

NEARER TO GOD AND TO THEE.

Go make thee a mark far above me,
Near the top of the temple of fame;
Say that thou'lt endeavor to love me,
When there I have written my name.
Think not of the hearts that have faded
While striving for what I would be,
For I shall be better for striving,
And nearer to God and to thee.

No burden could e'er be too heavy,
No task ever seem too great,
No journey too long or too lonely,
No hour too early or late.
For my matchless love would be thriving
On the hope of the bliss to be,
And I should be better for striving,
And nearer to God and to thee.

All the long way from noontide till midnight,
And back from the midnight to noon;
By the bright light of love I'd be toiling,
And hoping the end would be soon.
And when time of hope had bereft me,
Tossed wildly on life's troubled sea,
I should know the struggle had left me,
Still nearer to God and to thee.

—Cy Warman, in N. Y. Sun.



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XI.—CONTINUED.

"I was their guest; I had no money. What could I do? It was then after eleven, I should judge. M. Philippe, or whatever his name was, gave orders to the driver. We pulled up, and then, to my surprise, I found we were at Doyle's. That ended it. I told them they must excuse me. They protested, but of course I couldn't go in there. So they took a couple of bottles apiece and went in the gate and I settled myself for a nap and got it. I don't know how long I slept, but I was aroused by the devil's own tumult. A shot had been fired. Men and women both were screaming and swearing. Some one suddenly burst into the cab beside me, really pushed from behind, and then away we went through the mud and rain; and the lightning was flashing now, and presently I could recognize Lascelles, raging. 'Infame! Coquin! Assassin!' were the mildest terms he was volleys at somebody, and then, recognizing me, he burst into mad laughter, swore I was his only friend. He had been insulted, abused, denied reparation. Was he hurt? I inquired, and instinctively felt for my knife. It was still there where I'd hid it in the inside pocket of my overcoat. No hurt; not a blow. Did I suppose that he, a Frenchman, would pardon that or leave the spot until satisfaction had been exacted? Then I begged him to be calm and listen to me for a moment. I told him my plight—that I had given my word to be at the barracks that evening; that I had no money left, but I could go no further. Instantly he forgot his woes and became absorbed in my affairs. 'Parole d'honneur!' he would see that mine was never unfulfilled. He himself would escort me to the maison de Capitaine Cram. He would rejoice to say to that brave enemy, Behold! here is thy lieutenant, of honor the most unsullied, of courage the most admirable, of heart the most magnanimous. The Lord only knows what he wouldn't have done had we not pulled up at his gate. There I helped him out on the banquettes. He was steady by his row, whatever it had been. He would not let me expose myself—even under Pierce's umbrella. He would not permit me to suffer 'from times so of the dog.' 'You will drive monsieur to his home and return here for me at once,' he ordered cabby, grasped both my hands with fervent good night and the explanation that he had much haste, implored pardon for leaving me on the morrow he would call and explain everything—then darted into the gate. We never could have parted on more friendly terms. I stood for a moment to see that he safely reached his door, for a light was dimly burning in the hall, then turned to jump into the cab, but it wasn't there. Nothing was there. I jumped from the banquettes into a berth aboard some steamer out at sea. They tell me the first thing I asked for was Pierce's umbrella and Larkin's hat."

And this was the story that Waring maintained from first to last. "Pills" ventured a query as to whether the amount of Krug and Clicheot consumed might not have overthrown his mental equipoise. No, Sam declared, he drank very little. "The only Bacchanalian thing I did was to join in a jovial chorus from a new French opera which Lascelles' friend piped up and I had heard in the north."

"Où, buvons, buvons encore! S'il est un vin qu'on adore De Paris à Macao, C'est le Clicheot, c'est le Clicheot."

Asked if he had formed any conjecture as to the identity of the stranger, Sam said no. The name sounded like "Philippe," but he couldn't be sure. But when told that there were rumors to the effect that Lascelles' younger brother had been seen with him twice or thrice of late, and that he had been in exile because, if anything, of a hopeless passion for madame his sister-in-law, and that his name was Philippe, Waring looked dazed. Then a sudden light, as of newer fresher memory, flashed up in his eyes. He seemed about to speak, but as suddenly controlled himself and turned his face to the wall. From that time on he was determinedly dumb about the stranger. What roused him to lively interest and conjecture, however, was Cram's query as to whether he had not recognized in the cabman called in by the stranger the very one whom he had "knocked endwise" and who had tried to shoot him that morning. "No," said Waring, "the man did not speak at all, that I noticed, and I did not once see his face, he was so bundled up against the storm." But if it was the same party, suggested he, it seemed hardly necessary to look any further in explanation of his own disappearance. Cabby had simply squared matters by knocking him senseless, helping himself to his watch and ring and turning out his pockets, then hammering him until frightened off, and then to cover his

tracks, setting him afloat in Anatole's boat.

