

## AT TWILIGHT.

The robins sing in the gloaming  
While among the trees they are roaming.  
Why should not I?  
The flowers send forth their sweetness  
Clothed in their soft robes of meekness,  
Then I do.

The nightingale sings to the twilight:  
"Soon, oh, soon 'twill be starlight."  
"Yes," echo I.  
The buttercups nod to the grasses,  
The clouds float by in white masses,  
In the gray sky.

The green leaves flutter and tremble,  
Their tiny buds never dissemble.  
Living on high  
The mother bird nestles still lower  
While twilight her mantle throws o'er,  
Zephyrs pass by.

The infant is hushed now in slumbers,  
The stars appear in great numbers,  
Angels are nigh.  
The sun has bowed down to the far west.  
All creatures have gone to their night rest.  
Why should not I?  
—May Howes, in Boston Budget.



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## CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

This resolution probably was not taken on the loftiest of moral grounds; but Allan North was not in a position just then to view the case from any elevated moral or ethical standpoint. If he had blamed his brother more severely he might possibly have been less inclined to shield him; but for some reason he had a distinct feeling that Olin was more to be pitied than blamed. All his righteous indignation was visited upon the beautiful woman whom he believed to have been the cause of his brother's temptation and stumbling.

"And now," he reflected, having definitely determined upon his course, "can I so perfectly assume the character of my brother that not even his intimate friends and daily associates shall suspect the deception? My success thus far has been very encouraging; the only thing that staggers me is my utter ignorance of his private affairs here in X—, his social, political and professional connections. Then there is the uncertainty about how long Noll will remain away. If he should return before I have succeeded in gaining any evidence from Mrs. Maynard, my labor will be wasted. But, by Jove!—No, no, that is a wild supposition! Noll would never do anything so cowardly as to run away when he discovered that he was suspected. And yet, his leaving so suddenly as he did after receiving that message from Hopkins and Shepherd has a rather significant look. I must bear that in mind. Well, I shall have to trust largely to fortune, and make the most of the time that I have for developing and accomplishing my purpose. In the meantime, of course, I must not forget my mission for Hunter and Ketchum. I will write them a line now to report progress—or lack of it—and then give myself up to a careful consideration of this other, still more important matter."

The letter to Hunter and Ketchum was hastily written and sealed; then, as he laid his pen aside, North's eye fell upon the envelope that Mrs. Maynard had given him.

"Ah," he thought, taking it in his hand, "this is the letter that Noll had urged her to find, as he fancied that it might be of value as evidence. It must have some more or less direct bearing, then, upon this case. I think I can soon judge of its value."

He drew from the envelope a sheet of thin blue paper. When he had unfolded it, the old-fashioned chirography of Mrs. Dunkirk met his eye. The ink was pale, and the writing tremulous and illegible. North was obliged to brighten the gas and study the document carefully before he succeeded in deciphering it as follows:

"DEAR NINA: Yours of the 15th is at hand. I am sorry to hear of your difficulties, but am in no position to advise you. Mr. Maynard used his own discretion in the matter, and his right to do so no one can dispute. That you are disappointed is of course natural; but why you should feel so despondent in regard to your future I cannot understand. You were always overfond of money. I have learned from my own experience that it brings to its possessor great responsibilities, as well as weariness and vexation of spirit, and it is a fruitful source of envy and strife. Beyond a modest competence, such as you will possess, it is not desirable, especially for a woman who has only mercenary lawyers to look out for her interests. Nevertheless, if wealth would bestow upon you any happiness, I should like to gratify you in that respect. While I live I must retain the control of my fortune. After I am gone, what matter to me who has it? I am anxious only to wrong no one in what I do. A few years ago I believed that I had a nice living—my only surviving relative, Hamilton's daughter—who ought to be my heir. The most diligent search has failed, however, to discover her, and I have at last reluctantly given up this belief. There is no one who has a greater claim upon me than yourself. This claim I feel inclined to present to recognize. Charitable bequests I do not favor. I have given freely to public and private charities during my lifetime, and have received but meager thanks. During the five years that you were with me before your marriage, you were like a daughter to me. This I have always remembered kindly.

