

THE THREATENED FAD.

[The good old lady in Farm Ballads who did not like the new church organ speaks again.]
There'll come an awful judgment, Sue,
Upon this land, I fear,
If half the doleful things is true
That rattle in my ear.
The women think there's no escape
From this their mothers' bore,
An' hope of different size an' shape
Is comin' round once more.
Oh, if this world, as some avow,
Grows smaller each day through,
Why should folks try to take up, now,
Three times the room they do?

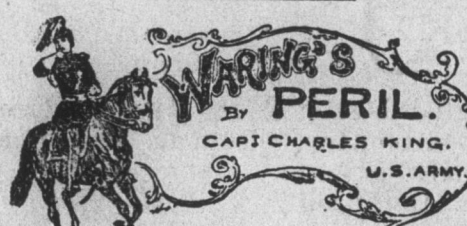
I recollect when first it came,
Some thirty years ago,
Though who or what was then to blame
I never got to know.
But spite of all the men folks said,
An' called their sister fool,
The hoop dissembler seemed to spread
Like measles in a school:
An' gals that vowed, an' stamped their
feet,
They wouldn't be drove or won
By such a style, went straight an' put
The queer contraptions on!

Miss Polly Get-there strode ahead,
An' braved the village wrath;
But, goodness mercy! didn't she spread
Destruction in her path?
What furniture she chanced to strike,
Disaster sure would greet,
An' children learned to dodge her like
A cyclone in the street!
An' while the people frowned and laughed,
'Twas good part of a year
Before she learned her pirate craft
Appropriate to steer!

Then six young sisters, blithe an' gay,
The banners spread in view;
Their father went to church that day
An' hired an extra pew.
Then similar gals—'we couldn't condemn—
Felt fashion's widens' touch,
An' people also laughed at them,
But didn't laugh so much:
An' soon, in spite of all the flings,
The banful grew a host.
An' them that didn't wear the things
Got hooted at the most!

An' long I vowed that I would take
My path unhooped an' free,
An' meant that style should never make
A barrel out o' me:
But bitterness was in the cup
From which I quaffed the right,
An' juveniles would chase me up,
An' show me for a sight;
An' finally the deed was done:
My pride was heading east;
I was to be a skeleton—
Then put one on at last!

But I am all untrammelled now,
No longer betw' young;
An' thought is throne upon my brow,
An' candor trims my tongue.
I know frivolity is just
A steppin'-stone to sin.
I'll fight 'em both, an' beat I must,
For right is bound to win.
But, Sue, when next in town, if such
A step isn't labor lost,
Drop in the store, an' learn how much
Hooped skirts is goin' to cost!
—Will Carleton, in Harper's Bazar.



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III.—CONTINUED.

"Isn't her mother with her, and, being in mourning, doesn't she have to stay in her latticed lodge instead of promenading in the foyer and drinking that two-headache-for-a-pieayune punch?" queried Ferry, eager for a diversion.

"Suppose she is," answered Pierce, stoutly. "I'm a crank—straight-laced, if you like. It's the fault of my bringing up. But I know, and you know, that that little woman, in her loneliness and in her natural longing for some congenial spirit to commune with, is simply falling madly in love with Sam Waring, and there will be tragedy here before we can stop it."

"See here, Pierce," asked Ferry, "do you suppose Mrs. Cram would be so loyal a friend to Waring if she thought there was anything wrong in his attentions to Mme. Lascelles? Do you suppose Cram himself wouldn't speak?"

"He has spoken."

"To whom?"

"To me, three days ago; said I had known Waring longest and best, perhaps was his most intimate friend, and he thought I ought to warn him of what people were saying."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing yet; simply because I know Sam Waring so well that I know just what he'd do—go and pull the nose of the man who gossiped about him and her. Then we'd have a fight on our hands."

"Well, we can fight, I suppose, can't we?"

"Not without involving a woman's name."

"Oh, good Lord, Pierce, was there ever a row without a woman au fond?"

"That's a worn-out witticism, Ferry, and you're too decent a fellow, as a rule, to be cynical. I've got to speak to Waring, and I don't know how to do it. I want your advice."

