

The People's Pilot.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

TO AN OLD GUITAR, 1892.

Her slender fingers, jewel-drest,
Slide softly to and fro strong,
And in and out among the strings,
To times of long ago.

The golden ribbons kissed her throat,
Where fate his lips would be,
Oh, how he loved her very breath,
His sweet maid Majorie!

In velvet dress, with silken hose,
And jewels not a few,
Ah, what a cavalier was he,
In seventeen ninety-two!

My songs are not so quaintly sweet
As those who sang to him,
My love and I no picture make
Like theirs, with time grown dim.

But music lingers still in thee,
And love is just as strong,
As when sweet Majorie was young,
And tuned thee to her song.

My love and I will pass away
Some day, and then will be
Another hand to touch thy strings,
And find thy melody.

Do you not wonder, old guitar,
Whose hand it will be, and who
Will sing the sweet love songs to him
Of nineteen ninety-two?

I am not sad to think it true
(The present is so sweet),
That joy and sorrow must unite
To make thy chords complete.

For what is sorrow, pain or death
To whose soul are strong,
Time cannot put an end to thee,
Dear life, and love and song!

—Annie Louise Brackinridge, in Century.



CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Clarimond smiled very coldly. "If you had chosen to dwell here in peace, you would have had slight cause to complain of tyranny. As it is, your continued sojourn is one of suffering alone."

"Sufferance!" gasped the princess. "Precisely. You came here with two motives. The first was to pit yourself against faiths and principles of mine which are a part of my very life. The second was to try and force me into a marriage of the merest loveless convention. The weapons you have used in either case were the same that dealt my dead father the keenest grief, and perhaps drove him prematurely to his grave. Yours, madam, is a stormy and truculent spirit. I inherit nothing of it, but possibly I inherit from you alone the strength of will which too long has clothed itself in forbearance. That strength of will you shall now have a chance to test. As I said, you will be watched. Being the lady highest of rank in my kingdom, I will accord you the right of receiving my guests on Thursday. But if the least sign of discourtesy is shown by you toward any guest who crosses the threshold of my palace, on the morrow you shall be conducted where the turbulence and rebellion of your disposition may boil and foment to the discomfort of others rather than my own. There, now, I think it is all quite plain between us."

"Quite plain!" muttered the princess. "Yes, I see—I see. You wish to crowd your rooms with vulgarians."

"You need not gaze upon those vulgarians unless you so desire. Certainly a number of people whom yet will rate as vulgarians will present themselves. Among these will be a young lady—an American, or an Anglo-American, I might more truly call her—with whom I shall open the ball. Her name is, Kathleen Kennaird, and I shall dance the first quadrille with her. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, the most beautiful I would ever expect to see, though I should live two lives instead of one. But were she a hunchback negress, fresh from Africa in her beads and warpaint, it need matter nothing either to you or those assembled. I am master; I am king. For my actions I account to no one save myself."

He passed, with an air of unwonted but very distant pride, down along the waxed floor of the spacious saloon. But the, who had heard him with one or two convulsive shudders, now gave a kind of wrathful spring, both hands hanging clonched at his sides.

"You will account to your emperor!" she called. "You are not so great as you vaunt yourself, Clarimond of Saltravia! You—you are just mad enough to marry this creature. I recall now that one of your cousins, the king of Saxony's own nephew, too, disgraced himself by a low marriage. No doubt it is in your blood to do such horrible things. But I will prevent this!" The princess' face glistened with little beads of sweat and her eyes were blazing. "I will go to the emperor at once, I will! She recoiled, for Clarimond hurried back toward where she had stood, half covering in her frenzy. It seemed to the princess that perhaps he might actually mean her some personal violence, though if her mind had proved less clouded by anger and dismay she would have realized that from one of his usually gentle spirit such a course, in any circumstances, would have been unthinkable.

All that the king meant to do was to seize the bell-rope which a brief while ago he had desisted from seizing. But now reaching the spot where it hung he gave it a strong pull, and almost immediately two footmen, in the royal livery, answered his summons.