"Perhaps cabby took a hand in the murder, too," suggested Sam, with eager interest. "You say he had disappeared—gone with his plunder. Now, who else could have taken my knife?"

Then Reynolds had something to tell him; that the "lady" who wrote the anonymous letters, the belle amie whom Lascelles proposed to visit, the occupant of the upper floor of "the dove-cot," was none other than the blighted floweret who had appealed to him for aid and sympathy, for fifty dollars at first and later for more, the first year of his army service in the south, "for the sake of the old home." Then Waring grew even more excited and interested. "Pills" put a stop to further developments for a few days. He feared a relapse. But, in spite of "Pills," the developments, like other maladies, thrived. The little detective came down again. He was oddly inquisitive about that chancier boire from "Fleur de The."

Would Mr. Waring hum it for him? Sam, now sitting up in his parlor, turned to his piano, and with long, slender, fragile-looking fingers rattled a lively prelude and then faintly quavered the rollicking words.

"Odd," said Mr. Pepper, as they had grown to call him, "I heard that sung by a fellow up in Chartres street two nights hand-running before this thing happened—a merry cuss, too, with a rather loose hand on his shekels. Lots of people may know it, though, mayn't they?"

"No, indeed, not down here," said Sam. "It only came out in New York within the last four months, and hasn't been south or west at all, that I know of. What did he look like?"

"Well, what did the fellow that was with you look like?"

But here Sam's description grew vague. So Pepper went up to have a beer by himself at the cafe chantant

on Chartres street, and didn't return for nearly a week.

Meantime came this exquisite April morning and Sam's appearance in the pony phaeton in front of Battery "X." Even the horses seemed to prick up their ears and be glad to see him. Grim old war sergeants rode up to touch their caps and express the hope that they'd soon have the lieutenant in command of the right section again.

"Not but what Loot'n't Ferry's doing first-rate, sir"—and for a few minutes, as his fair charioter drove him around the battery, in his weak, languid voice Waring indulged in a little of his own characteristic chaffing.

"I expect you to bring this section up to top notch, Mr. Ferry, as I am constitutionally opposed to any work on my own account. I beg to call your attention, sir, to the fact that it's very bad form to appear with full dress sabraque on your horse when the battery is in fatigue. The red blanket, sir, the red blanket only should be used. Be good enough to stretch your traces there, right caisson. Yes, I thought so, swing trace is twisted. Carelessness, Mr. Ferry, and indifference to duty are things I won't tolerate. Your cheek strap, too, sir, is an inch too long. Your bit will fall through that horse's mouth. This won't do, sir, not in my section, sir. I'll fine you a box of Partagas if it occurs again."

But the blare of the bugle sounding "attention" announced the presence of the battery commander. Nell whipped up in an instant and whisked her invalid out of the way.

"Good morning, Capt. Cram," said he, as he passed his smiling chief. "I regret to observe, sir, that things have been allowed to run down somewhat in my absence."

"Oh, out with you, you combination of cheek and incapacity, or I'll run you down with the whole battery. Oh! Waring, some gentlemen in my carriage have just stopped at your quarters, all in black, too. Ah, here's the orderly now."

And the card, black bordered, handed into the phaeton, bore a name which blanched Waring's face:

M. Philippe Lascelles,

de l'Orleans.

"Why, what is it, Waring?" asked Cram, anxiously, bending down from his saddle.

For a moment Waring was silent. Mrs. Cram felt her own hand trembling.

"Can you turn the battery over to Ferry and come with me?" asked the lieutenant.

"Certainly. Bugler, report to Lieut. Ferry and tell him I shall have to be absent for awhile. Drive on, Nell."

