

THE DEAD MOTHER.

How still the house! The light, peering between
The close knit vines that o'er the casement
Falls faint and low—tender to touch the bed
Where I lie cold and dead!

The bird whose song awoke me with the dawn,
And filled with melody the fragrant lawn,
This morning sang a faltering, plaintive lay,
And then flew swift away!

Fond, weeping friends, across my marble brow
And tell my deeds of good, as they, somehow
Would fain like out in tender words and tears
The love of mortal years!

And kindred hands, for many a year estranged,
Have o'er my form the friendly clasp exchanged,
And I, in death, have healed the bitter strife
I sorely wept in life!

The conscious door opens noiselessly, and he
Who had few words of tenderness for me
Kneels at my side and cries: "Couldst thou but
live!"

"Forgive, sweet wife, forgive!"

Yet I am calm, with calmness of the dead
Who by the love of God, are comforted;
My peace doth like a mighty river roll,
And rest unto my soul!

But hark! a voice—a cry—so small so faint!
My child!—In Paradise, I hear thy plaint!
O God!—Grant but to me its steps to guide,
And I ask naught beside!

—Zitella Cooke, in Youth's Companion.



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XI.—CONCLUDED.

"How did you trace Philip?" asked Reynolds.

"Him? Oh, he was too darned musical. It was—what do you call it?—Flute de Tay that did him. Why, he's the fellow that raised all the money and most of the h—ll for this old man Lascelles. He'd been sharping him for years."

"Well, when can we bring this thing to a head?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Poco tiempo! by Saturday, I reckon."

But it came sooner.

Waring was seated one lovely evening in a low reclining chair on Mrs. Cram's broad gallery, sipping contentedly at the fragrant tea she had handed him. The band was playing, and a number of children were chasing about in noisy glee. The men were at supper, the officers, as a rule, at mess. For several minutes the semi-restored invalid had not spoken a word. In one of his customary day-dreams he had been calmly gazing at the shapely white hand of his hostess, "all queenly with its weight of rings."

"Will you permit me to examine those rings a moment?" he asked.

"Why, certainly. No, you sit still, Mr. Waring," she replied, promptly rising, and, pulling them off her fingers, dropped them into his open palm. With the same dreamy expression on his clear-cut, pallid face, he turned them over and over, held them up to the light, finally selected one exquisite gem, and then, half rising, held forth the others. As she took them and still stood beside his chair as though patiently waiting, he glanced up.

"Oh, beg pardon. You want this, I suppose?" and, handing her the dainty teacup, calmly slipped the ring into his waistcoat-pocket and languidly murmured: "Thanks."

"Well, I like that."

"Yes? So do I, rather better than the others."

"May I ask what you purpose doing with my ring?"

"I was just thinking. I've ordered a new Amidon for Larkin, a new ninety-dollar suit for Ferry, and I shall be decidedly poor this month, even if we recover Merton's watch."

"Oh, well, if it's only to pawn one, why not take a diamond?"

"But it isn't."

"What then, pray?"

"Well, again I was just thinking—whether I could find another to match this up in town, or send this one—to her."

"Mr. Waring! Really?" And now Mrs. Cram's bright eyes are dancing with eagerness and delight.

For all answer, though his own eyes begin to moisten and swim, he draws from an inner pocket a dainty letter, postmarked from a far, far city to the northeast.

"You dear fellow! How can I tell you how glad I am! I haven't dared to ask you of her since we met at Washington, but—oh, my heart has been just full of her since—since this trouble came."

"God bless the trouble! it was that that won her to me at last. I have loved her ever since I first saw her—long years ago."

"Oh! oh! oh! if Ned were only here! I'm wild to tell him. I may, mayn't I?"

