

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?"
Last night as I heard a bluebird singing,
The south wind woke and brought the brook-
let's flow,
And near our gate, its tale of sorrow bringing,
Leaned a first violet by a bank of snow.

I stooped, and would have plucked the tender
firstling,
And borne it home, a trophy of the year,
When to my breast as from the gentle nurs-
ling
Came a low voice in words distinctly clear.

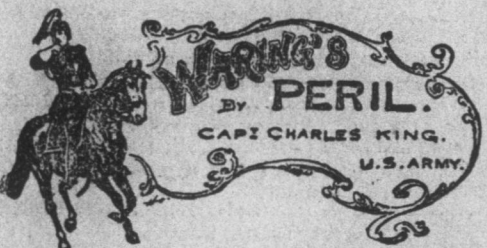
For I over worldly losses sore was grieving,
And Hope and Faith had wandered from my
side,
"So that I walked in shadows, half believing
There was no God, no Heaven, no glorified.

It was the story of birds homeward flying,
Of flowers which tell not, nor their garments
spin:
A sweet calm voice upon the soft wind sighing,
Saying: "O man, hast thou forgotten Him,

"Who, on the hillside, in wise lessons blended
The tale of nature with His wayside talk,
The sparrow's value which His Father tended,
The lilies bending on the fragile stalk.

"And still the bluebird, through the dark clouds
steering,
Calls from afar, though wild the tempest
blow,
And the fair violet, its carol hearing,
Smiles and awakens, fearing not the snow.

"Hast thou less faith than nature's tender
nursings,
Who raises their faces to the spring's first
breath?
Read then the story of these tender firstlings,
Nor fear the conflict of thy life or death."
—E. C. Goodwin, in N. Y. Observer.



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VII.—CONTINUED.

Then Bonelli could hear sounds of alter-
cation in the room, and Mr. Doyle's
voice, very angry, and the strange gen-
tleman came out, and one of the men
who'd been waiting said he had a cab,
if that would answer, and he'd fetch it
right off, and by the time he got back
it was raining hard again, and he took
his cab in under the shed where the
carriage had been, and a couple of sol-
diers from the barracks then came in,
wet and cold, and begged for a drink,
and Bonelli knew one of them, called
Dawson, and trusted him, as he often
had done before. When Dawson heard
Lieut. Doyle's drunken voice he said
there'd be trouble getting him home,
and he'd better fetch Mrs. Doyle, and
while he was gone Lascelles came out,
excited, and threw down a twenty-
dollar bill and ordered more Krug and
some brandy, and there was still loud
talk, and when Bonelli carried in the
bottles Doyle was sitting back in a
chair, held down by the other officer,
who was laughing at him, but, never-
theless, had a knife in hand—a long,
sharp, two-edged knife—and Doyle
was calling him names, and was very
drunk, and soon after they all went
out into the rear court, and Doyle made
more noise, and the cab drove away
around the corner, going down the
levee through the pouring rain, one
man on the box with the driver. That
was the last he saw. Then Mrs. Doyle
came in mad, and demanded her hus-
band, and they found him reeling
about the dark court, swearing and
muttering, and Dawson and she took
him off between them. This must
have been before eleven o'clock; and
that was absolutely all he knew.

Then Mr. Allerton had told his story
again, without throwing the faintest
light on the proceedings, and the hack-
driver was found, and frankly and
fully told his: that Lascelles and an-
other gentleman hired him about eight
o'clock to drive them down to the for-
mer's place, where they said was sev-
eral squares above the barracks. He
said that he would have to charge
them eight dollars such a night any-
where below the old cotton-press,
where the pavement ended. But then
they had delayed starting nearly an
hour, and took another gentleman
with them, and that when driven by the
storm to shelter at the Pelican saloon,
three squares below where the pave-
ment ended, and he asked for his
money, saying he dare go no farther
in the darkness and the flood, the
Frenchman wouldn't pay, because he
hadn't taken them all the way. He
pointed out that he had to bring an-
other gentleman and had to wait a
long time, and demanded his eight dol-
lars. The other gentleman, whom he
found to be one of the officers at the
barracks, slipped a bill into his hand
and said it was all he had left, and if
it wasn't enough he'd pay him the
next time he came to town. But the
others were very angry, and called
him an Irish thief, and then the big
soldier in uniform said he wouldn't
have a man abused because he was
Irish, and Lieut. Waring, as he under-
stood the name of this other officer to
be, told him, the witness, to slip out
and say no more, that he'd fix it all
right, and that was the last he saw
of the party, but he heard loud words
and the sound of a scuffle as he drove
away.