When, five minutes later, Waring was assisted up the stairway, Cram

towering on his right, the little party came upon a group of strangers—three gentlemen, one of whom stepped courteously forward, raising his hat in a black-gloved hand. He was of medium height, slender, erect and soldierly in bearing; his face was dark and oval, his eyes large, deep and full of light. He spoke mainly in English, but with marked accent, and the voice was soft and melodious.

"I fear I have intruded. Have I the honor to address Lieut. Waring? I am Philippe Lascelles."

For a moment Waring was too amazed to speak. At last, with brightening face and holding forth his hand, he said:

"I am most glad to meet you—to know that it was not you who drove down with us that night."

"Alas, no! I left Armand but that very morning, returning to Havana, thence going to Santiago. It was not until five days ago the news reached me. It is of that stranger I come to ask."

It was an odd council gathered there in Waring's room in the old barracks that April morning while Ferry was drilling the battery to his heart's content and the infantry companies were wearily going over the manual or bayonet exercise. Old Brax had been sent for, and came. M. Lascelles' friends, both, like himself, soldiers of the south, were present, and for their information Waring's story was again told, with only most delicate allusion to certain incidents which might be considered as reflecting on the character and dignity of the elder brother. And then Philippe told his. True, there had been certain transactions between Armand and himself. He had fully trusted his brother, a man of affairs, with the management of the little inheritance which he, a soldier, had no idea how to handle, and Armand's business had suffered greatly by the war. It was touching to see how in every

word the younger strove to conceal the fact that the elder had misapplied the securities and had been practically faithless to his trust. Everything, he declared, had been finally settled as between them that very morning before his return to Havana. Armand had brought to him early all papers remaining in his possession and had paid him what was justly due. He knew, however, that Armand was now greatly embarrassed in his affairs. They had parted with fond embrace, the most affectionate of brothers. But Philippe had been seeing and hearing enough to make him gravely apprehensive as to Armand's future, to know that his business was rapidly going down-hill, that he had been raising money in various ways, speculating, and had fallen into the hands of sharpers, and yet Armand would not admit to use his younger brother's property in any way. "The lawyer," said Philippe, "informed me that Beau Rivage was heavily mortgaged, and it is feared that there will be nothing left for madame and Nin Nin, though, for that matter, they shall never want." What he had also urged, and he spoke with reluctance here, and owned it only because the detectives told him it was now well known, was that Armand had of late been playing the role of galant homme, and that the woman in the case had fled. Of all this he felt, he said, bound to speak fully, because in coming here with his witnesses to meet Lieut. Waring and his friends he had two objects in view. The first was to admit that he had accepted as fact the published reports that Lieut. Waring was probably his brother's slayer; had hastened back to New Orleans to demand justice or obtain revenge; had here learned from the lawyers and police that there were other and much more probable theories, having heard only one of which he had cried: "Enough," and had come to pray the forgiveness of Mr. Waring for having believed an officer and a gentleman guilty of so foul a crime. Second, he had come to invoke his aid in running down the murderer. Philippe was affected almost to tears.

"There is one question I must beg to ask monsieur," said Waring, as the two clasped hands. "Is there not still a member of your family who entertains the idea that it was I who killed Armand Lascelles?"

And Philippe was deeply embarrassed.

"Ah, monsieur," he answered, "I could not venture to intrude myself upon a grief so sacred. I have not seen madame, and who is there who could—who would tell her of Armand's?"

And Philippe broke off abruptly, with despairing shrug, and outward wave of his slender hand.

"Let us try to see that she never does know," said Waring. "These are the men we need to find: the driver of the cab, the stranger whose name sounded so like yours, a tall, swarthy, black-haired, black-eyed fellow with pointed moustache—"

"C'est lui! c'est bien lui!" exclaimed Lascelles—"the very man who insisted

on entering the private office where, Armand and I, we elude our affairs that morning. His whispered words make my brother all of pale, and yet he go off humming to himself."

"Oh, we'll nail him," said Cram. "Two of the best detectives in the south are on his trail now."

And then came Ananias with a silver tray, champagne and glasses (from Mrs. Cram), and the conference went on another hour before the guests went off.

"Bless my soul!" said Brax, whose diameter seemed in no wise increased by the quart of Roederer he had swallowed with such gusto—"bless my soul! and to think I believed that we were going to have a duel with some of those fellows a fortnight or so ago!"

