

YOUTH AND AGE.

Turn back oh, dial-plate of time,
Spare to my locks their hair of jet;
With youth my glowing hands rhyme—
For age I am not ready yet.

The wrinkled gray beard, passing by,
Was he my schoolmate long ago?
Some hint like that flashed through his eye,
And yet I hold it is not so.

What means the traitorous almanac?
Who heeds the tales it passes tell?
I feel of youth I nothing lack,
In May's eternal realm I dwell.

Are not these flowers and fields as fair
As those in far-off days I know?
To-day I fervently declare
I never saw a sky more blue!

Her's Mand, who wears the dainty rose
Of sixteen summers on her cheek;
Stop not the gray beard—well we have pressed,
There must be youth and joy ahead—
How can you ask a lover's test?

Thrilled by the rapture of her smile,
Why should I mind the almanac?
Let age conceal his frost awhile—
Ask time to turn his dial back.

—Joel Benton, in Leslie's Weekly.



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VII.—CONTINUED.

Quietly rising from his seat, the official who so recently had had the verbal tilt with Cram held forth a rusty, cross-hilted, two-edged knife that looked as though it might have lain in the mud and wet for hours.

"Have you ever seen this knife before?" he asked. And Doyle, lifting up his eyes one instant, groaned, shuddered, and said:

"Oh, my God, yes!"

"Whose property is it or was it?"

At first he would not reply. He moaned and shook. At last:

"Sure, the initials are on the top," he cried.

But the official was relentless.

"Tell us what they are and what they represent."

People were crowding the hallway and forcing themselves into the room. Cram and Ferry, curiously watching their ill-starred comrade, had exchanged glances of dismay when the knife was so suddenly produced. Now they bent breathlessly forward.

The silence for the moment was oppressive.

"If it's the knife I made," he sobbed at last, desperately, miserably, "the letters are S. B. W., and it belongs to Waring of our battery."

But no questioning, however adroit, could elicit from him the faintest information as to how it got there. The last time he remembered seeing it, he said, was on Mr. Waring's table the morning of the review. A detective testified to having found it among the bushes under the window as the water receded. Ferry and the miserable Ananias were called, and they, too, had to identify the knife, and admit that neither had seen it about the room since Mr. Waring left for town. Of other witnesses called, came first the proprietor of the stable to which the cab belonged. Horse and cab, he said, covered with mud, were found under a shed two blocks below the French market, and the only thing in the cab was a handsome silk umbrella, London make, which Lieut. Pierce laid claim to. Mrs. Doyle swore that as she was going in search of her husband she met the cab just below the Pelican, driving furiously away, and that in the flash of lightning she recognized the driver as the man whom Lieut. Waring had beaten that morning on the lever in front of her place. A stranger was seated beside him. There were two gentlemen inside, but she saw the face of only one—Lieut. Waring.

Nobody else could throw any light on the matter. The doctor, recalled, declared the knife or dagger was shaped exactly as would have to be the one that gave the death blow. Everything pointed to the fact that there had been a struggle, a deadly encounter, and that after the fatal work was done the murderer or murderers had left the doors locked and barred and escaped through the window, leaving the desk rifled and carrying away what money there was, possibly to convey the idea that it was only a vulgar murder and robbery after all.

Of other persons who might throw light upon the tragedy the following were missing: Lieut. Waring, Private Dawson, the cabman, and the unrecognized stranger. So, too, was Anatole's boat.

VIII.

