

## THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

There's an old-fashioned girl in an old-fashioned street. Dressed in old-fashioned clothes from her head to her feet. And she spends all her time in the old-fashioned way. Of caring for poor people's children all day. She never has been to cotillion or ball. And she knows not the styles of the spring or the fall. Two hundred a year will suffice for her needs, And an old-fashioned Bible is all that she reads. And she has an old-fashioned heart that is true To a fellow who died in an old coat of blue. With its buttons all brass—who is waiting above For the woman who loved him with old-fashioned love.

—Tom Hall, "A Life."



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### III.—CONTINUED.

It was "bonne maman," explained madame, who had ordered the cab from town for them, never dreaming of the condition of the river road or suspecting that of the driver.

"So much the happier for me," laughed Waring. "Take the front seat Jeffers. Now Nin Nin, ma feuette up with you!" And the delighted child was lifted to her perch in the stylish trap she had so often admired. "Now, madame," he continued, extending his hand.

But madame hung back, hesitant and blushing.

"Oh, M. Wareeng, I cannot, I must not. Is it not that some one shall extricate the cab?"

"No one from this party, at least," laughed Waring, mischievously, making the most of her idiomatic query. "Your driver is more cocher than cocher, and if he drowns in that mud 'twill only serve him right. Like your famous compatriot, he'll have a chance to say, 'I will drown, and no one shall help me,' for all I care. The brute! Allons! I will drive you to bonne maman's of whom it is the fete. Bless that baby daughter! And Mme. d'Herville shall bless Nin Nin's tout devou Sam."

And Mme. Lascelles found further remonstrance useless. She was lifted into the seat, by which time the driver, drunken and truculent, had waded after them.

"Who's to pay for this?" was his sultry question.

"You, I fancy, as soon as your employer learns of your driving into that hole," was Waring's cool reply.

"Well, by God, I want five dollars for my fare and trouble, and I want it right off." And, whip in hand, the burly, mud-covered fellow came lurching up the bank. Across the boggy street beyond the white picket fence the green blinds of a chamber window in an old-fashioned southern house were thrown open, and two feminine faces peered forth, interested spectators of the scene.

"Here, my man!" said Waring, in low tone, "you have earned no five dollars, and you know it. Get your cab out, come to Mme. d'Herville's, where you were called, and whatever is your due will be paid you; but no more of this swearing or threatening—not another word of it."

"I want my money, I say, and I mean to have it. I'm not talking to you; I'm talking to the lady that hired me."

"But I have not the money. It is for my mother—Mme. d'Herville—to pay. You will come there."

"I want it now, I say. I've got to hire tell as to get my cab out. I got stalled here carrying you and your child, and I mean to have my pay right now, or I'll know the reason why. Your swell friend's got the money. It's none of my business how you pay him."

But that ended the colloquy. Waring's fist landed with resounding whack under the cabman's jaw, and sent him rolling down into the mud below. He was up, floundering and furious, in less than a minute, cursing horribly and groping in the pocket of his overcoat.

"It's a pistol, lieutenant. Look out!" cried Jeffers.

There was a flash, a sharp report, a stifled cry from the cab, a scream of terror from the child. But Waring had leaped lightly aside, and before the half-drunken brute could cock his weapon for a second shot he was felled like a dog, and the pistol wrested from his hand and hurled across the levee. Another blow crashed full in his face as he strove to find his feet, and this time his muddled senses warned him it were best to lie still.

Two minutes more, when he lifted his battered head and strove to stanch the blood streaming from his nostrils, he saw the team driving briskly away up the crest of the levee; and, overcome by maudlin contemplation of his foeman's triumph and his own wretched plight, the cabman sat him down and wept aloud.

And to his succor presently there came ministering angels from across the muddy way, one with a brougham, the other in a bandanna, and between the two he was escorted across a dry path to the magnolia-fringed inclosure, comforted with soothing applications without and within, and encouraged to tell his tale of woe. That he should wind it up with vehement expression of his ability to thrash a thousand swells like the one who had abused him and a piratical prophecy that he'd drink his heart's blood within the week was due not so much to confidence in his own powers, perhaps, as to the strength of the whisky with which he had been liberally supplied. Then the lady of the house addressed her Ethiop maid of all work:

"Go you over to Anatole's now, Louette. Tell him if any of the byes are there I want 'um. If Dawson is there, from the adjutant's office, I want him quick. Tell him it's Mrs. Doyle, and if he's been drinkin', he shall have another drinck here."

