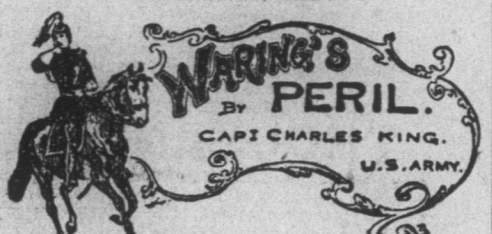


## THE MOON'S LULLABY.

Sailing aloft in the starry sky,  
The New Moon rocks her cradle,  
And singeth sweet as the stars go by  
With twinkling feet and twinkling eye.  
"Oh! hush thee, my dearie, and rest thee so  
weary,  
Come rock in my cradle of gold,  
A moonbeam shall kiss thee and angels shall  
bless thee,  
And cloudlets thy slumbers enfold."

Sweet is the song the New Moon sings,  
As she sits and rocks her cradle;  
Fair is the golden couch that she swings,  
And soft the cloudlets hovering wings.  
But the star-child still twinkles her eye,  
Awake till the break of day;  
But then she obeys and trundles to bed  
While the New Moon sings her lay.

Tenderly rocking to and fro  
She sleeps in the golden cradle,  
Tucked under a cloudlet as soft as snow,  
She lists as the New Moon whispers low:  
"Oh! hush thee, my dearie, and rest thee so  
weary,  
Oh! rock in my cradle of gold,  
A moonbeam shall kiss thee and angels shall  
bless thee,  
And cloudlets thy slumbers enfold."  
—Edwin O. Grover, in Good Housekeeping.



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X.—CONTINUED.

"It is useless," he said. "She will not see me."

"Then she shall see me," said Mrs. Cram.

And so a second time did Jeffers make the trip to town that day, this time perched with folded arms in the rumble of the pony-phæton.

And while she was gone the junior doctor was having the liveliest experience of his few years of service. Scorching and burning though she was, Mrs. Doyle's faculties seemed to have returned with renewed acuteness and force. She demanded to be taken to her husband's side, but the doctor sternly refused. She demanded to be told his condition, and was informed that it was so critical he must not be disturbed, especially by her who was practically responsible for all his trouble. Then she insisted on knowing whether he was conscious and whether he had asked for a priest, and when informed that Father Foley had already arrived, it required the strength of four men to hold her. She raved like a maniac, and her screams appalled the garrison. But screams and struggles were all in vain. "Pills the Less" sent for his senior, and "Pills the Pitiless" more than ever deserved his name. He sent for a strait jacket, saw her securely stowed away in that and borne over to a vacant room in the old hospital, set the steward's wife on watch and a sentry at the door, went back to Waring's bedside, where Sam lay tossing in burning fever, murmured his few words of caution to Pierce and Ferry, then hastened back to where poor Doyle was gasping in agony of mind and body, clinging to the hand of the gentle soldier of the cross, gazing piteously into his father confessor's eyes, drinking in his words of exhortation, yet unable to make articulate reply. The flames had done their cruel work. Only in desperate pain could he speak again.

It was nearly dark when Mrs. Cram came driving back to barracks, bringing Mr. Reynolds with her. Her eyes were dilated, her cheeks flushed with excitement, as she sprang from the low phaeton, and, with a murmured "Come to me as soon as you can" to her husband, she sped away up the stairs, leaving him to receive and entertain her passenger.

"I, too, went to see Mme. Lascelles late this afternoon," said Reynolds. "I wished to show her this."

It was a copy of a dispatch to the chief of police of New Orleans. It stated in effect that Philippe Lascelles had not been seen or heard of around Key West for over two weeks. It was believed that he had gone to Havana.

"Can you get word of this to our friend the detective?" asked Cram.

"I have wired already. He has gone to Georgia. What I hoped to do was to note the effect of this on Mme. Lascelles; but she was too ill to see me. Luckily, Mrs. Cram was there, and I sent it up to her. She will tell you. Now I have to see Braxton."

And then came a messenger to ask Cram to join the doctor at Doyle's quarters at once; so he hurried upstairs to see Nell first and learn her tidings.

