

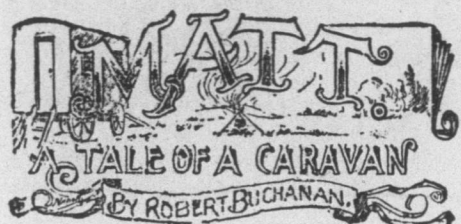
HE SANG THEM OLD SONGS.

No, his sermon didn't move me;
He would preach to me for years
'Fore he'd make me feel like prayin',
Or melt my old eyes to tears;
But, I tell you, I was softened,
An' the tears began to fall,
Sons he bused out a-singin'
Songs I loved when I was small
Them old songs that will forever
An' forever to me cling—
Them tender, thrillin' melodies
Poor mother uster sing!

Say! as I set there, a-list'nin',
Drinkin' in each word an' sound,
Seemed to me a thousan' angels
Was a-hoverin' around!
Tears! well, say! they got a-flowin'
So's I couldn't see at all!
'Cuz I heard poor mother singin'
Same's I heard when I was small
Gee! how happy I was feelin'!
All my cares an' pains took wing
Long afore them songs was ended
That poor mother uster sing!

Oh, if you would touch a sinner,
If you'd make his tear-drops roll;
An' jes' kinder git him thinkin'
'Bout the welfare of his soul,
You must lay aside your sermons
'Bout the wormwood an' the gall,
An' jes' bust right out a-singin'
Songs he loved when he was small!
Yes, jes' bust right out a-singin'
Songs that to his heart still cling,
Them old tender, thrillin' melodies
His mother uster sing!

—James Rowe, in Yankee Blade.



CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Brinkley knew by this last phenomenon that the spray concealed the entrance of some large subterranean cavern. If any doubt had remained in his mind it would have been dispelled by the appearance of a solitary pigeon, which, leaving its companions, wavered lightly, flew back through the spray with a rapid downward flight and disappeared.

He was floating a little nearer with an enjoyment deepened by the sense of danger, when a figure suddenly appeared on the rocks close by him, wildly waving its hands.

"Keep back! Keep back!" cried a voice.

He looked at the figure and recognized William Jones. He answered him, but the sound of his voice was drowned by the roar from the rocks. Then William Jones shouted again more indistinctly, and repeated his excited gestures. It was clear that he



BRINKLEY TOOK THE WARNING AND STRUCK OUT FOR SHORE.

was warning the swimmer against some hidden danger. Brinkley took the warning, and struck out for the shore, and then back to the place where he had left his clothes.

Watching his opportunity, he found a suitable spot and clambered in upon the rocks. He had just dried himself and thrown on some of his clothes, when he saw William Jones standing near and watching him.

"How are you?" asked the young man, with a nod. "Pray what did you mean by going on in that absurd way just now?"

"What did I mean?" repeated William, with a little of his former excitement. "Look ye, now, I was waving you back from the Devil's Caldron. There's many a man been drowned there and been washed away Lord knows where. I've heard tell," he added, solemnly, "they are carried right down into the devil's kitchen."

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Jones, but I'm used to such dangers, and I know how to take care of myself."

William Jones shook his head a little angrily.

"Don't you come here no more, that's all!" he said, and muttering ominously to himself, retired. But he only ascended the neighboring crag, and, squatting himself there like a bird of ill-omen, kept his eyes on the stranger.

Having dressed himself, Brinkley climbed in the same direction. He found William seated on the edge of a crag, looking the reverse of amiable, and amusing himself by throwing stones in the direction of the sea.

"You seem to know this place well," said the young man, standing over him.

William Jones replied, without looking up:

"I ought to; I was born here. Father was born here. Know it? I wish I know'd as well how to make my own fortune."

"And yet they tell me," observed the other, watching him slyly, "that William Jones, of Aberlynn, has money in the bank, and is a rich man."

He saw William's color change at once; but, recovering himself at once, the worthy gave a contemptuous grunt and aimed a stone spitefully at a large gull which just then floated slowly by.

"Who told you that?" he asked, glancing quickly up, and then looking down again. "Some tofmoel, wi' no more sense in 'un than that gun. Rich! I wish I was, I do!"

Brinkley was amused, and a little curious. Laughing gayly, he threw himself down by William's side. William shifted his seat uneasily, and threw another stone.