"My health is slowly improving with the return of warmer weather. The bleak springtime is an enemy to my constitution. I find Jenner a faithful attendant in my declining years. My regards to Mr. Maynard and family.

"Yours affectionately,  
"JANE DUNKIRK."

CHAPTER VI.

How is the man esteemed here in the city? Ang—Of very reverent reputation, sir.

Of credit infinite, highly beloved.  
Second to none that lives here in the city.  
—Comedy of Errors.

Having folded this letter, replaced it in the envelope and put it carefully in his note book, North had just composed himself for the serious meditation that his circumstances required, when he heard a quick knock at his door.

He started to his feet nervously.

"Who is that, I wonder?" he asked himself blankly. "Some friend of Noll's, I presume. Well, there is no help for it; I must meet this ordeal sooner or later."

Crossing the room he unfastened the door and threw it wide open.

Instantly, without pause or cere-

mony, a gentleman rushed into the room.

North gave him one keen, comprehensive glance. He was short, slight and nervous, with sharp gray eyes, fierce black mustache, sawny nose and determined chin, a wide-awake, business-like manner and a frank, pleasant smile.

All this North noted in his first glance; and the burden of his unuttered thought was: "Who is he? Who is he?"

"Well, well! I say now, North," were the first words of the visitor, spoken in a sharp, slightly-nasal voice, as he placed his hand impulsively on North's arm, "what on earth do you mean? You're a mighty cool fellow, seems to me!"

"Come, my dear friend," interposed North, with suave self-possession, "not too fast, if you please. Sit down—and me give you this lounging chair—and we will talk matters over. I trust that I shall be able to give a satisfactory account of myself, as to motives, and that you will be lenient toward my delinquencies as to actions."

"When did you get back?" inquired the gentleman, as, disposing himself comfortably in the offered chair, he elevated his feet to a convenient altitude and looked sharply at North.

"Why, let me see! I reached X— about noon, I think. Yes, I recollect, now; it was twelve o'clock."

North indolently twirled his drooping mustache as he spoke, and his whole manner was the perfection of nonchalance. No one observing him would have suspected that he was waiting



with bated breath to see what turn the conversation would take.

"Come back to stay?"

"Indefinitely. I may leave at any time. I am scarcely in a position to determine that question for myself. It is optional with business interests, you know."

"Yes, I know. You mentioned some complications to me yesterday. Found out anything new about them?"

"Nothing of importance."

"Changed your plans pretty suddenly, didn't you, North?"

"Well, yes, my plans have undergone a rather important alteration since morning. But as I said before I do not know how soon the aspect of affairs may again change, and I be called away from X—, consequently"—North smiled radiantly as this inspiration came to him—"to all intents and purposes I am still absent. Do you understand me?"

Hespoke these words with a certain significance in his tones and not a little anxiety as to how they would be received. He looked keenly at his visitor. The latter in his turn looked keenly at North. In an instant a quick flash of intelligence passed between them.

"I see, I see!" commented his visitor, with two or three sharp little jerks of his head to emphasize the fact. "In other words we are to govern ourselves and our actions precisely as we would if you were a thousand miles away. That was what puzzled Clipper and me. You see, while you were away we knew just what to do, because you had put everything right into our hands; and, as we're not the fellows to let the grass grow under our feet, we had already mapped out our campaign for the remaining two weeks, and had taken a few preliminary steps. Then all at once we heard this afternoon that you had returned, and without notifying us—"

"That was not an intentional neglect, I assure you, my dear fellow," interposed North, apologetically.

"No, I suppose not. It's all right, now, of course, only at first we didn't know what to think of it; and so finally I decided that I'd come up here and see you, and find out what you did mean. Hope I'm not interrupting you, North?" he added, as his sharp eyes rested upon the writing material on the table.