"Did I not tell you?" she exclaimed, as he entered the parlor. "Philippe Lascelles was here that very night, and had been seen with his brother at the office on Royal street twice before this thing happened, and they had trouble about money. Oh, I made her understand. I appealed to her as a woman to do what she could to right Mr. Waring, who was so generally believed to be the guilty man. I told her we had detectives tracing Philippe and would soon find how and when he reached New Orleans. Finally I showed her the dispatch that Mr. Reynolds sent up, and at last she broke down, burst into tears, and said she, too, had learned since the inquest that Philippe was with her husband, and probably was the stranger referred to, that awful night. She even suspected it at the time, for she knew he came not to borrow but to demand money that was rightfully his, and also certain papers that Armand held and that now were gone. It was she who told me of Philippe's having been seen with Armand at the office, but she declared she could not believe that he would kill her husband. I pointed out the fact that Armand had fired two shots from his pistol, apparently, and that no bullet marks had been found in the room where the quarrel took place, and that if his shots had taken effect on his antagonist he simply could not have been Waring, for though Waring had been bruised and beaten about the head, the doctor said there was no sign of bullet mark about him anywhere. She recognized the truth of this, but

still she said she believed that there was a quarrel or was to be a quarrel between her husband and Mr. Waring. Otherwise I believe her throughout. I believe that, no matter what romance there was about nursing Philippe and his falling in love with her, she did not encourage him, did not call him here again, was true to her old husband. She is simply possessed with the idea that the quarrel which killed her husband was between himself and Mr. Waring, and that it occurred after Philippe had got his money and papers, and gone."

"We-e-ll, Philippe will have a heap to explain when he is found," was Cram's reply. "Now I have got to go to Doyle's. He is making some confession, I expect, to the priest."

But Cram never dreamed for an instant what that was to be.

That night poor Doyle's spirit took its flight, and the story of misery he had to tell, partly by scrawling with a pencil, partly by gesture in reply to question, partly in painfully-gasped sentences, a few words at a time, was practically this: Lascelles and his party did indeed leave him at the Pelican when he was so drunk he only vaguely knew what was going on or what had happened in the bar-room where they were drinking, but his wife had told him the whole story. Lascelles wanted more drink—champagne; the bar-tender wanted to close up. They bought several bottles, however, and had them put in the cab, and Lascelles was gay and singing, and, instead of going directly home, insisted on stopping to make a call on the lady who occupied the upper floor of the house Doyle rented on the levee. Doyle rarely saw her, but she sometimes wrote to Lascelles and got Bridget to take the letters to him. She was setting her cap for the old

verdict that Lascelles had died by Waring's hand. Had they met in the duello as practiced in the south in those days, sword to sword, or armed with pistol at twelve paces, she would have shuddered, but maintained that as a soldier and gentleman Waring could not have refused his opponent's challenge, inexcusable though such challenge might have been. But that he could have stooped to vulgar, unregulated fracas, without seconds or the formality of the cartel, first with fists and those women's weapons, nails, then knives or stilettos, as though he were some low dago or Sicilian—why, that was simply and utterly incredible. None the less she was relieved and rejoiced, as were all Waring's friends, when the full purport of poor Doyle's dying confession was noised abroad. Even those who were skeptical were now silenced. For four days her comfort and relief had been inexpressible; and then came the hour when, with woe and trouble in his face, her husband returned to her from Waring's bedside that he had utterly repudiated Doyle's confession—had, indeed, said that which could probably only serve to renew the suspicion of his own guilt, or else justify the theory that he was demented.

Though Cram and the doctor warned Waring not to talk, talk he would, to Pierce, to Ferry, to Ananias; and though these three were pledged by Cram to reveal to no one what Waring said, it plunged them in an agony of doubt and misgiving. Day after day had the patient told and retold the story, and never could cross-questioning shake him in the least. Cram sent for Reynolds and took him into their confidence, and Reynolds heard the story and added his questions, but to