"My dear Mr. Jones," said the young man, assuming the flippant style which

Matt found so irritating: "I have often wondered how you get your living."

William started nervously. "You are, I believe, a fisherman by profession; yet you never go fishing. You possess a boat, but you are seldom seen to use it. You are not, I think, of a poetical disposition, yet you spend your days in watching the water, like a poet, or a person in love. I conclude, very reluctantly, that your old habits stick to you, and that you speculate on the disasters of your fellow creatures."

"What d'ye mean, master?" grunted William, puzzled and a little alarmed by this style of address.

"A nice wreck now would admirably suit your tastes? A well-laden Indian, smashing up on the reef yonder, would lend sunshine to your existence and deepen your faith in a paternal Providence. Eh, Mr. Jones?"

"I don't know nowt about no wrecks," was the reply. "They're no consarn o' mine."

"Ah, but I have heard you lament the good old times, when wrecking was a respectable occupation and when there were no impertinent coast guards to interfere with respectable followers of the business. By the way, I have often wondered, Mr. Jones, if popular report is true, and if among these cliffs or surrounding sand hills there is buried treasure east up from time to time by the sea and concealed by energetic persons like yourself?"

William Jones could stand this no longer. Looking as pale as it was possible for so rubeicant a person to become, and glancing around him suspiciously, he rose to his feet.

"I know nowt o' that," he said. "If there is summat I wish I could find it; but sech things never come the way of honest chaps like me. Good mornin', master! Take a poor man's advice and don't you go swimming no more near the Devil's Caldron!"

So saying, he walked off in the direction of the deserted village. Presently Brinkley rose and followed him, keeping him steadily in view. From time to time William Jones looked round, as if to see whether the other was coming; lingering when Brinkley lingered, hastening his pace when Brinkley hastened his. As an experiment, Brinkley turned and began walking back towards the cliffs. Glancing round over his shoulder, he saw that William Jones had also turned, and was walking back.

"Curious!" he reflected. "The innocent one is keeping me in view. I have a good mind to breathe him!"

He struck off from the path, and hastened, running rather than walking, towards the sand hills. So soon as he was certain that he was followed he began to run in good earnest. To his delight, William began running too. He plunged among the sand hills, and was soon engaged busily running up and down them, hither and thither. From time to time he caught a glimpse of his pursuer. It was an exciting chase. When he had been engaged in it for half an hour, and was almost breathless himself, he suddenly paused in one of the deep hollows, threw himself down on his back, and lit a cigar. A few minutes afterwards he heard a sound as of violent puffing and breathing, and the next instant William Jones, panting, gasping, perspiring at every pore, appeared above him.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Jones?" he cried, gayly. "Come and have a cigar."

Instead of replying, William Jones looked completely thunderstruck, and after glaring feebly down and muttering incoherently disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Brinkley finished his cigar leisurely and then strolled back to the caravan.

CHAPTER IX.

A DISCOVERY.

The young man of the caravan was now thoroughly convinced that one of two things must be true: Either that William Jones had been instructed to keep a watch on him, or that he (William Jones) had a secret of some sort which he was anxious not to have revealed. After both suppositions had been duly weighed the second was accepted as the most likely, and it forthwith received the young man's consideration.

If there was a secret, he argued, it was in some way connected—firstly, with William Jones' worldly prosperity; secondly, with the reports current of treasure hidden in times past among the sand hills of the dangerous caverns of the sea. Was it possible, after all, that these reports were true and that in some mysterious manner Jones had become acquainted with the hiding place? It seemed very improbable, for many reasons, one of the chief being the man's extreme poverty, which appeared to touch the very edge of sheer starvation.

A little inquiry in the neighborhood, however, elicited the information that Jones, despite his abject penury, was certainly well to do and had money in the bank of the neighboring market town; that the ruined village of Aberlynn belonged almost entirely to him, and that, in short, he was by nature, and habit a miserly person, who would prefer hoarding up whatever he possessed to purchasing with it the commonest necessities of life.

An old coast guard, whom Brinkley found next day on the station, was his chief informant.

"Don't you believe him, sir," said the old salt, "if he tells you he's poor. He's a shark. William Jones is, and couldn't own up even to his own father. It's my belief he's got gold hidden somewhere among them sand hills, let alone what he's got in the savings bank. Ah, he's a artful one, is William Jones."

