

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A little pause in life—while daylight lingers between the sunset and the pale moonrise. When daily labor slips from weary fingers. And calm, gray shadows tell the aching eyes.

Old portmanteaus wander back from fields of clover. Seen in the light of stars that long have set. Beloved ones, whose earthly toll is over. Draw near as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me—through the dusk returning. I hear the echo of departed feet; And then I ask with vain and troubled yearning: "What is the charm which makes old things so sweet?"

"Must the old joys be evermore withheld? Even their memory keeps me pure and true; And yet from our Jerusalem the golden God speaketh, saying: 'I make all things new.'"

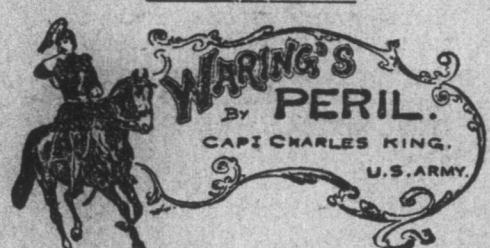
"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer: Stille my love or give me back the past; Give me the fair old fields, whose paths are dearer Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace! peace! the Lord of earth and Heaven knoweth. The human soul in all its heat and strife: Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth. But the pure river of eternal life.

He giveth life, eye, life in all its sweetness: Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore; Only the curse of sin and incompleteness Shall vex thy soul and taint thine earth no more.

Serve Him in daily toil and holy living, And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights; Then shall a psalm of gladness, and thanksgiving, Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—N. Y. Observer.



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And all day long the storm beat upon the substantial buildings of the old barracks and flooded the low ground about the sheds and stables. Drills for the infantry were necessarily suspended, several sentries even being taken off their posts. The men clustered in the squad-rooms and listened with more or less credulity to the theories and confirmatory statements of fact as related by the imaginative or loquacious of their number. The majority of the officers gathered under the flaring lamp-lights at the sutler's store and occupied themselves pretty much as did their inferiors in grade, though poker and punch—specialties of Mr. Finkbein, the sutler—lent additional color to the stories in circulation.

From this congress the better element of the commissioned force was absent, the names, nationalities and idiomatic peculiarities of speech of the individual members being identical in most instances with those of their comrades in arms in the ranks. "Brax" had summoned Minor, Lawrence, Kinsey and Dryden to hear what the post surgeon had to say on his return, but cautioned them to keep quiet. As a result of this precaution, the mystery of the situation became redoubled by one o'clock, and was intensified by two, when it was announced that Private Dawson had attempted to break away out of the hospital after a visit from the same doctor in his professional capacity. People were tempted out on their galleries in the driving storm, and colored servants flitted from kitchen to kitchen to gather or dispense new rumors, but nobody knew what to make of it when, soon after two, an orderly rode in from town dripping with mud and wet, delivered a note to the colonel and took one from him to Mr. Ferry, now sole representative of the officers of Battery "X" present for duty. Ferry in return sent the bedraggled horseman on to the battery quarters with an order to the first sergeant, and in about fifteen minutes a sergeant and two men, mounted and each leading a spare horse, appeared under Ferry's gallery, and that officer proceeded to occupy one of the vacant saddles and, followed by his party, went clattering out of the sally-port and splashing over to the levee. Stable call sounded as usual at four o'clock, and, for the first time in the record of that disciplined organization since the devastating hand of yellow jack was laid upon it the previous year, no officer appeared to supervise the grooming and feeding. Two of them were at the post, however. Mr. Doyle, in arrest on charge of absence without leave, was escorted to his quarters about four-fifteen, and was promptly visited by sympathizing and inquisitive comrades from the Hotel Finkbein, while Mr. Ferry, who had effected the arrest, was detained making his report to the post commander. Night came on apace, the wind began to die away with the going down of the sun, the rain ceased to fall, a pallid moon began peering at odd intervals through rifts in the cloudy veil, when Cram rode plashing back into barracks, worn with anxiety and care, at eleven o'clock, and stopping only for a moment to take his wife in his arms and kiss her anxious face and shake his head in response to her eager query for news of Waring, he hurried downstairs again and over to Doyle's quarters. All was darkness there, but he never hesitated. Tramping loudly over the gallery, he banged at the door, then, turning the knob, intending to burst right in, as was the way in the rough old days, was surprised to find the bolt set.