"You shall go at once to the emperor," he said, in a low and very tranquil voice. "I will give these men orders for carriages and will see that a special train is prepared for you the instant you reach—"

"No, no," broke hoarsely from the princess. "Send them away! I—I did not mean what I said." In a trice she had grown piteously humble. "I—I was more than a little in joke, my dear Clarimond!" and a half pathetic jet of

laughter broke from her lips, like an effete spirit from a ruined fountain.

The king looked at her with great steadiness for a second or two. "As you wish," he then said, and gave a sign of dismissal to the two servants, who promptly vanished.

The princess had indeed pulled in sail. Her son had seemed to her, during the few past minutes, like a rock against which she would only waste her strength in vain. Besides, she was immeasurably proud of his kingship, and would have suffered untold regret if the emperor had presumed to attempt his deposition. It was all quite clear to her mind in this brief interval; she had gone too far. She might have known that the lion in him would suddenly turn on her like this. He would keep the very letter of his menace, too, unless her tactics were changed forthwith. Revolving in their democracy though she held his views to be, hereafter she must conform to them or leave these lovely Saltravian hills. And surely she was quartered here in a most magnificent way. Her two or three Italian palaces were nothing to this, in which so lordly a suite of chambers had been allowed her. And then this enchanting valley, so radiantly improved in spite of all her grumblings to the contrary! And the waters, too; she had no idea of the wondrous good they would do her rheumatism. It might all get stupid in the winter, but the winter was still a good distance off. Time enough to slip off to Rome or Naples again by the end of November. And then there was Bianca d'Este. The girl's love for her son was now almost a madness. For that most solemn of unions there was yet a hope. Yes, a hope—why not? "School yourself," darted through the princess' mind, "to a self-effacement difficult yet not impossible. In the end he may yield, and marry her. Then your turn will come in real earnest, for if once there is a queen, if once there are little princes and princesses, he will grow more conservative. Men always do. That possible horror of his marrying the American girl (God knows there's nothing rash he would not do, just now) must be met by subtlety; since high-handed measures have become mere blows in the air."

Even roughly to put in words the lightning-like reflections of Clarimond's mother makes them seem deliberative, not intuitive, as they surely were. When she again confronted her son, after the departure of the footmen, it was to show, both in speech and mien, a meekness and complaisance that she had never remotely hinted until now.

"Henceforth you shall have no further cause for complaint," she said; "I shall abet you in all your plays and purposes. Try me, and you shall not be disappointed. I admit myself thoroughly vanquished. Your will is my law."

She bowed her head, and Clarimond, who knew her better than she knew herself, smelt deceit as if it were some odor that suddenly had freighted the air. At the same time his native generosity and fair-mindedness made him hope this abrupt conversion meant more than its first blush would imply.

"Agreed, then," he said, with a reserve that expressed patience and sadness interlarded. "But pray bear in mind one matter. If the emperor should have the presumption, which I greatly doubt, to concern himself in any of my personal affairs, however important or however trivial, I should as promptly resent such meddling as though it were the work of an officious subject. Though my answer should cost me my scepter, slight a one as it is, be assured that I should not hesitate to make it, and make it firmly. I am not so enamored of reigning that the emperor's frowns or smiles can appeal to me as such mighty forces of my own destiny, nor shall you ever find me in the mood to regard him as if he were a schoolmaster with a birchen rod. And now," he proceeded, "I shall ask you kindly to send me the list of those whom you have already invited to the state ball. Such a course on your part will enable me to avoid errors which might otherwise occur, since I wish to make out a list of my own, and desire that it should not clash with yours."

"It shall be sent you to-night," was the reply, "or to-morrow, if you prefer."

"To-morrow will be quite early enough," answered Clarimond, and with a bow he quitted the great, bright-lit vacant apartment, ending an interview which was least agreeable of the many which he had held with his mother, and which had perhaps caused him more secret pain than any which he at all had held since his accession to the Saltravian throne.

CHAPTER XI.