And at her beck there presently ap-

peared three or four besotted-looking specimens in the coarse undress uniform of the day, poor devils absent without leave from their post below and hoping only to be able to beg or steal whisky enough to stupefy them before the patrol should come and drag them away to the guardhouse. Promise of liberal reward in shape of liquor was sufficient to induce three of their number to go out with the fuming cabman and help rescue his wretched brute and trap. The moment they were outside the gate she turned on the fourth, a pallid, sickly man, whose features were delicate, whose hands were white and slender, and whose whole appearance, despite glassy eyes and tremulous mouth and limbs, told the pathetic story of better days.

"You're off ag'in," are you? Sure I heerd so, and you're mad for a drinck now. Can ye write, Dawson, or must I brace you up first?"

An imploring look, an unsteady gesture, alone answered.

"Here, thin, wait! It's absinthe ye need, my buck. Go you into that room now and wash yourself, and I'll bring it and when the others come back for their whisky I'll tell 'um you've gone. You're to do what I say, now, and Doyle will see you through if not, it's back to that hell in the guardhouse you'll go, my word on it."

"Oh, for God's sake, Mrs. Doyle—" began the poor wretch, imploredly, but the woman shut him off.

"In there wid you the others are coming." And, unbarring the front door, she presently admitted the trio returning to claim the fruits of their honest labor.

"Is he gone? Did he tell you what happened?"

"He's gone, yes," answered one; "he's gone to get square with the lieutenant and his cockney dog-robbler. He says they both jumped on him and kicked his face in when he was down and unarmed and helpless. Was he lyin'?"

"Oh, they bate him cruel. But did he tell you of the lady—who it was they took from him?"

"Why, sure, the wife of that old

levee, and will be for an hour. Lay this with the colonel's mail on his desk, and thin go you to your own. Come to me this afternoon for more drinck if you can tell me what he said and did when he read it. No! no more liquor now. That'll brace ye till dinner-time, and more would make ye drinck."

Miserably he plodded away down the levee, while she, his ruler, throwing on a huge, dirty white sun-bonnet, followed presently in his tracks, and shadowed him until she saw him safely reach the portals of the barracks after one or two fruitless sprints into waysides bars in hope of finding some one to treat or trust him to a drink. Then, retracing her steps a few blocks, she ran sharply at the lattice gate opening into a cool and shaded inclosure, beyond which could be seen the white-pillared veranda of a long, low, southern homestead. A grinning negro boy answered the summons.

"It's you, is it, Alphonse? Is your mistress at home?"

"No; gone town—chez Mme. d'Herville."

"Mme. Devilleuse, is it? Very well; you skip to town wid that note and get it in your master's hands before the cathedral clock strikes twelve, or yell's suffer. There's a car in three minutes."

And then, well content with her morning's work, the consort of the senior first lieutenant of Light Battery "X" (a dame whose credentials were too clouded to admit of her reception or recognition within the limits of a regular garrison, where, indeed, to do him justice, Mr. Doyle never wished to see her, or, for that matter, anywhere else) betook herself to the magnolia-shaded cottage where she dwelt beyond the pale of military interference, and some hours later sent "Louette" to say to "Doyle" she wanted him, and Doyle obeyed. In his relief at finding the colonel had probably forgotten the peccadillo for which he expected punishment, in blissful possession of Mr. Waring's sitting-room and supplies now that Waring was absent, the big Irishman was preparing to spend the time in drinking his junior's health and whisky

Doyle." And here the young fellow hesitated. "Ferry, you know I'm as fond of Sam Waring as any of you. I liked him better than any man in his class when we wore the gray. When they were yearlings we were plebes, and devilled and tormented by them most unmercifully day and night. I took to him then for his kindly, jolly ways. No one ever knew him to say or do a cross or brutal thing. I liked him more every year, and missed him when he was graduated. I rejoiced when he got his transfer to us. It's because I like him so much that I hate to hear these fellas making their lit flings now."

"What flings?" said Ferry.

"Well, you know as much as I do. You've heard as much, too, I haven't a doubt."

"Nobody's said anything about Sam Waring in my hearing that reflected on him in any way worth speaking of," said Ferry, yet not very stoutly.

