

## 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 o'clock 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's 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 fleur-de-lis, 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. Waring, 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'Hervilly shall bless Nin Nin's tout devoue 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 surly 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'Hervilly'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'Hervilly—to pay. You will come there."

"I want it now, I say. I've got to hire the cab 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 foe'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 brogue, 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 whiskey with which he had been liberally supplied. Then the lady of the house addressed her Ethiope maid of all work:

"Go you over to Anatole's now, 'Louette. Tell him if any of the byes are there I want 'em. 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 drop 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 heard so, and you're mad for a drink 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 whin the others come back for their whisky I'll tell 'em 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, imploringly, but the woman shut him off.

"In there vid 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-robber. 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

tion yet, 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 drink if ye 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 drunk."

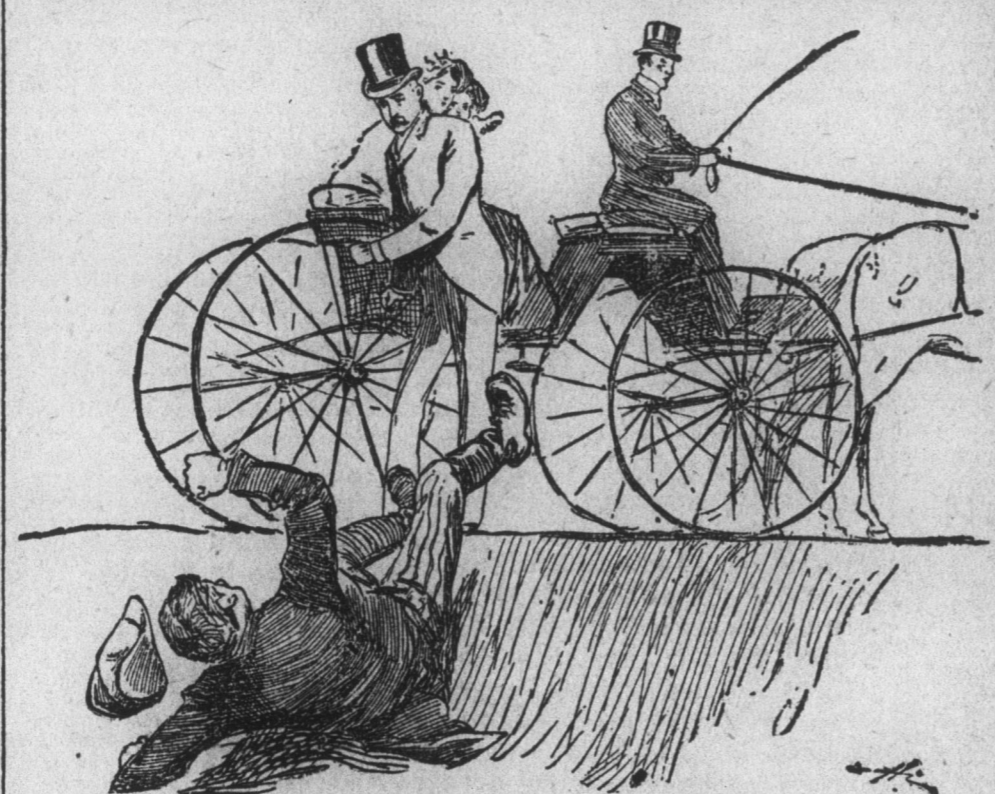
Miserably he plodded away down the levee, while she, his ruler, throwing on a huge, dirty white sun-bonnet, followed presently in his tracks, and shadowed him until she saw him safely reach the portals of the barracks; after one or two fruitless scouts into wayside bars in hope of finding some one to treat or trust him to a drink. Then, retracing her steps a few blocks, she rang 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'Hervilly."

"Mme. Devillease, 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 ye'll suffer. There's a car in 'treen 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



WARING'S FIST LANDED UNDER THE CABMAN'S JAW.

Frenchman, Lascelles, that lives below, —her the lieutenant's been sparkin' this three months."