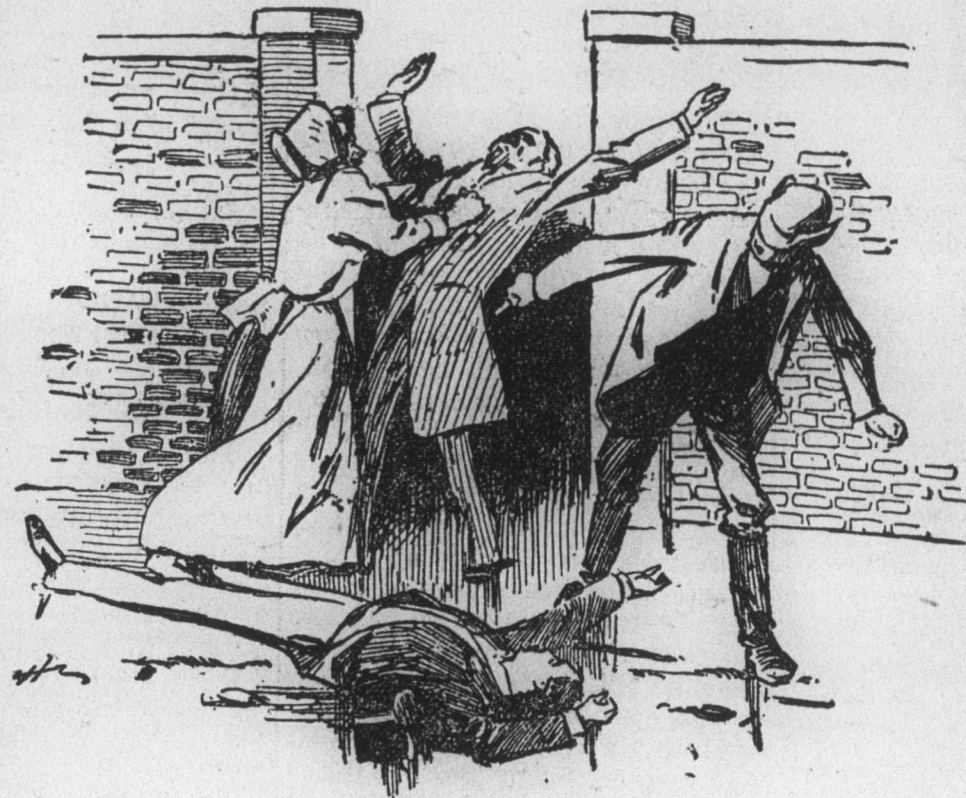
"Yes, the moment he comes."

But Ned brought a crowd with him when he got back from town a little later. Reynolds was there, and Philip Lascelles, and Mr. Pepper, and they had a tale to tell that must needs be condensed.

They had all been present by invitation of the civil authorities at a very dramatic affair during the late afternoon—the final lifting of the veil that hid from public view the "strange, eventful history" of the Lascelles tragedy. Cram was the spokesman by common consent. "With the exception of the Dawsons," said he, "none of the parties implicated knew up to the hour of his or her examination that any one of the others was to appear." Mrs. Dawson, eager to save her own pretty neck, had told her story without reservation. Dawson knew nothing.

The story had been wrong from her piecemeal, but was finally told in full, and in the presence of the officers and civilians indicated. She had married in April, '85, to the scorn of her people, a young Yankee officer attached to the commissary department. She had starved all through the war. She longed for life, luxury, comforts. She had nothing but her beauty, he nothing but his pay. The extravagances

of a month swamped him; the drink and desperation for the next ruined him. He maintained her in luxury at the best hotel only a few weeks, then all of his own and much of Uncle Sam's money was gone. Inspection proved him a thief and embezzler. He fled, and she was abandoned to her own resources. She had none but her beauty and a gift of penmanship which covered the many sins of her orthography. She was given a clerkship, but wanted more money, and took it, blackmailing a quartermaster. She imposed on Waring, but he quickly found her out and absolutely refused afterwards to see her at all. She was piqued and angered, "a woman scorned," but not until he joined Battery "X" did opportunity present itself for revenge. She had secured a room under Mrs. Doyle's reputable roof, to be near the barracks, where she could support herself by writing for Mrs. Doyle and blackmailing those whom she lured, and where she could watch him, and, to her eager delight, she noted and prepared to make much of his attentions to Mme. Lascelles. Incidentally, too, she might inveigle the susceptible Lascelles himself, on the principle that there's no fool like an old fool. Mrs. Doyle lent herself eagerly to the scheme. The letters began to pass to and fro again. Lascelles was fool enough to answer, and when, all on a sudden, Mrs. Doyle's "long-missing relative," as she called him, turned up, a pensioner on her charity, it was through the united efforts of the two women he got a situation as cab-driver at the stable up at the eastern skirt of the town. Dawson had enlisted to keep from starving, and, though she had no use for him as a husband, he would do to fetch and carry, and he dare not disobey. Twice when Doyle was battery officer of the day did this strangely assorted pair of women entertain Lascelles at supper and fleece him out of what