"Doyle, open. I want to see you at once."

All silence within.

"Doyle, open, or, if you are too drunk to get up, I'll kick in the door."

A groan, a whispered colloquy, then the rattle of bolts and chain. The door opened about an inch, and an oily Irish voice inquired:

"Hwat's wanted, capt'in?"

"You here?" exclaimed Cram, in disgust. "What business have you in this garrison? If the colonel knew it you'd be driven out at the point of the bayonet."

"Sure, where should wife be but at her husband's side when he's sick and sufferin'? Didn't they root him out of bed and comfort this day and ride him down like a felon in all the storm? Sure it was the doughboys' orders, sir. I told Doyle the capt'in never would have—"

"Oh, be quiet; I must see Doyle, and at once."

"Sure, he's not able, capt'in. You know how it is with him; he's that sensitive he couldn't bear to talk of the disgrace he's bringing on the capt'in and the battery, and I knowed he'd been drinkin', sir, and I came back to look for him, but he'd got started, capt'n, and it's—"

"Stop this talk! He wasn't drinking at all until you came back here to hound him. Open that door, or a file of guard will."

"Och! thin wait till I'm dressed, for dacency's sake, capt'in. Sure I'll thray and wake him."

And then more whispering, the click of glass, maulin protestation in Doyle's thick tones. Cram banged at the door and demanded instant obedience. Admitted at last, he strode to the side of an ordinary hospital cot, over which the mosquito bar was now ostentatiously drawn, and upon which was stretched the bulky frame of the big Irishman, his red, bear-eyed, bloated face half covered in his arms. The close air reeked with the fumes of whisky. In her distress lest Jim should take too much, the claimant of his name and protection had evidently been sequestering a large share for herself.

"How on earth did you get here? Your house was flooded all day," angrily asked Cram.

"Sure we made a raft, sir—Louette and me—and poled over to the levee, and I walked every foot of the way down to follow me husband, as I swore I would when we was married. I'd a' come in Anatole's boat, sir, but 'twas gone—gone since last night. Did ye know that, capt'in?"

A groan and a feverish toss from the occupant of the narrow bed interrupted her.

"Hush, Jim darlin'! Here's the capt'in to see you and tell you he's come back to have you righted. Sure, how could a poor fellow be expected to come home in all that awful storm this

him out into the mud. Sure he'd been drinkin' a little, sir, and was aisy upset, but that's all he knows. The carriage drove away, and there was three of them, and poor Doyle got caught out there in the mud and in the storm, and 'twas me went out wid Dawson and another of the byes and fetched him in. And we never heard of the murder at all, sir, until I came down here to-day, that's God's troth, and he'll tell ye so when he's sober," she ended breathlessly, reckless of her descriptive confusion of Doyle and Divinity.

And still the Irishman lay there, limp, soggy, senseless, and at last, dismayed and disheartened, the captain turned away.

"Promise to sober him up by reveille, and you may stay. But hear this: If he cannot answer for himself by that time, out you go in the battery cart with a policeman to take you to the calaboose." And then he left.

No sooner had his footsteps died away than the woman turned on her patient, now struggling to a sitting posture.

"Lie still, you thafe and cur, and swear ye to every word I say, unless you'd hang in his place. Drink this, now, and go to slape, and be rididly tell the story I give ye in the mornin', or may the knife ye drove in that poor mummy's throat come back to cut your coward heart out."

