

## WAITING FOR THE ANGELS.

Waiting through days of fever,  
Waiting through nights of pain,  
For the waft of wings at the portal,  
For the sound of songs immortal,  
And the breaking of life's long chain.

There is little to do for our dear ones—  
Only to watch and pray—  
As the tide is outward drifting,  
As the gates of heaven are lifting,  
And its gleam is on her way.

The tasks that so often taxed her,  
The children she held so dear,  
The strain of the coming and going,  
The stress of the mending and sewing,  
The burden of many a year.

Trouble her now no longer;  
She is past the fret and care,  
On her brow is the angel's token,  
The look of a peace unbroken,  
She was never before so fair.

You see, she is waiting the angels,  
And we are standing apart,  
For there are less and sorrow;  
For her is the endless morrow,  
And the reaping-time of the heart.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.



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## CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"In the first place," he began, looking at her so steadily and keenly, with such strange attentiveness, that her eyes felt, she scarcely knew why, "this document purporting to be the last will and testament of Mrs. Jane Dunkirk was represented to be, and in truth did appear to be, in the handwriting of James Kernan, Esq., now deceased, but formerly a prominent New York lawyer. It was evidence, and not disputed at all, that the late Mr. Kernan was for several years—a period embracing the date of this will—Mrs. Dunkirk's attorney, and, naturally, the person to whom she would intrust the drawing of this document. So far, very good. There is a fair degree of plausibility for us, just on the surface. But unfortunately competent evidence was produced by Hunter and Ketchum, showing that on or about the 19th of July, which is the date of our will, you know, and for a certain time previous and subsequent to that date, the late Mr. Kernan was in Europe, and therefore he could not have had any active personal share in this or any other transaction of like nature



MRS. MAYNARD HAD RISEN EXCITEDLY.

that may have occurred in New York during that time. In short, they proved, by the utter impossibility of the thing, that the late Mr. Kernan did not draw that will, all our representations to that effect notwithstanding! There, you perceive, is their first point, as clear as noonday; it is something that we cannot possibly controvert."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard, looking up at him with the words. "They proved, did you say, Mr. North, proved that Mr. Kernan was in Europe as early as the 19th of July?"

"They proved it, Mrs. Maynard, in black and white; proved it by his own unconscious testimony; proved it, I regret to add, beyond a peradventure or a shadow of doubt."

"Oh," she cried impulsively, with a quick disdainful little gesture, "to think, Mr. North, that we should have failed to detect so fatal a discrepancy as that!"

"It is amazing," assented North dryly. "Nor is this all. You see, the fault lies primarily in that date. In the second place, one of the witnesses—let me see, what was his name?" He threw his head back reflectively, and the sharp, gray eyes swept the frescoed ceiling for an instant.

"Was it Norristown?" suggested Mrs. Maynard, faintly, as she twined the slender glittering links of her watch chain around her finger, in a preoccupied way.

"It was Norristown, thank you!" The sharp gray eyes returned with the words to Mrs. Maynard's face. "Well, then, it was shown conclusively that Norristown died exactly ten days previous to the date of the will (an unquestionable fact, in the judgment of the court, rendered all his subsequent proceedings invalid, at least within that jurisdiction."

"Norristown is dead?" echoed Mrs. Maynard, with a quick change of color. Then she added, in a tone of tragical despair:

"I perceive that you are right, Mr. North; shred by shred the unsubstantial fabric is going to tatters! What next?"

"Next," pursued North, with a rather inexplicable smile, "we come to the disclosures made by the experts. The whole affair, you see, has been mercifully sifted. Hunter and Ketchum are unrelenting."

"Unprincipled! Mercenary!" cried Mrs. Maynard, with a sudden little flash of resentment. "All that they wish is to secure for themselves handsome fees from the estate!"

"Oh, possibly," returned North, with indolent amusement. "Nevertheless, my dear Mrs. Maynard, whatever their motive, the fact remains—they are relentless. Up to this point the only evidence offered has been the ordinary verbal and documentary sort; but now

to clinch the previous testimony the experts are introduced."

"Experts?" repeated Mrs. Maynard in a tone of vague speculation.