SHE DROVE THE KNIFE INTO HIS HEART.

money he had. Then came Philip with Lascelles in Mike's cab, as luck would have it, but they could not fleece Philip. Old Lascelles was rapidly succumbing to Nita's fascinations when came the night of the terrible storm. Mike had got to drinking, and was laid low by the lieutenant. Mike and Bridget both vowed vengeance. But meantime Doyle himself had got wind of something that was going on, and he and his tyrant had a fearful row. He commanded her never to allow a man inside the premises when he was away, and, though brought home drunk that awful night, furiously ordered the Frenchman out, and might have assaulted them had not Bridget lassoed him with a chloroformed towel. That was the last he knew until another day. Lascelles, Philip and she, Mrs. Dawson, had already drunk a bottle of champagne when interrupted by Doyle's coming. Lascelles was tipsy, had snatched his pistol and fired a shot to frighten Doyle, but had only enraged him, and then he had to run for his cab. He was bundled in and Doyle disposed of. It was only three blocks down to Beau Rivage, and thither Mike drove them in all the storm. She did not know at the time of Waring's being in the cab. In less than fifteen minutes Mike was back and called excitedly for Bridget; had a hurried consultation with her; she seized a waterproof and ran out with him, but darted back and took the bottle of chloroform she had used on her husband, now lying limp and senseless on a sofa below, and then she disappeared. When half an hour passed and Lascelles failed to return with them, bringing certain papers of which he'd been speaking to Philip, the latter declared there must be something wrong, and went out to reconnoiter despite the storm. He could see nothing. It was after midnight when Mrs. Doyle came rushing in, gasping, all out of breath, "along the storm," she said. She had been down the levee with Mike to find a cushion and lap-robe he dropped and couldn't afford to lose. They never could have found it at all "but for old Lascelles lending them a lantern." He wanted Mike to bring down two bottles of champagne he'd left here, but it was storming so that he would not venture again, and Lieut. Waring, she said, was going to spend the night with Lascelles at Beau Rivage; Mike couldn't drive any further down towards the barracks. Lascelles sent word to Philip that he'd bring up the papers first thing in the morning, if the storm lulled, and Philip went out indignant at all the time lost, but Mike swore he'd not drive down again for a fortune. So the Frenchman got into the cab and went up with him to town. The moment he was gone Mrs. Doyle declared she was dead tired, used up, and drank huge goblets of the wine, until she reeled off to her room, leaving an apron behind. Then Mrs. Dawson went to her own room, after putting out the lights, and when, two days later, she heard the awful news of the murder,

knowing that investigation would follow and she and her sins be brought to light, she fled, for she had enough of his money in her possession, and poor demented Dawson, finding her gone, followed.

Philip's story corroborated this in every particular. The last he saw of the cab or of the cabman was near the house of the hook and ladder company east of the French market. The driver there said his horse was dead beat and could do no more, so Philip went into the market, succeeded in getting another cab by paying a big price, slept at Cassidy's, waited all the morning about Lascelles' place, and finally, having to return to the northeast at once, he took the evening train on the Jackson road and never heard of the murder until ten days after. He was amazed at his arrest.

