

LOVE AND WEATHER.

When, in the budding of the year,
To her of love I chanced to sigh:
"Is spring," she whispered in my ear,
"You'll feel much better by and by."
And when, in summer's golden hours,
I said my heart was all aglow,
She smiled as sweetly as the flow'rs
And murmured: "Summer, don't you know."
And later, when the leaves fell down,
And I rehearsed my heart-felt tale,
She said, but with a little frown:
"The day is dull and you are pale."
I sadly waited. Christmas came,
And with the bells I love I told:
Said she: "This wintry night's to blame,
I'm sure you're suffering from the cold."
Oh, grant, ye powers of destiny,
That she and I may meet together,
In some strange land that's fair to see,
But wholly destitute of weather!

—A. C. Gahan, in N. Y. Sun.



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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

"In her haste to secure these important documents the woman had overlooked another letter which, lying on the desk sealed and directed, was found by the lawyer when he called a few hours later. This letter was addressed to a lady in New York with whom Annie's adoptive mother had long been acquainted, asking her to assume the guardianship of the young girl. The lawyer posted the letter immediately, and in answer to it an elderly lady came down to the villa on the day of the funeral, to signify her willingness to grant her late friend's dying request. With this new guardian Annie Dupont went to New York, where she remained until her marriage five years later.

"Inquiry naturally arose as to the disposition which the lady had made of her property. As there was no will to be found, the estate passed through the hands of administrators appointed by



NINA KINGSBURY AND ANNIE DUPONT ARE INDEED ONE AND THE SAME.

the court and went to Annie, the supposed daughter.
"The household was quickly broken up; the villa was closed and subsequently sold; the housekeeper married Patrick O'Gorman (the cousin of her late mistress' coachman, Dennis O'Reilly), and went to Evansburg to live, taking with her the stolen papers, which she has preserved all these years, never quite daring to destroy them, and no doubt having an eye to a possible speculation if any demand for them should ever be made. Thus it comes that I was able at last to secure them, and that they are now in the hands of Hunter and Ketchum.

"And now, Mrs. Maynard," continued North, speaking slowly and looking earnestly at Mrs. Maynard, who, with her hands still held in that tense clasp and her eyes fixed upon his face, was listening to him with rapt attention, "the strangest part of my story is yet to come. For five long years Mrs. Dunkirk was searching far and wide in the hope of discovering some trace of her niece, never dreaming that the young girl whom she had taken into her heart and home was the very one whom she so vainly sought; for Nina Kingsbury and Annie Dupont are indeed one and the same, and the lady whose name I have withheld from you until now was Mrs. Kingsbury—your adoptive mother!"

The thought, the suspicion, wildly improbable though it seemed, had occurred to Mrs. Maynard's mind even while North was speaking; she had in one flash of divination perceived the truth as he led her on step by step over a pathway as familiar to her as the one that her own feet now daily trod; yet when the actual statement fell upon her ear she seemed to be incapable of grasping its meaning. Looking at North in a dazed way she said, slowly:

"I, Mr. North—I am Annie Dupont? It cannot be! I thought it was Miss Hilary! Have you made no mistake?"

"There is no mistake," returned North, firmly but quietly, for he perceived that she was in danger of breaking down under the conflicting emotions and the nervous excitement of this scene. "You will find everything to be exactly as I have told you. That letter of Mrs. Kingsbury to yourself was among the papers that I forwarded to Hunter and Ketchum; but I particularly requested them to return it as soon as they were through with it, and so after all these years it will reach you at last. I will add that you may expect to hear very soon from those gentlemen; as the executors of your aunt's estate, they will doubtless communicate with the newly-discovered heir-at-law as early a date as possible. And now, Mrs. Maynard, may I ask you to accept my congratulations? I sincerely rejoice in your identification as Annie Dupont, and I wish you all happiness now and hereafter!"

Could he have had the faintest realization of the cruelty of these words, he would have cut off his right hand

rather than have uttered them. Mrs. Maynard rose slowly, looking at him with a strange expression which, like the dead calm of her manner, seemed but the prelude to a storm of passion. When she spoke she knew not what impulse lay behind the words; she only dimly comprehended that what she would have said remained unspoken, while the thought that she would have buried in her heart found a passionate utterance.