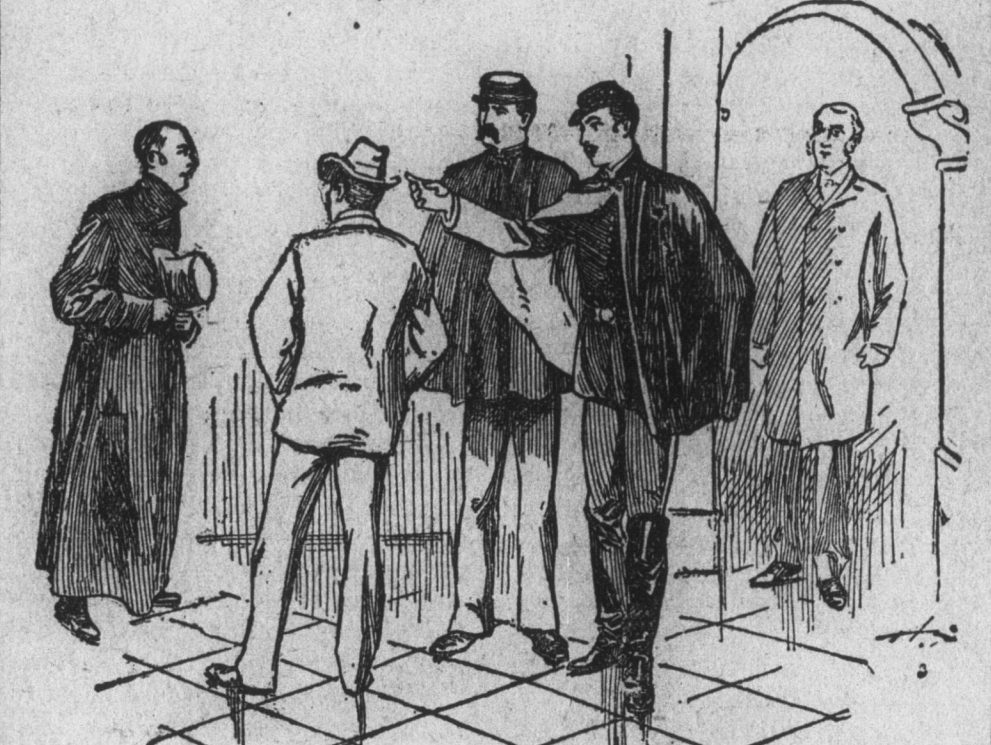
And Doyle, shivering, sobbing, crazed with drink and fear, covered his eyes with his hands and threw himself back on his hot and steaming pillow.

The morning sun rose brilliant and cloudless as the horses of the battery came forth from the dark interior of the stable and, after watering at the long wooden trough on the platform, were led away by their white-frocked grooms, each section to its own picket-line. Ferry, supervising the duty, presently caught sight of the tall muscular form of his captain coming briskly around the corner, little Pierce tripping along by his side. Cram acknowledged the salute of the battery officer of the day in hurried fashion.

"Good-morning, Ferry," he said.

"Tell me, who were there when you got Doyle away from that woman yesterday?"

"Only the three, sir—Mr. and Mrs. Doyle and the negro girl."



"YOU NEED NOT LIE, JEFFERS," HE SAID.

morning, capt'in? 'Tis for not comin' the colonel had him under arrest; but I tell him the capt'in 'll see him through."

But Cram pushed her aside as she still interposed between him and the bed.

"Doyle, look up and answer. Doyle, I say!"

Again vehement protestations, and now an outburst of tears and pleadings from the woman.

"Oh, he can't understand you, capt'in. Ah, don't be hard on him. Only this mornin' he was sayin' how the capt'in reminded him of the old foine days when the officers was all gentlemen and soldiers. He's truer to ye than all the rest of them, sir. D'ye mind that, capt'in? Ye wouldn't believe it, mabby, but there's them that can tell ye Loo't'ant Waring was no friend of yours, sir, and worse than that, if ould Lascelles could spake now—but there's thim left that can, glory be to God!"

"Oh, for God's sake shut up," spoke Cram roughly, goaded beyond all patience. "Doyle, answer me!" And he shook him hard. "You were at the Pelican last night, and you saw Mr. Waring and spoke with him? What did he want of you? Where did he go? Who were with him? Was there any quarrel? Answer, I say! Do you know?" But maulin moaning and incoherencies were all that Cram could extract from the prostrate man. Again the woman interposed, eager, tearful.

"Sure he was there, capt'in, he was there; he told me of it when I fetched him home last night to git him out of the storm and away from that place; but he's too drunk now to talk. Sure there was no gettin' down here to barx for anybody. The cabman, sir, said no carriage could make it."

"What cabman? That's one thing I want to know. Who is he? What became of him?"