When four days and nights had passed away without a word or sign from Waring, the garrison had come to the conclusion that those officers or men of Battery "X" who still believed him innocent were idiots. So did the civil authorities; but those were days when the civil authorities of Louisiana commanded less respect from its educated people than did even the military. The police force, like the state, were undergoing a process called reconstruction, which might have been impressive in theory, but was ridiculous in practice. A reward had been offered by business associates of the deceased for the capture and conviction of the assassin. A distant relative of old Lascelles had come to take charge of the place until M. Philippe should arrive. The latter's address had been found among old Armand's papers, and dispatches, via Havana, had been sent to him, also letters. Pierre d'Herivel had taken the weeping widow and little Nin Nin to bonne maman's to stay. Alphonse and his woolly-pated mother, true to negro superstitions, had decamped. Nothing would induce them to remain under the roof where foul murder had been done. "De habants" was what they were afraid of. And so the old white home stood, though surrounded on every side

by curiosity seekers and prying eyes, was practically deserted. Cram went about his duties with a heavy heart and light aid. Ferry and Pierce both commanded section now, as Doyle remained in close arrest and "Pills the Less" in close attendance. Something was utterly wrong with the fellow. Mrs. Doyle had not again ventured to show her red nose within the limits of the "bars," as she called them, a hint from Braxton having proved sufficient; but that she was ever scouting the pickets no one could doubt. Morn, noon and night she prowled about the neighborhood, employing the "byses," so she termed such stray sheep in army blues as a drop of Anatole's best would tempt, to carry scrawling notes to Jim, one of which, falling with its postman by the wayside and turned over by the guard to Capt. Cram for transmission, was addressed to Mister Loot'n James Doyle, Lieut. Bothery X, Jaxun Bars, and brought the only laughter to his lips the big horse artilleryman had known for nearly a week. Her customary Mercury, Dawson, had vanished from sight, dropped, with many another and often a better man, as a deserter.

Over at Waring's abandoned quarters the shades were drawn and the green jalousies bolted. Pierce stole in each day to see that everything, even to the augmented heap of letters, was undisturbed, and Ananias drooped in the court below and refused to be comforted. Cram had duly notified Waring's relatives, now living in New York, of his strange and sudden disappearance, but made no mention of the cloud of suspicion which had surrounded his name. Meantime, some legal friends of the family were overhauling the Lascelles papers, and a dark-complexioned, thick-set, active little civilian was making frequent trips between the department headquarters and barracks. At the former he compared notes with Braxton and Cram! The last interview Mr. Allerton had before leaving with his family for the north was with this same lively party, the detective who joined them that night at the St. Charles, and Allerton, being a man of much substance, had tapped his pocketbook significantly.

"The difficulty just now is in having a talk with the widow," said this official to Cram and Reynolds, whom he had met by appointment on the Thursday following the eventful Saturday

want is evidence to acquit him and convict somebody else of Lascelles' death. What has this to do with the other?"

"This much: This letter came to Braxton by hand, not by mail—by hand, probably direct from her. What hand had access to the office the day when the whole command was out at review? Certainly no outsider. The mail is opened and distributed on its arrival at nine o'clock by the chief clerk, or by the sergeant major, if he happens to be there, though he's generally at guard mount. On this occasion he was out at review. Leary, chief clerk, tells Col. Braxton he opened and distributed the mail, putting the colonel's on his desk; Root was with him and helped. The third clerk came in later; had been out all night, drinking. His name is Dawson. Dawson goes out again and gets fuller, and when next brought home is put in hospital under a sentry. Then he hears of the murder, bolts, and isn't heard from since, except as the man who helped Mrs. Doyle to get her husband home. He is the fellow who brought that note. He knew something of its contents, for the murder terrified him, and he ran away. Find his trail, and you strike that of the woman who wrote these."

"By the Lord, Lieutenant, if you'll quit the army and take my place you'll make a name and a fortune."

"And if you'll quit your place and take mine you'll get your coup de grace in some picayune Indian fight and be forgotten. So stay where you are; but find Dawson, find her, find what they know, and you'll be famous."

IX.