Then entered "Pills" and ordered Waring back to bed. He was sleeping placidly when, late that evening, Reynolds and Cram came tearing up the stairway, full of great news; but the doctor said not to wake him.

Meantime, how fared it with that bruised reed, the lone widow of the late Lieut. Doyle? Poor old Jim had been laid away with military honors under the flag at Chalmette, and his faithful Bridget was spending the days in the public calaboose. Drunk and disorderly was the charge on which she had been arraigned, and, though she declared herself abundantly able to pay her fine twice over, Mr. Pepper had warned the authorities to keep her under lock and key and out of liquor, as her testimony would be of vital importance, if for nothing better than to send her up for perjury. Now she was alternately wheedling, cursing, coaxing, bribing; all to no purpose. The agent of the Lemaitre property had swooped down on the dove cot and found a beggarly array of empty bottles and a good deal of discarded feminine gear scattered about on both floors. One room in which certain detectives were vastly interested contained the unsavory relics of a late supper. Three or four empty champagne bottles, some shattered glasses, and, what seemed most to attract them, various stubs of partially consumed cigarettes, lay about the tables and floor. Adjoining this was the chamber which had been known as Mrs. Dawson's, and this, too, had been thoroughly explored. 'Louette, who had disappeared after Doyle's tragic death, was found not far away, and the police thought it but fair that Mrs. Doyle should not be deprived of the services of her maid. Then came other additions, though confined in other sections of the city. Mr. Pepper wired that the party known as M. Philippe had been run to earth and would reach town with him by train about the same time that another of the force returned from Mobile by boat, bringing a young man known as Dawson and wanted as a deserter, and a very sprightly young lady who appeared to move in a higher sphere of life, but was unquestionably his wife, for the officer could prove their marriage in South Carolina in the spring of '65. As Mr. Pepper expressed it when he reported to Reynolds: "It's almost a full hand, but, for a fact, it's only a bobtail flush. We need that cabman to fill."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVANTAGES OF SLOW TRAVEL.

The Old-Style Transatlantic Journey and That of the Racing Liner.

The slower-going steamer, say three hundred to three hundred and fifty miles a day, has decided advantages over the racer. To attain a high speed enormous propelling power is required and the ocean greyhound is like a great machine shop, the pulsations of that machinery jarring every portion of the boat. To double the speed, says the Baltimore Sun, of a vessel at sea the power must be cubed. The vessel to plow through the water at twenty-four miles per hour must displace twice as much water in an hour as it does when going at twelve miles per hour. That would require twice the power. But in addition to this the water must be displaced in half the time, and that requires the power to be doubled again. So that a vessel which would consume five tons of coal in an hour going at a rate of twelve miles would consume, all other conditions being equal, twenty tons per hour if the speed is increased to twenty-four miles. After all there are attractions in the old style of going to sea, with its leisurely gait, its perfect rest, its absolute change from all the conditions of life on land, which are superior in the judgment of many people to the five or six days of hotel life between New York and Liverpool on one of the "liners."

Measuring the Infinitesimal.

The capacity of human comprehension is not a little tasked at the conclusion arrived at by scientists, who, it now appears, have succeeded in measuring the thickness of the envelope of soapy water inclosing the air of the bubble when it has become so thin as to produce rainbow tints. Thus, when showing the shade of violet, it was one-fourth the thickness of the length of an ordinary violet wave of light—1-100,000 of an inch—a thickness, that is, equal to 1-240,000 of an inch. As the bubble continued to expand a black patch was found to be only one-fortieth of that of the violet section, or just about 1-10,000,000 of an inch.

His Fate.

Mr. Dude—I was thinking how much I resemble your carpet—always at your feet, you know.

Miss Sly—Yes, you are very much like my carpet. I am going to shake it soon.—Judge.

Used to It.

"Did Mr. Slowpay seem annoyed at your calling with his bill?" asked Mr. Gaskett of his new collector.

"No, sir," replied the young man; "on the contrary, he asked me to call again."—Boston Globe.

A Foiled Diplomat.

Husband—You look splendid in that hat.

Wife—You always discover I look splendid when the time comes for me to have a new hat.—Texas Sittings.

NAMED IN THE BONDS.

The Law Says All Government Obligations Are Payable in Coin—Silver as Well as Gold.