Brinkley had said nothing of his own private suspicions, but had merely introduced in a general way the subject of Jones' worldly position. Further conversation with Tim, who had made a few straggling acquaintances in the district, corroborated the other testimony. The young man became more and more convinced that William Jones was worth studying.

Matt had not turned up that morning. Instead of looking after her, Brinkley took another stroll towards the vicinity of the Devil's Caldron. He had not gone far before he discovered

that he was watched again. The figure of William Jones followed in the distance, but keeping him well in view.

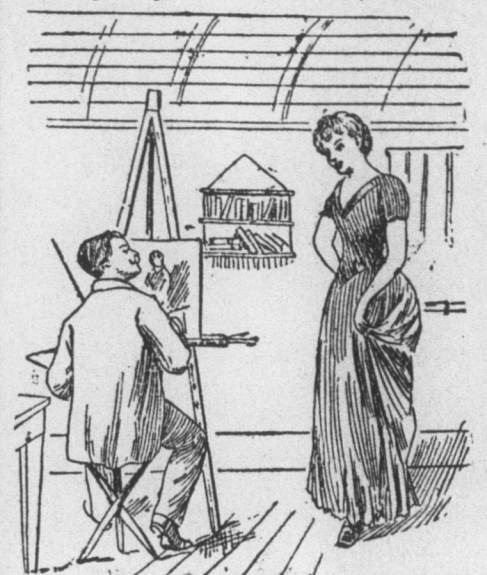
It was certainly curious. He walked over to the cliffs and looked down at the scene of yesterday's bathing adventure. A strong wind was blowing and the waves were surging up the rocks with deafening roar and foamy spume. The place looked very ugly, particularly near the caldron. All the passage was churned to milky white, and the sound from beneath was, to use an old simile, like the roar of innumerable chariots.

He glanced over his shoulder and saw the head of William Jones eagerly watching, the body being hidden in intervening rock.

"Strange!" he reflected. "My predatory friend can't keep his treasure, if he possesses any, down in that watery gulf. Yet, whenever I come near it, his manner tells me that I am 'warm,' as they say in the game of hide and seek."

To test the matter a little further he set off on a brisk walk along the cliffs, leaving the caldron behind. He found, as he had suspected, that he was no longer followed. Returning as he came, and resuming his old position, he saw William Jones immediately reappear.

That day he discovered no clew to the mystery, nor the next, nor the



"WHY MATT, YOU LOOK MAGNIFICENT."

next again, though on each day he went through a similar performance. Strange to say, Matt had not put in an appearance, and for reasons of his own he had thought it better not to seek her.

On the morning of the third day—a dark, chilly morning, after a night of rain—Tim put his head into the caravan, where his master was seated at his easel, and grinned delightedly.

"Mr. Charles! She's come, sor!"

"Who the deuce has come?" cried Brinkley.

"The lady, your honor, to have her picture taken. Will I show her into the parlor?"

But as he spoke Matt pushed him aside and entered. She wore her best clothes, but looked a little pale and anxious. Brinkley thought, greeting her with a familiar nod.

"So you've come at last? Tim, get out, you rascal. I thought you had given me up."

He assumed a coldness, though he felt it not, for he had made up his mind not to "encourage" the young person.

"I couldn't come before, they wouldn't let me. But last night William Jones he didn't come home, and I broke open the box and took out my clothes and ran straight off here."

Her face fell as she proceeded, for she could not fail to notice the coolness of the young man's greeting.

"Well, since you have come, we'll get to work," said Brinkley. "It's chilly and damp outside, so we'll remain here in shelter."

Matt took off her hat and then proceeded to divest herself of her coarse jacket, revealing for the first time the low-necked silk dress beneath. Meantime the young man placed the sketch in position. Turning presently, he beheld Matt's transformation.

Old and shabby as the dress was, torn here and there and revealing beneath glimpses of coarse stockings and clumsy boots, it became her wonderfully. As a result of much polishing with soap and water her face shone again and her arms and neck were white as snow. Thus attired, Matt looked no longer a long, shambling girl, but a tall, bright, resplendent young lady.