The court was already furnished with rich material for gossip, but a few more morrows were destined to cast in shade even so pregnant a topic as Clarimond's cogent reprimand of Prince Philibert. The king had been seen publicly strolling through his own grounds with Kathleen; he now as publicly visited her at the hotel, spending hours each day in the pretty sitting-room which Mrs. Kennaird at once secured for his own and her daughter's comfort, as downstairs they would almost have been mobbed by gaping foreigners. The mental condition of Mrs. Kennaird, at this particular time, was one of hysteria, narrowly verging upon dementia. The king's open admiration for her child filled her with a feeling toward him which might have given her, if she could have looked upon herself just as she now was, and looked from normal eyes, many shivers of shame. She had impulses to fling herself on her knees before Clarimond, and press her lips to his hand, telling him that he was the most godlike being the world had ever seen, and that his goodness in giving heed to Kathleen roused her deathless maternal gratitude.

The American snob, who is apt to be the most mettlesome and affirmative of all snobs yet recorded, had risen rampant in Kathleen's mother. She could not sleep; she could scarcely eat a morsel, and then did not know of what food she partook. At first she had ideas of sending to Paris for a robe in which to array her child at the state ball.

Then, after this plan had been vetoed by Kathleen, she grew reconciled to the idea that the girl might create a more striking effect if clad with the utmost simplicity. After all, let her be attired in the plainest of white frocks. What other beauty in all Saltravia could stand so trying a test?

"Yes, it is wiser," she said, excitedly, to Kathleen. (Of late she had done and said everything excitedly, yet with her effort to appear self-repressed hardly better concealed than that of the fugitive ostrich.) "My dear, you are quite right. People will look at you more, and in so doing they will see you as you really are. Besides, it's in far nicer taste."

"Oh," said Kathleen, shrugging her shoulders, "I should like a handsome gown; what girl in the circumstances wouldn't? But to telegraph to Worth or Felix, and to send either of them money we could so ill afford!—why, the very thought of it is pure nonsense, mamma, as you must be aware."

"I wasn't thinking of the expense," replied Mrs. Kennaird, with a little irrepressible catching of the breath. "There are certain things one always can afford."

Kathleen laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "You mean, I suppose, that we could go back to Dresden and economize more severely than we've yet done."

"Oh, no; I didn't mean that. I—I didn't mean that in the least," said her mother.

Kathleen gave no answer, divining what had really been meant. If her mother only knew the actual substance of her late conversations with the king! They had principally talked of her past engagement to Alonzo Lisperand. She had been very frank; she had told Clarimond everything and had found in him a most gracious and friendly listener. He had asked her many questions, to all of which she had replied with thorough candor. As regarded the impression that she had made upon him, she could not doubt that it had been one of strong fascination. This in itself was nothing new; most men, under a certain age, had shown her but one sort of homage. To have a king show it was entirely novel, and not a little dizzying. Moreover such a king as he, filled to his finger-tips with all the graces that please women, handsome, courtly, amusing, in countless ways, the choicest of male companions!

For three afternoons she dropped in upon her, and in each time her mother received him in her blandest fashion, contriving soon to slip from the apartment and leave them together. Mrs. Kennaird had no fear of the faintest imprudence on Kathleen's part. If she had thought at all on this subject it would have been to decide that her daughter's American blood would save her from even a dream of folly. Besides, had she not already learned that Clarimond was the most honorable man in his own kingdom? Let people chatter, as they undoubtedly were chattering. Among the hotel-residents it was jealousy, pure and simple. What chiefly concerned this very agitated lady was the question of how Alonzo had thus far acted and of how at any moment he might take it into his head to act. Here he was, returned to Saltravia, the bosom friend of the king's bosom friend. He must have heard that Clarimond was intensely captivated with Kathleen. Everybody was talking of the affair. Stories had got about that the princess of Brindisi had already pleaded by letter the intervention of the emperor.

"You are so reticent, my dear," she said to Kathleen one evening at the end of the king's third visit. "You never will tell me what he says about Alonzo to you. Does he not mention him?"

"Rarely, mamma, and then always with kindness."

"Kindness, oh—yes," Mrs. Kennaird pursued her lips a little. "They're still friends, then?"