All the bonds and other obligations of the United States are made payable in silver as well as gold, notwithstanding the oft repeated affirmations to the contrary. The original law is on all the bonds and all renewals. A resolution passed the United States senate January 25, 1878, by a vote of 43 to 20, and passed the house January 23, 1878, by a vote of 189 to 79, declaring:

"That all the bonds of the United States issued as authorized to be issued under the said acts of congress hereinbefore recited, are payable, principal and interest, at the option of the government of the United States in silver dollars of the coinage of the United States containing 412½ grains each of silver, and that to restore to its coinage such silver coins as a legal tender in payment of such bonds, principal and interest, is not in violation of the public faith nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditor."

There is no question but what under the existing laws every obligation of the government can be lawfully and honorably paid in silver dollars of 412½ grains, and this does not mean silver dollars over-valued by gold, or made redeemable in gold, but in silver dollars made equal by law to the gold dollar, as is plainly stated in the law under which all government bonds and other obligations were issued.

The contract made by the government with the people that the bonds should be paid in "lawful money of the United States" was first repudiated by making all bonds and government obligations payable in coin. Not satisfied with this act of confiscation of the people's property in their favor, the bondholders are now trying to force the government to adopt a gold basis system of finance to still further increase the value and give their bonds a still greater grasp upon the property and labor of the people.

Those who think these changes in the solemn contracts entered into by the government with her citizens are made necessary by any sound principle of finance, must be laboring under a big dose of gold cure.

This scheme of changing the money standard, or debt-paying measure, by which all stipulations in contracts are adjusted, is not of recent origin. It was adopted centuries ago and its baneful effects upon the people in all nations are matters of history. In the earlier English editions of the Encyclopedia Britannica the following quotation may be found:

"Directly to alter the terms of contract between individuals, would be too barefaced and tyrannical an interference with the rights of property to be tolerated. Those, therefore, who endeavor to enrich one part of society at the expense of the other, find it necessary to act with caution and reserve. Instead of changing the stipulations in contracts, they have resorted to the ingenious device of changing the standard by which these stipulations are adjusted. They have not said in so many words that ten or twenty per cent. should be added to, or deducted from the debts and obligations of society, but they have, nevertheless, effected this by making a proportional change in the value of money."

Why was this quotation eliminated from the latter, especially from the American editions of this work? The great common people were the victims to be fleeced, and it would not do to tell them how neatly and adroitly they were to be skinned and their property taken from them, by the cunning, greedy few, who now control legislation.

In all history, no bolder scheme was ever concocted to rob the people than the gold-bugs are now trying to fasten upon us by changing the debt-paying standard from one of silver and gold under free coinage to that of a single gold standard. It is a scheme in the interest of the creditor classes, and it is evident that they are working in concert with the president of the Bank of England, who some years ago stated his position on the silver question in these terse words, that are just now full of meaning to the American people:

"It is not expected that England, as a creditor nation, will throw away the advantages of measuring values by a metal (gold) that is constantly growing scarcer."

Foreign, as well as our American creditors, have united to force a change in our money standard to that of scarce gold, the object being to give their bonds, mortgages, notes, all forms of indebtedness a double grasp upon the property and labor of those who produce all wealth.—Shelbyville (Ill.) People's Paper.

TRUE BIMETALLISM.

How to Maintain Gold and Silver on a Parity—Views of the President of the American Bimetallic League.

Secretary Carlisle, in an interview last June, quoted the following from the act of July 14, 1890: "It being the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity, etc., and says: "In the execution of this declared policy of congress, it is the duty of the secretary of the treasury, when the necessity arises, to exercise all the powers conferred upon him by law, in order to keep the government in a condition to redeem its obligations in such coin as may be demanded." What law confers on the secretary the power to provide "such coin as may be demanded" by the holder of the notes issued under the act of 1890? There is no such law and no such duty rests on the secretary.

Section 3, of the act of 1890, says: "The secretary of the treasury shall each month coin 3,000,000 ounces of silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act into standard silver dollars until the first day of July, 1891, and after that time he shall coin of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act as much as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the treasury notes herein provided for." This provision is mandatory and not discretionary. How the secretary shall—not may—provide for the re-

demption of the notes issued under the act of 1890 is clearly stated in the act itself. The secretary can provide for the redemption of these notes in no other way than that in which the act itself provides. He may, in his discretion, if he has gold (but not on the demand of the holder as a right), redeem the notes in gold, but he can provide for the redemption of these notes only by coining the bullion purchased with the notes. He may use any gold in the treasury derived from the revenues for redemption of these notes, but he cannot buy gold with bonds to redeem them, nor can he use the gold reserve accumulated under the act of 1875 by the sale of bonds.