"Well, my advice is Punch's: 'Don't.' Hello! here's Dryden. Thought you were on court duty up at headquarters to-day, old man. Come in and have a vet?" Mr. Ferry had seen some happy days at Fort Monroe when the ships of her majesty's navy lay off the Hygeia and the gallants of England lay to at the bar, and Ferry rejoiced in the vernacular of the united service, so far as he could learn it, as practiced abroad.

"Thanks. Just had one over at Merton's. Hear you've been having review and all that sort of thing down here," said the infantryman, as he lolled back in an easy-chair and planted his boots on the gallery rail. "Glad I got out of it. Court met and adjourned at ten, so I came home. How'd Waring get off?"

"Huh!—Cram's wagon," laughed Ferry, rather uncomfortably, however.

smoking a pipe of perique on the broad gallery, and both hastened to don their best jackets and doff their best caps to these interesting and interested callers. Cram himself had gone out for a ride and a think. He always declared his ideas were clearer after a gallop. The band played charmingly. The ladies came out and made a picturesque croquet party on the green carpet of the parade. The officers clustered about and offered laughing wagers on the game. A dozen romping children were playing joyously around the tall flagstaff. The air was rich with the fragrance of the magnolia and Cape jasmine, and glad with music and soft and merry voices. Then the stirring bugles rang out their lively summons to the battymen beyond the wall. The drums of the infantry rolled and rattled their echoing clamor. The guard sprang into rank, and their muskets, glistening in the slanting beams of the setting sun, clashed in simultaneous 'present' to the red-sashed officer of the day, and that official raised his plumed hat to the lieutenant with the lovely girl by his side and the smiling elders on the back seat as the team once more made the circuit of the post on the back trip to town, and Miss Flora Allerton clasped her hands and looked enthusiastically up into her escort's face.

"Oh," she cried, "isn't it all just too lovely for anything! Why, I think your life here must be like a dream."

But Miss Allerton, as Mrs. Cram had said, sometimes gushed, and life at Jackson barracks was no such dream as it appeared.

The sun went down red and angry far across the tawny flood of the rushing river. The night lights were set at the distant bend below. The stars came peeping through a shifting filmy veil. The big trees on the levee and about the flanking towers began to whisper and complain and creak, and the rising wind sent long wisps of straggly cloud racing across the sky. The moon rose pallid and wan, hung for awhile over the dense black mass of moss-grown cypress in the eastward swamp, then hid her face behind a heavy bank of clouds, as though reluctant to look upon the wrath to come, for a storm was rising fast and furious to break upon and deluge old Jackson barracks.

When Jeffers came driving into barracks on his return from town, his first care, as became the trained groom, was for his horses, and he was rubbing them down and bedding their stalls for the night when the sergeant of the battery guard, lantern in hand, appeared at the door. It was not yet tattoo, but by this time the darkness was intense, the heavens were hid, and the wind was moaning about the stables and gun-shed and whistling away over the dismal expanse of flat, wet, ditch-tangled fields towards the



FERRY AND PIERCE GAZED SILENTLY AFTER HIM.

swamp. But the cockney's spirits were blithe as the clouds were black. As was usual when he or any other servant was in attendance on Waring, the reward had been munificent. He had lunched at Cassidy's at the lieutenant's expense while that officer and his friends were similarly occupied at the more exclusive Moreau's. He had stabled the team at the quartermaster's while he had personally attended the matinee at the St. Charles, which was more to his taste than Booth and high tragedy. He had sauntered about the Tattersalls and smoked Waring's cigars and patronized the jockeys gathered there for the spring meeting on the Metairie, but promptly on time was awaiting the return of the party from their drive and lolling about the ladies' entrance to the St. Charles hotel, when he became aware, as the lamps were being lighted and the dusk of the evening gave place to lively illumination, that two men had passed and repassed the open portals several times, and that they were eying him curiously, and chattering to each other in French. One of them he presently recognized as the little "frog-eater," who occupied the old house on the levee, Lascelles, the husband of the pretty French woman he and the lieutenant had dragged out of the mud that very morning and had driven up to the old D'Hervilly place on Rampart street. Even as he was wondering how cabby got out of his scrape and chuckling with satisfaction over the scientific manner in which Mr. Waring had flogged that worthy, Mr. Jeffers was surprised to find himself most civilly accosted by old Lascelles, who had been informed, he said, by Madame his wife, of the heroic services rendered her that morning by M. Jeffers and M. le Capitaine. He begged of the former the acceptance of the small doucener which he slipped into the Englishman's accustomed palm, and inquired when he might hope to see the brave captain and disembarrass himself of his burden of gratitude.