And Mme. d'Hervilly had given her
testimony, which, translated, was to
this effect: She had known the de-
ceased these twenty years. He had
been in the employ of her lamented
husband, who died of the fever in '55,
and monsieur had succeeded to the
business, and made money, and owned
property in town, besides the old fam-
ily residence on the levee below. He
was wedded to Emilie only a little
while before the war, and lived at
home all through, but business lan-
guished then, they had to contribute
much, and his younger brother, M.
Philippe, had cost him a great deal.
Philippe was an officer in the zouaves
raised in 1861 among the French Cre-
oles, and was wounded and came
home to be nursed, and Emilie took
care of him for weeks and months, and
then he went back to the war and
fought bravely, and was shot again
and brought home, and this time M.
Lascelles did not want to have him

down at the house: he said it cost too
much to get the doctors down there;
so he came under Madame's roof, and
she was very fond of the boy, and
Emilie would come sometimes and play
and sing for him. When the war was
over M. Lascelles gave him money to go
to Mexico with Maximilian, and when
the French were recalled many de-
serted and came over to New Orleans,
and M. Lascelles was making very lit-
tle money now, and had sold his town
property, and he borrowed money of
her to help, as he said, Philippe again,
who came to visit him, and he was
often worried by Philippe's letters
begging for money. Seven thousand
dollars now he owed her, and only last
week had asked for more. Philippe
was in Key West to buy an interest in
some cigar business. M. Lascelles said
if he could raise three thousand to
reach Philippe this week they would
all make money, but Emilie begged
her not to, she was afraid it would all
go, and on the very day before he was
found dead he came to see her in the
afternoon on Rampart street, and
Emilie had told her of Mr. Waring's
kindness to her and to Nin Nin, and
how she never could have got up after
being dragged into the mud by that
drunken cabman, "and she begged me
to explain the matter to her husband,
who was a little vexed with her be-
cause of Mr. Waring." But he spoke
only about the money, and did not re-
ply about Mr. Waring, except that he
would see him and make proper
acknowledgment of his civility. He
seemed to think only of the money,
and said Philippe had written again
and must have help, and he was angry
at Emilie because she would not urge
with him, and Emilie wept, and he
went away in anger, saying he had
business to detain him in town until
morning, when he would expect her to
be ready to return with him.

Mech of thistestimony was evoked by
poignant queries of the officials, who
seemed somewhat familiar with Las-
celles' business and family affairs, and
who then declared that they must
question the stricken widow. Harsh
and unfeeling as this may have seemed,
there were probably reasons which
atoned for it. She came in on the arm
of the old family physician, looking
like a drooping flower, with little Nin
Nin clinging to her hand. She was so
shocked and stunned that she could
barely answer the questions put to her
with all courtesy and gentleness of
manner. No, she had never heard of
any quarrel between M. Lascelles and
his younger brother. Yes, Philippe
had been nursed by her through his



"BE READY TO TELL THE STORY I GIVE YE."