One naturally asks why the secretary in his interview should quote the clause declaring it to be the policy of the government to maintain the parity of the two metals, which is a mere declaration of policy, and neglect to quote the provisions of the same act commanding the secretary to provide for the redemption of the notes by coining so much of the silver bullion as may be necessary. If done by anyone else it would be construed as indicating a bias against silver which it is believed Mr. Carlisle did not entertain.

And even if the law had clothed the secretary with discretionary power to maintain the parity of the metals in such manner as he might think best, he must in the end fail if he undertook to redeem the notes "in such coin as may be demanded." Such a policy must necessarily result in the disparity of the two metals, even if there was a parity to begin with. Such a policy is in violation of the fundamental principles of bimetalism. Bimetalism rests upon the right of the payor to make use of the more abundant metal, or the metal that tends to become cheaper, and by thus increasing the use of this metal to lessen the use of the other, and through this compensating principle, like the two metals in the pendulum of a clock, maintain the parity of both.

No one ever claimed that bimetalism could exist if the taker, and not the payor, had the option. Bimetalism, without the power of legal tender behind it, giving the option to the payor, could not be permanently maintained even if all the nations of the earth would unite on a common ratio. Bimetalism falls to the ground if the power of legal tender is taken from either metal, or if the option, which amounts to the annulment of legal tender is given to the payee. Could France maintain the parity of her 800,000,000 of silver coin, coined on the ratio of 15½ to 1, with her gold coins, if the payee were given the option to take either kind of coin? No more can the secretary of the treasury of the United States maintain the parity of the two metals, if he gives the option as a right to the taker.

The option, under legal tender, necessarily lies with the one who pays, whether it be a private person or a government; and the parity of the metals, or bimetalism, can be maintained in no other way. The declared policy of the secretary, therefore, must operate, and does operate, to create a disparity. This policy carried out generally would necessarily lead to monometallism for the world. The two metals can be maintained at a parity only by admitting both to coinage on exactly equal terms, and the coins of the two metals can be kept at a parity only by conforming to the fundamental principles of bimetalism, and legal tender, and by paying out that metal which, for the time being, is most convenient or most abundant.

The secretary of the treasury, therefore, if he would carry out that provision of the law to which he has given greatest prominence, must change his policy and pay out the metal which it is most convenient for him to pay.—A. J. Warner.

The Supply of Gold.

There is another very important question, which those who by their vote propose to put us on a single gold standard seem to forget when they assert that there is sufficient gold at the present time to maintain the volume of business, and that there will be sufficient increase in the supply of gold to maintain the increased volume of business, and that fact is this: That two-thirds of the gold produced in the United States to-day is produced at the same time and from the same mines as silver and in conjunction with silver. And further, this gold is produced from mines which are not sufficiently valuable for gold alone to justify their being worked, and therefore if we are forced upon a single gold standard, and silver mining is made impossible by reason of adverse legislation or otherwise, the future product of gold in the United States will decrease one-third.

—Hon. C. S. Hartman, of Montana.

What Might Occur.

A clause in the federal constitution forbids the states to "make anything but gold and silver coin legal tender in payment of debts." This exception from the prohibition reserves to each state permission to make "gold and silver coin" legal tender in payment of all debts. Hence even if congress should enact that only gold coin should be the standard and legal tender any one of the forty-four states could constitutionally pass a counter statute making silver coin (domestic or foreign) legal tender, even for customs duties, within its own limits. That which can be made full legal tender by authority of the United States, though through state action, would be legal tender to the United States in payment of customs duties.—Cor. N. Y. Press.

A Fact Not to Be Forgotten.

Never let one elementary fact in this currency discussion be forgotten. The demonetizing of silver has scaled up the amount of every American debt and scaled down the price of every American product. And every day that silver is shut out from free coinage takes millions out of the pockets of the producing people of this country and puts them into the pockets of the non-producing people—the usurers and the money-changers of this country and of England.—N. Y. Recorder.