

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 veil the aching eye.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of stars that long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil 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."

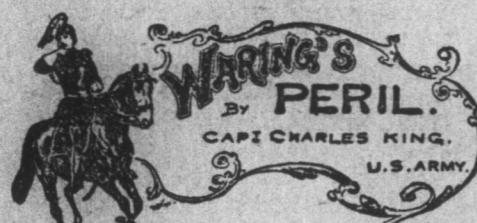
Peace! peace! the Lord of earth and Heaven
knows not.

The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Letho flows,
But the pure river of eternal life.

He giveth life, aye, 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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VI

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 salt-yards 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 dawdling 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 flashing 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, twining 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:

"What's wanted, capt'in?"

"You here?" exclaimed Cram, in distress. "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 battry, and I knew he'd been drinkin', sir, and I came back to look for him, but he'd got started, capt'in, and it's."

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

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

And then more whispering, the click of glass, mauldin 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, bleary-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 fut of the way down to follow my 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 roighted. 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 murther at all all, sir, until I came down here to-day, that's God's troot, 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.

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 Lemaire 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.

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.

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THE RISE OF GOLD.

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.

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the 20 to 1 standard.

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 41½ 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 recoinage 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-toned 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 bimetallic 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 by adopting the gold standard.

What is there for bimetallism in that? It is no advance toward an equitable standard of deferred payment, 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 bimetallist 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. 120-122) or 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 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 it their 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.