"Sure and how do I know, sir? He was a quiet, decent man, sir; the same that Mr. Waring bade so cruel and made Jeffers kick and bate him too. I saw it all."

"And was he at the Pelican last night? I must know."

"Sure he was indade, sir. Doyle said so when I fetched him home, and though he can't tell you now, sir, he told me thin. They all came down to the Pelican, sir, Waring and Lascelles and the other gentlemen, and they had drink, and there was trouble between the Frenchman and Waring—sure you can't blame him, wid his wife goin' on so wid the loot'nant all the last month,—and blows was struck, and Doyle interposed to stop it, sir, loike the gentleman that he is, and the cab-driver took a hand and pitched

"No sign of anybody else?"

"None, sir. I didn't go in the house at all. I rode in the gate and called for Doyle to come out. The woman tried to parley, but I refused to recognize her at all, and presently Doyle obeyed without any trouble whatever, though she kept up a tirade all the time and said he was too sick to ride and all that, but he wasn't. He seemed dazed, but not drunk—certainly not sick. He rode all right, only he shivered and crossed himself and moaned when he passed the Lascelles place, for that hound pup set up a howl just as we were opposite the big gate. He was all trembling when we reached the post, and took a big drink the moment he got to his room."

"Ye-es, he's been drinking ever since. I've just sent the doctor to see him. Let the corporal and one man of the guard go with the ambulance to escort Mrs. Doyle out of the garrison and take her home. She shall not stay."

"Why, she's gone, sir," said Ferry. "The guard took her and up the track towards Anatole's—going for all she was worth—just after dawn."

"The mischief she has! What can have started her? Did you see her yourself, Sergt. Bennett?" asked the captain of a stocky little Irish soldier, standing at the moment with drawn saber awaiting opportunity to speak to his commander.

"Yes, sir," and the saber came flashing up to the present. "She'd wint over to the hospital to get some medicine for the lieutenant just after our bugle sounded first call, and she came runnin' out as I went to call the officer of the day, sir. She ran back to the lieutenant's quarters ahead of me, and was up only a minute or two when down she came wid some bundles, and away she went to the north running, wild-like. The steward told me a moment after of Dawson's escape."

"Dawson! escaped from hospital?"

"Yes, sir. They thought he was all right last evening when he was sleeping, and took the sentry off, and at four this morning he was gone."

VII.

Forty-eight hours had passed, and not a trace had been found of Lieut. Waring. The civil officers of the law had held grave converse with the seniors on duty at the barracks, and Cram's face was lined with anxiety and trouble. The formal inquest was held as the flood subsided, and the evidence of the post surgeon was most important. About the throat of the murdered man were indubitable marks of violence. The skin was torn as by finger-nails, the flesh bruised and discolored as by fiercely-grasping fingers. But death, said the doctor, was caused

by the single stab. Driven downward with savage force, a sharp-pointed, two-edged, straight-bladed knife had pierced the heart, and all was over in an instant. One other wound there was, a slashing cut across the stomach, which had let a large amount of blood, but might possibly not have been mortal. What part the deceased had taken in the struggle could only be conjectured. A little five-chambered revolver which he habitually carried was found on the floor close at hand. Two charges had been recently fired, for the barrel was black with powder; but no one had heard a shot.