It was no use. Brinkley could not conceal his admiration. Matt's arms alone were enough to make a painter wild with delight.

"Why, Matt, you look positively magnificent! I had no idea you were so pretty."

The girl blushed with pleasure.

The young man worked away for a good hour and a half, at the end of which time he put the finishing touch to the sketch.

"Finis coronal opus!" he cried.

"Look, Matt!"

Matt examined the picture with unconscious delight. It was herself, a little idealized, but quite characteristic and altogether charming.

"May I take it home?" she asked eagerly.

"I'll get you to leave it a few days longer. I must get a frame for it, Matt, and then you shall have it all complete. Now, let me look at you again," he said, taking her by both hands and looking up at her sunny face. "Are you pleased? Will you take care of the picture for the painter's sake?"

Matt's answer was embarrassing. She quietly sat down on his knee and gave him a smacking kiss.

"Matt! Matt!" he cried. "You mustn't!"

But she put her warm arm round his neck, and rested her cheek against his shoulder.

"I should like to have pretty dresses and gold bracelets and things, and go away from William Jones and to stay with you."

"My dear," said Brinkley, laughing, "you couldn't. It wouldn't be proper."

"Why not?" asked Matt, simply.

"The world is censorious little one. I am a young man; you are a young lady. We shall have to shake hands soon and say good-by. There, there," he continued, seeing her eyes fill with tears, "I'm not gone yet. I must stay as long as I can, only—really—you must look upon me as quite an old fellow. I am awfully old, you know, compared to you."

He gently disengaged himself, and Matt sat down on a camp stool close by. Her face had grown very wistful and sad.

"Matt," he said, anxious to change the subject, "tell me something more about William Jones."

"I hate William Jones. I hate everybody—but you."

"Really?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I feel greatly flattered. But about the gentle Jones? You say he was out all last night?"

Matt nodded.

"He goes out night every night," she said, "and often don't come home till morning. Sometimes he finds things and brings 'em. He finds bits o' gold, and old ropes, and bottles o' rum."

"Very odd. Where?"

"He don't tell; I know."

"I wish you'd tell me, Matt. Do. I have a particular reason for wanting the information."

Matt hesitated.

"You won't say I told? William Jones would be downright wild, he would."

"I'll keep the secret faithfully. Now?"

Thus urged, Matt informed her friend that on two occasions, out of curiosity, she had followed her guardian on his nightly pilgrimages and watched him go in the direction of the Devil's Caldron. On both occasions the night was very dark. On getting clear of the coast-guard station, and among the sand hills, Jones had lighted a lantern which he carried. Trembling and afraid, she had followed the light along the cliffs; then out among the sand hills. But all at once the light and its bearer had disappeared into the solid earth, leaving her to find her way home in terror.

The explanation of all this was, in Matt's opinion, very simple. William Jones was a bad man and went to "visit the fairies."

"Yes," she cried, "and every time he goes the fairies give him summat, and he brings it home."

"Each time you followed him," asked Brinkley, thoughtfully, "he disappeared at about the same place?"

"Yes," said Matt; "and the light and him sunk right down and never come up again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE COURTSHIP.

A Wooing as It Is Carried on in the Flowery Kingdom.

In his own flowery kingdom the heathen Chinese who desires to become a benedict does not dream of approaching his desired bride until he has heard what her father has to say. The interview with papa on these occasions is largely occupied by a prolonged haggle over the amount the suitor is to give until the bargain is adjusted to mutual satisfaction.

Then the suitor, highly perfumed with assafetida, which is the smart scent among Chinese, as it was among the Carthaginians, calls on the bride's mother and is introduced to the bride, whom, it must be understood, he has not yet seen. The visit consists largely of bowing, scraping, flourishing the hands, cringing in every posture, every kind of ceremonial and very little conversation.

The lover does not speak one word to his intended, and seldom glances toward her. Usually singing and dancing girls come in and furnish diversion. He remains in her presence for two hours or longer, during the whole of which time he does not get a moment alone with his intended, or even a fair look at her face—for it is not etiquette for him to scrutinize her too closely. When he has gone he sends her presents.

It is a good omen if he sends a gift of egg shells painted every kind of color.

All his visits are conducted on the same plan. He does not get a direct and full view of her face until they have "gone away," that is, until she has been brought in her palanquin to his house.—N. Y. Recorder.