"Not in the least," returned North, hospitably. "I have been writing a letter, which I was anxious should leave to-night."

"Time it was in the office, then, if you want it to catch the evening mail," remarked the other. "Going down? I'll go with you, if you don't object."

"Come on, then," said North, starting up; and he added to himself, as he got his hat and gloves:

"Object? Not I! On the contrary, the great advantage of being accompanied by some one who knows the exact location of my objective point presents itself at once and forcibly to my mind. I shall endeavor, in the course of our conversation, to discover—though I half suspect already—in what relation to Noll this gentleman and Mr. Clipper stand."

"Everybody's off to club, or the political meetings to-night," remarked North's companion as, going down the deserted hotel steps, they started leisurely up the street. "I hear there is to be a big Wymer meeting this evening—sort of a grand rally round a forlorn hope! Know anything about it, North?"

"No, I had not heard of it at all," rejoined North; adding mentally, with a slight shrug of his shoulders: "I have had quite enough of 'Wymer meetings,' myself! I don't ask for a repetition of the experience."

"He's a regular fool, now, Wymer is," pursued the other, thereby proving

himself to be a violent partisan of the North faction. "What chance has he? A fellow with no brains at all, and no influence to speak of. Simply a third-rate criminal lawyer, for whom no one has an atom of respect. Why, you're a thousand times as popular, and, what's more, you have shown your superior ability as a lawyer. Wymer's chances may be represented by a cipher. No one wants a blockhead for city attorney. Too many of them in office already."

"Waiving all personal interest in the matter," remarked North, airily, "and speaking precisely as I might if I were not myself a candidate"—it certainly required no severe exercise of the imaginative faculty for him to take this dissipationary view of the matter—"I must say that I do not consider young Wymer a very hopeful specimen of political timber; and since he has been put into this contest, I am glad that it is with the indorsement of no more influential a party than the one he represents."

"Only chance for him," was the dry rejoinder. "Get a set of unprincipled demagogues to nominate him and a big enough set of ignoramuses (and the world is full of 'em!) to vote for him and he's elected, but not otherwise. You'll catch a weasel asleep when you see me letting my party come out second-best in any of our municipal elections! Not if I have to work day and night. Neither Clipper nor I will keep our coats on, I assure you, when there's so much work to be done."

North made some appreciative response to these words, while mentally commenting:

"Just as I surmised—he and Clipper are electioneering in Noll's interests, and now they have the whole affair in their hands, just as Noll left it when he went away. In the meantime I shall exist in quietness and peace, unruffled by any political excitement that may prevail, representing, in fact, the model politician who is in the hands of his friends, and who calmly awaits the verdict of the people; who will, pro bono publico, accept the honors of office when they are thrust upon him, but in the meantime is neither actively exerting himself to secure his own election, nor apparently 'taking on' about it. Very good. I see more clearly now the position, politically speaking, that I am to occupy. But—the very thought appalls me!—what if Noll should write to them to inquire how matters are progressing? That would place me in a most embarrassing position! However, this is borrowing trouble. Letter-writing never used to be my brother Noll's besetting sin, and it is to be hoped that his absorbing business complications, together with his sublime faith in these electioneering friends of his will prevent him from committing so absurd a blunder as that."

While he was struggling with these reflections North had been half-listening to his companion's conversation, and had absently responded to many hasty but cordial greetings from persons whom they met.

He did not recognize among the latter anyone that he had seen before, until, on turning a corner abruptly, they came face to face with the gentleman with the eye-glasses, who made too disagreeable an impression on North's mind to be easily forgotten.

North gave a very cool response to this gentleman's growl of salutation and was intending to pass on immediately; but his companion halted with the brusque greeting:

"Hello, Wec! Any news afloat?"

"Concerning what?" inquired that gentleman in slightly non-committal tones, with a defiant "you-don't-get-anything-out-of-me!" air, as he paused grudgingly and only half turned toward his interlocutor.