"Here they come now," said Jeffers, promptly pocketing the money and springing forward to knuckle his hat-brim and stand at the horses' heads. All grace and animation, Mr. Waring had assisted his friends to alight, had promised to join them in the ladies' parlor in ten minutes, had sprung to the seat again, signaling Jeffers to tumble up behind, and then had driven rapidly away through Carondelet street to the broad avenue beyond. Here he tossed the reins to Jeffers, disappeared a moment, and came back with a little Indian-made basket filled to overflowing with exquisite double violets rich with fragrance.

"Give this to Mrs. Cram for me, and tell the captain I'll drop in to thank him in a couple of hours, and— Here, Jeffers," he said, and Jeffers had pocketed another greenback, and had driven briskly homeward, well content with the result of his day's labors, and without having mentioned to Mr. Waring the fact that Lascelles had been at the hotel making inquiries for him. A day so profitable and so pleasant Jeffers had not enjoyed since his arrival at the barracks, and he was humming away in high good humor, all reckless of the rising storm, when the gruff voice of Sergt. Schwartz disturbed him:

"Chevrons, you will report at voust to Capt. Cram."

"Who says I will?" said Jeffers, cheerfully, though bent on mischief, but was awed into instant silence at seeing that veteran step quickly back, stand attention, and raise his hand in salute, for there came Cram himself, Pierce with him.

"Did Mr. Waring come back with you?" was the first question.

"No, sir; Hi left Mr. Waring on Canal street. 'E said 'e'd be back to thank the capt'n in a little while, sir, and 'e sent these for the capt'n's lady."

Cram took the beautiful basket of violets with dubious hand, though his eyes kindled when he noted their profusion and fragrance. Nell loved violets, and it was like Waring to remember so bountifully her fondness for them.

"What detained him? Did he send no word?"

"'E said nothink, and sent nothink but the basket, sir. 'E said a couple of hours, now I think of it, sir. 'E was going back to the 'otel to dine with a lady and gent."

For a moment Cram was silent. He glanced at Pierce, as much as to say: Have you no question to ask? but the youngster held his peace. The senior officer hated to inquire of his servant into the details of the day's doings. He was more than half indignant at Waring for having taken such advantage of even an implied permission as to drive off with his equipage and groom in so summary a way. Of course Nell had said: "Take it and go;" but Nell could have had no idea of the use to which the wagon was to be put. If

rents, and the wind was lashing the roaring river into foam, and the trees were bowing low before their master, and the levee road was a quagmire, and Cram felt convinced no cab could bring his subaltern home. Yet in his nervousness and anxiety he pulled on his boots, threw his gun coat over his uniform, tiptoed in to bend over Nell's sleeping form and whisper, should she wake, that he was going only to the quarters, but she slept peacefully and never stirred, so noiselessly he slipped out on the gallery and down the stairs and stalked boldly out into the raging storm, guided by the dim light burning in Waring's room. Ananias was sleeping curled up on a rug in front of the open fireplace, and Cram stirred him up with his foot. The negro rolled lazily over, with a stretch and yawn.

"Did Mr. Waring take any arms with him?" queried the captain.

"Any whut, suh?" responded Ananias, rubbing his eyes and still only half awake.

"Any pistol or knife?"

"Lord, suh, no. Mr. Waring don't never carry anything o' dat sort."