And then came before his examiners a mere physical wreck—the shadow of his former self—caught at the high tide of a career of crime and debauchery, a much less bulky party than the truculent Jehu of Mme. Lascelles' cab, yet no less important a witness than the same driver. He was accompanied by a priest. He had been brought into an ambulance from the Hotel Dieu, where he had been traced several days before and found almost at death's door. His confession was most important of all. He had struck Lieut. Waring as that officer turned away from Lascelles' gate, intending only to down and then kick and hammer him, but he had struck with a lead-loaded rubber club, and he was horrified to see him drop like one dead. Then he lost his nerve and drove furiously back for Bridget. Together they returned and found Waring lying there as he had left him on the dripping banquette. "You've killed him, Mike. There's only one thing to do," she said; "take his watch and everything valuable he has, and we'll throw him over on the levee."

She herself took the knife from his overcoat pocket, lest he should recover suddenly, and then, said the driver, "even as we were bending over him there came a sudden flash of lightning, and there was Lascelles bending over us, demanding to know what it meant. Then like another flash he seemed to realize what was up, sprang back and drew pistol. He had caught us in the act. There was nothing else to do; we both sprang upon him. He fired and hit me, but only in the arm, and before he could pull trigger again we both grappled him. I seized his gun, Bridget his throat, but he screamed and fought like a tiger, then wilted all of a sudden. I was scared and helpless, but she had her wits about her and told me what to do. The lieutenant began to gasp and revive just then, so she soaked the handkerchief in chloroform and placed it over his mouth, and together we lifted him into the cab. Then we raised Lascelles and carried him in and laid him on his sofa, for he had left the door open and the lamps on the table. Bridget had been there before and knew all about the house. We set the pistol back in his hand but couldn't make the fingers grasp it. We ransacked the desk and got what money there was, locked and bolted the doors and climbed out of the side window, under which she dropped the knife among the bushes. 'They'll never suspect us in the world, Mike,' she said. 'It's the lieutenant's knife that did it, and, as he was going to fight him anyhow, he'll get the credit of it all.' Then we drove up the levee, put Waring in Anatole's boat, snails and all, and shoved him off. 'I'll muzzle Jim,' she said. 'I'll make him believe that 'twas he that did it when he was drunk.' She took most of the money and the watch and ring. She said she could hide them until they'd be needed. Then I drove Philip up to town until I began to get so sick and faint I could do no more. I turned the cab loose and got away to a house where I knew they'd take care of me, and from there, when my money was gone, they sent me to the hospital, thinking I was dying. I swear to God I never meant to more than get square with the lieutenant. I never struck Lascelles at all; 'twas she who drove the knife into his heart."

Then, exhausted, he was led into an adjoining room, and Mrs. Doyle was marched in, the picture of injured Irish innocence. For ten minutes, with wonderful effrontery and nerve, she denied all personal participation in the crime, and faced her inquisitors with brazen calm. Then the chief quietly turned and signaled. An officer led forward from one side the wreck of a cabman, supported by the priest; a door opened on the other, and, escorted by another policeman, Mrs. Dawson reentered, holding in her hands outstretched a gingham apron on which were two deep stains the shape and size of a long, straight-bladed, two-edged knife. It was the apron that Bridget Doyle had worn that fatal

night. One quick, furtive look at that, one glance at her trembling, shaking, cowering kinsman, and, with an Irish howl of despair, a loud wail of "Mike, Mike, you've sworn your sister's life away!" she threw herself upon the floor, tearing madly at her hair. And so ended the mystery of Beau Rivage.

There was silence a moment in Cram's pretty parlor when the captain had finished his story. Waring was the first to speak:

"There is one point I wish they'd clear up."

"What's that?" said Cram.

"Who's got Merton's watch?"

"Oh, by Jove! I quite forgot. It's all right, Waring. Anatole's place was 'pulled' last night, and he had her valuables all done up in a box. 'To pay for his boat,' he said."