"You wish me happiness, Mr. North?" she repeated slowly, in tones that would have been overwhelming had he been conscious of deserving the scorn that they contained. "I thank you! Why should I not be happy? If heart and conscience condemn us not, then happiness is within the reach of all; to these silent mentors I commend you, now and hereafter!"

Then it was that a perception of his blunder came over North, and he started up with an impulsive protestation on his lips, when suddenly a voice was heard in the hall, speaking to Williams in a sharp, imperative tone; then the drawing-room portiere was swept aside and a hasty step crossed the threshold.

Mrs. Maynard, who was directly facing the door, looked up quickly to see who had entered. North, who was partially turned away from the door, sank back in his chair and looked quickly at Mrs. Maynard.

He saw her start violently, while the frozen lifelessness of her manner gave place to sudden alert amazement. An inarticulate cry broke from her lips; then she stood transfixed, gazing straight ahead as if she beheld an apparition from another world.

A cool little smile passed over North's face as he noted her agitation; and yet, with all his coolness, a faint thrill of excitement ran along his nerves as he contemplated the scene now at hand.

Rising deliberately he drew himself up to his full height; then turning slowly around he found himself face to face with the person who had just entered the room.

A few paces distant the latter stood—a gentleman in a long ulster which was unfashioned and thrown back, revealing an elegant toilet beneath. This gentleman was in personal appearance the perfect counterpart of Allan North; the same tall, slender figure, the same proudly-poised head with clustering auburn curls, the same keen, dark-gray eyes, clear-cut features, sweeping dark-mustache; only in the more delicate variations of expression could a subtle difference be traced. One might well be amazed by their remarkable resemblance as they stood thus silently face to face, looking at each other.

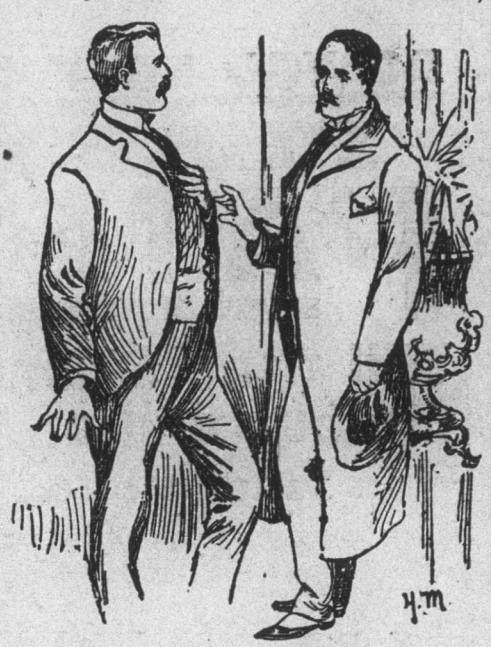
Miss Hilary, no less agitated than Mrs. Maynard, stood with eyes fixed in anxious suspense upon Allan's calm, grave countenance; while Williams, forgetting himself in the excitement of the moment, was hovering in the doorway with uplifted hands, gazing at the two gentlemen in open-mouthed astonishment.

One moment went by in absolute silence—a moment full of dramatic interest to every member of that little group.

CHAPTER XIX.

Duke—Stay, stand apart—I know not which is which.
—Comedy of Errors.
Cleop.—Since my lord
Is Anthony again I will be Cleopatra.
—Anthony and Cleopatra.

"Well, Ollin!"
"You, Allan?"
These two greetings, the former uttered in calm, deliberate tones, the latter in accents of keen amazement, broke the silence simultaneously; then the newcomer, with a curious blending of expressions in his countenance,



"WELL, OLLIN!" "YOU, ALLAN?"

stepped forward hastily, and grasping North's hand continued in the same incredulous tones:
"Allan North! Well, by all that's astonishing, how came you here? I never should have dreamed of such a thing! Here in X—, and at Mrs. Maynard's! How does it come? What does it mean? Speak, some one, and explain this mystery!"