"Friends? Oh, yes."

"I suppose Alonzo hasn't dared to say a word against you, Kathleen. Otherwise he'd certainly have relieved himself of untold spleen, my dear."

"He never carried grudges," the girl said, as if her own thought was her sole auditor.

"Well, even if he didn't! Heaven knows he had a monopoly of most other faults!" At this particular time any praise of Alonzo was for some reason specially nauseous to Mrs. Kennaird.

"And as for keeping silent about you to the king, why, there isn't the least doubt that he'll do so. How would he dare do otherwise, now that Clarimond has become your actual slave?"

"Mamma! Mamma!" exclaimed Kathleen. "You will make me so ridiculous if anyone by chance overhears you in these words."

"Moods?" bristled her mother. "What moods? I'm excessively reticent! You are so droll at times, Kathleen! As if any mother could bear more calmly than I do the splendid, the unparalleled honor which overhangs you."

Kathleen looked fixedly at the speaker, with her eyes moistening a little and her under lip trembling. "I—I wish you would not speak like this," she faltered.

"It distresses me so."

Her mother continued, however, stating that she had not the vaguest doubt that Clarimond would soon startle his court more keenly than he had dreamed of startling it before; that Kathleen had only to wait a little while longer and the stars would drop ripe and shining in her lap; that all past annoyances, mortification, defeat was to end gloriously in unique triumph.

Kathleen listened, and then slipped, as soon as she could, into the privacy of her own chamber. The king had said that he would revisit her to-day. There was only an hour yet before the time of his coming. She did not want to see him again, and yet she did want to see him again. What was it? Did it mean that he might bring her certain tidings of Alonzo? Did it mean this? Did it really mean this? Or was she infected with the fever of her mother's over-leaping ambition? Her mother! The sense of that personality, that companionship, so tremendous, so drastic in its influence, its domination, terrified her. She looked into her own brain, as it were, and found there nothing but a depressing tumult. How would she act

if action should indeed be required of her? No, no; the need of such action would not, could not, come. He, a king! It was fatality to dream of what her mother had so boldly prophesied. Her hands were at intervals very tremulous while she dealt with her toilet; and once or twice she felt as if she must desist from it and seek the one sort of aid that just then would have been least to her taste.

But when the king came she received him with much composure. Her mother was to-day in visible throes. To Kathleen her disarray was pathetic. The perturbed lady gave one or two spasmodic curtsies which were a mournful travesty of her usual serene equipoise. She was so drunk with the heady wine furnished by the fact of this fourth royal visit that exhilaration made her almost stagger. Clarimond, calm and gentlemanlike as usual, appeared to notice nothing. "Perhaps," thought Kathleen, "he is used to such groveling servility. Poor mamma, will she ever get out of the room with a decent grace, she who has prided herself for years on doing nothing awkwardly?"

But at last the door closed on Mrs. Kennaird's ducking and cringing figure. As this happened Kathleen breathed an audible sigh of relief. The sigh ended in a feverish laugh, and she said, with sudden candor, to her guest:

"It's dreadful how you've demoralized my mother. You must see, so I mention it."

"Demoralized her? I?"

"Oh! then you don't see, monsieur, mamma isn't accustomed to kings; that is all."

"And are you?" he said with his sweet, kind smile. They were now seated opposite one another, and near a large window that gave one a fine view of the mountains and a still finer view of his white, many-turreted palace.

"No," she answered. "But mamma—Oh! you must have noticed. You're a royalty, as they call it, and you've turned her head. It's odd, too, for she has met all sorts of great people—prime ministers, dukes, even the English prince himself. . . . I seem so vulgar when I talk like this! I do hope you'll excuse me. No doubt, you are used to embarrassing people, especially Americans."

He shook his head, smiling. "I have always thought it rather hard to embarrass Americans," he replied. "One in particular," he added; and then his smile deepened, as he watched her with a glance full of drollery both frank and sly.

"If you mean me, monsieur," she returned, with a slight shrug, "I am somehow proof against all surprises. It's very scandalous, no doubt, to acknowledge as much at my age."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIRTY YEARS IN BED.