wounds. She was fond of Philippe,
but not so fond as was her husband.
M. Lascelles would do anything for
Philippe, deny himself anything al-
most. Asked if M. Lascelles had not
given some reason for his objection to
Philippe's being nursed at his house
when he came home the second time,
she was embarrassed and distressed.
She said Philippe was an impulsive
boy, fancied himself in love with his
brother's wife, and Armand saw some-
thing of this, and at last upbraided
him, but very gently. There was no
quarrel at all. Was there anyone whom
M. Lascelles had been angered with on
her account? She knew of none, but
blushed, and blushed painfully. Had
the deceased not recently objected to
the attentions paid her by other gen-
tlemen? There was a murmur of re-
proach among the hearers, but Madame
answered unflinchingly, though with
painful blushes and tears. M. Lascelles
had said nothing of disapproval until
very recently; on the contrary, he had
much liked Mr. Waring. He was the
only one of the officers at the barracks
whom he had ever invited to the house,
and he talked with him a great deal;
had never, even to her, spoken of a
quarrel with him, because Mr. Waring
had been so polite to her, until within
a week or two; then—yes, he certainly
had. Of her husband's business affairs,
his papers, etc., she knew little. He
always had certain moneys, though
not large sums, with all his papers, in
the drawers of his cabinet, and that
they should be in so disturbed a state
was not unusual. They were all in
order, closed and locked, when he
started for town the morning of that
fatal day, but he often left them open
and in disorder, only then locking his
library door. When she left for town
two hours after him, the library door
was open, also the side-window. She
could throw no light on the tragedy.
She had no idea who the stranger could
be. She had not seen Philippe for
nearly a year, and believed him to be
at Key West.

Alphonse, the colored boy, was so
terrified by the tragedy and by his de-
tention under the same roof with the
murdered man that his evidence was
only dragged from him. Nobody sus-
pected the poor fellow of complicity
in the crime, yet he seemed to consider
himself as on trial. He swore he had
entered the library only once during
the afternoon or evening, and that
was to close the shutters when the
storm broke. He left a lamp burning
low in the hall, according to custom,
though he felt sure his master and

mistress would remain in town over
night rather than attempt to come
down. He had slept soundly, as the
negroes will, despite the gale and the
roar of the rain that drowned all other
noise. It was late the next morning
when his mother called him. The old
mammy was frightened to see the
front gate open, the deep water in the
streets, and the muddy footprints on
the veranda. She called Alphonse, who
found that his master must have come
in during the night, after all, for the
lamp was taken from the hall table,
the library door was closed and also
locked within, which it had not been
when he went to bed. He tapped at
the library, got no answer, so tiptoed
to his master's bedroom; it was empty
and undisturbed. Neither had Madame
nor Mlle. Nin Nin been to their
rooms. Then he was troubled, and
then the soldiers came and called him
out into the rain. They could tell the
rest.

Cram's story is already told, and he
could add nothing. The officials tried
to draw the batteryman out as to the
relations existing between Lieut.
Waring and Madame, but got badly
"bluffed." Cram said he had never
seen anything in the faintest degree
worthy of comment. Had he heard
anything? Yes, but nothing worthy
of consideration, much less of repeti-
tion. Had he not loaned Mr. Waring
his team and carriage to drive Madame
to town that morning? No. How did
he get it then? Took it! Was Mr.
Waring in the habit of helping him-
self to the property of his brother
officers? Yes, whenever he felt like it,
for they never objected. The legal
official thought such spirit of camaraderie
in the light artillery must have
almost poetic, to which Cram re-
sponded: "Oh, at times absolutely
idyllic." And the tilt ended with the
civil functionary ruffled, and this was
bad for the battery. Cram never had
any policy whatsoever.

Lieut. Doyle was the next witness
summoned, and a more God-forsaken-
looking fellow never sat in a shell
jacket. Still in arrest, physically, at
the beck of old Braxton, and similarly
hampered, intellectually, at the will of
bold John Barleycorn, Mr. Doyle
came before the civil authorities only
upon formal subpoena served at post
headquarters. The post surgeon had
straightened him up during the day,
but was utterly perplexed at his condi-
tion. Mrs. Doyle's appearance in the
neighborhood some weeks before had
been the signal for a series of sprees

the effect that when the coroner was
through with him the post commander
would take hold again, so the colonel
depressed more than the cocktail stim-
ulated, and, as luck would have it, al-
most the first person to meet him in
the gloomy inclosure was his wife,
and her few whispered words only
added to his misery.