"What does it mean?" echoed Mrs. Maynard excitedly, as she looked from one to the other in growing perplexity. "You are the very same—and yet not the same! What strange mystery, what wonderful coincidence, what unfortunate complication can this be?"

"It is simply, Mrs. Maynard," interposed Allan with assumed lightness, "the closing scene of the little comedy of errors that we have been playing; or perhaps my brother will be disposed to call the piece 'My Double, and How He Undid Me.' Can it be possible, Ollin," turning to that gentleman, "that you have never told Mrs. Maynard about your twin brother, and our remarkable resemblance to each other?"

A quick exclamation fell from Mrs. Maynard's lips as the first inkling of the truth now entered her mind! Before Ollin could reply to his brother's question she exclaimed to Allan:

"Is it possible that you have been deceiving me—personating your brother? Oh, dreadful! Why did I not suspect that there was something wrong? And yet, you were so like him—and you knew all about my business affairs—oh, I cannot understand it at all!" and she stopped short, once more baffled by the mystery confronting her.

It was now Ollin's turn. His mind

had been rapidly at work during this little interchange of dialogue between Allan and Mrs. Maynard, and a very disturbing train of speculations had been the result.

"Can it be possible, Mrs. Maynard," he exclaimed, his countenance a perfect kaleidoscope of expressions as he looked anxiously at her, "that you have mistaken my brother for me?"

The question, the tone, perhaps something in his eyes as they looked eloquently into hers, conveyed whole volumes of enlightenment to Mrs. Maynard. The misunderstandings of the past few days, which had involved Ollin North in such serious suspicions, were suddenly swept away, and, though there still remained much to be explained, there was for the time room for no other thought in her mind but the triumphant one of his complete vindication. Her face was radiant, her voice vibrant with happiness as she answered:

"I am fully undeceived now, Mr. North, though I confess that I have for the past two weeks believed this gentleman to be you. I see so many things, now, that ought to have opened my eyes to the truth!" She turned a glance full of wonder and speculation upon Allan North as she spoke.

He looked grave and disturbed; he found it difficult to rally his usual lightness of manner, for a vague presentiment had seized him that affairs were about to take some turn that he had not foreseen nor calculated upon. Mrs. Maynard's glance tacitly challenged him to an explanation, but he was not yet prepared to take up the gauntlet, and he was therefore compelled to plead for a delay.

"I must throw myself upon your mercy for the present, Mrs. Maynard," he said gravely. "I trust that I shall be able to render a satisfactory account of myself, but I can say nothing more until I have had a private interview with my brother. May I hope that you will suspend judgment on my course until I am in a position to defend it?"

The look of mystification deepened in the faces of his auditors; but, perceiving a perfect acquiescence in Mrs. Maynard's expression, Ollin forbore uttering the questions that had almost risen to his lips. Slowly drawing off his gloves, he looked at his brother for a moment with a peculiarly close, intent scrutiny before replying; then he said, quietly:

"So far as this matter rests between ourselves, Allan, it can wait, of course. But now pray tell me, if I may ask, how did you happen to come to X—?"

"I came on a professional errand, Noll. I am here as the authorized representative of Messrs. Hunter and Ketchum, of New York."

"Hunter and Ketchum? How—why—are you associated with them, Allan? In what case, pray?"

"The same in which you are so deeply concerned—the Dunkirk will case."

He spoke these last words in a significant tone, looking searchingly at his brother to see what effect they would produce. His expectation was not fulfilled. There was no confusion, no guilty consciousness in Ollin's face as he answered; only a genuine surprise and amusement.

"The Dunkirk will case? By Jove, Allan, that is a coincidence! And so we've been at opposite ends of this case all this time? Pray tell me, what particular point have you been at work upon here? I say, Al, haven't you been rather reconnoitering the enemy's camp? Come, now, old fellow, own up!"

"I will tell you fully about that hereafter, Noll," said his brother, flushing a little under the laughing accusation.

