

### THE MOON'S LULLABY.

Balling aloft in the starry sky,  
The New Moon rocks her cradle,  
And singeth sweet as the stars go by  
With toddling feet and twinkling eye;  
"Oh! hush thee, my dearie, and rest thee so  
quietly."  
Come rock in my cradle of gold,  
A moonbeam shall kiss thee and angels shall  
bless thee.  
And cloudslets 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 cloudslets hovering wings.  
But the star-child still twinkles her eye,  
Awake till the break of day;  
But then she sits obeys and trundles to bed  
While the New Moon sings her lullaby.

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 me, my dearie, and rest thee so  
quietly."  
Oh! rock in my cradle of gold.  
A moonbeam shall kiss thee and angels shall  
bless thee.  
And cloudslets thy slumbers enfold."

—Edwin O. Grover, in *Good Housekeeping*.



[Copyright, 1893, by J. B. Lippincott Co., and published by special arrangement.]

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. Searched and burned 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 phæton, and, with a murmur "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 scurried 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, gone."

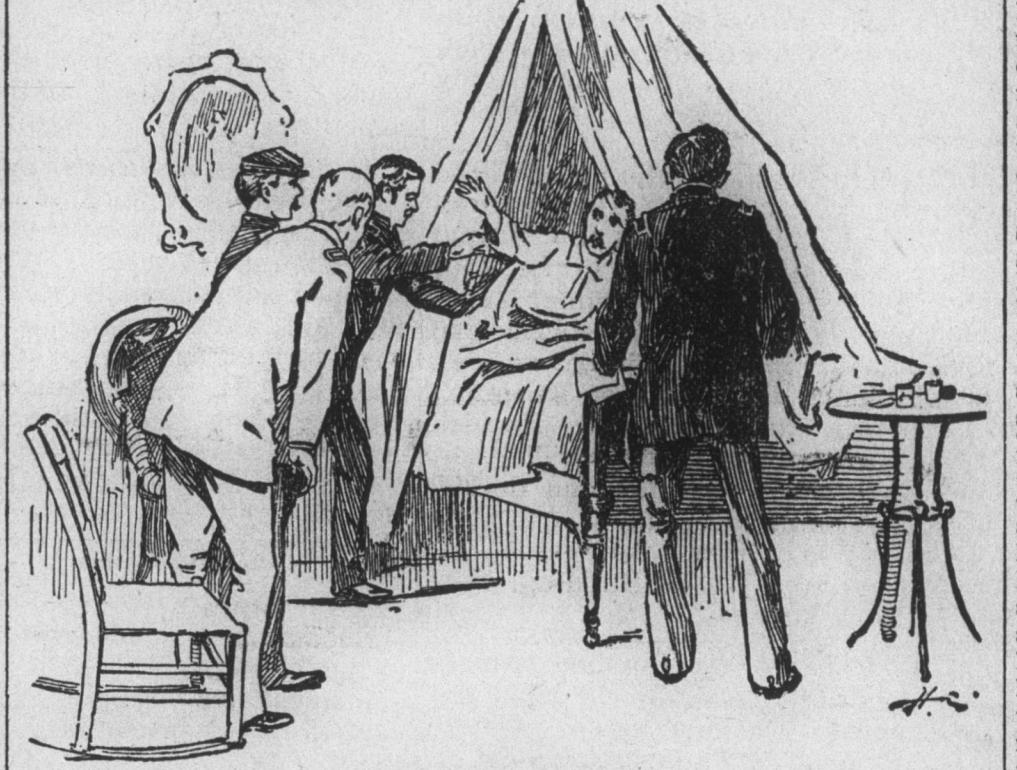
"W-e-e-l, Philippe will have a heap to explain when he is found," was Cram's reply. "Now I have got to go to Doyle's. He is making some confession, I expect, to the priest."