A quarter of a century has passed away since the scarlet plumes of Light Battery "X" were last seen dancing along the levee below New Orleans. Beau Rivage, old and moss-grown at the close of the war, fell into rapid decline after the tragedy of that April night. Heavily mortgaged, the property passed into other hands, but for years never found a tenant. Far and near the negroes spoke of the homestead as haunted, and none of their race could be induced to set foot within its gates. One night the sentry at the guardhouse saw sudden light on the westward sky, and then a column of flame. Again the fire alarm resounded among the echoing walls of the barracks; but when the soldiers reached the scene, a seething ruin was all that was left of the old southern home. Somebody sent Cram a marked copy of a New Orleans paper, and in their cozy quarters at Fort Hamilton the captain read it aloud to his devoted Nell: "The old house has been vacant, an object of almost superstitious dread to the neighborhood," said the Times, "ever since the tragic death of Armand Lascelles in the spring of 1868. In police annals the affair was remarkable because of the extraordinary chain of circumstances which for a time seemed to fasten the murder upon an officer of the army then stationed at Jackson barracks, but whose innocence was triumphantly established. Mme. Lascelles, it is understood, is now educating her daughter in Paris, whither she removed immediately after her marriage, a few months ago, to Capt. Philippe Lascelles, formerly of the confederate army, a younger brother of her first husband."

"Well," said Cram, "I'll have to send that to Waring. They're in Vienna by this time, I suppose. Look here, Nell, how was it that when we fellows were fretting about Waring's attentions to madame, you should have been so serenely superior to it all, even when, as I know, the stories reached you?"

"Ah, Ned, I knew a story worth two of those. He was in love with Natalie Maitland all the time."

[THE END.]

MEN WHO NEVER MARRY.

Confirmed Bachelors Exposed for the Benefit of the Fair Sex.

The men who never marry are too often only sons who are made too comfortable at home by their adoring female relatives.

Here is a case in point, says the Boston Globe. He lived with an old widowed mother and three devoted sisters in various stages of spinsterhood, and if ever a man was regularly spoiled that man was he.

They would, when he was dining out, put on his gloves and socks for him, perfume his pocket handkerchief, and leave a buttonhole in a specimen vase on his dressing table. He was not allowed to pin it in for himself, though; they did that. Last thing of all, they would run downstairs and tie a silk muffler round his neck for fear he should take a chill.

When he came home one of them would be waiting for him, and run to the door to open it. Dinner was ordered with an eye to his special tastes and likings, and the whole house was ordered to please him.

Now, that man would never marry. That was a foregone conclusion. Nobody else could ever make him so comfortable; one wife couldn't vie with three maiden sisters and a mother in petting and spoiling; he knew that he was a great deal too well off ever to change his state.

Another kind of man never marries—the man who is overcautious. He thinks he will be quite sure before he asks a girl to marry him that he won't see another girl he likes better. Then he considers that he isn't, perhaps, quite in a position safely to marry just yet.

So he waits and waits till old age comes upon him, and then he thinks he will marry and provide himself with a nurse. But still he can't decide whom to have. A young wife wouldn't show him enough care and an old wife would soon want taking care of herself.

Finally he drops out of the world, a lonely, unregretted old bachelor, and not a woman weeps for his loss.

You can generally pick out the men who will never marry by one or two pretty certain signs. Selfish men marry. Women haters marry.

Confirmed bachelors marry pretty often, and so do the men people call most unlikely. But the spoiled man's name never figures in the list of marriages in the daily paper, nor that of the man who is overcautious.

Always in Mischief.

As every season has its boyish games, so it has also its boyish dangers. Says Mr. Grogan as reported by the Indianapolis Journal: "I see by the papers that the small boys that was gittin' themselves drownt last summer is now a-fallin' out o' hickory trees an' breakin' their necks."

The great English Almanac appeared in 1847, brought out at Trinity college, Cambridge; and the first printed almanac was "Shepherd's Calendar," 1497.

The first dictionary was compiled by a Chinaman, Pa-ont-she, who lived about 1100 B. C.

CONSTITUTIONAL MONEY.

The Use of Silver as Money Is a Constitutional Right of Which Congress Cannot Deprive the People.

As King Saul towered above his fellows in physical stature, so does Senator Morgan rise above his associates in the senate as an expounder of the constitution. It is conceded by democrats and republicans alike that Senator Morgan is the ablest constitutional lawyer in the senate or that has held a seat in that body since the days of Daniel Webster. Hence when he speaks upon any subject involving a constitutional principle he commands the respect of the senate and arrests the attention of the whole country.