"Yes; chirographical experts, you know, to decide as to the genuineness of the signatures. Submitting the document to the usual tests, in connection with unmistakably genuine specimens of the handwriting of the attorney, the testatrix and the witnesses, the experts unhesitatingly swore that the will was a forgery from beginning to end. Thus you see, Mrs. Maynard," and here North leaned back in his chair and folded his arms composedly, half closing his eyes to complete the effect of a superficially indifferent manner, "they have made affairs extremely awkward for us. Who knows, now, for instance, who may be suspected of having had a hand in this business? Why, they may even honor me with some such suspicion; there's no doubt of the possibility!"

"Mr. North!" Mrs. Maynard had risen excitedly, and she was now pacing restlessly to and fro, her trailing dress sweeping over the carpet in creamy folds. Her delicate dark brows were contracted, her expression was troubled, her tone edged with asperity.

"Mr. North! I must ask you not to trifle. Affairs are far too serious for that. Tell me, please, precisely how we stand. This forgery having been discovered, the will, of course, is set aside. Does the matter end there, or is it to be investigated?"

North was radiant. "That is cleverly to the point!" he declared to himself with admiring approval; then to Mrs. Maynard he responded guardedly:

"Oh, there will be an investigation, of course. The affair is quite too serious, as you say—forgery and conspiracy, you know; state prison offense, if proven—to be passed over. For this reason," he added, with a significant glance at Mrs. Maynard, "I advise that you take immediate action in the matter."

"I, Mr. North?" she echoed, faintly, as she paused and looked appealingly at him.

He was leaning back languidly, the very picture of graceful composure, with his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, and his delicately white hands clasped idly, while he trifled with the solitaire ring on his little finger. Even in the midst of her troubled thoughts Mrs. Maynard's eye caught the fire and sparkle of the diamond. She had never noticed it before.

"I, Mr. North?" She repeated, with vague caution; for in North's glance and manner there was something subtle, intangible, that placed her, she knew not why, instantly upon her guard. "And pray, why should I move in an investigation?"

North waited for a moment to give a greater effect to his answer, while he steadily returned Mrs. Maynard's inquiring gaze. Then with deliberate emphasis he said:

"Why should you move in an investigation, Mrs. Maynard? The reason is obvious; to clear yourself of all suspicion of complicity in this forgery!"

She started, and her lips grew ashen. "Do they suspect me?" Her tone was scarcely audible; her breath came quickly in nervous, irregular gasps.

"How can I tell, Mrs. Maynard? Whatever suspicions there may be in regard to this affair, they are safely locked up thus far in the wise brains of our opponents. You and I are not likely to be the first ones to hear of them!"

There was an unmistakable significance in tone and words. He threw his head back with an indolent laugh, and looked up sharply to note the effect.

A quick color rose to her brow, a sudden flash came in her brown eyes, a nervous irritability betrayed itself in her manner; but the source of this very perceptible agitation he did not feel justified, at that point, in defining.

"Oh," she cried impulsively, with a quick disdainful little gesture, "to think, Mr. North, that we should have failed to detect so fatal a discrepancy as that!"

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clearly thus far, Mrs. Maynard? Do you quite comprehend my meaning?"

He broke off anxiously here and awaited her response.

Mrs. Maynard was again restlessly pacing the floor with head slightly bowed and hands clasped listlessly before her. One moment of silence intervened between North's question and her answer; then, turning and looking gravely at him, she said:

"Thus far I think I understand you, Mr. North, but I confess there is something beyond your words that I cannot quite divine. I am in no mood for penetrating mysteries when they touch upon a matter of such vital importance; but I will endeavor to comprehend your meaning so far as you will trouble yourself to render it intelligible to me."

She turned from him with the words and continued her slow pacing. North reflected gravely upon her answer; then, failing to make anything satisfactory of it, he hastened his meditated coup d'état.

"Thank you, Mrs. Maynard," he said, calmly. "That is all I can possibly ask. Now, I venture to predict that you would have no difficulty whatever in convincing the court, Hunter and Ketchum, and the public generally, that the entire responsibility of this forgery rests upon myself. Very good; suppose, then, that you consent to adopt this measure, which is certainly open to you, and I agree to close my lips and make no sign; or, to make matters pleasanter all around, take myself off suddenly to Europe. In such a case your first step will be to move at once in an investigation."