order that I may make to you my personal apologies, you must accept my invitation. So go with them I did. I was all the time thinking of Cram's mysterious note bidding me return at taps. I couldn't imagine what was up, but I made my best endeavors to get a cab. None was to be had, so I was really thankful for this opportunity. All the way down Lascelles overwhelmed me with civilities, and I could only murmur and protest, and the other party only murmured approbation. He hardly spoke English at all. Then Lascelles insisted on a stop at the Pelican, and on bumpers of champagne, and there, as luck would have it, was Doyle—drunk, as usual, and determined to join the party; and, though I endeavored to put him aside, Lascelles would not have it. He insisted on being presented to the comrade of his gallant friend, and in the private room where we went he overwhelmed Doyle with details of our grand reconciliation and with bumper after bumper of Krug. This enabled me to fight shy of the wine, but in ten minutes Doyle was fighting drunk, Lascelles tipsy. The driver came in for his pay, saying he would go no further. They had a row. Lascelles wouldn't pay; called him an Irish thief and all that. I slipped my last V into the driver's hand and got him out, somehow. M. Philippe, or whatever his name was, said he would go out—he'd get a cab in the neighborhood; and the next thing I knew Lascelles and Doyle were in a fury of a row. Lascelles said all the Irish were knaves, and blackguards and swindlers, and Doyle stumbled around after him. Out came a pistol! Out came a knife! I tripped Doyle and got him into a chair, and was so intent on pacifying him and telling him not to make a fool of himself that I didn't notice anything else. I handled him good-naturedly, got the knife away, and then was amazed to find that he had my own pet paper-cutter. I made them shake hands and make up. 'It was all a mistake,' said Lascelles. But what made it a worse mistake, the old man would order more wine, and with it brandy. He insisted on celebrating this second grand reconciliation, and then both got drunker, but the tall Frenchman had Lascelles' pistol and I had the knife, and then a cab came, and, though it was storming beastly and I had Ferry's duds on and Larkin's best tie and Pierce's umbrella, we bundled in somehow and drove on down the levee, leaving Doyle in the hands of that Amazon of a wife of his and a couple of doughboys who happened to be around there. Now Lascelles was all hilarity, singing, joking, confidential. Nothing would do but we must stop and call on a lovely woman, a belle amie. He could rely on his discretion, he said, laying his finger on his nose, and looking sly and coquettish, for all the world like some old roue of a Frenchman. He must stop and see her and take her some wine. 'Indeed,' he said, mysteriously, 'it is a rendezvous.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CAUGHT BY A WORD.

The New Grocer Beaten in an Ax-handle Deal.

Among the worthies that loafed about an Indiana town, says the Waverly Magazine, was one Jim Jones. He was one of those whittling geniuses who can make anything, from a top to a log cabin, out of a chunk of wood.

His credit and reputation were not over good, but the new grocery man had not learned that. So when Jim sidled into the new store with a bundle of smooth-looking ax-handles the proprietor was not long in closing a deal with him and settling in hard cash.

Shortly afterward an old Hoosier dropped in to purchase a handle.

"Them be nice-looking goods. What might the price be?"

"Those are extra fine hickory," said the young grocer. "We shall have to charge fifty cents apiece."

"Let me see one."

The farmer burst into a loud "haw-haw!" as he balanced the stick upon his little finger and went out to tell how green the new grocer was.

Next day in the presence of a large crowd of corner loafers the grocery man tackled Jim Jones.

"Sir, you are a liar and a robber!"

"So?" said Jim.

"Yes, sir. You sold me these banewood handles for fraud!"

"Wall, I guess not. I told you the truth sure," said Jim, coolly.

"You lie! You said they were knot hickory!" retorted the overheated groceryman.

"Eggsackly," drawled Jim. "I said they was not hickory—no more are they."

Amid the haw-haws of the crowd the young grocer was forced to pass around the cider and swallow his loss and chagrin in the same gulp.

## Man's Opinion of Woman's Dress.

A man's opinion of a gown is ever eagerly sought, and while they are supposed to never know what a gown is worth, still they declare that they know when a gown looks well. "Coming across the Rue de — I was surprised," says a New York Recorder writer, "to hear a man ejaculate: 'There goes the best dressed woman I've seen to-day.' Hastily turning, I saw a dark-eyed, dark-haired woman passing along, clothed entirely in black—but such black! The skirt was of a heavy quality of plain satin, made to flare slightly, and finished with three small ruffles. The sleeves were of black satin and were moderately full. The bodice was of solid black, and close fitting, tied at the back under a soft coil of hair. The gloves and parasol were to match, and this in all formed a most refreshing toilet of absolute simplicity, yet withal elegant to a degree."

Seasonable and Reasonable.

Miss Marshmallow (to young Leech, druggist)—How much is it?

Young Leech (computing)—Blue mass five, box ten, label and wrapper five, pink string five—twenty-five. Thirty cents, please. Nice weather. Judge.