"Oh, things in general—politics, for instance. What are they doing up at that Wymer meeting?"

"How should I know? Haven't been there. You'd better go yourself, Warner, if you're so pushed to find out!"

And with this gracious response, accompanied by a surly little laugh, he was turning on his heel to pursue his way, when he abruptly checked him-

self, and facing around squarely for the first time he continued, addressing North:

"By the way, North, old Archer was around this afternoon, and not finding you there, he tackled me. Very anxious to see you."

"Old Archer? What did he want of me, Wec?" inquired North at random, airing his newly-acquired information, i. e., the gentleman's name—or, more properly, nickname.

"Want of you? Quite a mystery!" retorted Wec with a sarcastic laugh. "He swore up and down that he wouldn't be put off any longer, and said that if you don't move in the matter yourself he'll soon find some way to fetch you. I believe I am quoting the gentleman literally."

"Swore up and down, did he? Well, he will find that he will gain very little by that," said North, assuming an expression of stoical defiance which would probably have caused Mr. Archer to renew his profanity, could he have seen it. Like the aesthetic dragons, North was not at all sure that he was doing this correctly, but it was the safest venture that his ingenuity could suggest.

Wec lifted his eyebrows with a pro-

voing air of surprise; while Warner preserved a discreet and sympathetic silence as he glanced from one to the other of the two gentlemen, either of whom was head and shoulders above him in height.

"Really, North, you're a little cantankerous this evening," drawled Wec, with his exasperating laugh. "For my part, I think old Archer has been very patient; and, bless your heart, you can't expect a man to wait forever! I can't defend you, North, indeed I can't! You're an unparadoxically careless fellow in money matters."

"Olin's old falling; it sticks to him, I see," commented North, mentally, with an involuntary smile; though why he should smile at that reflection he could scarcely have explained.

"It's no laughing matter now, North, let me tell you," continued Wec, sharply, as he perceived North's expression. "A man can't afford to run his credit down through sheer carelessness. You'd better set to work to redeem yours; now, right along, you know, while you've got some to redeem!"

With this disinterested advice and another characteristic laugh, Wec turned away for the last time and vanished quickly around the corner.

Indignation and amazement kept North silent for several moments, as Warner and he pursued their way together.

"Really," he thought, "who is that fellow that he should feel privileged to speak thus to Noll! His manner is quite insufferable! We shall have a little score to settle between ourselves some day, if he is not more careful."

"Hold on, North, where are you going? Here's the post office," said Warner at this point, interrupting himself in the midst of a sentence and North in his reflections. "Got your letter there? Better hurry. Mail closes in precisely ten minutes," he added with a hasty glance at his watch.

"There is time enough, my dear Warner," returned North, negligently, as he drew the letter from his pocket. "Don't you know, I never hurry!"—he glanced critically at the superscription—"when I can possibly avoid it!"—he turned the letter over and inspected the seal—"and, generally speaking, I consider ten minutes ample time for mailing a letter." He dropped it carelessly into the box with these last words.

Once more on the street, they halted by common consent to light their cigars.

"Anywhere else in view this evening?" inquired Warner, briefly, between vigorous puffs at his cigar, which exhibited an exasperating inclination to go out, notwithstanding his efforts to prevent that catastrophe.

"No," returned North as briefly, as he waved his fragrant Havana with its pale wreath of smoke and tiny spark of fire with an air of slight triumph, and proffered the still burning taper. "Have a light, Warner? Oh, I see you've made it go at last. Well, then, suppose we saunter back to the Clement house. Unless you have some other engagement—"

"Oh, not at all! Nothing in the world to do."

"The truth is," resumed North, after a meditative puff or two, as they started slowly on, "I'm not in the mood for anything to-night—club, politics or society. Confound business! Attend to it faithfully and it makes a slave of you; neglect it, and it's an avenging Nemesis, forever at your heels!"

WHAT ABOUT THE ALLIANCE?