A Woman Who Keeps the Vow Made When She Was a Belle.

In the village of Matuck, L. I., lives a woman who has not been out of bed for thirty years. She remains in her bed, not from any infirmity, but from choice. Thirty years ago, when a very pretty, attractive girl of eighteen, she was the belle of the village, a leader at all dances, picnics and social gatherings. She had many admirers, but she never received a proposal of marriage. This she felt very keenly, particularly as her girl friends were one by one marrying. Two or three months before her nineteenth birthday she told her mother that if she did not receive an offer of marriage before her birthday she would go to bed and remain there as long as she lived. Her mother treated it as a joke, and thought no more of it.

The girl was doomed to disappointment, and on retiring the night of her nineteenth birthday said: "It's no use and I'll never get up again." She has kept her word all of these years. Threats and persuasions had not the slightest effect upon her.

Her mother took care of her at first and then, at her mother's death, a sister took the task upon herself. Now the sister is dead and she is left to the care of more distant relatives. She is very cheerful and seemingly contented, and is always glad to have the neighbors drop in to chat with her. She is quite talkative until the subject of her keeping her bed is broached, and then she has nothing whatever to say.

Her hair is gray and her skin very yellow, but one can easily see that in her youth she must have been an extremely pretty girl. Her room is on the ground floor and in summer her bed is drawn up under the open window, on the outside of which has been built for her a wide ledge or shelf. Her head and shoulders are well wrapped up and she rests them out on this ledge.

She will lie there by the hour looking up the street and holding in her hand a small mirror, held so she can see what is coming behind her. She is very fond of children and they play under her window, and seem to quite like the decidedly queer-looking object on the window ledge.—N. Y. Recorder

No Filial Regard in Tibet.

Filial piety finds no place in the Tibetan character. It is no uncommon thing for a son to turn his father, when too old to work, out of doors and to leave him to perish in the cold. The superstition that the souls of the dead can, if they will, haunt the living, drives their hardened natures to gain by the exercise of cruelty the promise of the dying that they will not return to earth. As death approaches the dying person is asked: "Will you come back, or will you not?" If he replies that he will, they pull a leather bag over his head and smother him. If he says he will not, he is allowed to die in peace.—Edinburgh Review.

Sharpening Files by Acid.

A new mode of sharpening files is recommended by German papers, namely, the use of acids. A metal sheet covered with a thin layer of charcoal is fastened upon the file, protecting the edges. This combination is laid into a solution of six parts of nitric acid and three parts of sulphuric acid in a hundred parts of water. The acid eats away all the finer parts of the file, leaving the protected edges unchanged, which are then sharpened for use.

RAILROAD NATIONALIZATION.

A Reduction in Rates of Transportation Increases, Instead of Reduces, Railroad Earnings.

Talking about the desirability and results of state operation of railroads, the last batch of facts as to the operation of the state-owned Hungarian system under the zone plan, just published in Vienna by Edward Engle, may be of interest. Previous to the introduction of the zone system by the government, the average annual number of passengers carried was 6,000,000. The first year after the zone plan was adopted (1889) the passengers were 10,000,000. The second year they mounted up to 19,000,000, and the third year, that is last year, they reached 28,000,000. The financial result has been equally brilliant, the receipts rising from 9,705,000 florins annually before the adoption of the zone system to 33,300,000 florins this last year.

The zone system was simply an extraordinary reduction of rates on a systematic plan. No railroad managed for private profit ever dared to do such a thing or ever would dare to do it. The whole story of the zone system is an overwhelming argument for public railroad management as not only the least oppressive but the most progressive system possible.—New Nation.

About the time of the annual encampment of the Knights of Pythias, which was held in Kansas City last summer, the newspapers made a great hubbub about the low rates made by competing railroad lines.

The Chicago Tribune said: "It costs only \$3 to travel from Chicago to Kansas City, and several persons, they say, are thinking seriously of going before long."