"Not on him so much, perhaps, as the world looks at this sort of thing, but on her. She's young, pretty, married to a man years her senior, a snuffy, frowzy old Frenchman. She's alone with her child and one or two servants from early morning till late evening, and with that weazened little monkey of a man the rest of the time. The only society she sees is the one or two gossip old women of both sexes who live along the levee here. The only enjoyment she has is when she can get to her mother's up in town, or run up to the opera when she can get Lascelles to take her. That old mummy cares nothing for music and less for the dance; she loves both, and so does Waring. Monsieur le Mari goes out into the foyer between the acts to smoke his cigarette and gossip with other reliefs like himself. Waring has never missed a night she happened to be there for the last six weeks. I admit he is there many a time when she is not, but after he's had a few words with the ladies in the general's box, what becomes of him? I don't know, because I seldom there, but Dryden and Taggart and Jack Merton, of the infantry, can tell you. He is sitting by her in the D'Herville loge grille and going over the last act with her and rhapsodizing about Verdi, Bellini, Mozart, or Gounod—Gounod especially and the garden scene from "Faust."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR LOSSES.

The French Dead Numbered 136,000 and the German Dead 49,000.

In discussing the German army bill *Militärische Wochenschrift* contains a statement which is said to have never been published so fully before relative to losses in the Franco-Prussian war:

According to this paper there fell on the battlefield or died of their wounds on the German side 1,881 officers and 26,397 men; the number of wounded was 4,239 officers and 84,804 men; of the missing, 127 officers and 12,257 men, aggregating a total loss of 6,247 officers and 123,433 men.

Among the missing those still missing or as to whose fate no certain information has been obtained up to the year 1892 must be counted among the dead. These, numbering about 4,000, and the 17,105 who perished from disease, bring the total up to 49,000 Germans who died for their country during this memorable war.

On the other side it is estimated that the French lost 2,900 officers and 136,000 men by death, of whom 17,633 died in German hospitals. There fell of infantry, at its average strength, 4.47 per cent; of cavalry, 1.40 per cent; of artillery, 1.28 per cent, and of the pioneers, 37 per cent.

As to the separate contingents the Hessians paid dearest with their blood for the restoration of the unity of the German empire, losing 5.97 per cent; the Bavarians 5.58 per cent; the Saxons 5.40 per cent; the Prussians 4.85 per cent; the Badeners 5.76, and the Wurtembergers 5.51.

A very large number of German soldiers had to be placed upon the invalid list after the war, numbering 69,895 subalterns and men who were in active service in 1870-71. This is 6.38 per cent of all the German soldiers who went into the field.

The pension appropriation of the German empire amounts to about 500,000,000 marks, or \$119,000,000, out of which the wounded and dependent survivors of the late war receive their pensions.

## MESSAGES TO THE DEAD.

How Departed Friends Are Honored in Siam.

A beautiful custom of the people of Siam is one by which they do honor to their dead. At full moon in October, and again in November, three evenings are devoted to setting lighted candles afloat on the border of the sea, in the belief that they will be borne away to those who have passed out of this life.

The humblest style, says the Saturday Review, in which the ceremony can be performed is yet pretty enough. The broad, strong leaf of a plantain is bent or folded into the shape of a boat or raft. In the middle of this simple structure a tiny taper is fixed upright. The "katong," or raft, of which this is the simplest form, is then kept ready in the house until the auspicious moment—predicted by the family priest—arrived.

Well, everybody supposed he had got rid of her years ago. He shook her when he was made first sergeant, just before the war. Why, I've heard some of the old stagers say there wasn't a finer looking soldier in all the regiment than Jim Doyle when he married that specimen at Brownsville. Doyle, too, supposed she was dead until after he got his commission, then she reappeared and laid claim to him. It would have been an easy enough matter five years ago to prove she had forfeited all rights, but now he can't. She's got some confounded hold on him, I don't know what, but it's killing the poor beggar. Good thing for the regiment, though; so let it go.

"Oh, I don't care a rap how soon we're rid of him or her—the sooner the better; only I hate to hear these fellows laughing and sneering about Mrs.

When the night is fine thousands of these little stars of light may be seen twinkling on the broad bosom of the Menam, all wending their silent way toward the boundless sea, all bearing silent messages to departed friends who have already gone to the great unknown land.—*Youth's Companion*.

## A LITTLE HISTORY.

Proof of the Conspiracy Against Silver Money Sent to This Country to Influence Legislation.

That there was a conspiracy formed between the bankers of Threadneedle street, London, and of Berlin and other continental cities of Europe a quarter of a century ago, to demonetize silver, does not now admit of a shadow of doubt in the minds of those who have acquainted themselves with all the facts and have watched the trend of events to the present time.