A student lamp was burning low on the center table. There lay among the books and papers a couple of letters, evidently received that day and still unopened. There lay Waring's cigar case, a pretty trifle given him by some far-away friend, with three or four fragrant Havanas temptingly visible. There lay a late magazine, its pages still uncut. Cram looked at the dainty wall clock, ticking merrily away over the mantle. Eleven-thirty-five! Well, he was too anxious to sleep anyhow, why not wait a few minutes? Waring might come, probably would come. If no cab could make its way down by the levee road, there were the late cars from town. They had to make the effort anyhow. Cram stepped to the sideboard, mixed a mild toddy, sipped it reflectively, then lighted a cigar and threw himself into the easy-chair. Ananias, meantime, was up and astir. Seeing that Cram was looking about in search of a paper-cutter, the boy stepped forward and bent over the table.

"De lieutenant always uses dis, suh," said he, lifting first one paper, then another, searching under each. "Don't seem to be yer now, suh. You've seen it, dough, captain—that cross-handled dagger wid the straight blade."

"Yes, I know. Where is it?" asked Cram. "That'll do."

"Tain't yer, suh, now. Can't find it yer, nohow."

"Well, then, Mr. Waring probably took a knife, after all."

"No, suh, I don't tink so. I never knowed him to use it befo' away from de room."

"Anybody else been here?" said Cram.

"Oh! dey was all in yer, suh, dis afternoon, but Mr. Doyle he was sent for, suh, and had to go."

A step and the rattle of a sword were heard on the gallery without. The door opened, and in came Merton of the infantry, officer of the day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LUMBER REGION "CRUISERS."

Discomforts and Danger Met by Men Who Hunt for Valuable Timber.

The typical cruiser of the northwestern pineries is the natural successor of those couriers des bois, or rangers of the woods, whom Irving so graphically describes in his "Astoria." The rangers of those days roamed the same woods in search of furs and peltries that the land-looker traverses to-day looking for valuable timber. Each calling requires hardihood, skill in woodcraft, and a commercial instinct upon which to test values. There is the same willingness to forego for long periods the pleasures of social life, with the same inclination to boisterous excess when back amid friends again. The discomforts of the land-looker's life, as described by Scribner, try the soul as well as the body. In summer comes the plague of sand-flies, mosquitoes and gnats, and sweltering heat and tainted food; in the winter, the numbing cold, the camp lost, and the night passed in storm and darkness pacing to and fro, lest sleep and more than sleep may come. The snow melts in the neck, and cold drops go trickling down the backbone; and then there is the plunge through the treacherous ice into the frozen stream. Feet become crippled, frozen, and every step a pang. When the snow is wet and the snowshoes load up badly, the strings which bind them to the feet are thongs of torture. During one of these trying trips vows are made, sealed with shivering oaths which shake the tops of the loftiest trees, that never, never again, will the swearer be such a fool, etc., etc.; but, like the shipwrecked sailor, necessity and habit soon send him back to new hardships and fresh trials. As to personal danger, there is little in woods ranging, and that results mainly from isolation. From wild animals it may be said that there is absolutely none. Yet the cry of the lynx and the wildcat sometimes startles you, and the howl of the wolf suggests the hair-lifting stories of boyhood days. As to bear, they are as much afraid of you as you of them, and if you do not run they will.

Some Ancient Pipes.

An antiquarian "find" that will interest every devotee of the "weed Nicotian" was made in London the other day, when workmen, who were excavating for the cellar of the new patent office building, unearthed a vault filled with old clay pipes. There were "church warden" in abundance in a heap, and many of unique Cromwellian and seventeenth century shapes.

The Logic of the Bon Marche.

"It is not so becoming as I hoped it might be."

"Never mind, Matilda; it was one of the greatest bargains of the season. You got it so cheap that you can give it away and get something that will suit you and still be ahead. One doesn't pick up a bargain like that every day."—Harper's Bazar.

MEXICO NOT ALARMED.

Why Cannot This Country Be as Clear-Sighted as Our Neighbor on the Money Question?

A correspondent of the Boston Herald from the City of Mexico gives some insight into affairs. There is no panic in that country, and with their exclusive and only currency of silver "not one bank failure, and there has not been any failure of a mercantile house in all Mexico for \$25,000 since the crash commenced." Again, he says: "We think so much of our silver dollar down here that when we get a pigskin full of them we bury them under the coffee trees and work hard to get another skinfull." "A silver dollar does not burn up, it does not get eaten by mice, and never was known to allow itself to be blown away. It hugs you with a friendly, confidential hug when reposing in your vest pocket."

