be left there until it has all the peculiarities that belong to a mummy. Then it will be placed in the niche prepared for it in the wonderful jasper vault under the great cupola of the Escorial, where the remains of all the kings of Spain are deposited. Some royal bodies, and particularly that of the father of Queen Isabella, remained for twenty-five years on that same slab before they were considered fit for removal to the grand vault.

School Gospel.

Felix—I guess that new boy's pretty smart—he knew all his lessons to-day.

Donald—That's nothing, but you should see him run. A fellow that runs like he does is somebody.—Happy Young People.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

The Gray Files Up Almost as Many Votes For Weaver as Does the Blue.

The Boston (Mass.) News Nation says: The official returns being nearly all in, it is not difficult to arrive at an approximate result of the November elections, so far as the people's party is concerned. Gen. Weaver's popular vote was over 1,000,000. He not only had the honor of being the first third-party candidate who has entered the electoral college for thirty years, but he is the only leader who has made any impression upon the vote of the solid democratic south since the war. The people's party vote in the south is as follows:

Alabama	8,123	North Carolina	4,732
Arkansas	4,233	South Carolina	5,419
Florida	4,241	Tennessee	22,423
Georgia	4,241	Texas	22,423
Kentucky	32,553	Virginia	15,274
Louisiana	30,363	West Virginia	4,163
Maryland	2,001		
Mississippi	18,232	Total	187,699
Missouri	41,191		

We think that this vote of nearly half a million in the southern states, composed as it is of white voters mainly from the rural districts, is the most sensational outcome of this sensational campaign. It is not true that the new party is limited to the west and northwest. Taking the nineteen western states, where the new party is the strongest, we find the popular vote for Weaver:

Kansas	163,111	Oregon	28,875
Colorado	52,094	Michigan	19,792
Illinois	31,368	South Dakota	20,814
California	23,238	Iowa	30,616
Indiana	32,478	Illinois	22,307
Georgia	47,708	Ohio	20,822
Washington	10,291	Montana	13,367
Idaho	10,450	Nevada	7,367
Wisconsin	4,028	Total	387,938
Nebraska	83,131		

When one considers that the above states comprise the congested area where the standard of political revolt was first raised against both of the old parties, it must be admitted that the south nobly in pushing the west so closely on the popular vote for Weaver.

As to the east, the returns do not cut so much of a figure; but those acquainted with the almost invincible quality of conservative opinion in old communities will understand that even the vote obtained shows that the populist advocates did an immense amount of work. The Weaver vote in Massachusetts was 3,210. Permit us to add that here in Massachusetts the populists do not know that the campaign is over. The winter has been dedicated to campaign work, and when the electors are again asked to line up, the people's party contingent will make a fine showing. The Weaver vote in Pennsylvania, 8,714; New York, 10,480; New Jersey, 999; Massachusetts, 3,210; Maine, 2,381; Vermont, 43; Connecticut, 805; Rhode Island, 227; New Hampshire, 491.

It will be seen that on the presidential ticket the new party polled 1,076,577.

To this may be added the statement that in the southern states the people's party polled a much, very much, larger percentage of the total vote cast than in the west and northwest.

Moreover, the vote as given only represents the ballots that were counted. At all the ballots actually cast for Weaver in the southern states had been honestly counted, the southern popular vote would have easily reached 550,000, while Weaver would have received the electoral vote of Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina.

VOTE AS YOU RESOLVE.

The Gods Help Those Who Help Themselves—Use the Ballot.

This would seem to be a proper time for farmers and laboring men to stop and think, and more especially those who belong to any farmer or labor organization. It is well to think what the objects of these organizations are, what expression they have given to their views in their organization halls. We are moved to speak just now by a perusal of Mr. Whitehead's article published in the View upon the national grange. We have often noticed the resolutions passed by such organizations as to the causes which have led to the general agricultural depression. They have nearly all attributed it to the control of the money volume and its manipulation. Still they have seen all branches of the government in the hands of the republicans and still depressions prevail. They have seen the branches divided politically and depression prevail; soon they will see them in the hands of the democrats. Do they suggest any new remedy? These democrats had the opportunity to give relief during the last session of congress, but their chosen representative went to the enemy with the more aroused sentiment. Will they shrink again? Will the west be recognized now that free silver has spoken so emphatically? Is there some other Cleveland to be propitiated? Will Cleveland recognize the western demand and modify his position? Did the grange all believe that he would? If so, for what reason? If not, have they stood by their own demands? If not, what right have they to expect relief? Have these resolving organizations a keen self-reliance? Have they exercised common intelligence in their voting. We preached this financial question in the grange years ago and are pleased to know that that particular grange is still alive upon the question that there are now loud political questions. All economic questions are political questions. From their resolutions we believe that a better understanding has been reached, and that the wage slaves were ready to strike for freedom. The recent vote did not reach our expectation. It would seem as if there were traitors in the camp. It is no longer a mooted question with us that prevalent business conditions are a low product. The organizations spoken of recognize this when within their halls, but repudiate it at the polls, the real place of relief. A few of the western states voted their expressed convictions. These, doubtless, have reaped the most severe scourging. If the organizations are to carry out their declarations it must be through some party advocating those methods demanded. Are they doing this? It hardly looks that way. The great producing classes believe in and have demanded free coinage. They believe it is the harbinger of better prices and more work. The silver dollar has