Is It Dead, or Is It Only Sleeping—Eternal Vigilance Is the Price of Liberty.

This is a question that is frequently asked. A great many farmers who never would join the alliance, or any other farm organization, but chose rather to align themselves with their own enemies, gloat over the apparent lethargy of the alliance. They assume that the organization is dead, and say: "I told you it would die; that is why I would not join it. I knew they wouldn't stick together."

But such reasoning is not sound. The assumption is false. The alliance is not dead. True enough there is not that zeal and demonstration that characterized its early career; many of the weak-backed and short-sighted ones who mistook the objects and scope of the organization, have dropped out. They expected immediate results, and those results were looked for on lines along which the more thoughtful never expected them to come.

As a rule, the more intelligent class of farmers believe in organization, not merely to look after the best interests of their class in their line of legislation, but mainly as a means of self-improvement in the way of reading, studying, investigation, co-operation and discussion; to become more sociable, more fraternal, and by contact and a friendly interchange of thoughts, methods and experiences, to become better farmers and better citizens. These are some of the purposes of organization.

Just grant for argument sake that the Farmers' Alliance, as an organization, is dead, the charters burned and that not another meeting in that name is ever held, will anybody claim that the influence exerted by the organized farmers dies with the means that effected it? If the Farmers' Alliance were to dissolve to-morrow the good it has accomplished will outweigh a thousand times the trouble and expense it has cost. The farmers' organizations have set the nation to thinking. They have made their influence felt in the legislatures and congress, and even some of the great daily papers of the country are echoing the sentiments of the farmers and championing the measures they have demanded.

The fact is that the lethargy of the farmers' organization is due as much as anything else to the fact that the press of the country and politicians have acknowledged the justice of the farmers' demands, and many of the statesmen are uttering the "calamity howl" for the farmers. The danger is that the farmers will be lulled to sleep by the "wordy interest" the politicians are taking, only to have the chains riveted a little tighter when found in a disorganized condition. Don't be deceived by the wily politician or the treacherous plutocratic press. "By their actions and not words only, shall they be known." Look at the actions of the present congress and the different state legislatures; if they are earning their salt, we fail to see how. What is the benefit of soft words and good promises if no good actions are ever performed?

It is plain that the farm organizations are a necessity. Education is the foundation of the great walls of defense that are to protect and preserve the liberties of the nation. The alliance is a school which, if well attended, will make the farmers free men. It will educate them in the line of practical farm work, in the principles of political science, and will make them conscious of the fact that they are as intelligent and as important a factor in this republic as any other class. The alliance may be, and evidently is, to some extent awaiting results of the great awakening; to see the course of political events, and whether the known will of the people will be regarded, but the alliance is not dead; the best men are still in the organization. The weak-kneed have fallen out. As the brick mansion rises on the ruins of the frame building or the log hut, so will a more permanent and more effective organization arise on the ruins of the alliance if it should go down.—St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

With Its Enormous Circulation It Is Fast Converting Democrats Into Populists.

It is with an inexpressible measure of relief that one turns from a reading of the gold-bug editorials of the Kansas City Times to the columns of the St. Louis Republic, which may now be fitly classed as a "calamity howler." The following from the Republic has the true ring of pure democratic doctrine and emphasizes the fast widening gulf which exists between the southern, western and northwestern democracy and the eastern plutocracy of which Grover Cleveland is the greatest living exponent and representative. The Republic is doubtless fighting for "reform within the party," but the bulk of its readers will become populists so soon as they discover that no relief can be expected from the present administration. A strangely familiar sound to populist ears has this Republic editorial, which reads as follows:

"It is supposed by some who are otherwise well informed that there has been a decrease in the price of silver due to an increase in the supply of silver bullion as compared with the supply of gold."

"This is a mistake, for the supply of silver in relation to the supply of gold is less now than at the beginning of the century. The decrease in the price of silver is due to a conspiracy of English, German, Hebrew and American capitalists, who succeeded in demonetizing it."