And this writer goes on to warn Europe of the consequences of forcing silver-using countries to produce for themselves. He says:

"Europe, as a manufacturing continent, as a great exporter of silver using countries, will suffer severely, for already we see signs of the coming industrial independence of the silver countries. England, certainly Lancashire, feels the growing competition of the Indian cotton mills, and in countries like Mexico this competition is daily increasing. It is easy to underestimate this competition, to base one's hope that it may never amount to anything on the vast experience of English manufacturers, in the special skill of their operatives and on the perfected processes and climatic advantages, but the cold, hard facts are that the Mexican mills are able, every year, to do better work, and that they have the benefit of the technical skill of imported high class European operatives and color printers. Low silver means more home manufacturing, and importations will, little by little, fall off."

This confirms what visitors to Mexico have been telling us for some time—that the heavy share in exchange that London exacts has been curtailing Mexican orders and forcing the people to supply themselves with many things heretofore imported.

In a country like Mexico, and all South America and Australia, where the soil produces so much and is so cheap, the people can live without close industry and competition, but in Europe, "old, burdened with huge armies and swarming with people," it must have work for its hands to do and a market for what is produced, or it must suffer—and its gold policy is driving the silver-using countries into production for themselves. The French grab in Siam, the German colonies and acquisitions in Africa, and the seizure everywhere she can get a pretext by England, is to get markets by which to feed their overworked peoples.

What looks to us like madness is to see the United States, itself a new country, with scarcely touched resources and now the richest nation on the globe, making itself the tender to the money shavers of this old and overburdened Europe—when, by a modern, enlightened policy, of utilizing its mines to furnish the money four-fifths of the world uses, it could at once take the lead in industrial and financial prestige and become the most powerful nation of which history has knowledge. This great destination is being strangled at the dictation of the money lenders. Why cannot we be as clear-sighted as Mexico?—Kansas City Journal.

HELP FROM ENGLAND.

The Silver Movement in Great Britain Not to Be Sneered At.

The silver movement in England is not to be sneered at as Sir Vernon Harcourt did at Henry Chaplin. Mr. Balfour told him to his face that he was trifling with the vital interests of England.

In another article we have shown the operation of the London system, or gold standard, in the production of goods in Mexico, heretofore imported. Mr. Balfour sees this and gives expression to it in the following significant remark:

"The existence of this great divergence between gold and silver does in certain circumstances most unquestionably act as a bounty upon production in certain classes of agriculture and manufactures."

Or, in other words, England is feeling the loss of orders for goods, made necessary in silver-using countries, because the gold rate makes profits on imports impossible. England is, from the necessity of her position, a practical student of the laws of trade, and so close is the margin that the mere fraction of a penny means in many things prosperity or ruin. And so her manufacturers are finding that the discounts required by gold are destroying the ability of their customers to buy.

Gladstone has always been with the money lenders, while Salisbury represents the producing population of England more. Manchester and Sheffield are beginning to feel the effects, and a powerful silver sentiment is developing very rapidly in England. Mr. Balfour states the argument of the bimetallicists very clearly in speaking of the action as to India:

"The net result is that a man who owns uncoined silver no longer owns what is practically legal tender, he owns a depreciated commodity, and what relation his assets would now bear to his debts is a matter of speculation."

That is just what the crusade against silver means in America—that while a man has a hundred dollars in coin he has that much money, but if he has the same weight in uncoined silver he doesn't know what he has. And Mr. Balfour states another principle in equally as terse language:

"What has always been a most dangerous, if not immoral, condition of things was that the state should not content itself with determining what the legal standard should be, but should itself regulate the supply of that standard."

And again Mr. Balfour lets light on the situation in this frank statement of the case. Referring to the United

States and the effect of our adopting a gold standard, he says:

"They look forward, in the immediate future, to catastrophe, and feel that the ultimate result may be a slow appreciation of the standard of value, which is perhaps the most degrading and benumbing influence that can touch the enterprise of a nation."