## THE NEED OF BIMETALLISM.

The Recognition and Coinage of Silver Will Make More Money and Consequently Better Prices for Commodities.

Mr. Morris M. Estee contributes a carefully prepared article to the Californian for September, in which he argues that it requires no great knowledge or exhaustive study of financial problems to see that if the large sum of money represented by silver and silver certificates is retired from use as money it will cause the failure of many of the best business concerns of the country, and shatter national and individual credit, and thus paralyze the industries of the whole nation. Indeed, it is impossible to overstate the results of such an awful catastrophe in the United States. There does not appear to be any reasonable cause for disturbing the relations between gold and silver, or the use of both as money metals, and there does appear to be a necessity for the continued use of both.

It is a striking fact that as silver depreciates in value, commodities also depreciate in value. Observe the price of silver for the past ten years, and then note the prices of the products of the factory and the farm; as a rule, they run parallel. Money becomes dear and scarce when the country approaches a gold standard, and we approach a gold standard whenever silver is talked down or driven out of circulation. This condition of things has existed in our country for many years. The only two articles in America which have risen in value are gold and United States bonds—the one because the creditor class has talked all money but gold out of confidence; the other, because our country persists in paying all the interest on our bonds in gold, when, under the law, and of right and in common fairness, some of it should be paid in silver—because the interest is payable in coin, and silver money is coin as much as gold.

Gold and silver being the most valuable metals that are produced in sufficient quantity are the natural money of the world. Every civilized man knows both metals as money. It is the common law of mankind to look upon them as money metals. The tradesmen and producers all over the world receive either coin in exchange for their commodities; and as the use of money is increasing the demand for it becomes a greater necessity. Without it, no enterprise, great or small, can be successfully established or carried on, and therefore any contraction of the monetary circulation would result in a monetary crisis, affecting not only the stability of great banks and banking houses, but the stability of governments themselves.

It is a mistake, says Mr. Estee, to suppose a banker different from other people—he is simply a keen dealer in money, and the man who deals in money is like any other man who has something to sell. He wants his goods (money) to bring a good price—to be in demand; and whatever will make money scarce and difficult to get increases its value, and thus apparently benefits him. He knows, as every intelligent man knows, that when there are two kinds of money in the world, and an equal amount of each, if he can destroy one kind, what remains will be more valuable; and so, many of the moneyed men of the world are for monometallism, because if a single gold standard is adopted by all the nations of the earth, and silver is demonetized, there will be only one-half the present amount of money in circulation; and he knows that this alone would double the value of the money that is left, because it would double the purchasing power of gold, and in a like proportion lower the value of all other commodities, because the commodities would necessarily increase in amount, while the means to purchase them would decrease.

In a word, we would then have dear money and cheap commodities; the men who have money would be richer by half; the men who have commodities would be poorer by half. But the latter are as one hundred to one. Labor is a commodity and would go down in the general fall. The result necessarily follows that as money becomes scarce, there will be a lowering of prices; land becomes cheap as money gets dear; the products of the factory and the farm suffer alike; and, as people have less money for use in the purchase of needful articles, less of those articles are consumed. And then come poverty, suffering and unrest, with an increase of crime and a lowering of the moral standard.

The answer made to these arguments is that as money would be worth more, the relative value of commodities would not change, because one dollar then would be worth two dollars now. If the gold men think this is true, why not double the price of commodities and double the amount of money, and cheapen its value, and thus make two dollars worth but one dollar? If the rule is correct, why will it not work both ways? No, the fact is, the argument in favor of dear money is a narrow policy. If successful, it only creates misery, want, unrest—it is not a creative, but rather a destructive theory. It will benefit the few and destroy the many. It is admitted that the intrinsic value of silver is less than gold—it always was less. Our laws make the coinage value of gold sixteen times greater than that of silver; but, owing to the fact that some of the nations, which are the money powers of the world, are demonetizing silver, the difference in the commercial value between the two metals is much greater now than heretofore, and so the same power that cheapened silver now demands its demonetization as a money metal, because it is cheap. The creditor classes, who are interested in making money dear, are doing this and will continue to do it, until the communism of organized wealth endangers the peace of society. Indeed it has already imperiled the business industries of the world. Money cannot become dear if silver is continued as one of the circulating mediums of the world, because the supply will more nearly equal the demand; but the supply of gold is not largely increasing, while the demand for money is increasing as the wealth and

commerce of the world increases. And so, on the one hand, it is a contest for good money and more money and fair prices for commodities; while on the other, it is a contest for less money and dear money and cheap commodities; and this contest will continue and increase in force while these conditions continue, and they will continue until actual and practical bimetalism is restored.—Albany (N. Y.) Times-Union.