The barkeeper at the Pelican could throw but little light on the matter. The storm had broken, he said, with sudden fury. The rain dashed in torrents against his western front, and threatened to beat in the windows. He called to two men who happened to be seated at a table to assist him, and was busy trying to get up the shutters, when Lieut. Doyle joined them and rendered timely aid. He had frequently seen Doyle during the previous month. Mrs. Doyle lived in the old Lemaitre house in the block below, and he often supplied them with whisky. They drank nothing but whisky. As they ran in the side door they were surprised to see the lights of a carriage standing at the edge of the banquette, and the driver begged for shelter for his team, saying some gentlemen had gone inside. The barkeeper opened a gate, and the driver put his horses under a shed in a paved court in the rear, then came in for a drink. Meantime, said the barkeeper, whose name was Bonelli, three gentlemen who were laughing over their escape from the storm had ordered wine and gone into a private room, Doyle with them. The only one he knew was M. Lascelles, though he had seen one of the others frequently as he rode by, and knew him to be an officer before Mr. Doyle slapped him on the back and hailed him as "Sammy, old buck!" or something like that. Mr. Doyle had been drinking, and the gentleman whispered to him not to intrude just then, and evidently wanted to get rid of him, but M. Lascelles, who had ordered the wine, demanded to be introduced, and would take no denial, and invited Mr. Doyle to join them, and ordered more wine. And then Bonelli saw that Lascelles himself was excited by drink—the first time he had ever noticed it in the year he had known him. The third gentleman he had never seen before, and could only say he was dark and sallow and did not talk, except to urge the driver to make haste,—they must go on; but he spoke in a low tone with Mr. Lascelles as they went to the room, and presently the rain seemed to let up a little, though it blew hard, and the driver went out and looked around and then returned to the private room where the gentlemen were having their wine, and there was some angry talk, and he came out in a few minutes, very mad; said he wouldn't be hired to drive that party any farther, or any other party, for that matter; that no carriage could go down the levee; and then he got out his team and drove back to town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DENTISTRY IN ANCIENT DAYS.

Practiced by the Egyptians, as Shown by Gold-Filled Mummies' Teeth.

The utility and importance of the teeth has been known since the advent of man on this planet. While no specific data can be obtained as to the origin of dentistry, we know it was practiced among the Egyptians at a very early age. Herodotus (500 B. C.) in writing of his travels through Egypt, at that time one of the greatest and most civilized countries in the world, mentions the division of medicine in that kingdom into special branches, and existence of physicians, each of whom applies himself to one disease only and not more. "Some (physicians) are for the eyes, others for the head, others for the teeth, and others for internal disorders." It is thought by the North American Review that the Egyptians and Etruscans were farther advanced in the art of dentistry than any other people in that early period, for teeth filled with gold have been found in the mouths of mummies, indicating their advanced ideas. These people were the first to supply artificial substitutes in the mouth. Belzoni and others have found artificial teeth made of sycamore wood in ancient sarcophagi. The mode of fastening was by ligatures or bands of cord or gold wire, trying the substitute to its natural neighbors. In 1885 some specimens of prehistoric dentistry were brought to this country by an English dentist from Liverpool. One was a gold plate with several human teeth attached. The specimens were found in an Etruscan tomb. The plate was ingeniously made and I was surprised to see gold used for a base by such an ancient people. Archaeological research may yet reveal things that will teach this generation. We modify, but must not forget ourselves that we originate all there is in dental art. Ancient Greece is renowned as the "nursery of modern medicine." Hippocrates made a special study of the teeth. Aristotle (300 B. C.) also wrote extensively about them. Several Greek dental operators are mentioned as early as 800 B. C.

Very Old Writing.

The most ancient Christian manuscripts in existence are the great codices of the entire Scripture—the Vatican, the Alexandrine and the Sinaitic codex. They were written, it is generally conceded, in the fourth century. The Vatican codex has been for centuries in the Vatican library and is looked on as the most precious of the three. The Alexandrine, so called because it was brought to England from Alexandria about the middle of the seventeenth century, is kept in the British museum at London; and the Sinaitic, so called because discovered by Tisenhendorf about forty years ago in the convent of Mount Sinai, is preserved at St. Petersburg.

Some men complain of hard times who sleep themselves into poverty.

LIMITED COINAGE.

It Is Not Bimetallism—A Double Standard Cannot Well Be Maintained Under the Old Bland Law.

Mr. Heard's argument for the 16 to 1 ratio last week seems to have been rather in favor of the circulation of the silver dollars than of free coinage and a double standard.

Mr. Heard declared that while he believed in free coinage at the present ratio, he would rather have limited coinage at 16 to 1 than free coinage at an increased ratio.

He cited the \$700,000,000 in silver which France keeps in circulation as perfectly good money at a ratio of 15½ to 1. He also put in evidence Mr. Carlisle's calculation of the cost of recoining our present standard dollars into dollars of the 20 to 1 standard.