Rather Hard on the Prisoner.

A story comes from Paris of a venerable and benevolent judge, who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, desirous of meting out absolute justice, invariably consulted his assessors on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he would ask, bending over to the assessor on the right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" to the assessor on the left.

"I should give him about four years." Whereupon the good old justice would address the prisoner thus: "Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and shall take their advice. Seven years."—Harper's Young People.

A Victim of the Glass.

The woman was vain, excessively vain, but she was pretty, and possibly felt in her own heart that that would excuse her. Whether it would or not, she was at a reception one night and a stranger was there also.

"My, that's a pretty woman," he said as she passed.

"Yes," responded the person with him, "but she is the victim of the glass."

"You don't mean to say she drinks? What a pity."

"Oh, no, I mean the looking-glass."

Lost and Found.

Uncle Ben (on a visit)—I see you are losing your first teeth, Charley. Charley—Yes, Uncle Ben, I am losing my first teeth, but I am finding my second ones.—Harper's Young People.

THE MONEY SUPPLY.

The Demonetization of Silver Has Largely Reduced the Value of All Commodities Measured by the Single Gold Standard.

Whether it is a sound conclusion or not, the all but universal conviction of mankind is that gold or silver, or both, constitute the basic money of the world. This theory is sustained by the experience of history as fully and absolutely as any fact relating to human affairs. Such being the case, the primary quality of about one-half this basic money could not be taken away by legislation without seriously undermining the foundation of credits and enormously reducing a circulating medium, the currency of which was in the main only token money, subject to redemption in gold or silver coin.

It is this relation of silver to money, from which it was divorced by demonetization, that has made the silver question vital to the civilized world today. Silver's primary character must be restored in order to double the supply of basic money, as a foundation for a greatly increased money supply—a foundation that is indispensable and will remain indispensable to an adequate volume of circulating medium, while the prevalent views of a safe money system shall continue to dominate the world.

The demonetization of silver has been widely disastrous to producers, because by shrinking the supply of money available for business it has depreciated the value of their labor and abnormally cheapened labor products without commensurate benefit to any class of society except those with fixed incomes and those who live by usury. The demonetization of silver has weighted down producers with enforced indebtedness, resulting in a vast amount of ruin, besides depreciating the value of real estate, save when exceptionally located, to the amount of billions of dollars. This condition of affairs is growing steadily worse and must continue to grow worse until the cause shall cease to operate and the remedy is applied. As matters now stand a monstrous conspiracy of money monopolists and money lenders have the industrial world by the throat, and the hopes of the producers of wealth, as well as their material condition, will be on the downward course until a change is wrought through a general awakening of the people and an unmistakable assertion of their rights at the polls.

In the nature of the case it would be an impossibility to destroy half the basis of the world's currency supply and foundation of credits without correspondingly weakening the stability of the credit system and lessening the volume of the medium of exchange. The world is now suffering from a money famine and the ever-present possibility of a financial panic and business ruin as the direct consequence of legislation hostile to silver.

According to all past experience and the testimony of the highest authorities in finance and political economy, present industrial conditions, profitless prices, the status of the labor market, with millions of willing workers facing grim want, can only be accounted for on the theory of a dearth of money. There are minor co-operating causes, but they count for nothing as compared with the primal cause. Contraction has given a moneyed conspiracy of stupendous proportions the power to sap the life out of American farming and confiscate farm property by wholesale. If American finance had been shaped in the interest of the American people for the past quarter of a century and not to enrich grasping money changers the tenant system would now be practically unknown in American agriculture and that industry would be free from the consuming blight of mountains of interest-paying debt.

By shrinking the available money an era of destructively low prices was inaugurated, with the unfailing consequence of placing producers at the mercy of usurers and breeding and multiplying human misery. Undue contraction results in prices that leave producers no margin, and that, continued, leads to insolvency and ruin. The case is stated by the ablest writer of the century on this subject, and he but reflects the views of every acknowledged authority that preceded him. "If the whole money in circulation was doubled," says John Stuart Mill, "prices would double. If it was only increased one-fourth, prices would increase one-fourth."

The restoration of silver to its mintage rights involves the very existence of agriculture as a paying industry, because of the relation of silver to the money supply; and whatever injurious effects agriculture strikes at the roots of the general prosperity, and in due time drags other lines of labor into its calamitous vortex.—Denver News.