"Oh, very well. Since the Dunkirk will case has been introduced, I have a word to say on that subject which I shall proceed to say now, as Allan utterly refuses to talk!" exclaimed Ollin, turning to Mrs. Maynard with sudden animation.

"Of course my brother, being duly informed on that point, through his own connection with the case, must have told you about the late awkward developments in regard to that will. And right here," he added, quickly, "allow me to explain why you never heard about it from me. The night before I left home, having made an unsuccessful attempt to call upon you, I wrote you, stating briefly how matters stood in New York, and advising you of my proposed absence, though not entering into any explanation of the object of this hastily-projected trip. Now I give you my word that I solemnly believed I had mailed that letter, along with several business letters that I wrote at the same time; but it now transpires that I did nothing of the sort, for last evening on the train, while making a very thorough investigation of my pockets, I brought to light that identical document," holding out to Mrs. Maynard, who mechanically accepted it, a letter duly stamped, sealed and directed, but not post-marked,

"which I hereby offer you as an evidence of good faith. And now, to return. I have crowded some very satisfactory work into the last two weeks, Mrs. Maynard, though it has kept me busy day and night. I have been following up clew after clew and sifting all the evidence I could get my hands on, and the consequence is, I have finally discovered the whole truth in regard to that forgery. Isn't that a sufficient cause for self-congratulation?"

Allan started perceptibly at these words, as he exchanged a flashing glance with Mrs. Maynard. Ollin was too wholly absorbed in his own thoughts to notice this at all.

"You see," he went on, without pause, as, throwing off his ulster and giving it to Williams, he returned to the little group who were all eagerly awaiting his next words, "I felt a little doubtful about the genuineness of that will when I found that Hunter and Ketchum were going to contest it. To be sure, it seemed all right enough, so far as I could judge from the mere copy that Jenner sent us; still I could not help feeling some serious misgivings. Without mentioning this fact to you, I set myself to the task of discovering whom, in case the will should prove to be fraudulent, I could suspect. I was not long in arriving at a definite conclusion. That very generous legacy to Jenner had looked rather significant to me from the first, and I made up my

mind that if there was anything wrong about the will, Jenner was the first person to be investigated. Her mysterious disappearance, as soon as Hunter and Ketchum had thrown the case into court confirmed my suspicion; consequently, when I received a telegram from our New York attorneys, announcing the decision of the court and demanding an explanation from me—which was natural enough under the circumstances—my plans took definite shape at once. I resolved to hunt Jenner up, if it took half my fortune and all of Pinkerton's men to do it! It would take too long to detail the curious circumstances that gave us our first clew; but at last I found her away up in Vermont among strangers and on her deathbed. She had been fatally injured in a railway accident while on her way to Rutland, the accident occurring within a short distance of her destination. She was perfectly conscious when I visited her, and she seemed to realize her condition. When I told her for what purpose I had come, she immediately and voluntarily confessed that she herself forged that will, relating every attending circumstance with minute detail. I have the confession in due form—legal affidavit, sworn to in the presence of a magistrate—now in my possession, and I telegraphed the substance of it to Hopkins and Shepherd without an hour's delay. Thus the awkward uncertainty as to who it was that willfully and feloniously forged that Dunkirk will is happily and forever at an end. Why, Allan—oh, congratulations! Thank you, my dear boy, thank you!"

For Allan, after standing in apparent stupefaction during this rapid recital, had advanced excitedly and seized his brother's hands in a singularly impulsive and hearty grasp. His countenance indicated an excess of joy and relief so mingled with self-condemnation that Ollin stared at him in speechless astonishment.



CLASPING BOTH HER HANDS IN HIS.

ishment. But Mrs. Maynard's countenance suddenly grew luminous with the dawning of a new idea.

"Oh, Mr. North," she exclaimed, turning to Allan with angelic reproach in her face. "I comprehend this strange affair at last! You thought—you suspected—"

"Spare me, Mrs. Maynard!" entreated Allan, throwing up his hands with a gesture of despair. "I know a blunder is accounted worse than a crime, and in this case I have proven myself to be the champion blunderer!"