The water still lay in pools about the
premises, and the police had allowed
certain of his neighbors to stream in
and stare at the white walls and
shaded windows, but only a favored
few penetrated the hallway and rooms
where the investigation was being
held. Doyle shook like one with the
palsy as he ascended the little flight
of steps and passed into the open door-
way, still accompanied by "Little
Pills." People looked at him with
marked curiosity. He was questioned,
requestioned, cross-questioned, but the
result was only a hopeless tangle. He
really added nothing to the testimony
of the hack driver and Bonelli. In ab-
ject remorse and misery he begged
them to understand he was drunk
when he joined the party, got drunker,
dimly remembered there was a quar-
rel, but he had no cause to quarrel
with anyone—and that was all; he
never knew how he got home. He
covered his face in his shaking hands
at last, and seemed on the verge of a
fit of crying.

But then came sensation.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]
WANTED IT BRIEF.

The Marriage Ceremony of a Young New
York Newspaper Man.

A New York Presbyterian minis-
ter has given a curious account of his
first marriage ceremony. The groom,
a friend of the minister, was a young
newspaper man. On the afternoon of
the wedding day he called upon the
clergyman. "I suppose it does not
make any difference to you what form
you use," the young man said. "Not
the slightest," answered the clergy-
man.

"Well," said the prospective bride-
groom, "I have looked over a number
of services, and have picked out the
Dutch Reformed because it is the
shortest. But even that is much too
long. You preachers can't be expected
to know anything about boiling things
down. I have brought you a Dutch
Reformed prayerbook, and you will
see that I have knocked out all that I
think is unnecessary."

"With that," says the minister, "he
left me, and I opened the book at the
marriage service. It was a network of
black lines. That young man, so used
to cutting copy, had actually edited
the marriage service, and had knocked
out, as he expressed it, at least two-
thirds of it.

"It shocked me at first to see a prayer-
book so mutilated, but in the evening
I followed copy like a faithful composi-
tor, and the whole ceremony did not
take more than three minutes. He was
delighted, but the bride had a little
bone to pick with me.

"She had had a hand in the editing, I
imagine, for in the promise to 'love,
honor and obey,' the word obey had
been marked out. But in the excite-
ment of the moment I left it in.

"Do you know," the clergyman contin-
ued, "that young man taught me a les-
son about using gorgeous lithographed
marriage certificates. I bought the
handsomest one I could find and car-
ried it with me, filled out and ready.
When I handed it to him he looked at
it and smiled.

"Nonsense," said he, 'do you think
I'm an art store?' and he tore a blank
leaf from a book on the parlor table
and wrote upon it these words with
his stylograph:

"This certifies that at Flushing, L.
I, on Tuesday, the 18th day of March,
1872, I united John Smith and Abigail
Jones in the bonds of matrimony."

"I signed it, and the deed was done."
—N. Y. Sun.

A WICKED DOG.

It Would Not Acknowledge Its Master
When Sober.

An enemy to the cause of teetotalism
has arisen in Ohio in the shape of a
dog. For years, according to the Bu-
falo Express, Henry Taylor, a farmer,
has lived on a farm just north of the
village of Van Wert. Henry was a
good and upright citizen, but he would
get boiling drunk whenever he went to
town. He has a dog, and this dog,
with the members of his household,
always expected him to come home
with a pronounced load. The dog met
him at the gate and guided his uncer-
tain footsteps to the house after each
trip to town.