In his speech before the senate Mr. Morgan took the broad ground that the use of silver as money was a constitutional right of which congress could not deprive the people. In most explicit language the constitution recognizes gold and silver as the money of this country, and grants to congress the power to regulate the coinage of the two metals on equal terms. There is nowhere in the constitution even the suspicion of authority for congress to discriminate between the two metals, much less to demonetize either. A fair construction of the constitution is that if there is unlimited coinage for one metal there must be for both. There can be no separation of the terms or conditions upon which the two metals shall be coined. But if by strained construction it should be held that congress did have this power, this would not carry with it the right or power to strip either of its money quality with which it is invested by the constitution in language as plain as it is possible to make it.

Congress has not the constitutional power to demonetize silver or gold. Both are coupled together so inseparably by the terms of the constitution that the right to destroy one would carry with it the right to destroy both; and if gold and silver were both demonetized the country would be left without any money. Surely there is no one, not even the hard-faced gold champion, who would have the temerity to contend that congress has the right to destroy the whole money supply of the nation. Then the converse must be true. If both cannot be destroyed, then neither one can be singled out for destruction.

The use of silver as money is a right guaranteed by the organic law, and it is as sacred a right as any guaranteed by that instrument which is the palladium of our liberties. If silver can be stricken down, then any other provision of the constitution can be violated with equal impunity. The people of this country will not permit an invasion of their constitutional rights by either congress or the executive. This is a government of constitutional limitations, and it is necessary to maintain it as such in order to preserve the liberties of the people. If any branch of the government attempts to usurp authority not delegated by the constitution, the people will rise in their might and overthrow the usurper. The goldolaters are treading on dangerous ground when they attempt to deprive the people of their constitutional right to use silver as a part of the money of the country. The people will not submit to it. They will not be robbed of their constitutional rights. As long as American manhood and American patriotism exist, the constitution shall be preserved intact, and the people shall have full enjoyment of all the rights guaranteed by that instrument.—Portland (Ore.) Telegram.

A TRUMP CARD.

Friends of Silver Should Use the Sherman Law to Force from the Gold-Bugs a Reasonable Compromise.

To repeal this "cowardly makeshift" (the Sherman law)—the whole of it—and stop there would be to revive the Sherman law of 1873, which closes the mints to silver and demonetizes the silver dollar. To repeal the law and stop there would be to destroy the legal tender quality of our silver currency. To repeal merely the purchasing clause and stop there would be to take a step that the platform does not even suggest, much less warrant.

What then is the plain meaning of the platform that cannot be disguised or covered up? It is this—that the Sherman law is a "cowardly makeshift" which should give way to currency legislation in accordance with the platform. The republicans and John Sherman are called on by the democratic platform to repeal the Sherman law, but, speaking for itself, the party goes on to make this significant declaration: "We hold to both the use of gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage."

To hold to anything is not to turn it loose or to drop it. That much, we think, will be conceded even by those who are trying to interpret the platform in the interest of the gold sharks and money lenders. This being so, how can the democratic party hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country by repealing the Sherman law? Such action will revive the act of demonetization of 1873, and while we shall still have silver in our currency, it will be a liability instead of an asset; it will be redeemable in gold instead of being employed as the money of final redemption. In short, with the unconditional repeal, silver would no longer be a money standard, and thus one of the vital pledges of the party platform would be defeated.

The Constitution has not opposed unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. It has thought and hoped that after this law was out of the way President Cleveland would consent to legislation calculated to satisfy the people that they had not been deceived or misled by the party platform. But that hope has been destroyed. If anything is clear in Mr. Cleveland's letter to Gov. Norden it is the fact that he will not endorse legislation making silver, along with gold, the standard money of the country. He cuts the ground from under the feet of those democratic sena-

tors who have declared for unconditional repeal in order that the way might be made clear for silver legislation. They no longer have that argument to stand on, and their position now becomes untenable. The best they can now do for their party and the people is to take their stand once more on the democratic platform, and use the Sherman law to force from the gold-bugs of the east a reasonable and an honorable compromise.—Atlanta Constitution (Dem.).