## THE DEMAND FOR SILVER.

Coin It Into Money and the Demand Will Keep It at a Fair Value.

The price of any article, of course, depends upon the demand for it, and the supply. The chief demand for silver, as of gold, is and has been its character as a metal of which money is made. It is not the use that is made of it in the arts that gives it its chief value, but the fact that it is used as money in all nations of the world to a greater or less amount. When you destroy it as a money metal you take away the chief demand for it, and, of course, lower its price.

Now, supposing, what is hardly supposable, that when we establish free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, that all the silver of the world, coined and uncoined, came pouring into the United States, in a very short time all the nations which use subsidiary coin would be out of silver; all the nations which use silver as a full legal tender, and all the people of the world who use silver in the arts and for industrial purposes, would find themselves in the same condition, and would have to come to the United States for their supply of silver. They could buy it from no man here for less than its coining value; therefore, throughout the world, it would at once become the equal to gold, and it would follow that we would soon have to supply the demand for it in every country.

So soon as its bullion price began to approach that of gold the latter would come half-way down to meet silver going up, then it would rapidly flow out to supply the coin demand of the world, which would once more become bimetallic, as it was twenty years ago. No man possessed of any silver in other countries would sell it for less than the coining price in America, and so England would have to pay for the silver with which she supplies India, the coining price in the United States, and India would be compelled to be supplied with silver, for there is not \$900,000,000 of spare gold in the world to replace India's silver money.

It is said that the production would be so great if there was free coinage and silver was at its normal price per ounce that the world would soon be flooded with it. I do not believe that. There is nothing in the statistics to show that that would be the case. During the period of one hundred years, from 1792 to 1892, the production of gold in the world was \$5,532,908,000—the production of silver was \$3,104,961,000, a difference of only about \$500,000,000 and that in favor of gold; and we might go further back if the inefficient statistics of the dark ages could be depended upon, and show generally that the production of the two metals would average about the same.

For what reason is it held, then, that this ratio of production of the two metals will not continue to the end? Is not nature consistent with herself? If the digging into the earth for four thousand years has shown that there exists in her bosom on the average about fifteen times as much silver by weight as of gold, why should we doubt future development from an accidental departure now and then of either metal from the average proportion of forty centuries?

Surely the gold standard men should give a better reason for distrusting nature than some bankers' "want of confidence."—Hon. Zebulon Vance (N. C.), in U. S. Senate.

## SILVER IN DEMAND.

Every Economic Law Demands the White Metal as Money.

"Every successful victory of the monometallists over silver increases the economic necessity for using silver by making gold more inaccessible to labor," says a writer in the New York Press. "Gold represents capital investments and wholesale dealings. Silver represents the distribution of wealth made by capital in effecting its own accumulations and the disintegration of wealth for consumption. The vapors that rise must by physical law always equal in weight the waters that descend, since the one is the other. So the sum of all investments and whole sale dealings must equal in value the sum of the retail and labor dealings in which they begin and end. Hence the values of the aggregate gold and silver currencies must always be equal by economic law."

"One of the chief agencies tending toward the demonetization of silver has been the success of the United States for nineteen years in doing almost wholly without both gold and silver, and since 1879 in keeping our paper money at par with coin without any system of actual daily coin redemption by either government or banks. This absence of actual daily coin redemption has been the deceptive element in our situation, which, taken in conjunction with coin, has encouraged inflation both of government notes and bank credit. After years of this inflation in obligations the nearly consummated demonetization of silver threatens to reduce the means of silver specie payment by one-half. This is precisely the catastrophe which, in the judgment of Europe's best financiers, would bring on a crisis like the present. With this diagnosis of the disease the remedy stands revealed by the diagnosis. It would consist in retiring from currency every note, government or private, for which no scheme of practical daily redemption in coin is provided by law and in fact. In such a scheme silver would be found just as necessary as gold."

A vote taken at Lexington, Ky., on the free coinage of silver, 16 to 1, resulted as follows: For free coinage, 977; against 53. Of the negative votes 44 were cast by bankers, money lenders and their clerks.