That night, or very early next morning, there was pandemonium at the barracks. It was clear, still, beautiful. A soft April wind was drifting up from the lower coast, laden with the perfume of sweet olive and orange blossoms. Mrs. Cram, with one or two lady friends and a party of officers, had been chatting in low tone upon their gallery until after eleven, but elsewhere about the moonlit quadrangle all was silence when the second relief was posted. Far at the rear of the walled inclosure, where, in deference to the manners and customs of war as observed in the good old days whereof our seniors tell, the sutler's establishment was planted within easy hailing distance of the guardhouse, there was still the sound of

my sentries or rides the air on a broomstick, like some other old witches I've read of. Ferry sleeps in the adjoining room, anyhow, so he can look out for her. Good night, Doc." And so, on they went, glancing upward at the dim light just showing through the window-blinds in the gable end of Doyle's quarters, and halting at the foot of the stairs.

"Come over and have a pipe with me, Ferry," said the captain. "It's too beautiful a night to turn in. I want to talk to you about Waring, anyhow. This thing weighs on my mind."

"Done with you, for an hour anyhow," said Ferry. "Just wait a minute till I run up and get my baccy."

Presently down came the young fellow again, meerschaum in hand, the moonlight glinting on his slender figure, so trim and jaunty in the battery dress. Kinsey looked him over with a smile of soldierly approval and a whimsical comment on the contrast between the appearance of this young artillery sprig and that of his own stout personality, clad as he was in a bulging blue flannel sack coat, only distinguishable in cut and style from civilian garb by its having brass buttons and a pair of tarnished old shoulder straps. Ferry was a swell. His shell jacket fitted like wax. The Russian shoulder knots of twisted gold were of the handsomest make. The riding breeches, top boots and spurs were such that even Waring could not criticize. His saber gleamed in the moonbeams, and Kinsey's old leather-covered sword looked dingy by contrast. His belt fitted trim and taut, and was polished as his boot-tops; Kinsey's sank down over the left hip, and was worn brown. The sash Ferry sported as battery officer of the day was draped, West Point fashion, over the shoulder and around the waist, and accurately knotted and looped; Kinsey's old war-worn crimson net was slung higgledy-piggledy over his broad chest.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THAT WAS DIFFERENT.

When Jim Began Supposing That Settled the Matter.

"One day in the mountains, that lift their green-walled battlements above the tumbling waters of the upper Cumberland, I stopped at a log house to get my dinner. It was a double affair, with a lean-to porch in front of it, and was occupied by a man and woman, who were eager to hear me talk of the great world beyond the fastnesses of the everlasting hills that hedged them in. We sat at the table for some minutes after we had finished eating, and the woman began talking, in her own crude imaginative fashion, of the things I had been telling them.

"S'posin' Jim," she said, addressing herself principally to her husband, "S'posin' I wuz a fine lady in silks and satins; an' s'posin' I had bosses an' kerridges; an' s'posin' we lived in a marble palace, with glass winders; an' s'posin' you wuz a prominent citizen an' put on a clean shirt every week; an' s'posin' we could go to Europe an' see all the grand sights; an' s'posin' we had a washtub full of money; an' s'posin' we'd come back yet to these parts an' s'posin' we'd build a town right out there in the bottom, an' s'posin' it 'ud grow an' grow, an' s'posin' a boondock was run right along down thar whar the cow shed is now, an' s'posin' they'd name it after us, Jim, wouldn't that be somethin' wuth s'posin'?" and the woman looked out of the door and gazed off across the valley with almost a dreamy look in her dull gray eyes.

"Yes, Susan," responded Jim, in the same fanciful strain, "an' s'posin' I run for congress an'—"

"She recovered her everyday practical spirit at the sound of his voice and stopped him.

"No, you don't," she said, jumping up and beginning to clear off the table, "I'll do all the s'posin' for this family myself. You go 'long out thar and chop enough wood to last over Sunday."

"Fifteen minutes later, as I turned at the bend of the road that carried me out of sight, I saw Jim chopping at the wood and Susan carrying an armful to the house."—Detroit Free Press.

The Women of Alaska.