In the course of an editorial upon the subject, the Kansas City Journal said: "The lower the rates go for the Knights of Pythias encampment the more people will come here, that is evident. Both the Santa Fe and the Alton are trying to force them down as low as possible. They have got them down where a big business is assured. They may take them lower. Kansas City can rejoice. Whether there will be any after result to the fight can't be told. As a rule when rates go down it is pretty hard to put them back to the old figure again. Three dollars from Chicago to Kansas City is a pretty small sum to pay for a ride; so is \$4 from Kansas City to Chicago. These rates should make business. It can't be expected that they will remain at that figure, but if they stay there just a few weeks there is no prospect of ever getting them back again—not all the way back."

There are some very important admissions in the foregoing paragraphs, chief among which is that the lower the rates are the more people there are who travel. But we see no reason for the statement that the rates "can't be expected to remain at that figure." The demand made by the people's party that the railroads shall be owned and operated by the people, or the government, if crystallized into law, would give us a permanent feature, as low, or lower rates than those mentioned.

In Hungary, where the government owns and operates the railroads under the zone system a passenger can ride any distance, from 148 to 454 miles, in first-class compartment of fast express train, for \$8.84, and third-class upon the same train for \$1.02. The second-class fare is \$2.80.

The full schedule of passenger rates is as follows:

Distance, Miles.	Ordinary and Mixed Trains.			Express Trains.		
	I.	II.	III.	I.	II.	III.

10 to 24.....	\$.40	\$.35	\$.20	\$.48	\$.40	\$.24
25 to 34.....	.50	.45	.30	.72	.60	.36
35 to 44.....	.60	.55	.40	.84	.70	.48
45 to 54.....	.70	.65	.50	1.00	.80	.60
55 to 64.....	.80	.75	.60	1.12	.90	.72
65 to 74.....	.90	.85	.70	1.24	1.00	.84
75 to 84.....	1.00	.95	.80	1.36	1.10	.96
85 to 94.....	1.10	1.05	.90	1.48	1.20	1.08
95 to 104.....	1.20	1.15	1.00	1.60	1.30	1.20
105 to 114.....	1.30	1.25	1.10	1.72	1.40	1.32
115 to 124.....	1.40	1.35	1.20	1.84	1.50	1.44
125 to 134.....	1.50	1.45	1.30	1.96	1.60	1.56
135 to 144.....	1.60	1.55	1.40	2.08	1.70	1.68
145 and over.....	1.70	1.65	1.50	2.20	1.80	1.72

The inauguration of these rates and the zone system effected a reduction of rates of from slightly less than 50 per cent. in the case of the shorter distance to within a fraction of 80 per cent. in a distance of 454 miles. It was expected that the increased volume of travel would compensate for the lower charges to individuals, and that the total revenue would be equal to that received before the reduction in rates. The results proved that the Hungarian government was fully justified in its expectations.

The system was first inaugurated in the summer of 1889, and yet from January 1, 1889, to December 31, 1889, there were 9,097,200 passengers carried, as against 5,887,700 for the year 1888, while the receipts increased from \$3,694,280 to \$4,126,840, a net increase of \$432,560—thus proving that a reduction in rates increases rather than diminishes the revenue receipts and knocking into a cocked hat the arguments used by the tools of plutocracy who are organizing railroad employes into political clubs for the purpose of antagonizing the people's party. Government ownership and operation of railroads, by reason of the reduction in rates, would make it possible for two or three times as many people to travel and yet so largely increase the revenue of the roads as to make it possible to reduce the hours of labor and increase the wages of all railroad employes.

LABOUCHERE'S REMEDY.

Why Not Apply the Knife to the Roots of the System That Breeds Millionaires and Paupers.

Editor Labouchere, of London, denounces millionaireism in America, and proposes as a remedy the following:

"Were I an American, I should meet this tendency by a progressive death duty on all bequests. What I mean is, that the duty would not progress on the sum total left by the individual, but on the sum inherited by the individual. Suppose that a man left \$1,000,000, and that by progressive duty doubled itself on every \$100,000 inherited by any of his heirs. My plan would work out in this way: If the duty on the first \$100,000 were 5 per cent., and he should leave one person \$200,000, \$150,000 would have to be paid; \$25,000 by any one getting \$200,000, and

so on until the effect of leaving an excessive amount to one individual would be that the state would become the sole heir. This would prevent the perpetuation of accumulations, and oblige a millionaire to so spread his money on his death that a large number of individuals would profit by it."