There are many, strange as it may seem, who are not acquainted with these facts and events, and for those who may read this article, the following proof is submitted. Here is the statement of Ernest Seyd made to Frederick Luckenback and sworn to in an affidavit made before James Miller, clerk of the supreme court of Colorado, on the 9th day of May, 1892. He said:

"I went to America in the winter of 1872-73 authorized to secure, if I could, the passage of a bill demonetizing silver. It was to the interest of those I represented, the governors of the Bank of England, to have it done. I took with me £100,000 sterling, with instructions if that was not sufficient to accomplish the object to draw for another £100,000 or as much as was necessary. German bankers were also interested in having it accomplished." He said he was the financial adviser of the bank. He further said: "I saw the committee of the house and senate and paid the money and stayed in America until I knew the measure was safe." He declined to give the names of the members to whom he paid the money. "You people will not comprehend the far-reaching extent of that measure—but they will after years," etc.

These statements were made in February, 1874, to Mr. Luckenback while a guest at Mr. Seyd's house in London.

In horror you exclaim: "Is it possible the financial adviser of the Bank of England came to America on such a diabolical mission? And did he actually come here and accomplish it? It does not seem possible!" you say. But such is the case as is witnessed by the silent but truth-telling statement made in the Congressional Record of April 9, 1873, page 2,032, as follows:

"Ernest Seyd, of London, a distinguished writer and bullionist, who is now here, has given great attention to the subject of mint and coinage. After having examined the first draft of this bill, he made various sensible suggestions, which the committee adopted and embodied in the bill."

These are the words of Mr. Hooper, of Massachusetts, a member of the committee on coinage, weights and measures, and acting chairman. Hon. W. D. Kelley, who was the chairman of the committee, told Hon. Gilbert De La Maty that he saw the original draft of the bill and it was in the handwriting of Ernest Seyd. Mr. Kelley disclaimed any knowledge of or responsibility for the demonetization of the silver dollar, saying the original bill contained provision for the coinage of the standard dollar, and that the change was made in the senate.

This should be sufficient to convince the most incredulous, but in order to leave no doubt in the mind of anyone, another witness is offered, in the statement in the American Bankers' Magazine, of August, 1893. It is as follows:

"In 1872, silver being demonetized in France, England and Holland, a capital of \$500,000 was raised, and Ernest Seyd, of London, was sent to this country with this fund, as agent of the foreign bondholders and capitalists, to effect the same object which was accomplished."

Please note the complete corroboration. Mr. Seyd says he was sent here "to secure the demonetization of silver, with £100,000;" the Congressional Record says he was here, and the American Bankers' Magazine says he was sent here with \$500,000 to effect the same object (demonetization of silver) which was accomplished. Mr. Hooper said that Seyd "after examining the first draft of the bill furnished many valuable suggestions which the committee adopted and embodied in the bill," and Mr. Kelley told Dr. De La Maty that he saw the original draft of the bill, and it was in Ernest Seyd's own hand-writing.

Americans, what think you of an Englishman drafting bills and making "valuable suggestions" to your congress? You cannot like it, but such was done. The object was accomplished. Silver was demonetized and shut out of the mints and so remained until 1878, when at the command of the people it was partly restored through the so-called Bland act, a compromise measure.

During all these years there has been a constant onslaught on silver on the part of the conspirators and their cohorts and a stronger demand by the people for its full restoration only to be thwarted at every turn. As the last means when free coinage is about to succeed, the act of July 14, 1890, is foisted on the people through the efforts of the chief conspirator, John Sherman, hence the so-called Sherman law, which he now admits was intended to prevent free coinage. Under the guise of an increased use of silver it was accepted as another compromise.

The law was purposely framed to permit a hostile administration to manipulate it against silver, which is proven by the treatment it has received by both Secretaries of the Treasury Foster and Carlisle, furnishing positive proof of that being the intention. After accomplishing this the conspirators now make a great outcry against their own work and demand the unconditional repeal of the law, thereby completely striking down and outlawing silver. The fell purpose—the single gold standard of values will thus be accomplished.

But you say, what is the object, for there must be one? Why, it is to do what Sir John Lubbock, with prophetic vision, forty years ago declared: "There is likely to be an effort made by the capital class to fasten upon the world a rule through their wealth, and, by means of reduced wages, place the masses upon a footing more degrading and dependent than has ever been</p