North spoke slowly and distinctly, realizing all the daring of this venture, all the disastrous consequences of a false move. He was nerved for any result, prepared for an adroit change of base if Mrs. Maynard's countenance or manner should warn him that he had gone too far in his assumptions. He had hardly expected this; yet he was not prepared for the overwhelming confirmation that his suspicions now received.

While he was speaking those last words he saw a sudden glimmer seize her whole frame as if a powerful electric current had passed through her; the delicate white hands that had been so listlessly relaxed were interlaced now in a convulsive clasp that caused their sparkling rings to send out quivering rays of light; she turned so white that even her lips were perfectly colorless. Breaking off abruptly in her restless pacing, she turned to North with passionate eagerness and seemed to be on the point of addressing him, of uttering some vehement demand. The white lips parted, but as if the look that she encountered from his steady gray eyes, the conscious power of mystery that like an invisible atmosphere surrounded him, had frozen the words ere they were uttered, the protest, demand, appeal—whatever it was—that had so nearly forced itself passionately upon him—died on her lips, and only a faint, quivering sigh escaped them. Then she sank down in a chair, still white as death; all her cold self-possession, all her magnificent hauteur replaced by a look of pitiful despair. If ever a proud woman's heart could break, then surely in that moment Mrs. Maynard must have felt the bitterness of that experience.

Was it fear? Was it remorse? Or what was the emotion that had thus strangely unnerved her? North could only speculate; the certainty lay beyond his present reach.

A death-like silence fell upon the room. It became oppressive to North; he finally spoke again, his low voice ringing out on the stillness in clear decisive tones:

"Mrs. Maynard, will you act upon my suggestion? Will you heed my earnest wish and advice? You do not know, you cannot realize, all that may be at stake, or you would not hesitate for one moment. I am not advising you at random; I have viewed the case from every possible standpoint, and I can see no other course for you to take. For myself I shall offer no defense. I am prepared to face whatever consequences I have incurred. Already our own lawyers suspect us; to-morrow—this very day—the truth may all become known. There is little time for you to act; your resolution must be taken at once. Will you promise that you will do as I have advised?"

There was no trace of lightness or mockery in his manner now; so intensely interested was he in the result of this bold venture that an earnestness quite different from anything that he had yet exhibited made his manner seem almost as tragical as Mrs. Maynard's.

She started to her feet, the color flushing vividly over her white face; a singular light, half defiant, half tender, but full of suppressed excitement, came into the beautiful brown eyes; a certain impulsiveness, which under ordinary circumstances was only half suggested in her manner, seemed to take possession of her. She looked for a moment as if suddenly lifted from the depths of despairing grief to the heights of a sublime daring, sacrifice, self-abandonment.

North rose quickly. He had a dim sense of impending danger, a confused intention of quelling the storm that he had evoked, before it could break upon his head. But fate kindly interposed in his behalf.

There was the sound of some one at the drawing-room door; starting a little and turning toward the door, Mrs. Maynard controlled herself by a visible effort, and said, in her ordinary tone:

"Is that you, Williams? Come in."

The footman, thus bidden, presented himself with a low bow and his habitual air of apologetic.

"Maj. Maynard's compliments," he said, "and will Mrs. Maynard soon be ready to drive?"

"Yes, Williams. In half an hour. Tell the major so," answered Mrs. Maynard, with irritable haste.

The footman promptly retired; then, turning again toward North, Mrs. Maynard continued with an evident effort to speak lightly, though her tone and words contrasted strangely with the death-like pallor of her face:

"That dreadful man! He insists upon my driving with him this morning, and he will not be put off, though I have pleaded every possible excuse. It is very rude to send you away, Mr. North, but the major's will is our law, and he has to be humored like a child."

North slowly walked across the drawing-room with his head bent and his eyes fixed upon the carpet until he reached the arch doorway with its sweeping portiere; then, turning around, he lifted his head and looked calmly at Mrs. Maynard across the little distance separating them. There was a faint flush of excitement on his face, a smoldering fire in his eyes, a curious touch of repression in his manner; strangely, too, a suggestion of triumph that he vainly sought to suppress.