Why wait till a man becomes a millionaire? Why wait till he dies before applying a remedy for millionaireism?

For every good reason that can be found for a tax on bequests there can be found ten for a graduated income tax.

The graduated income tax is not only a prevention, but it is a cure. In fact, why not have both—the bequest tax and the graduated income tax? If one is good, both are better.—Chicago Sentinel.

Why simply prescribe for the symptoms of the disease? Why not abolish the conditions that make millionaires? No man ever earned a million dollars by honest labor. In all cases great fortunes are the result of special privileges. Why not make a correct diagnosis and apply the remedy to the disease rather than to a symptom of it?—Topeka (Kan.) Advocate.

The Advocate, as usual, is on the right trail. If actual use and occupancy were made a prerequisite to a legal claim to land; if usury (interest) were destroyed by the inauguration of the sub-treasury plan and the nationalization of the banking system; if the people themselves owned and operated at cost all public utilities; if, in addition, laws were enacted and enforced which would render it impossible to off-gain and maintain a trust; if all these things were done an individual would find it difficult to pile up a million dollars in the course of a lifetime. Then if all revenues were raised by a graded tax upon net incomes above a certain sum, say \$1,000, and upon estates and legacies, all men would be sure of a living, at least, free of rent, interest and taxes.

GEORGE C. WARD.

SPEAKING OUT.

Many Democratic Papers Advocating an American Monetary Basis.

We are glad to note that some of the leading democratic papers are speaking out in favor of a purely American monetary basis. Among them is the St. Louis Republic, from which we clip the following:

"The present Congress does well enough to leave coinage legislation alone, that the coming congress may be the freer to act—as, of course, it will act. The international conference has served its turn, and every one now understands that there is no hope whatever of agreement between this country and Europe. It may be the honest belief of some that it is unsafe for us to manage our treasury and our mints on any other than a European basis, but the demands of our people and the exigencies of our politics will force an independent American basis, defeating any administration party that opposes it."

"The American basis will be that of bi-metalism, a currency of coin and coin notes. We will never lack gold enough for international trade and for the settlement of home contracts which call for gold payments. Silver and the coin notes of the treasury will answer every other purpose in our trade, giving us a currency which will not admit either sudden contraction or expansion."

"The financial policies of the leading nations of Europe are dictated by a few great money-lenders like the Rothschilds. It is neither necessary nor expedient that we should accept these policies. In this case, as in a good many others, it is better to trust the American people than the financiers of Europe."

PROSPERITY.

It Will Never Dawn Upon the United States Until We Have More Money.

Prosperity will never dawn upon the American people until more money is put into the hands of the people. It will do no good, however much is stowed away in bank vaults—it must be in circulation. No matter how much wealth there is in the world, peace and prosperity will never be an enjoyment of the common people until those who produce all the wealth can retain a just and equitable portion of their earnings. The unjust laws which permit the products of the soil, the loom and the workshop to be absorbed by social leeches and grasping corporations while passing from producer to consumer must be repealed before a change for better times can come. And the fellows who made these laws will never unmake them. The same iron hand of greed that grasped our senators and congressmen by the throat and compelled them to create such a system will never lose its grip. The only way in which relief can come is in completely routing the old set. A new and clean set of men must be placed in charge of the ship of state and ordered to steer clear of the rocks of Wall street. A palliative in the way of tariff reduction, done up in reciprocity sugar, may be given by the old quacks, with an attempt to wash it down with "raw material," but the people are "on to" this racket and will not be fooled. They know what they want and if they don't get it, will walk into the halls of congress in 1896 and take it.—Emporia (Kan.) Tidings.

"The vote received by Weaver in the west," says the Boston Advertiser, "is a death blow to the common opinion, that when two great parties struggle for supremacy in a national election, no third party can hope for electoral votes except in a