One reason for the haste to destroy silver is that a change in the ministry in England may bring bimetalism into power there, and thus be lost forever the prize for which the money owners and usurers of the world have been working from 1873 to the present.—Kansas City Journal.

AN APPEAL.

What the Unconditional Repeal of the Sherman Law Would Bring About.

The executive committee appointed at the Chicago silver convention met in Washington and issued an "Appeal to the People," signed by A. J. Warner, chairman, and George Washburn, secretary. The appeal declares that "congress has been convened in extra session, and the unconditional repeal of the present silver law is urged upon it. The repeal of this law will at once stop all increase in the currency, place the country on the single gold standard and at one stroke change all debts to gold debts with the certainty that gold will thereafter continue to increase in value at an accelerated rate. The conspiracy to force this condition upon the people of this country is supported by powerful interests at home and abroad, with unlimited means to carry out their purpose, which they are determined to do, regardless of consequences to others."

After reciting the condition of the country the appeal continues: "This is the people's cause and if they would keep their own and remain free men, must arouse and protect their rights and their homes from the grasping hands of the gold conspirators, who would produce European conditions in this country, if they could. The committee appointed at the Chicago convention to resist the mad purpose to destroy silver as money and establish the single gold standard, calls upon the people everywhere to lay aside, for the time, party differences and to assemble at their accustomed places of meeting, as our fathers did of old, and pass resolutions calling upon their representatives and senators in congress to resist the repeal of the present silver law, unless coupled with a provision restoring the free coinage of gold and silver as it existed under the law prior to the passage of the fraudulent act of 1873."

It is recommended that "at all assemblages, the resolutions and address adopted at the Chicago silver convention be read and that voters be urged to send petitions and to write letters or postal cards to their representatives and senators, and in this manner to earnestly enter their protest against the overthrow of the money of the constitution and the enforcement upon them of the single gold standard."

WHAT IS BIMETALLISM?

The Power of Legal Tender Must Be Given to Both Metals.

Bimetalism rests upon the right of the payor to make use of the more abundant metal, or the metal that tends to become cheaper, and by thus increasing the use of this metal to lessen the use of the other, and through this compensating principle, like the two metals in the pendulum of a clock, maintain the parity of both.

No one ever claimed that bimetalism could exist if the taker, and not the payor, had the option. Bimetalism, without the power of legal tender behind it, giving the option to the payor, could not be permanently maintained even if all the nations of the earth would unite on a common ratio. Bimetalism falls to the ground if the power of legal tender is taken from either metal, or if the option, which amounts to the annulment of legal tender, is given to the payee. Could France maintain the parity of her \$600,000,000 of silver coin, coined on the ratio of 15½ to 1, with her gold coins, if the payee were given the option to take either kind of coin? No more can the secretary of the treasury of the United States maintain the parity of the two metals, or the parity of the coins of the two metals, if he gives the option as a right to the taker.

The option, under legal tender, necessarily lies with the one who pays, whether it be a private person or a government; and the parity of the metals, or bimetalism, can be maintained in no other way. The two metals can be kept at a parity only by admitting both to a coinage on exactly equal terms, and the coins of the two metals can be kept at a parity only by conforming to the fundamental principles of bimetalism, and legal tender, and by paying out that metal which, for the time being, is the most convenient or most abundant.—A. J. Warner, President American Bimetallic League.

A Great Wrong.

In a recent speech in the British house of commons, Henry Chaplin said: "The closing of the India mints to the free coinage of silver had necessarily led to such a fall in the value of that metal within a month as the world had never before known. There had been a tremendous wrong done to the people of India who held enormous quantities of uncoined metals. By a single stroke the government had depreciated by 15 per cent. the value of the silver held by the population of India. A more flagrant act of public plunder had never been perpetrated by a civilized government. The result had been a convulsed financial situation from China to Peru."

Collateral Needed.

The mints might make money seven days in a week, twenty-four hours a day, and yet the masses not have a dollar more than they have now. Why? Because those same masses have not the wherewith to secure it. It is not much money but much collateral that makes a prosperous nation. A big crop is worth more to the farmer as collateral than is the money realized upon it.—Chicago Globe.