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

Its Work Is Acceptable to the Friends of Silver.

The resolutions adopted by the bi-metallic convention at St. Louis will be generally acceptable to the friends of silver. They were moderate in tone, comprehensive in detail and plain in language. The delegates let the country know where they stand.

While calling for a closer commercial and political alliance between the west and south the resolutions were not radical in tone, as some who are unacquainted with western and southern people feared they would be. Mutual protection and advancement is demanded along all legitimate lines.

The attention of the north and east is called to the fact that the manufacturers of those sections cannot have prosperity while the south and west are depressed and without sufficient money to move their crops, develop new industries and purchase manufactured products. This is directly in line with the awakening that is now taking place in Pennsylvania and elsewhere in the east.

The demand for the free and unlimited coinage of silver cannot be misinterpreted nor misunderstood. Closer commercial relations for all countries favorable to free coinage is properly suggested. It would be folly to ask an alliance with the gold-bug countries while the silver nations are disorganized and totally independent of each other in their course and policy on the silver question.

It was well enough to declare against a further issue of government bonds as contrary to the best interests of the country. At the same time a bond issue may be a necessary concession on the part of the silver men in order to prevent total demonetization of the white metal. It is not a time to burn all our bridges behind us. The demand for a financial policy that will present the congestion of cash at the eastern financial centers was well timed.

The invitation for the active co-operation of the great mercantile interests in securing more direct routes to the ocean was particularly important. There is no cause that has militated against the development of the manufacturing interests of the west and south, and the building up of their cities, more than the outrageous discriminations that have been instituted by the railroads in the interests of the long haul. We must protect ourselves; the railroads will lend no aid so long as their financial interests lie in the opposite direction.

The convention did wisely in not approving that part of the minority report calling for an increase in the currency of the several states based on bullion and land values. The country has had enough of wildcatism.

The free coinage issue must be kept to the fore.—Denver Times.

Silver Threats.

The New York banks are retiring their clearing house certificates and calling in the confederate script with which they have been doing business.—Leadville Democrat.

Now the gold-bugs have jumped on Gorman and called him a "traitor." Go it, gentlemen, the more traitors you find in your camp, the more Colorado will like it.—Denver Sun.

Representative Cooper, of Texas, has formulated a resolution looking to the submission of the silver question to a vote of the people. This might be the quickest way of determining the matter.—Los Angeles Times.

When the west and south shall have won the free coinage of silver, then the United States will find a lucrative market for surplus manufactures in the silver using countries of South and Central America.—Denver News.

Should Be Repealed.

The platform calls for a sound and stable currency and for the repeal of the Sherman law. In regard to these things Mr. Cleveland is squarely on the platform. The platform calls for the coinage of both gold and silver, free from charge of mintage. Mr. Cleveland says he is opposed to such a scheme. That is where platform and president part company. The duty of congress is plain. The pledges of the party should be redeemed regardless of the firm views of the president, however honest they may be. The Sherman law should be repealed and substitute legislation in the shape of free coinage of silver should be passed.—Athens (Ga.) Banner.

Discriminating Against Silver.

You strike a silver dollar with a hammer and you knock the dollar out of it. It is no longer a dollar; what is left is bullion. The same is true of the gold dollar; but the government will take that gold bullion and at the expense of the people will recoin it—put the dollar back again. But the bullion that is left after the dollar is knocked out of the silver dollar is pig metal. The government will not put the dollar back, and in this, and this alone, lies the cause of the difference in the price of silver and gold bullion.—Senator John W. Daniel.

The Will of Europe.

The act of 1873 imposed upon the people of the United States the will of the money power of Europe. That this act was done secretly with the knowledge of very few is at present unquestioned except by those who were in the conspiracy. Those whose property is wholly in money naturally wish its appreciation. They have secured this by seriously crippling nearly one half of the world's money, thereby increasing the demand for and appreciating the value of the remainder.—Colorado Springs Telegraph.