"Well, I say, Allan," interposed his brother, recovering the power of speech, "if your repentance is truthfully indicated by your expression of countenance, you are certainly entitled to mercy. Miss Hilary, what do you think of this brother of mine? You have had an opportunity to observe his conduct and gauge his deserts. Shall we forgive him for the blunders to which he has confessed?"

But Miss Hilary did not hear the question. Unable to conceal the agitation caused by the revelations of the past few moments, she had taken refuge in the conservatory; and when Allan looked around anxiously for her Mrs. Maynard silently indicated to him the place of her retreat.

With mute but eloquent thanks, he withdrew at once to the conservatory to learn his fate from the final court of appeal to which his case had been referred.

There was silence in the drawing-room for the space of two minutes, during which Ollin North walked nervously to and fro; then pausing beside Mrs. Maynard he addressed her in firm, low tones:

"Mrs. Maynard, I have waited now for two long weeks for the answer that you have promised me. Do not hesitate to speak—the worst can be only that for which my fears have already prepared me. Tell me, Nina, is it yes, or no?"

The whispered monosyllable must have been satisfactory, for he instantly added, clasping both her hands in his: "Are you sure of yourself now, darling? Do you love me, after all?"

Her answer came impulsively, with a rush of April tears:

"I did not need all the sorrow of the past two weeks, Ollin, to teach me that!"

CHAPTER XX.

Sib.—My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer give but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks.
—Twelfth Night.

Meantime the following note awaited Ollin North at the Clement house:

"HEADQUARTERS U. S. CO. 430 p. m. DEAR NORTH: Your election is now assured. Returns not all in yet, but so far as canvassed indicate overwhelming majority. Order two dozen extra on ice, and pledge fidelity to your new official duties. WARNER."

[THE END.]

Rebuked by a Cockney.

"In Windsor castle," says a woman, "I was amused to be rebuked by the pompous cockney who showed us about. We went into a room where were hanging a number of pictures whose painter I had no means of knowing and whose style I did not recognize. 'Who painted these?' I asked of our cicerone. He fixed upon me a glance of lofty reproof. 'You h'ought,' he said, coldly, 'to know the works of h'art of your h'own country. Those were painted by Benjamin West, h'an h'American. Did ye never hear of 'im?'"—N. Y. Times.

A LETTER AND AN ANSWER.

The Secretary of Agriculture Sends Forth an Oliver and Gets a Roland in Exchange Therefor.

The following letter, written June 17, at the office of the secretary of agriculture, to Hon. J. F. Lee, of Manhattan, Kan., is of interest:

My Dear Sir: I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your agreeable letter of the 12th inst., indorsing the views in a recent epistle addressed to you over my signature.

The continued purchases of 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month is very debilitating to the gold reserve in the treasury of the United States. The recent utterance of Secretary Carlisle shows conclusively that while in eleven months we issued \$19,000,000 of treasury notes for silver bullion, more than \$17,000,000 of the said notes have been returned to the treasury for redemption in gold. Plainly stated in a wild western way, the question is now, which will hold out the longest, the gold of the United States or the silver of the whole world?

It would be a good object-lesson in money fallacies if the government could legally tender 4½ grain silver dollars in payment for the silver bullion which it buys each month under the compulsory provisions of the Sherman act. Silver coined in 4½ grain dollars is silver put upon the public at \$1.29 an ounce. Therefore, when silver bullion is only 81 cents an ounce, if the producers and vendors thereof were compelled to receive their pay in silver dollars of 4½ grains each, they would be forced to pay 45 cents an ounce to boot between the plain unstamped bullion and the coined silver which bears the legend, "In God We Trust," and a cameo of the Goddess of Liberty. The giving of an ounce of silver bullion, which contains 480 grains of silver, for a dollar which contains only 412½ grains of silver, would soon teach the advocates of fiat money the stamp of the government is merely a certification of weight and fineness of the coin, and not an enhancement of the metal it contains. The mint value of gold is its bullion value. A twenty-dollar gold piece, with the stamp of the government entirely obliterated (the weight being retained and the fineness unimpaired), will sell for \$20. Why, then, should \$20 in silver, reduced to bullion, be worth less than they were before the mint stamp was erased, if silver is just as good for a money metal as gold? But mankind ever successfully make money out of anything which had no value as a commodity before it became money! If the government can, by coinage, create an artificial value of 45 cents to the ounce in silver, why cannot the government create 100 cents' value in any kind of metal that it may coin and stamp "one dollar?" Faithfully yours, J. STERLING MORTON.