"The very man, mind ye!" retorted the lady of the house, with significant emphasis and glance from her bleary eyes; "the very man," she finished, with slow nodding accompaniment of the frowzy head. "And that's the kind of gentleman that undertakes to hold up their heads over soldiers like Doyle. Here, boys, drink now—but be ag'inst his coming. He'll be here any minute. Take this to comfort ye, but kape still about this till ye see me ag'in—or Doyle. Now run." And with scant ceremony the dreary party was hustled out through a paved courtyard to a gateway opening on a side street. Houses were few and scattering so far below the heart of the city. The narrow strip of land between the great river and the swamp was cut up into walled inclosures, as a rule—abandoned warehouses and cotton presses, moss-grown one-storied frame structures, standing in the midst of desolate fields and decrepit fences. Only among the peaceful shades of the Ursuline convent and the warlike flanking towers at the barracks was there aught that spoke of anything but demoralization and decay. Back from the levee a block or two the double lines of strap-iron stretched over a wooden causeway between parallel wet ditches gave evidence of some kind of a railway, on which, at rare intervals, joggled a sleepy mule with a sleeper driver and a musty old rattletrap of a car—a car butting up against the animal's lazy hocks and rousing him occasionally to ringing and retaliatory kicks. Around the barracks the buildings were closer, mainly in the way of saloons; then came a mile-long northward stretch of track, with wet fields on either side, fringed along the river by solid structures and walled inclosures that told of days more prosperous than those which so closely followed the war. It was to one of these graceless drinking-shops and into the hands of a rascally "dago" known as Anatole that Mrs. Doyle commended her trio of allies, and being rid of them she turned back to her prisoner, their erstwhile companion. Absinthe wrought its work on his meek and pliant spirit, and the shaking hand was nerved to do the woman's work. At her dictation, with such corrections as his better education suggested, two letters were draughted, and with these in her hand she went aloft. In fifteen minutes she returned, placed one of these letters in an envelope already addressed to M. Armand Lascelles, No. — Rue Royale, the other she handed to Dawson. It was addressed in neat and delicate feminine hand to Col. Braxton, Jackson Barracks.

"Now, Dawson, ye can't see her this day, and she don't want ye till you can come over here sober. Off wid ye now to barracks. They're all out at inspec-

and discoursing upon the enormity of his misconduct with all comers, when Ananias entered and informed him there was a lady below who wished to see him—"lady" being the euphemism of the lately enfranchised for the females of their race. It was 'Louette with the mandate from her mistress, a mandate he dared not disregard.

"Say I'll be along in a minute," was his reply, but he sighed and swore heavily, as he slowly reascended the stairs. "Give me another drink, smut," he ordered Ananias, disregarding Ferry's suggestion: "Better drink no more till after dark." Then, swallowing his potion, he went lurching down the steps without another word. Ferry and Pierce stepped to the gallery and gazed silently after him as he veered around to the gate leading to the old war hospital inclosure where the battery was quartered. Already his walk was perceptibly unsteady.

"Keeps his head pretty well, even after his legs are gone," said Ferry. "Knows too much to go by the sally-port. He's sneaking out through the back gate."

"Why, what does he go out there for, when he has the run of Waring's side-board?"

"Oh, didn't you hear? She sent for him."

"That's it, is it? Sometimes I wonder which one of those two will kill the other."

"Oh, he wouldn't dare. That fellow is an abject coward in the dark. He believes in ghosts, spooks, banshees and wraiths—everything uncanny—and she'd haunt him if he laid his hands on her. There's only one thing that he'd be more afraid of than Bridget Doyle living, and that would be Bridget Doyle dead."

"Why can't he get rid of her? What hold has she on him? This thing's an infernal scandal as it stands. She's only been here a month or so, and everybody in garrison knows all about her, and these doughboys don't make any bones about chaffing us on our lady friends."

"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. Then 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.

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 got his transfer to us. It's because I like him so much that I hate to hear these fellows making their little 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 weakened 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 relics 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'm seldom there, but Dryden and Taggart and Jack Merton, of the infantry, can tell you. He is sitting by her in the D'Hervilly loge grille and going over the latest 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 Militaerische Wochenblatt 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 84,304 men; of the missing, 127 officers and 12,257 men, aggregating a total loss of 6,247 officers and 123,453 men.

Among the missing those still missing or as to whose fate no certain information has been obtained up to the year 1893 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 17,938 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 Badenians 3.76, and the Wurtembergers 3.51.

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 6.28 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—has arrived.

Then at this moment, when the water is silvered over by the beams of the broad, rising moon, the taper is lighted and the tiny raft is launched upon the waves.

Very slowly at first it makes its way along the edge of the ebbing tide; then, wafted gently by the still evening air into the swifter current, it drifts further away, until only a bright speck of light distinguishes it from the rippling surface all around.

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 demonstrate 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 Luckenbach and sworn to in an affidavit made before James Miller, clerk of the supreme court of Colorado, on the 9th day of May, 1893. 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. "Your 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. Luckenbach 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, 1872, 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 Matyr 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 1873, 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 Matyr 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 known in history. The spirit of money worshippers seems to be rapidly developing in this direction."

known in history. The spirit of money worshippers seems to be rapidly developing in this direction."