One day Henry went to town, and
while there experienced a change of
heart. He decided not to get drunk,
took the pledge and started for home
in a state of painful sobriety. His dog
was at the gate to meet him. Henry
walked in straight as a string. The
dog, expecting a man with a wobbly
gait and a thick voice, did not recog-
nize him and jumped upon him, biting
him severely several times and other-
wise maltreating him after the manner
of dogs. Thereupon Henry swore an
oath that he would never again return
from town without a load, and he has
kept the vow. It is clearly the duty
of Murphy or Col. Bain to bring that dog
into the fold.

A Strange Operation.

A little boy whose father never uses
a razor was much amazed and interest-
ed on the morning after his arrival at
his uncle's house to see that gentleman
shaving.

"Why, Uncle Fred!" he exclaimed,
after watching the operation for a few
moments. "I don't see what makes you
wash your face with that little broom,
and wipe it off with a knife. Papa
doesn't!"—Youth's Companion.

Eer Hope Realized.

Pugilist's Mother—And how did
Jack come out?

Pugilist's Father—He won the bat-
tle, of course.

Pugilist's Mother—There! I always
knew Jack was born to be an actor.—
Puck.

Turks believe that women have no
souls.

SILVER IN THE BIBLE.

The Silver Discussion Has Put Some Peo-
ple to Searching the Scriptures.

The Express has received the follow-
ing rather curious communication:
In the ninth chapter of II. Chronicles, 20th
verse, please read:

"And all the drinking vessels of King Solo-
mon were of gold, and all the vessels of the
house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure
gold; none were of silver; it was not any-
thing accounted of in the days of Solomon."

Also in the 27th verse: "And the king made
silver in Jerusalem as stones."

The object of the above is not clear,
but it is perhaps an attempt to show
that in the days of Solomon silver was
accounted of little worth. The writer
of the communication, if he holds this
idea, is very much mistaken. The
money of the Hebrews was chiefly, or
almost entirely, silver. The passages
above quoted were designed to illus-
trate the royal magnificence of Solo-
mon, and not to discredit silver. The
Bible has many references to the uses
of silver as money. Here are some of
them from the Old Testament:

Gen. 23, 15: "The land is worth four
hundred shekels."

Gen. 13, 2: "And Abram was very
rich in cattle, in silver and in gold."

Ex. 38, 25: "And the silver of them
that were numbered of the congrega-
tion was a hundred talents."

Lev. 5, 15: "He shall bring for his
trespass * * * a ram without blem-
ish with thy estimation by shekels of
silver after the shekel of the sanctu-
ary."

Lev. 27, 3: "Thy estimation shall be
fifty shekels of silver."

Deut. 22, 19: "And they shall amerce
him in a hundred shekels of silver."

Josh. 7, 21: "I saw among the spoils
a goodly Babylonish garment and two
hundred shekels of silver."

Judges 17, 2: "The eleven hundred
shekels of silver."

I. Kings 20, 39: "Then shall thy life
be for his life, or else thou shalt pay a
talent of silver."

II. Kings 5, 22: "Give them, I pray
thee, a talent of silver."

I. Kings 16, 24: "And he bought the
hill of Shemer for two talents of sil-
ver."

II. Kings 15, 20: "Menahem exacted
the money of Israel, even of all the
mighty men of wealth, of each man fifty
shekels of silver."

Neh. 5, 15: "Bread and wine, besides
forty shekels of silver."

Jeremiah 33, 9: "And I bought the
field of Hanameel, * * * and
weighed him the money, even seven-
teen shekels of silver."

I. Chron. 19, 6: "The children of Am-
mon sent a thousand talents of silver
to hire them chariots and horsemen."

I. Chron. 22, 14: "A thousand talents
of silver."

I. Chron. 10, 4: "Seven thousand tal-
ents of refined silver."

II. Chron. 25, 6: "He hired also 100-
000 mighty men of valor out of Israel
for a hundred talents of silver."

The ancient Jews, up to 135 B. C.
coined no money. The shekel was
both a weight and a denomination of
money. All payments were made by
weight, either of gold or silver. The
weight of a shekel was about half that
of our standard silver dollar. A talent
of silver was equal to about 3,000 shek-
els, or about 98 pounds avoirdupois.
The references indicate that the use of
silver in Old Testament days was very
much more general than that of gold,
and that silver was practically the
money of the Jews. The truth is that
silver has from the dawn of history
been accounted a precious metal and
been used as money. And it is prac-
tically certain that the monetary use
of silver will never be abandoned, no
matter what the standard of value may
be. Gold cannot be advantageously
used for coins of value as low as a dol-
lar in our money; still less for sub-
sidiary coins.—Los Angeles Express.