THE MONEY POWER.

Tyrannical Demands of Wall Street Upon People of the Country.

Col. Oates, of Alabama, says that Mr. Cleveland told him personally that the money power of Wall street could drain the treasury of its gold in forty-eight hours. This being so, the fact makes the banks the controlling power in legislation—more influential than congress and more powerful than the people. When any measure meets the disapproval of the money power of Wall street the banks have only to menace the treasury. On the other hand, whenever they desire to push a measure, through they have only to resort to the same process of menace. If this does not follow then their power to drain the treasury of its resources is of no significance whatever.

Taking it for granted, then, that the banks of Wall street can drain the treasury in forty-eight hours, it is of the utmost importance that the people should know the legislative policy which these banks have in view, and which they are preparing to carry through under the leadership of the eastern democrats and republicans.

They have already established the single gold standard by refusing to permit substitute legislation for the Sherman act, and they have compelled an issue of bonds. What, then, is to be the next scheme of the banks of Wall street? We need not go far to

find out. The organized money power is neither modest nor timid in presenting its views, nor backward in furthering its purposes.

In Rhodes' Journal of Banking for March we find an outline of the desires of the banks with respect to the currency. The Journal of Banking, after calling attention to the fact that there is now outstanding more than \$800,000,000 in paper redeemable in gold, declares that the banks cannot be expected to come to the aid of the treasury with any degree of eagerness so long as there is so much paper currency afloat.

We are told, in effect, that this paper currency represents a constant and pressing danger; that while there is such a disproportion between the amount of paper and the stock of gold we cannot really have "sound" money. Of course, gold can be got from the sale of more bonds, but the Journal of Banking says that "just as long as bonds are offered for sale the gold to purchase them will be drawn from the treasury itself." But the same periodical makes it perfectly clear that the banks of Wall street—the organized money power—are not at all satisfied with the bond issue scheme. There is money in it for them, of course, but the profit is too small in comparison to the power and influence they wield. A bond issue is "a mere palliative." The banks can "easily accommodate the treasury by unshipping gold for export or for payment on bonds when they have it in their power to demand it back at any time or make the government go to protest."

But even this situation is not satisfactory. The presence in the circulation of so much paper currency "requires a remedy more radical than any of these devices." Yes, indeed! "It requires that a large portion of the \$335,661,428 of government paper should be retired." There you are in great shape, and there is the scheme of contraction which the organized money power have set themselves to engineer through congress.

Here are the people on one side clamoring for enough money to carry on business and give employment to labor, and, on the other side, the organized money power clamoring for the retirement of "a large part" of the small stock of currency the people now have.

Which will win—the people or the organized money power?—Atlanta Constitution.

A SILVER THREAD.

The Bland Bill May Not Be What True Bimetallists Seek but It Is a Concession to Labor.

We do not look upon the measure (the Bland seigniorage bill), as we have frequently said, as of any great importance to the silver question. It is not directly in the interest of free coinage, which is, and can be, the only logical and scientific basis of true bimetallism. We hope to see the bill pass, not because we think for a moment that it is in any sense a bimetallist measure, but because we think that we can see that the mere fact that the United States government in adding to its stock of silver coins will strengthen the cause of bimetallism abroad.

It was announced a few days ago that Chancellor Caprivi, of Germany, had submitted a proposal to the bundesrath for the coinage of 22,000,000 marks of silver, nearly \$4,500,000. This will really do more for the silver market than the Bland bill, as Germany will probably have to buy that much bullion, while the operation of the Bland bill will not require the purchase of an ounce. And the action of the imperial German government, if the chancellor's recommendation is adopted, will be in the nature of a notice to the goldites that Germany does not intend to sacrifice her silver coin.

Still the mere coinage of four million dollars or more in that country or fifty million dollars more or less in this will have no direct effect to restore the double standard. There is but one rational solution of the monetary problem, and that is to restore silver as a money metal in the true sense; by which we mean to make it at all times convertible into money at the established ratio at the will of the holders. Coining a portion of the volume of silver in the world into token money, even though the money be made a legal tender, does not make the metal a money metal in the scientific monetary sense.

There is one view on which the friends of b