

## MY TRAVELING COMPANION.

ONCE I was compelled to make the trip to Turin by the way of Corsica. So I took the steamer for Bastia.

As soon as we were under way I began to look around and observe my fellow-passengers. I noticed a modest-looking young woman sitting on deck alone and apparently a

stranger. I immediately said to myself, "There is my traveling companion" so I placed myself where I could watch the graceful contour of her head and shoulders, the exquisite coloring of her richly tinted cheeks, and the dreamy look of her dark eyes gazing far out to sea. I noted the fine lines of her hands, a little too large and strong, but white and beautifully shaped, the delicate shell-like ears which always indicate good blood better than a certificate of birth, sometimes questionable.

Without seeming to notice my scrutiny she settled herself comfortably in her chair, opened her satchel and took out a newspaper. I rubbed my hands exultingly and said: "Now, let me see what she reads and I will tell you her character and thoughts." I gave the paper a quick glance and to my surprise saw it was a Parisian journal. She began at the first page with a dainty, satisfied manner; read on and on, sometimes a smile on her lips, but always a look of interested attention.

I drew my seat nearer to her, took out a volume of poems I had bought just before starting, and pretended to be equally interested.

A good many passengers walked up and down, but she appeared to think of nothing but her paper. Finally she seemed to have finished and laid it down on a seat between us. I immediately bowed and said:

"Will madame permit me to glance over her paper?"

"Certainly, monsieur, with the greatest pleasure."

"In the meantime allow me to offer this volume of poetry; it may interest you."

"Thank you; is it amusing?"

This rather disconcerted me, when one offers a volume of love songs to a woman he does not expect to be asked, "Is it amusing?" nevertheless, I answered, "It is more than amusing—it is charming—delicious."

She opened the book and began to run through it, with a little bewildered air, as if she was not in the habit of reading poetry. Suddenly I asked: "Don't you like it?"

"Yes, but I am not at all sentimental. I like something gay—very gay." With that she closed the book and we began to talk.

I learned she was the wife of an officer at Ajaccio. She was going to rejoin her husband. She added she had been dragged from one little town to another, and now she was going to be buried in that lugubrious

of Corsica.

In some way I fancied she did not love her husband—loved him, perhaps



I SOFTLY LAID MY HAND ON HERS. with that cool reserve a woman gives to a man who is not congenial to her. She said she preferred living in Lyons. She knew everyone in Lyons—it was her native place.

As we spoke of residences and places she preferred, I asked; "How do you like Paris?"

"Oh, monsieur; do I like Paris? Is it possible for anyone to ask such a question?"

And she began to talk of Paris with such ardor—such enthusiasm—I said to myself: "This is the string to pull." Then she began to question me with almost breathless eagerness; she wanted to know everything at once.

She ran on for about an hour, then her questions began to be exhausted and it was my time to talk. I related all the stories of the fashionable world I could think of. I gave her a beautiful idea of the grand dames of Paris, satisfied her curiosity in the most fantastic manner, told wonderful adventures of the gay city. She listened with all her ears and all her heart. Then I mocked with cruel irony all those poor women who were bound to husbands who did not appreciate them, and could not understand their delicacy of sentiment.

The night had come—soft and warm—the great steamer, throbbing from her machinery, gilded over the sea—beneath an immense canopy of violet sky, starred with drops of fire. Suddenly my neighbor was up and saying: "It is late. I must retire. Bonsoir, monsieur."

I answered: "Bonsoir, madame," and she was gone.

I know she must take the night dilig-

ence from Basilia to Ajaccio—there was no other way to cross the mountains—so I laid my plans to meet my fair companion again. Next morning as soon as we landed in Basilia I hired the entire diligence for myself, engaged every seat.

The shades of night were falling when I entered the old vehicle for Ajaccio.

The driver came to me and humbly asked: "Would I yield any of the seats to a lady?"

"What lady?" I brusquely demanded.

"The wife of an officer going to Ajaccio to join her husband."

"Certainly. Tell the lady I gladly offer her a seat."

My traveling companion soon appeared, laughing said she had been asleep all the afternoon preparing for her night trip across the mountains, thanked me for my kindness, and entered the carriage.