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, then knives or stilettos, as though he were some low dog or Sicilian—why, that was simply and utterly incredible. None the less he was relieved and rejoiced, as were all Waring's friends, when the full purport of poor Doyle's dying confession was noise 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 with the incomprehensible tidings 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



"IT'S AN INFERNAL LIE!"

Frenchman. "We called her Mrs. Dawson." The cabman drove very slowly through the storm as Doyle walked home along with Bridget and some man who was helping, and when they reached the gate there was the cab and Waring in it. The cab-driver was standing by his horse, swearing at the delay and saying he would charge double fare. Doyle had had trouble with his wife for many years, and renewed trouble lately because of two visits Lascelles had paid there, and that evening when she sent for him he was drinking in Waring's room, had been drinking during the day; he dreaded more trouble, and 'twas he who took Waring's knife, and still had it, he said, when he entered the gate, and no sooner did he see Lascelles at his door than he ordered him to leave. Lascelles refused to go. Doyle knocked him down, and the Frenchman sprang up, swearing vengeance. Lascelles fired two shots, and Doyle struck once—with the knife—and then lay Lascelles, dead, before Doyle could know or realize what he was doing. In fact, Doyle never did know. It was what his wife had told him, and life had been a hell to him ever since that woman came back. She had blackmailed him, more or less, ever since he got his commission, because of an old trouble he'd had in Texas.

And this confession was written out for him, signed by Doyle on his dying bed, duly witnessed, and the civil authorities were promptly notified. Bridget Doyle was handed over to the police. Certain detectives out some where on the trail of somebody else were telephoned to come in, and four days later, when the force of the fever was broken and Waring lay weak, languid, but returning to his senses, Cram and the doctor read the confession to their patient, and then started to their feet as he almost sprang from the bed.

"It's an infernal lie!" he weakly cried. "I took that knife from Doyle and kept it. I myself saw Lascelles to his gate, safe and sound."

XI.

The sunshine of an exquisite April morning was shimmering over the Louisiana lowlands as Battery "X" was "itching in," and Mrs. Cram's pretty pony-phæton came flashing through the garrison gate and reined up in front of the guns. A proud and happy woman was Mrs. Cram, and daintily she gathered the spotless, cream-colored reins and slanted her long English driving-whip at the exact angle prescribed by the vogue of the day. By her side, reclining luxuriously on his pillows, was Sam Waring, now senior first lieutenant of the battery, taking his first airing since his strange illness. Pallid and thin though he was, that young gentleman was evidently capable of appreciating the extent of which he had been the object ever since his return. Stanch friend and fervent champion of her husband's most distinguished officer at any time, Mrs. Cram had thrown herself into his cause with a zeal that challenged the admiration even of the men whom she mercilessly snubbed because they had accepted the general

no effect. From first to last he remembered every incident up to his parting with Lascelles at his own gateway. After that—nothing.

His story, in brief, was as follows: He was both surprised and concerned while smoking and chatting with Mr. Allerton in the rotunda of the St. Charles to see Lascelles, with a friend, evidently watching an opportunity of speaking with him. He had noticed about a week previous a marked difference in the old Frenchman's manner, and three days before the tragedy, when calling on his way from town to see madame and Nin Nin, was informed that they were not at home, and monsieur himself was the informant; nor did he, as heretofore, invite Waring to enter. Sam was a fellow who detested misunderstanding. Courteously, but positively, he demanded explanation. Lascelles shrugged his shoulders, but gave it. He had heard too much of monsieur's attentions to madame, his wife, and desired their immediate discontinuance. He must request monsieur's assurance that he would not again visit Beau Rivage, or else the reparation due a man of honor, etc. "Whereupon," said Waring, "I didn't propose to be outdone in civility, and therefore replied, in the best French I could command: 'Permit me to tender monsieur—both. Monsieur's friends will find me at the barracks,'"

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 phæton, and, with a murmur "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 scurried 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, gone."

"W-e-e-l, 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

### 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 nor 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 overrate 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 argument 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 bimetallism 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 supposed, 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.

Gold and silver being the most valuable metals that