always bought him as much of life's demands as the gold dollar. The question is will a larger volume assure better prices? All producing classes are larger sellers than buyers. The laborer with nothing to sell but labor wants a better demand for labor. This is secured by money at work. When, then, will these men remain with the parties which not only deny them relief, but gloat in the persecution? Why did it not turn its millions of voters to account using the same clearness and earnestness as the polls as in their halls? Does it show a manly independence to know and proclaim means of relief, but refuse to pursue them? Is it not evidence of unreasonable methods passed at the demands of treacherous men?—G. R. Williams, in National View.

THE BETTER WAY.

Government Ownership of Railroads Is What the People Want.

Not many months ago Justice Field decided that the inter-state commerce commissioners had no authority to compel Collis P. Huntington to bring his railroad records into court and have them used in evidence against him.

In a case somewhat similar, Judge Gresham has practically decided that that wonderful regulator of railroads, the inter-state commerce commission, has no authority to send for persons and papers in the prosecution of railroad corporations for violations of the law.

In other words, the law is inoperative, unconstitutional. It is like a huge revolver loaded with blank cartridges. And our law makers knew it when the law was enacted. And the railroad corporations knew it, hence did not oppose it, and have ever since its enactment snapped their fingers at it.

The only way to make the law operative is for Uncle Sam to keep the companies' books, to run the companies' engines, to employ and superintend their conductors and brakemen—in fact run the whole business.

A better way is for Uncle Sam to make a new law whereby the roadbeds and rolling stock of every railroad shall be condemned and taken for public use. Then let the railroad companies go into the courts and get for their property whatever they can prove it to be worth—just as an ordinary individual has to do when he finds a locomotive running across his meadow or through his front yard. That is the kind of law we want.

We don't want any inter-state commerce commission; that is supposed to regulate railroads operated wholly by their owners. One might as well try to regulate a watch that another fellow owns and carries about with him.

Government ownership of railroads is what the people want and are going to have.—Chicago Express.

LOST—A LAW.

Does Any One Know What Has Become of the Gresham Law?

The following indicates the amount of bullion in the principal European banks last week and the corresponding date last year.

BANK OF ENGLAND.		Gold.	Silver.
December 8, 1901	\$2,402,700
December 10, 1901	23,881,403
BANK OF FRANCE.			
December 8, 1902	\$7,002,750	\$21,038,717
December 10, 1901	53,569,000	50,222,000
BANK OF GERMANY.			
December 8, 1902	\$2,814,000	\$10,948,000
December 10, 1901	34,015,000	11,538,500
ATENBERG-BURGAL.			
December 8, 1902	\$10,708,000	\$18,810,000
December 10, 1901	5,464,000	10,670,000
NETHERLANDS.			
December 8, 1902	\$3,108,000	\$7,031,000
December 10, 1901	5,563,000	5,949,000
BELGIUM.			
December 8, 1902	\$3,144,000	\$1,572,000
December 10, 1901	2,767,338	1,583,067
SPAIN.			
December 8, 1902	\$7,911,000	\$5,149,000
December 10, 1901	6,129,000	8,864,000

Total last week.....\$149,850,450 \$22,978,747
Corresponding week 1901 130,223,238 99,085,167
Week end'd Dec. 5, 1902 146,909,046 92,628,530
Corresponding week 1901 129,928,397 90,626,533
N. B.—A pound is about \$4.80 in United States money.

The peculiar thing about the foregoing table is the fact that it shows that France, which nation has more than one-half of the silver in England and Europe, has, nevertheless, managed to