This old vehicle was like a hermetically closed box—no openings, except a door on each side, with little glass windows above. We were sitting face to face, opposite each other, and away we started; the horses going on a quick trot until we reached the mountains.

Again I began to talk of Paris—bright, beautiful, bewildering Paris. She listened with keen attention.

By now, the night had grown so dark I could scarcely distinguish the face of my companion. It appeared like a whitish spot in the surrounding gloom. The horses were slowly walking up the steep ascent—the carriage lanterns the only light to show the road.

My companion had been very quiet for some time, breathing softly, with now and then a gentle sigh. The darkness and silence embalmed me. I cautiously advanced my feet and touched her. She did not move or change her position. Then me talk became more insinuating—veiled words with hidden meaning. She was still silent. Then I softly laid my hand on hers. It was not withdrawn. Growing still bolder I went on whispering a lot of sentimental rubbish; talked of "love at first sight," "kindred spirits," etc., with my lips very near her ear—in truth dangerously near her mouth. She was still silent. I fancied I could hear the beatings of her heart, mingled with her gentle sighs.

At last I softly placed my lips upon her cheeks. She started as if just aroused from sleep—but such a start! It hurled me to the far side of the carriage. Then, before I had time to comprehend, consider or even think, I received five or six frightful slaps full in the face, then a perfect hail of fistfuls, hard and sharp, falling everywhere on my head, my face, my neck, quick and fast as summer rain.

In the thick darkness that surrounded us I vainly tried to parry the blows, to seize her hands—impossible; so I turned around and presented my back to her furious attacks and hid my head in the corner of the vehicle.

She seemed to comprehend, by the sound of the blows, no doubt, this movement of despair, and suddenly ceased to beat me, and throwing herself back in the corner of the carriage, she burst into a wild paroxysm of sobs and tears, which continued for an hour or so, I shrinking back in my corner distressed and very much ashamed. I wanted to speak, but what could I say?—"Excuse me?" that would have been tame and absurd. What would you have said? Nothing—just as I did.

Finally she grew calm. We both remained in our separate corners, mute and motionless, the diligence moving steadily on, only stopping now and then for a relay of horses.

The day begins to break; as the first pale rays of dawn begin to glide into the carriage I look at my neighbor. She seems fast asleep.

The sun coming up from behind the mountains discloses an immense blue gulf, streaked with gold, and surrounded by enormous peaks of granite. On the far side of this gulf a white city, steeped in the shading light of the early morning, appears.

My neighbor starts up as if just aroused from sleep, and opens her eyes. They are very red. She yawns as if she had slept a long time, blushing, hesitates a moment, then stammers: "Will we be there soon?" "Yes, madam, in less than an hour."

"Oh, wish we were there." I could well understand that wish. Her voice was a little tremulous, her manner a little confused; otherwise she seemed to have forgotten everything.

It about an hour we arrived at Ajaccio. A great dragoon—a kind of Hercules—was standing at the office door, waving his handkerchief as the diligence appeared. The driver had scarcely brought his horses to a standstill before my neighbor leaped into his arms with a bound, embracing him again and again: "Oh, I am so glad to see you. How I longed to be with you again."

My trunk had been taken down from the imperial. I was about to retire discreetly when she called out: "Oh, monsieur, you are not going without bidding me adieu."

I stammered: "I leave you to your happiness, madame."

Then she turned to her husband, saying: "My dear, you must thank monsieur for his kindness to me. He has been charming, even offering me a seat in the diligence, which he urged entirely for himself. It is delightful to meet with such an agreeable traveling companion."

The husband warmly clasped my hand, and thanked me with the greatest effusion. His wife standing by regarded us with a malicious, mocking smile, while I felt and looked very foolish. I assure you.

Old Lady—Would John be a good catch for Mary? Old Man—Splendid! He's in the foot ball business and his life is insured for \$10,000.

## SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

### APPLIES TO MONEY AS WELL AS PRICES.

Scarcity of Money Has Closed Factories and Thrown Thousands of Men Out of Employment—Supply and Demand Work Both Ways.

Yes; we admit what is said about supply and demand regulating prices.