"I am obliged to go now, Mrs. Maynard," he said, slowly, "but I shall see you soon again. In the meantime I ask you to consider very seriously the suggestion that I have offered. It is vitally worthy of your attention."

Again the color came and went in her cheeks, her breath fluttered and her white fingers closed convulsively together. It was evident that at his words some powerful tide of emotion had swept over her, almost overwhelming her with its force, but, quickly rallying, she controlled herself so resolutely.



"IS THAT YOU, WILLIAMS?"

lutely that both voice and manner were idly calm when she answered him.

"Your suggestion, Mr. North?" There was a delicate sarcasm in her tone as she repeated the words. "It is unworthy of me—I will not give it a second thought! Have you so little true idea of me, then? Do you really believe me to be capable of the utter heartlessness of such a course? Oh, never! Even if I did not blame myself so bitterly for this—and my self-reproach is unspeakable—I could never consent to take such a course as that. Whatever consequence may threaten you, whatever consequence may overtake you, incurred for my sake"—her voice was but faintly audible here, and her eyes, now filled with tears, fell before the grave steady gaze of his—"let me share!"

North bowed his head and stood a moment a very effective figure, tall, slender and motionless, outlined against the portiere. His whole attitude expressed more than the most vehement words could have told of deep overmastering emotion; but his eyes, as they were bent upon the floor, flashed only with a cool and merciless triumph.

"So I was right!" he thought—with a cruel, passionate exultation. "Has she not admitted it completely? Now, for proofs more tangible, and then I shall hold everything in my own hands!"

The brief dramatic silence came to an end, and in quite his usual tones North said, lifting his eyes to Mrs. Maynard's face:

"When may I come again to consult with you further about this matter, Mrs. Maynard?"

There was a weary effort shown in the answer that came in low tones from the still white lips:

"I am at leisure every morning except Wednesdays. Come when you will—when it is necessary."

He bowed and turned away from her, carrying with him a last vague impression that as he disappeared beyond the sweeping portiere her voice had uttered a name in a swift, impassioned, half-smothered appeal—not his name, though evidently the appeal was meant for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TALL TREES.

The World's Largest Timbers and Where They Are Found.

The Kew Bulletin tells us that "the tallest gum trees and the tallest trees in the world are found in the gullies of Victoria, several trees having been measured that were more than 400 feet high, and the highest was 471 feet." Visitors to the Indo-Colonial exhibition will remember the size and beauty of other Australian woods, especially of the specimens exhibited in the Queensland court. The finest tree in the world is said to be the Agassiz, one of the sequoia gigantea, 31 feet in diameter, nearly 300 feet in height, and of remarkable symmetry. At the Paris exhibition of 1878 there were shown no fewer than 2,530 specimens of wood from India, belonging to 906 species and 432 genera. And a more recent exhibition, that held in Edinburgh in 1884, made us acquainted with the glories of the Japanese woods, and those of the Andaman and Nicobar islands.

Go to the East India docks and you will see the huge logs of padouk (pterocarpus Indicus), a tree rivaling mahogany in the depth of the color of its wood and the density of its texture. Here, too, the stinkwood, the oreodaphne bullata of South Africa, vies, in spite of its ill-chosen name, with the teak (tectona grandis) of Burmah and Malabar. Or, if you prefer to see growing timber, cross over to Germany and note the massive beech trees of Hesse Nassau, whose branchless stems contain no less than 19,525 cubic feet per hectare, or nearly 8,000 cubic feet of timber per acre.

Gus—"It doesn't pay to get tight, Jim." Jim—"No; I wish it did. I'd have made enough money last night to get tight on again."—Smith Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

## CHANGE THE STANDARD.

True Labor Exchange is a Scientific Impossibility While the Gold Dollar Remains the Unscientific Standard of Value.

From Appendix A, of a pamphlet entitled, "Socialism," by A. J. Starkweather and S. Robert Wilson, I clip the following matter:

"The most important doctrine of socialism is that relating to money. The only reason for the existence of any circulating medium is to facilitate the exchange of commodities. The loafers of the world, unwilling or unable to produce any of the necessities of existence, and thereby honestly earn their living, have devoted their most subtle arts and employed their most cunning schemes in the trade in, and monopolization of, the means devised by them to exchange the goods of one producer for those of another. In strict justice, this exchange of the value produced by one with another should be equal—that is to say, the goods produced by the farmer should be exchanged for goods of equal value produced by the mechanic. Were this the case the loafers of the world would either have to work or starve."