SILVER AND GOLD.

The Way to Establish a Parity Between
the Two Metals Is Free and Unlimited
Coinage.

During the debate in the house on
the silver question Mr. Coffren, of
Wyoming, said:

"While the parity between metals as
a commodity is subject to fluctuations
varying according to their abundance
or scarcity or by repressive or encour-
aging legislation, the money parity
fixed by law is unchangeable.

"If, however, it is desired to secure a
parity between the metals as money
which may also be maintained as com-
modities, there is only one way possi-
ble to do it, and that is by free and un-
limited coinage at the mints. This will
do it for the reason that there is a
universal demand for money in a great
nation like ours, and with this almost
boundless demand the commodity value
of silver must and will rise at once to
its coinage value fixed by law, whether
it be a ratio of 16 to 1, as in this coun-
try, or 15 1/2 to 1, as in Europe.

"The increase demand and use of
silver when free coinage obtains will
absorb the entire product of our mines
and at once bring the bullion value of
silver up to its stamped coinage value
less the trivial cost of transportation.
Limitations and restrictions of silver
coinage, demonetization or partial de-
monetization, have been the evil agen-
cies which have broken the parity be-
tween gold and silver as bullion or
articles of commerce. But the parity
between gold dollars and silver dollars
in legal tender coins is not broken and
cannot be broken, for every legal tender
dollar is worth 100 cents, whether it be
gold or silver. So it has been and
always will be as long as our govern-
ment endures. There is no such thing
as a 65-cent legal tender silver dollar.
You cannot buy them for 65 cents nor
75 cents nor 95 cents, nor for any price
less than 100 cents. It is not a fact
that to-day in New York city, the
money center of the nation, silver
dollars command a premium over gold?
Devious and dangerous is the path of
the monometallist to-day.

"By depriving silver of its money
function the value of gold as money
will be immensely appreciated. Rep-
ressive legislation against silver has
already added to the purchasing power
of gold from 25 to 40 per cent.
"It is estimated that the Rothschilds
and the Bank of England, as principals
and agents, hold over \$20,000,000 in

bonds, stocks and various forms of in-
debtedness against the people of the
United States. The rise of 25 per cent.
then means a sure and unfailing de-
mand against us of \$5,000,000,000 more
of our property than justly belongs to
those creditors. There is no language
to properly stamp such rank injustice.
It is confiscation and robbery of the
most high-handed character, perpetrated
under the forms of law.

"I shall plead with my people in and
out of congress to fight by every hon-
orable means the despotic and arbit-
rary aggressions of the European oli-
garchy.

"The demands of this class now rein-
forced by American bankers and money-
lenders, if carried into effect, would
complete the full destruction of silver
as money and double the purchasing
power of gold. If the oppressed peo-
ples of the world shall ever behold the
consummation of such a far-reaching
and measureless iniquity in this, the
greatest parliament of man, no one can
foretell the terrible results which will
follow. Despair will settle down upon
those who struggle for freedom and
prosperity and the money changers will
be assured that free government will
perish from the face of the earth, be-
ing usurped by the greatest modern
tyrant and conqueror—gold. We do
not believe such a calamity possible."

OUR FINANCIAL TROUBLE.

The Cause and the Effect of the Manipu-
lation of Gold by Speculators.