But why is money always left out of the discussion?

A good crop of money would increase the price of everything else.

A poor crop—resting from destructive winds, Shylock reign, John Bull cattle in Congress, epidemics of yellow blight, hogs and gold bugs—increase of interest doubles our debts, and reduces the price of wheat, cotton, labor and everything else—except the price of liberty.

Scarcity of money makes every day the situation of the American wage and debt slave more hopeless.

If one man or a dozen could monopolize the production of wheat in this country they would combine to make it scarce in order to secure a high price. So it is with money. A few men have been allowed to control the volume of money, and they combine to make it scarce, so that they may secure all the produce of the country as interest.

As long as the production of wheat, etc., is not monopolized, the money power wants it plenty. But the manufactured articles which the money power monopolizes, it wants made scarce in order to buy more of the things which it can't monopolize.

Interest is regulated by the supply and demand of money. Hence the money power wants a short supply to create a constant demand.

A shortage of the wheat, corn or cotton crop increases the prices of those products only.

But a shortage of money not only increases the rates of interest, but reduces the price of every commodity in the market.

Money is the representative of everything produced, and the amount of it in circulation regulates the exchange price of all things—except common sense and justice.

Money serves in no capacity except in distributing the products of one section of the country or class of labor to another section or class and enabling the producer of one thing to swap what he doesn't need for what he does need.

Money is only a counter used in our improved method of swapping a sow and pigs for a suit of clothes.

### CLUB ORGANIZATION.

Plan as Outlined and Adopted by the Recent St. Louis Convention.

Last week a large share of our specially prepared reports of the St. Louis conference was crowded out at the moment of going to press, and some important features were omitted, much to our chagrin. The following important resolution on organization was adopted by the committee. We suggest to all reform papers to reproduce this resolution in their columns and keep standing some weeks or months:

"Resolved, That while we do not attempt to dictate to any state as to the plan of organization it shall adopt, we renew the recommendation of the national committee in favor of the organization of the Industrial Legion in every precinct in the land; and further recommend that no dues shall be exacted, only from legions that operate the rebate plan, and that in all cases where members are able, they be urged to send 10 cents per annum to headquarters; that all clubs or other orders that wish to change into legions shall send 20 cents for supplies, and that original legions shall send 50 cents, but that no legion shall be denied a charter when it is unable to pay for it, and that these organizations shall be called People's Party Clubs, People's Party Legions or Industrial Legions, in order to suit the 15th of the instructions of the Industrial Legion be dropped, and that all People's party clubs or legions shall report to the same headquarters. In order to avoid confusion and to perfect a systematic organization."

The above was unanimously adopted by the national committee, and will be sent broadcast through the country as the authorized method of organization.

The committee on literature made the following report:

"Whereas, there is an important demand for cheap and reliable literature with which we can reach the people, so that the people can be properly educated upon the principles of our platform; therefore, your committee would recommend that the chairman and the secretary of our national committee establish and publish from headquarters, at Washington, D. C., a monthly serial, and furnish the same to our committee and people at the very lowest possible price, and furnish such other literature to our people as is reliable and in line with our platform—all to emanate from the bureau at Washington."—Nonconformist.

SHERMAN THE SAVER.

Honest John Comes to the Rescue of the Government.

Now that Honest John Sherman has taken hold of the thorny problem and kindly consented to save the country, he introduced a financial bill of his own, try, it will probably be in order to breathe freely. Sherman has proved such a success heretofore as the financial guardian of the people, and so many blessings have flown from his marvelous performances in the world of finance, it is not too much to predict that his new bill will either cure or kill us outright. Of course no scheme could be expected from the "Lean, spare Cassius" of Ohio that did not provide for a bond issue, as the objective point of his whole existence seems to be to get more bonds and bigger ones. His idea of supreme bliss

seems to be a country plastered over two feet thick with interest-bearing mortgages with himself and friends the manipulators of the coupons attached thereto. A fruitful crop has been reaped by Sherman & Co. as the result of this policy and it would be unreasonable to expect him this life to relinquish his hold on so good a thing. Should your Uncle John ever get to heaven the first proposition he would make to St. Peter would be to lay a bonded mortgage on the poor streets and adjacent angels and give him the sole right of foreclosure. Nonconformist.