"The whole present system of money must be totally destroyed. A dollar now has no basis of value; to-day it may represent fifty pounds of flour, a month hence only twenty-five pounds; to-day it represents twelve hours' labor of a Chinaman, nine hours' labor of a white man, twenty-four hours' labor of a white child and thirty seconds' loafing of a Vanderbilt."

"Socialists who have thought deeply upon this proposition, truly claim that we must have some fixed standard of value whereon to base the exchange of commodities. This standard must not be an arbitrary one, but must be created by natural law and discovered by science. A producer can only claim compensation for what he produces upon the proposition that he is entitled to receive in return for what he produced that which he has expended in its production. In other words, cost must be the limit of price. In the production of any specified article the laborer self-evidently expends but two things, first, his time, and second, his life-force or energy. It is as self-evident that the time occupied by one worker is equivalent to a similar period of time devoted by another; the life-force spent by one is not, however, equivalent to the energy expended by another. It thus remains for science to ascertain a rule by which the energy of one may be equitably exchanged for the energy of another in order to absolutely prove the perfect justice and practicability of the socialistic maxim—the time and service of one man is equivalent to equal time and service of any other." Such a rule, discovered and applied in practice upon socialistic foundations, insures forever the first economic law of justice, that if a man toil not neither shall he eat. Has that rule been discovered? Yes. And so simple is it that a well-worn phrase comprises it all. That phrase is: 'Cost is the limit of price.' A producer is entitled to receive in exchange for the life-force expended by him in producing an article any other articles upon which an equal amount of life-force has been expended by any other producer. In order to measure this life-force an unvarying standard should be adopted. That standard should be the average life of the worker in the occupation where the labor requires the expenditure of the least life-force per hour. For example, let us say that that work is clerical work. Statistics being taken in every trade and every locality, it is found, let us say, that a clerk in Berlin is only able to work for forty years four hours a day; that a shoemaker in Berlin is only able to work thirty years, and that a knife grinder is only able to work twenty years. Were all these people paid equally at so much an hour, everybody would want to be a clerk and nobody would be a knife grinder. If the hour of the knife grinder was held equal to the hour of the clerk it would be unjust, for there would be no real quality between them. The knife grinder by working his whole life would only be able to obtain two-thirds of the product of the shoemaker or one-half of the product of the clerk, whereas the products of all three should be of equal value and interchangeable. The knife grinder being only able to work twenty years upon the life energy he possesses, or one-half the time of the clerk, should be credited for every hour's work with two hours, the shoemaker with one and one-third hours, and the clerk with one hour. This would be absolute justice. Nothing else would. Let the statistics, facts, be gathered in every trade and in each locality; from them, and from them alone, can the true cost and consequent just price for any production be learned. Nature, science and common sense are the founders, discoverers and promulgators of this law; let not the loafers much longer defy it. The time-book system of Mr. T. F. Hagerty is the only device of which I have ever read that would carry it into practice and successful operation."

[Here follows an illustration of the working of the time-book system, as it would be practiced under the socialistic regime.]

I have thus copied such appendix for the following well defined purpose, to wit: To show that an absolute ideal unit of account, no matter by what name called, expressed in paper bills, or promises to receive, would serve every purpose demanded and render unnecessary the complicated and cumbersome system of "time checks" or Mr. Hagerty's "time book system."

I quote again this sentence from the foregoing appendix: "In order to measure this life-force an unvarying standard should be adopted. That standard should be the average life of the worker in the occupation where the labor requires the expenditure of the least life-force per hour."

Let us suppose, for the nonce, that we retain our present decimal system of money denominations and have cents, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, dollars, and five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollar denominations, all (except cents) printed upon paper and bearing, instead of the customary inscription, "On demand the United States promise to pay," etc., the words "We

the people of the United States, severally and collectively, promise to receive this bill at its face value in payment of all debts, both public and private."