The present panic is nothing more
nor less than the result of compassi-
onless avarice exercised in Wall street.
The financiers which produced it were
pampered by favoritism from the halls
of legislation and the courts of justice;
granted inordinate privileges and in-
dulgence more extensive, oppressive
and powerful than ever the feudal
barons enjoyed. To them is given the
prerogative to hold in the palms of
their hands the purse strings of the
money of the realm, which they can
tighten or loosen at will. The present
time seems to be propitious for creat-
ing a panic that would net great for-
tunes to the manipulators thereof.
The conception was deep laid, and the
long-headed "financiers" were its au-
thors. The opportunities afforded by
the so-called Sherman silver law,
(which, by the way, was designed
for the purpose) now presented them-
selves. By the stoppage of the coinage
of silver in July, 1891, and the con-
tinued issue in treasury notes in pay-
ment for silver bullion, and the redemp-
tion of those notes in gold, the surplus
gold was drawn from the treasury.
This afforded the pretense to demand
one of two things, either of which was
equally desired by the goldolaters—
the issuance of a large quantity of gold
bonds, or the suspension of further
purchase of silver. The fact that the
treasury would be driven to the neces-
sity to issue bonds to meet its gold obli-
gations naturally caused a scare and the
hoarding of gold; and the demonetiza-
tion of silver and the establishing of a
gold standard had the same effect.
Here is the cause and the effect of the
manipulation of gold by the speculators.
—Topeka Press.

A Point to Remember.

There is one point which should not
be lost sight of in this discussion. This
is the fact, which cannot be denied,
that the administration, for some reason
best known to itself, has not made any
great effort to place silver in general
circulation throughout the country.
This great population of 65,000,000 of
people, widely scattered over an im-
mense continent, from Alaska to Flor-
ida, can absorb a very large amount of
silver, and would do so were a fair op-
portunity offered. We repeat what we
have previously urged that all the stip-
endiaries of the national government,
from president down—or up—to pen-
sioners, be paid in good silver dollars,
each worth 100 cents. Then the burst-
ing vaults of the federal treasury will
be relieved of their weighty burden, and
the white metal, which now lies idle
in the shape of bullion, will perform the
useful service for which it was intend-
ed.—Los Angeles Times.

Silver Constitutional Money.

Senator Allen, of Nebraska, in his
speech in the senate, declared that
silver is, and ever has been, the money
of the constitution, and it cannot now
be abandoned by congress without a
flagrant and inexcusable refusal on our
part to, in good faith, enforce, in the
interest of the nation at large, a power
expressly enjoined upon us for the gen-
eral welfare." The senator expressed
his utter astonishment that there
should be any question as to the consti-
tutional place of silver as a money
metal "in view of the language and
purpose of the constitution, the history
of the time when it was framed and
adopted by our ancestors, the treat-
ment of the question by congress in our
coinage legislation, the voice of the ju-
diciary when speaking on the subject,
and the treatment of the matter by the
various political parties in their re-
spective platforms."

"Silver Lunatics."

The most illustrious statesmen of the
republic were all in favor of silver.
Read their names: George Washington,
Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jeff-
erson, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Mor-
ris, Albert Gallatin, James Madison,
John Adams, James Monroe, Andrew
Jackson, William H. Crawford, Daniel
Webster, Abraham Lincoln, U. S.
Grant, Thaddeus Stevens, Oliver P.
Morton, James G. Blaine, John A. Lo-
gan, and a hundred others we might
name. They were all for silver as part
of the money of the country. Were
they "lunatics"?—N. Y. Recorder.

Give Us More Light.

The less knowledge the people have
in matters of legislation the more read-
ily do they submit to impositions. It is
to the interest of the enemies of silver
that the people be kept in the dark as
to its true bearings upon our financial
system. Hence their desire to limit its
discussion as much as possible. That
is the reason they urged immediate
action upon the matter at the begin-
ning of the present session of congress.
The speeches have been neither too
numerous or too long. The people will
profit by them in the end.—Fort Smith
(Ark.) Elevator.