To the Republic it seems that the French system is the complete answer to the Carlisle calculation. France keeps her silver on an equality with gold, because she long ago ceased coining silver. When we cease coining 412½ grain dollars—assuming that at 16 to 1 we could not have free coinage without going instantly to a single silver standard—the stock we have on hand can be floated and circulated just as easily without as with recoinage into new dollars. All the financial world would care to know would be that the government had decided upon a ratio of 20 to 1 in final redemption, and that its honor was pledged to the policy.

Whatever fear may exist as a consequence of silver coinage is not founded upon our present stock, but upon the ability of the government to continue coinage indefinitely at 16 to 1. Perhaps that fear is entirely groundless. At any rate it exists, and has played its part in the withdrawal of capital from investment. But through it all, we must remember that the fear is not aroused by the stock of dollars already coined. It is the uncertainty of our future policy, not the present silver supply, which has affected those who can see no god but gold.

If a ratio of 20 to 1 were adopted there would be no need of recoining our present dollars.

Limited coinage is not bimetallism. A double standard cannot well be provided under any such law as the old Bland act. The government can issue silver dollars and can make, month by month, a nominal increase of the currency; but the question presented by a limited coinage is only whether the gold standard shall remain or whether we shall coin enough to force gold out altogether and put us on a single silver standard. In other words, the question will be whether we can keep enough gold on hand to float our silver-taken money. It is exactly the question presented in the issue of paper money.

Under a true bimetallic system the people could get either gold or silver money by taking a prescribed amount of bullion to the mint. They would have command over the supplies of the two metals. Business would regulate its own money.

The doubt about maintaining a bimetallic ratio of 16 to 1 is of our own creation. In 1873 we dropped bimetallic coinage. Since that time there have been great changes in the commercial relations of the two metals. Consequently we have a gap of twenty years in which we have no experience whatever with free coinage of silver. For the sake of securing a return to bimetallism the sincere friend of free coinage is willing to concede something in the matter of ratio. As Mr. Bland has said several times, the ratio is not the essential. The thing is to get full command of silver as money—not as token money, but as equal legal tender. We can undoubtedly maintain our present supply, and as much more, in the way France has chosen. But France sustains her's by adopting the gold standard. What is there for bimetallism in that? It is no advance toward an equitable standard of deferred payments, when we keep a silver stock afloat by means of a gold reserve. The gold dollar is the standard now and would be under any probable arrangement of limited coinage.

It is possible to have a thorough system of bimetallism with a comparatively small amount of silver in circulation; and it is possible to have all the evil effects of a gold standard with as much silver nominally afloat as France has.

What the people need is not such or such an amount of silver in a treasury statement, but the right to use the silver dollar as a final standard of payment. Limited coinage at 5 to 1 would not help the debtor as long as silver was token money floated with a gold reserve. Free coinage at 20 to 1 would do more for debtors than our present method under a ratio of 5 to 1.

We are on a gold basis and have been since 1873—or at least since the resumption of specie payments. In giving the secretary of the treasury power to redeem certain notes in silver, we have forced upon him the responsibility of deciding whether, after all that has happened in twenty years, we can maintain a ratio of 16 to 1. Congress and the people ought to decide that point. Neither the west nor the south, the bimetallic sections, wishes anything beyond a prudent effort to restore full silver coinage.—St. Louis Republic.

THE RISE OF GOLD.

Silver the Steadiest as a Measure of Values—Examples.

If it be true, as asserted by Senator Vest—and the Herald has cited undisputed statistics to prove that the senator's assertion is strictly within the truth—that silver has kept on an even level with staple commodities in recent years, whilst gold during the same period has mounted up from 50 to 75 per cent. above its former level, as is clearly proved by the general decline in gold prices throughout the world, that fact ought to be considered of momentous and decisive importance in the settlement of the great question now pending before the congress of the United States, in which not only the people of this country but of all civilized countries are vitally interested. For we assume (and we will not insult the intelligence of our readers by stop-

ping to argue so plain a proposition) that Americans, and indeed all the world, desire a steady measure of standard of value.