"There has been a decrease in the price of silver because of this conspiracy, but the increase in the price of gold has been much heavier, as can be easily demonstrated."

"To do so it is only necessary to see whether other prices have been affected as silver has been. If the leading staples of commerce follow silver down from the time of its demonetization, it is unquestionable proof that gold has been 'bullied' to a premium as a result of the conspiracy which began operation about 1870."

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"The statistical abstract issued by the federal treasury shows that this has been the case. Wheat, cotton,

wool and all other staples follow silver down, showing that the gold premium has been created by the legislation that demonetized silver."

"In 1890 an ounce of gold brought 4.18 ounces of silver more than it did in 1870. In 1870 a bushel of wheat brought \$1.30, as against only 83 cents in 1890. In the same time cotton fell from 10.03 cents to 10.01 cents a pound and wool from 48 to 33 cents."

"The effect of bulling gold by demonetizing silver is strikingly shown in the decade between 1870 and 1880 by the increased purchasing power of gold as compared with the products of the Mississippi valley. The census of 1870 shows that 8,248,000 horses were worth in 1870 \$617,319,000, while ten years later, though the number of horses had increased to 11,201,000, they were worth much less than in 1870, or only \$613,290,000."

"In 1870 1,179,000 mules were worth \$128,584,000, while in 1880 1,729,000 were worth only \$105,948,000. So too, with milk cows; with mess pork and provisions; with all cereals, and with everything we produce in the Mississippi valley."

"These figures will suggest the enormity of the robbery perpetrated on the producers of the Mississippi valley by the gold conspirators, who began operations in America by demonetizing silver through the Sherman act of 1873. Since then they have steadily forced gold to a higher and higher premium, forcing down the price of every article the valley produces until we have been robbed not of millions, but of billions. The world never saw a conspiracy so gigantic or so audacious as that through which the money dealers of London, New York and the German cities are operating to force the premium on gold higher and still higher regardless of the fact that, as compared with silver and with all other staples of production, it is higher now than it has ever been in the history of the world."

"Out of such attempts as this grow great political and social revolutions. No government that is not a military despotism can uphold such conspirators against an intelligent people when intelligence is once roused to action."

"No greater crime was ever committed in the history of the world than the crime of using the government of this country and of other countries to carry out the plans of these plunderers of the people. They are still in the business of robbery, insisting that whatever does not promote their advantage is unsound and dangerous finance, but they cannot go much further without making reaction inevitable, and, if, when it comes, the people take back somewhat of that they have lost through robbery, it need not surprise those whom success in swindling has made more insatiable as immunity has made them more audacious."

FLEEING CAPITAL.

There is No Danger of Its Leaving as Profitable a Field as the State of Kansas.

A New York daily paper prints a grotesque picture, which purports to represent a phase of the situation in Kansas. The principal figure is a plethoric money-bag marked "capital." This is surmounted by a head with plug hat, has legs and arms attached, holds a sachel marked "capital, late of Kansas," in one hand and a demoralized umbrella in the other. The face wears a look of the utmost consternation and the figure is running away as rapidly as possible and is pursued by a farmer with a pitchfork. This farmer is labeled "Populist."

The Kansas Farmer does not concern itself with the political aspect of the cartoon, but calls attention to a few considerations with reference to the supposed fleeing capital. Capital works for the man who owns it, and though proverbially "timid," it fears no danger in the presence of gain. It likes the protection of civilization, but will invade barbarous or savage communities for the sake of profit. The owner of capital cannot pass a prosperous community without a feeling of avarice. Productive energies are looked upon as his ministering servants. Where great wealth is being produced the capitalist sees his opportunity.

The record of Kansas for the production of wealth, the wheat crop of 1892 being nearly twice as large as that of any other state; the surplus of corn and other grains, and of live stock, make this state a field which the capitalist recognizes as a valuable one, a field in whose productions he must have a share. But to secure this share he