Now assume that a cent represents three minutes, a dime thirty minutes and one dollar five hours' labor "in the occupation where the labor requires the expenditure of the least life-force per hour," making it the duty of a national bureau of labor statistics to classify occupations and wages from all the available statistics and mortality tables of the United States and Europe. Then the clerk's work would be worth twenty cents an hour; the shoemaker's work would be worth twenty-six and two-thirds cents an hour, and the knife grinder's work would be worth fifty cents an hour.

The evils connected with our present monetary system inhere not in money, as money, but in the superstitious idiosyncrasy called metallism, upon which our money system is founded and based, and the system of private banking, through the channels of which our money is distributed.

The advantages gained by the adoption of this scientific standard of value would be manifold, the chief among them being that our volume of money would not be limited by the ridiculously insufficient supply of the so-called precious metals; while at the same time we should yet have such supply of gold and silver, now available for money purposes, to exchange with other nations for valuable commodities. Having inflated the regular normal volume of money to such a degree that there was money enough in the country to properly develop its resources and carry on its domestic exchanges upon a cash basis, the banking system of the nation should be nationalized by the establishment of people's national banks of deposit, loan and discount, and the deposits of the people guaranteed absolute safety and certain return, such deposits being loaned to borrowers at the cost of carrying on the banking system.

These innovations, in connection with the shortening of the legal day's labor until all who would, might work, and none could work more than a certain set number of hours per day, would destroy the system of true labor exchange. Then make actual, individual "use and occupancy" the only valid title to land, and let all natural monopolies, municipal, state and national, be owned and operated at cost by the people, for the people; and humanity would be emancipated from industrial serfdom, what little individualism remained being powerless to work much evil results.

GEORGE C. WARD.

## CARLISLE AND CURRENCY.

The Remedy is Worse Than the Disease—The Nation Must Look to the Omaha Platform For Relief.

Reports from Washington state that Secretary Carlisle has arranged a plan for a banking system, which he proposes to urge upon the country through congress at the next session. The outlines of the plan are not given very distinctly. The principal features, however, appear to be provisions for the issue of state bank currency, under virtual control of the national government, and the permanent suspension of both silver purchase and silver coinage by the treasury. As indicated by the information at hand the secretary's plan for regulating state bank issues is to have the banks chartered by the different states and have the issues based upon securities whose sufficiency is to be determined by the national government.

Such a plan, if adopted, would result in the same thing as would follow if the present national banking law were amended by giving the national banks the right to deposit other securities than government bonds or money as a basis for circulation, and is, therefore, merely an extension of the present national bank act in that one particular. All the objections, therefore, which may be urged against the present law will obtain equally against the one now said to be favored by Secretary Carlisle, with another very strong one added, that is, it will be impossible to keep the security as good as that now required, and hence there will always be danger of loss, either to the state or national government, whichever is required to make such guarantee, then the liability to loss is with the holder of the notes. The attempted appeal to sticklers for "state rights," which is evidently intended to be made by allowing the proposed banks to be chartered by the states separately, while continuing the power to prevent them from going into actual business in the hands of the national government by giving it power to pass finally upon the security offered as a basis for circulation, seems to be very clumsy, and can hardly have much effect, especially against the strong objection which we have suggested.

The same objections which are now so strongly urged against a further depreciation of the price of silver bullion would still remain under this enlarged banking scheme, if it should foolishly be adopted by congress. These objections are based upon the well ascertained fact that the price in foreign markets of all our agricultural exports—and these form about seven-tenths of our annual exports, besides what are exported in the form of manufactured articles, which makes nearly another tenth—is regulated by the price of silver bullion, and there is certainly no reason why this country should desire to lower the price of the products with which the interest and principal of American securities held abroad, must be paid. Yet if Mr. Carlisle's scheme were adopted that is precisely what we would be doing. Both the changes proposed, if correctly reported, are very objectionable, more so than the present arrangement.

The financial disease with which the country is now afflicted is bad, very bad, but Dr. Carlisle's proposed remedy is worse.—Iowa Farmers' Tribune.

—The intrinsic value idea of money has been abandoned by the best writers and thinkers. Coin is not a safe basis for money. The base is too small.—Encyclopedia Britannica.