There is a woman in Sitka, known as Princess Tom, who is very rich. She at one time had three husbands, but has become Christianized and has discarded two. She is an extensive trader, and has several large canoes in which she transports goods from Sitka to the interior and exchanges them with the natives for furs. She is known all over Alaska, and wears upon her arms twenty or thirty bracelets made out of \$20 gold pieces. The natives also trace their genealogy through the female branch of the family, and the inheritance comes through the mother's side. For instance, if a chief should die, leaving a son, his sister's son or nephew would succeed in authority and not his own son. The women are not slaves, as in the Indian tribes in this country, but exercise a great deal of authority. The women emulate their sex in civilized countries in their affection for bright and gaudy colors, and most of the money they receive is invested in bright colored goods and shawls.

The Prince and the Peleman.

An English woman told this story the other day: "I was attending a monstrosity fair in Albert Hall once upon a time when I spied the duke of Edinburgh standing near a booth where I was making some purchases. The rest of the royal family were in a box at the other end of the building. Presently they prepared to descend and mingle with the throng on the floor below. An officious policeman rushed about among us pushing us hither and thither. He seized the duke by the shoulder and gave him a tug. 'Here,' he said, roughly, 'stand one side, can't you? You've got to make room for the prince of Wales.' The joke was too good. I felt myself obliged to enclose that officer later on and to tell him who the quiet gentleman was who had so instantly and silently obeyed his rude command."

"Well, he's sleeping at last. He seems worn out. It's the first time I've left him; but I'm used up and want a few hours' sleep. There isn't anything to drink in the room, even if he should wake, and Jim is sleeping or lying there by him."

"Oh, he'll do all right now, I reckon," said the officer of the day, cheerfully. "Go and get your sleep. The old woman can't get at him unless she breaks

COINED AND UNCOINED SILVER.

What Would Be the Mint Value Under Free Coinage.

The New York Weekly Tribune of August 9 contains an article contributed by Hon. William H. West, of Beliefontaine, O., which the Tribune commends to its readers as a singularly clear presentation of the essential facts involved in the "silver free-coinage question." The question propounded by the writer of the article, and which he endeavors to answer is: "Ought the mints of the United States to be opened to the free and unrestricted coinage of both gold and silver into standard dollars at their present coinage ratio or difference in weight of 1 to 16, when the commercial ratio or difference in market value between the two metals is 1 to 24?"

The argument of Judge West proceeds throughout upon the assumption that silver has a commercial or market value "which exists anterior to and independent of all legislation," and that this value should control its monetary relation to gold and fix the ratio upon which the two metals should be coined and used as money; in other words, that the market value of silver while it is in the situation of a depreciated commodity should control its mint or legal valuation. Our mints are now open to the free and unrestricted coinage of gold, consequently coined and uncoined gold have precisely the same value.

It follows that the mint valuation of a money metal fixes and controls its market value and that what one of them will sell for in the market while in the situation of merchandise will not in the slightest degree assist us in determining what should be its legal relation to the other metal which is already in the situation of a money metal, that is, what quantity of one metal should be treated as the legal equivalent of a given quantity of the other; in other words, upon what ratio the two metals should be coined. This can only be ascertained by first making money metals of both gold and silver upon a given ratio, say 1 to 16, and if this does not practically bring them together then we can change the ratio as we did in 1834.