There it is, and put in a word means, as we have it to-day, a plutocracy of wealth that will become fastened unless speedily averted, and its consequent result and complement, the enslavement of the masses of the people.

What shall be done to avert this ruinous result? Just what a faithful engineer would do when he sees his train, freighted with precious human lives, running to certain ruin. Reverse the engine of destruction; that is, restore silver at once. If this cannot be done, then destroy the fatal engine, the single gold money standard. Reinstating silver or demonetizing gold.

H. BARKES.

## WHY SILVER HAS DECLINED.

Production Had Little to Do with the Slight Changes of Ratio.

Discussing the silver question with the Times, and replying to several questions propounded by that paper, the Kansas City Journal says:

"The results of the purchase of silver bullion as a mere commodity prove nothing. The contention is whether coinage laws hold the two metals to relative steadiness in spite of the fluctuations in production. The Journal has shown that they do, and that since 1873 such coinage laws have not existed."

"Production had nothing whatever to do with the slight changes in ratio in 1884 and 1887. These changes proceeded simply from an effort on the part of this government to make its ratio more nearly conformable to those of leading foreign countries. But left its ratio about three per cent. higher than that of France—15.938 to 1 here and 15½ to 1 in France—and therefore silver was worth a premium over gold to ship to Europe instead of coming it here, and this accounts for the small coinage in this country after 1887. The silver was coined, but not here. It afterwards returned to this country in large quantities for circulation."

"When the ratio of 16 to 1 was adopted, the production of silver was double that of gold—it has never been nearly that in recent years."

"To the question: 'Why, if the coinage laws control the price of the metals, why should not the ratio be 10 to 1 or any other lower rate?' we reply that for hundreds of years, the ripening judgment of mankind had valued these two metals for coinage purposes in the relation of between fifteen and sixteen parts of silver to one of gold."

"With such ratio established as, in a sense, a natural basis, it remained unaffected as against silver, by the excessive yield of silver to gold during the first half of this century, being from two to four times greater, or as against gold during the next twenty years when the output of that metal was two and a-half times that of silver; and in 1873, when silver was demonetized, the French coinage value was at the commercial value and silver was at a premium of three per cent. in this country; and it was not until after the support of the law was withdrawn that silver began to part company with gold."

"We believe in the indispensability of bimetalism—the ratio, within reasonable limits is of secondary importance. If free coinage had not been interfered with the two metals would have remained steadfast to each other to this day at the old ratio. It is easier to tear down than to rebuild. It is an open question whether, under all the circumstances that exist, a change of ratio, say 20 to 1, might not be advisable. Such a change, if proposed by the friends of bimetalism in congress, will be considered from an entirely different point of view than that of demonetization. That is a question of detail only."

## SILVER OT TOP.

It Commands a Premium Over Gold in Wall Street.

A fact is worth all the talk in the world. The wants of men determine the demand and value of anything and everything. Right in the very teeth and crisis of the 60-cent dollar howl, comes the following in the money report of the Associated press, which will be found under the New York date of August 4:

"The scarcity of currency has led to a peculiar condition of affairs on Wall street. To-day a money brokerage concern at one and the same time was offering 1 per cent. premium for gold and 1½ and 2½ premium for currency, so that the usually discredited money was worth more than the yellow metal."

So in Wall street while gold commanded only 1 per cent. for the demands of business payments, silver—or silver certificates—commanded 1½ to 2½ premium—or from ½ to 1½ per cent. over gold. And this right in Wall street where the conspiracy to bear silver was concocted and carried out.

It is, as a fact of business, with all the talk indulged in on this subject from the Brussels conference to Cleveland's proclamation. It is simply the water-down-hill demonstration.

At a glance the common sense of the people will see clear through all the subterfuge and platitudes. If silver in Wall street on the 4th of August, 1893, after all the fierce war upon it, commanded a premium over gold for the current uses of business, what would it not do as an equal of gold in law and at the mint? The fact needs no words to emphasize it.—Kansas City Journal.

## Senator Stewart's Bill.

Senator Stewart's bill provides for the re-enactment of the law of 1837, which provides "that gold and silver bullion brought to the mint for coinage shall be received and coined by the proper officers for the benefit of the depositors, provided that it shall be lawful to refuse to mint any deposit of less value than \$100, and any bullion so base as unsuitable for the operations of the mint, and provided also that when gold and silver are combined, if either of these metals be in such small proportion that it cannot be separated advantageously, no allowance shall be made to the depositor for the value of the metal." The bill repeals the silver purchase clause of the Sherman act.