If, for example, using the formula of Mr. David A. Wells (see his work Recent Economic Changes, pp 120-123) of the eminent economist and statistician, Mr. Augustus Sauerbeck, the same quantity of the staple articles of commerce, which, on an average, cost, in silver or in gold, \$100,000 twenty years ago, are worth to-day as measured by silver, \$100,000, or perhaps a little more, why for any sound economic or even sentimental reason, or for any reason whatsoever, should the American people clamor, as so many of them do in the Atlantic and New England states, to have the same quantity of the same articles measure only \$60,000, or probably much less, which are all they are worth to-day in gold, because of gold's great rise in these intervening years? Why should the farmers and producers of this country have foregone or thrown away \$81,000 or \$35,000 in profits, or in price, if the profits were not that much on every \$100,000 worth of the products of their labor? Why should manufacturers who put into their business or into their plants \$100,000 twenty years ago be content to take out now less than \$70,000 merely for the sake of using gold as a measure of value?

Why should merchants still adhere to the gold standard so tenaciously when, as they look back, they cannot but see that it was solely and purely because of the steady rise of that standard that they were compelled to do business on a falling market year after year?

If, then, silver alone (the single silver standard), or silver tied to gold (the double standard), is steadier in its relation to staple commodities than gold alone, and if the double standard is the standard of the constitution, why should congress hesitate for one moment to take such action as will bring us to silver, if that is indeed the steadier of the two metals; or better still, to both silver and gold, tied together by free coinage of both the metals into the double standard as it was established by the constitution and by legislation one hundred years ago.

Judging by the continuous dislocation of prices which has been going on under the gold standard since the divorce of the two metals in 1873, with all the bitter experience it has brought, it would seem as though the American people ought by this time to be satisfied that gold alone is anything but a stable measure of value; for by its products have already shrunk one-third, with the prospect that they will shrink in the near future to one-half of their former value.—Los Angeles Herald.

THE TWO METALS.

Is It Not Possible to Find a Use for Both Silver and Gold Without Bringing Them Into Competition?

It is argued that by bringing the cheaper in competition with the dearer metal the latter will be drawn out of circulation. Is it not possible to find a use for silver and a use for gold that will give employment to both and yet bring neither in competition with the other? The subsidiary silver coins, the half dollars, quarters and dimes, have less silver in proportion to their nominal value than the silver dollar. There are 412½ grains of silver in the silver dollar and only 385.8 grain in two silver half dollars. Yet these subsidiary coins are not depreciated. The silver they contain is not worth a dollar in gold, but because they answer a special demand, have a field to themselves and do not come in competition with any other currency, they pass at par and sometimes even command a premium. Here is an important principle not to be lost sight of in dealing with the currency question. It is the relative supply and demand for coin, as coin, that fixes its value. Silver has been often and correctly described as the money of the common people. Why not let it be distinctly so recognized by law; let silver dollars be legal tender for amounts not exceeding \$20, \$50 or \$100, or whatever may be agreed upon by the proper limit to give it a wide enough field, and thus let gold and silver each have its separate and appointed work to do, neither crowding nor conflicting with the other? England makes silver money a legal tender for about \$10 and buys and coins silver for the purpose, thus keeping many millions of silver in circulation, though the commercial value of her silver coins is not equal to the value of the same sums in gold. It is done simply by keeping the gold and the silver confined to separate fields of operation. It will require a vast amount of silver to supply the necessities of the people for the transactions calling for these smaller sums of money, and it is difficult to see how it could expel gold from the country, inasmuch as silver could not do the work of gold nor gold the work of silver. Each would attend exclusively to its own business and neither would meddle with the other. In this way, it seems to us that a concurrent circulation of the two metals might be maintained without doing violence to anybody's theory.—Memphis Commercial.

Salt Lake to Boston.

In replying to a circular from the business men of Boston in behalf of a single gold standard, the business men of Salt Lake City, Utah, came back as follows: "We challenge the supporters of the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act of 1890 to show, or that they have ever shown, wherein any benefit would arise or reason given that confidence would be restored if their policy was fully carried out. Independent of all direct silver interests, and in behalf of commercial relations alone, we earnestly beseech all business men, personally, to unbiasedly investigate this subject of bimetallism, feeling confident that they will unanimously, and without delay, call upon congress to restore silver to the place it occupied prior to 1873, thus speedily and permanently settling this monetary question, restoring confidence to commerce, giving employment to the unemployed and stopping this awful march of ruin and distress."