The history of the monetary movement of the metals demonstrates that they are governed by a law as inexorable as that of gravitation, which impels each to the place or country where it will exchange for the larger quantity of the other. Our first ratio of 15 to 1—one-half a point on one side of the French or European ratio of 15½ to 1, gave us silver down to 1834. It was then changed to 16 to 1, one-half a point on the other side of the European ratio, and in consequence of this change gold came to this country, and silver, exchanging for about 8 cents more gold in Europe than in this country, went abroad, and so continued down to 1873. During that time the gold dollar was worth only about 97 cents in terms of silver. The change of our ratio from 1 to 15 to 1 to 16 in 1834 was not, as Judge West assumes, taken place in the commercial or market value of the two metals. One ounce of gold was not, at that time, worth sixteen ounces of silver, nor at any time down to 1873 was one ounce of gold worth sixteen ounces of silver. It was not because of the excessive inflow of gold into the world's money stock from the mines of California and Australia that one ounce of gold exchanged for only fifteen and one-half ounces of silver, but because the mints of France were open to the unrestricted coinage of both metals upon the ratio of 1 to 15½, giving both the full legal tender power, that the market value of fifteen and one-half ounces of silver was equal to one ounce of gold the world over during this period, notwithstanding their relative quantity in the world's money stock during this time, changed from 3 to 1 of silver to 4 to 3 of gold. It is true that there was a slight disparity in their value upon this ratio in the London market, sufficient to cause gold to take the place of silver to some extent in the currency of France, but so firmly were the metals united under the French law that this disparity was not regarded in commercial transactions. M. Cermuchi, most competent to speak upon this subject, says that during this period the money accounts between England and India were uniformly reckoned on the basis of the equivalency of ten rupees silver and one pound sterling gold. The same authority attributes the widening of the ratio from 10 to 1 to 15½ to 1 during the last six centuries to successive changes in the mint regulations of Europe, always in favor of gold, for the convenience of foreign remittances. Thus the market relation of the two metals, when used as money metals, was always coincident, or very nearly coincident, with their mint or legal relation, and demonstrates that when used as money metals, upon a proper ratio, a change in their relative quantity in the money stock does not materially affect their relative value.—Henry G. Miller, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE REAL ISSUE.

The Double Standard Is Necessary In Order to Give Stability to the Currency.

If the matter were not so very important it would be amusing to listen to the arguments of the gold monetarists with reference to the supply and use of silver as money. For instance, the New York World says: "The simple stopping of silver purchases, as provided for in the Wilson bill, would not in any way affect the use of silver as money. It would leave us with over \$340,000,000 in silver dollars and bullion owned by the government, and which it has authority to coin into money. This now is, and would continue to be, full legal tender money."

The World's argument is another feature of the confidence game which the gold men are now seeking to perpetuate upon the people of the country. The country has no assurance that the present administration would resume the coining of silver if the purchasing clause of the Sherman law were unconditionally repealed. In fact, both the present and the last administration put themselves on record by ceasing the coining of silver some time ago and refusing to resume it.

But, after all, it is not the question of coining the silver bullion now in the treasury that forms the real issue before the people. The real issue is much broader, and the welfare of the whole people is dependent upon it. It is the question of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, the restoration of bimetallism as a part of the financial policy of the government.

Gold, of itself, does not afford a sufficient basis or volume for the business transactions of the country. It has constantly appreciated in value during the past twenty years. Its purchasing power has grown greater and the debt-paying value of products smaller ever since the single gold standard was adopted in 1873.

The double standard is necessary in order to give stability to the currency, to afford a sufficient volume of the circulating medium to properly transact the business of the country and to prevent the constant appreciation of the unit of value that is giving the money-lending classes a merciless clutch upon the prosperity of the nation.

People may laugh at what they term the wind and rhetoric of those who are warning them against the constant appreciation of the money-lending power, if they can afford to. The evidence is before them if they care to know the truth.—Denver Times.

MRS. PARTINGTON FINANCE.

The Gold Standard Theory Is Very Much After the Old Lady's Style.

Benjamin P. Shillaber's experiences are being printed in one of the magazines. The latest article tells of the advent of Mrs. Partington into print. The first of the sayings that Shillaber assigned to the old lady was that "it made no difference to her whether flour was dear or cheap, as she always had to pay just so much for a half-dollar's worth."

Mrs. Partington's views of money and prices have not disappeared from the earth.

The gold standard theory is defended very much as she explained her indifference to the price of flour. We hear that the perfection of a gold standard consists in the fact that while it is in force a dollar is worth a dollar, in coin or bullion and will buy a dollar's worth. To a great many thinkers that property of gold seems to be a conclusive proof of the single gold standard's