### BLOODSTAINED GREENBACK.

The Only Salvation of the Common People from Bondage.

Had the government issued more through the banks and not direct to the people, during the war, the bank would now be five billion dollars richer and of course the people that much poorer. The banks see this and also see that in the next thirty years they must be deprived of five billion dollars profit if the government keeps its greenback money in circulation. The calculation is quite simple. Money at ten per cent compound interest will double every seven and two-sevenths years. There is now \$2,16,000,000 of greenbacks that have been outstanding ever since 1863—32 years ago. These greenbacks were printed by the government and paid out to the people to buy supplies. They were not issued to the banks. They saved their amount in taxes or bonds. Had they been issued to the banks the government would not have had one cent by reason of their issue. The banks would have loaned them to the people at an interest that would have averaged at least ten per cent. Three hundred and forty-six millions at ten per cent compound interest would be double that amount in seven and two-sevenths years—\$432,000,000. Six hundred and ninety-two millions at ten per cent in seven and two-sevenths years would be 1,354,000,000. Thirteen hundred and eighty-four dollars in seven and two-sevenths years would be \$2,768,000,000. Twenty-seven hundred and sixty-eight million dollars at ten per cent in seven and two-sevenths years would be \$5,536,000,000 dollars. Here are only four periods of seven and two-sevenths years each, or a total of 29 1/7 years. The greenbacks, however, have been in circulation over thirty-one years.

It is any wonder that the great bankers are making a desperate attempt to have congress tax or bond the people to destroy the greenbacks and then issue the money through the banks? Five billions lost by the money power by reason of the independent action of the government in issuing greenbacks in the last thirty years. It is not at all surprising that banks are taking advantage of a friend in the presidential chair, to secure an act of congress regarding greenbacks. But is it not strange that the people are not aroused at the infamy of the proposition? What is the matter with them? Are they stone-blind from party prejudice? Are they unconscious of the power of the ballot and indignation meetings? If the people would assemble at their various county seats and declare in no uncertain terms against the measure their mandate would be obeyed.

We presume, however, that the reason of this silence is because the masses of the old parties are yet ignorant on the money question and the Populists are giving the money power more rope so it will break its neck.—Mister Souri World.

### THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

Wendell Phillips, Said That the Laborers Demand Immediate Action.

Now here I come with the critic the labor movement has met: I refer to the Rev. Samuel Johnson of Salem, one of the thinkers who has spread out before the people his objections to the labor movement of this country. His first objection is that we will hurry into politics. Well! now our answer to him and to the score of other scholars who have been criticizing us is this: Gentlemen we see the benefit of going into politics. If we had not rushed into politics had not taken Massachusetts by the four corners and shaken her, you would never have written your criticisms. We rush into politics because it is the safety valve. We would discuss as well as you, if you would only give us bread and houses, fair play and leisure, and opportunities to travel.

We could sit and discuss the question for fifty years.

It's a very easy thing to discuss, for a gentleman in his study, with no anxiety about to-morrow.

Why the ladies and gentlemen of the reign of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., in France, seated in gilded saloons and on Persian carpets, surrounded with luxury, with the products of India, and the curious manufactures of ingenious Lyons and Rheims, discussed the rights of man, and balanced them in dainty phrases, and expressed them in such quaint generalizations that Jefferson borrowed the Declaration of Independence from their hands.

There they sat, balancing and discussing sweetly, making out new theories, and daily erecting a splendid architecture of debate, till the angry crowd broke open the doors, and ended the discussion in blood.

They waited too long, discussed about a half a century too long.

You see, discussion is very good when a man has bread to eat, and his children all portioned off, and his daughters married, and his home furnished and paid for, and his will made; but discussion is very bad when—

"Ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers;

"Bere the sorrow comes with years;"

discussion is bad when a class bonds under actual oppression. We want immediate action.

We would fain save this issue from an outbreak of actual violence. Therefore we go into politics.—From a speech of Wendell Phillips at Boston, Oct. 31, 1891.

## IT BEATS COXEYISM.