We have been shown a recent letter from Secretary of Agriculture Morton, in which he discusses some phases of the silver question from the administration standpoint.

He quotes Secretary Carlisle's statement that within eleven months \$40,000,000 of silver bullion treasury notes were issued and \$47,000,000 returned to the treasury for gold. Secretary Morton must know that this is a garbled statement. The notes that were returned for gold during the time named were not the identical notes that were issued during that time. They were simply so much of the much larger amount of these silver notes that were abroad in the country, and that had been issued not alone during the eleven months referred to, but during the nearly three years since the Sherman act was passed in July, 1890.

Why were they returned for gold? Not because their holders did not regard them just as good as gold, or as any other issues of the government, but because, owing to the great demand for gold for export to pay our debts resulting from the large balance of trade against us, and to meet the demands from Austria, which was in the markets of the world buying gold, a great amount of gold was needed for export. Mr. Morton would leave it to be inferred that during that eleven months no demands were made upon the treasury for gold except by presentation of the silver notes. He carefully omits to state the fact that many millions of "greenbacks" were also presented and redeemed in gold to meet the export demand. Why does he not mention this as evidence that the people were afraid of "greenbacks?" For the reason, no doubt, that it would not suit the apparent purpose of the administration, of which he is a member, to discredit silver and drive the country to a single gold basis.

No effort has been made by our government to put and maintain in circulation the silver dollar. Many millions would readily be absorbed by the people if they were paid out and substituted in place of the small paper bills; but then that would reduce the formidable mass of silver in the treasury, which its enemies so delight to point to as unavailable stock.

But when Mr. Morton touches upon the general principles that underlie the money problem he is most widely astray. He says:

"The stamp of the government is merely a certification of the weight and fineness of the coin, and not an enhancement of the metal it contains. The mint value of the gold is its bullion value. A twenty-dollar gold piece with the stamp of the government entirely obliterated (the weight being maintained and the fineness unimpaired) will sell for \$20. Why, then, should \$20 in silver, reduced to bullion, be worth less than they were before the mint stamp was erased, if silver is just as good for a money metal as gold is?"

It is indeed surprising that Mr. Morton should give utterance to such errors. If he should reverse his statement, and say that the bullion value of gold is its mint value he would be correct. The earth's yield of gold is now about \$125,000,000 per annum. The consumption in the arts is about \$65,000,000. Suppose gold should be treated as silver has been, and demonetized, and its mint coinage value taken away, what does Mr. Morton suppose would be the value of gold? It would then be simply a commodity, the price of which would be fixed by demand and supply for use otherwise than as money; and with a supply about double the requirements for such uses, does not Mr. Morton see that it would inevitably decline in value? Would not the same law prevail as in the case of all other commodities? Does he not see that the reason why his twenty-dollar gold piece will have the same value after obliteration of the government stamp is because the holder knows he can have it recoined at the mint valuation which was expressed on its face? Does the mint offer the same privilege to the holder of silver bullion? If it were not now as it was from the foundation of the government until 1873, would not Mr. Morton, with his "twenty dollars

in silver reduced to bullion" be able to have them recoined again, and would not his silver be then "just as good for a money metal as gold is?"

Is it not plain that as to both metals it is law alone, in establishing the coinage value, that governs the bullion value, for what man will sell his gold or his silver bullion at less than he can get for it at the mint? Indeed, gold is much more dependent upon the coinage value than is silver, for, owing to its divisibility, silver is suitable for small transactions, and must always be used as money, while gold is not and could much better be spared.

Secretary Morton is at the head of the agricultural interests of this great country. The producers of our staples, the wheat raisers of the west, the cotton growers of the south, should be leading objects of his concern. Let us tell him that behind his sophistries there lies the great fact that every agricultural interest requires a broader basis than gold alone can afford, and that especially wheat and cotton, and all other articles of which we always have a surplus to export, and which are also produced and exported from silver-using countries, are bound "hand and foot" with silver. The laws of God and nature are not more certain. In illustration of this let us recall to him the words of his predecessor, Secretary Rusk, in one of his annual reports:

"The recent legislation, looking to the restoration of the bimetallic standard of our currency, and the consequent enhancement of the value of silver, had unquestionably had much to do with the recent advance in the price of cereals. The same cause has advanced the price of wheat in Russia and India, and in the same degree reduced their power of competition. English gold was formerly exchanged for cheap silver, and wheat purchased with the cheaper metal was sold in Great Britain for gold. Much of this advantage is lost by the appreciation of silver in those countries. It is reasonable, therefore, to expect much higher prices for wheat than have been received in recent years."

Let it then be the chief concern of Secretary Morton to devise methods whereby the value of silver may be enhanced and its ancient position as a money metal restored, assured, as he must be, that the values of agricultural products will be equally enhanced by the removal of destructive foreign competition, such as Secretary Rusk referred to, and by that broadening of a sound, metallic basis through the re-establishment of both gold and silver as co-ordinate money metals, upon an established legal ratio, which will give stability to prices generally and prosperity to all classes.—Kansas City Journal.

The article from which the foregoing excerpt is taken is an able and a scholarly elaboration, from a bimetallic standpoint, of the silver question as it existed before the stoppage of free coinage by the Indian empire. But look at the absurd inconsistencies of this able bimetallic argument. After establishing, beyond all controversy, with a simple and concise yet logical and convincing statement that bimetallicism gives to both gold and silver, by the fiat of law, an arbitrary and artificial value far in excess of their real value as commodities, it is yet insisted that a safe monetary system demands that we retain these fictitious values as a "basis" for our money circulation. This is equivalent to saying that we can deceive ourselves into believing that certain values are, although we are absolutely certain that they are not. Away with such foolishness.

Then, again, the article is valuable and significant as showing just what degree of relief we may expect from those whom certain reform papers are just now pleased to term "our republican and democratic allies." Great Scott! Shades of Peter Cooper! What consort hath Christ with Belial? What is there in common between a true populist and a democrat or a republican? "Our republican and democratic allies" demand gold and silver, freely coined, and paper money redeemable in specie. A populist who has been born of the spirit of monetary reform concedes gold and silver in pitying deference to the beclouded intellect, but he will enter into no covenant with death, nor league with hell, by advocating or sanctioning the damnable fallacies "specie basis" and "specie redemption." The old guard can die, but surrender—never. The objective point of the people's crusade is the destruction of the demon metalism. The hopes of a despoiled and oppressed humanity cluster around the demand for absolute, full legal tender, inconvertible paper money.

As the St. Louis Republic said the morning it printed the news concerning the stoppage of the free coinage of silver in India:

"Yesterday's news of the suspension of silver coinage by India had been foreshadowed by the report of the special commission which recommended this action to the Indian government. The effect upon silver and upon the money systems of the world cannot be estimated, but must be avowed. India has been the great silver-using country. If it persists in adopting the gold standard, the debate upon the currency question will be sharpened in all civilized countries. The whole world may be forced to meet a crisis between permanent adoption or long-continued rejection of bimetallicism. In this and other countries governments may be forced to choose between silver and an irredeemable paper currency. The people can hardly stand a real standard."

Choose ye this day between the two. Ye cannot fight for both. The idea of "specie basis" and "money of final redemption" cannot be reconciled with the demand for inconvertible paper money.

Hoist aloft the banner of principle and march triumphantly to victory under its folds. The time is ripe for revolution. Let the battle cries be "America money for America" and "Down with Metalism."

GEORGE C. WARD.

—United States Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, is reported by the Washington correspondent of the Kansas City Times, the organ of the Cleveland financial policy in the west, as being in favor of the immediate repeal of the silver purchase law. The dispatch does not state that he suggests a substitute of any description.—Missouri World.