

STRANGE CASE OF ADURAND.

Who would form his mind, settle his judgment and create for his old age a fund of agreeable recollections should travel a great deal.

M. Cyprian Durand, architect of the cathedral of M—, president of the council of church wardens, father, and even grandfather of a family, and decorated with the Roman medal of the Order of Saint Gregory the Great, because of the unalterable purity of his morals and the precepts that he practiced, had made but one voyage, one only, yet he swore that never again would he be persuaded to make another.

That voyage had lasted but one day and night. But the provision of memories collected by M. Durand in that very brief while was sufficient to last him a lifetime. For, truly, it is not the lot of everyone to become the hero of an adventure, and it is an adventure, even an extraordinary adventure, that befell the worthy architect in the short space of time necessary to arrive at Paris, to descend at a hotel, to go to bed and to sleep there, to be awakened by a commissaire of police and dragged to the station house under the serious accusation of broken marital vows. He, the good Durand, who swore only by the 11,000 virgins! The model Durand, for forty years past the virtuous husband of the most virtuous of wives, and the most influential member and contributor to the Order of Saint Anthony the chaste!

Pool! Nonsense! an idle tale, my friend, go, tell it to another!

Pardon me, not a bit of it, a process-verbal, flagrante delicto, made out by the commissaire himself in the presence of witnesses and of the outraged husband. A process-verbal that bore upon it textually and specifically as follows:—"and in that aforesaid chamber we found, side by side, feigning to sleep, Mme. Virginie Cardinal and M. Cyprian Durand."

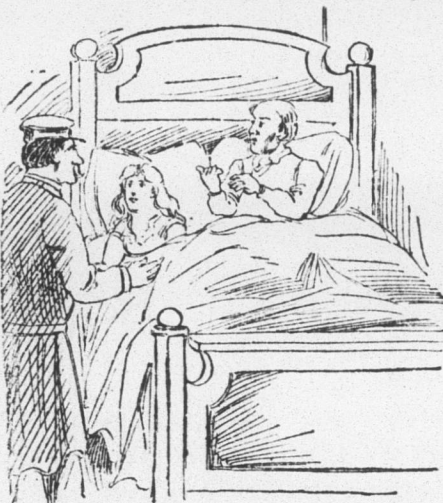
It was all on account of M. Fortune, Gustave Adolph Cardinal, whom we are compelled to designate, all the same, as the "unfortunate" Cardinal, since he was the husband of the too susceptible Virginie Cardinal, for he had really had for some time past some reason to suspect the fidelity of his pretty better half.

In order to clear up these suspicions, he put in practice the eternal feint—the only one, apparently that never grows gray with age, and set off on a pretended voyage of two or three days.

He strapped his valise, tenderly embraced his wife, and regretfully departed.

Virginie, leaning from the window, saluted with a sigh of satisfaction the facon bearing away her husband; then, hot-footed, put on her hat, gloves and mantle, and ran to carry the happy news to a young lawyer's clerk, very strong in sentiment, and exercising in idle moments the functions of third assistant in a bailiff's office.

"No, not at your house, my friend," said he. "Your Cardinal might return, which would surely be awkward, nor at my house either, because of the neighbors. I know, however, a snug little hostelry in the Rue Montmartre where the chops are per-



"FROM WHENCE CAME THIS JEZEBEL?" feet and where no one would ever dream of looking for us. Come, let us start."

And in a very few hours Virginie had the long-dreamed-of pleasure of dining in a private cabinet, then of passing the evening at the Folies-Bergere, where the honest Cardinal had always refused to take her because of the "ladies" one met there.

It was close upon 12 o'clock when, the representation over, her eyes shining, her cheeks like roses, and tenderly leaning upon the arm of the third assistant, she took her way to the little hostelry, whose chops were equalled, but not excelled by its discretion.

Meanwhile, the suspicious Cardinal had dismissed his facon and taken up his post, en sentinelle, at the corner of the street, his eyes obstinately fixed on the door of his house.

As I told you, it was only a few minutes when madame appeared, all fresh and radiant in a beautiful toilette that she had purchased but a day or two before, on the anniversary of their wedding day. Seeing his wife so charming and enticing, cardinal had a vertigo of anger, and was ready to fling himself there and then upon his faithless better half, only fear of scandal restrained him. He buried himself in a doorway of a neighboring house and remained there, glued against the wall.

Poor Cardinal, coming out from his concealment, followed her at a distance, with the concentrated atten-

tion of a hunter pursuing a trace. Moreover, keeping her so well in view that when, at 1 o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the magistrate of the quarter, he rang at the door of the little Montmartre hostelry, he was absolutely certain of his misfortune.

Yet, amazing to say, when, at last the third assistant decided to obey the summons of the commissaire of police and had opened the door, and the magistrate had rummaged the bed, in and under it, inspected all the nooks and corners and scrutinized even the mysteries of the cabinet du toilette, he found not the slightest trace of the third assistant's charming companion.

Monsieur Cardinal, it seems to me, ought to have been exceedingly well pleased that the innocence of his better half had been proved in this brilliant and unexpectedly triumphant manner; but strange contradiction of the human heart, his first surprise past, felt himself angered and humiliated, and resumed his rummaging around, even into the drawers of the wardrobe and commode.

"I am sure of my facts," he stubbornly responded to the inquiring gaze of his police companions and the confident smile on the lips of the third assistant. "I am sure of my facts, and we must look everywhere."

No evidence resulting, however, they were about to lift the siege. The magistrate had already given the signal of departure, but just at this moment the idea came to him to turn the handle of a door to one side, communicating with the adjoining chamber, and from whence escaped the continuous sound of a robust snoring.

The handle turned, and the door opened without the smallest difficulty. Followed by the husband, the commissaire entered the room, where the arrival of two men and a lantern at this hour of the night naturally awakened M. Durand, at the moment when, deliciously plunged in a seraphic dream, traversed by the wings of archangels, he was accompanying the celestial choir with all the power of his most convincing snore.

And there, the truth must be told, beside the pious sleeper, the worthy Fortune Cardinal refound his lost Virginie.

"You will rise at once and follow me, monsieur," said the commissaire severely to the bishop's architect, for here and now I charge you with unbecoming conduct with Madame Virginie Cardinal, wife of this gentleman present."

"Madame Cardinal! what are you talking about?" demanded M. Cyprian Durand, brusquely torn from the beatitudes of his dream, and stretching eyes misty with sleep and blinking weakly under the sudden eruption of light. "What Madame Cardinal are you talking about?"

"She who is lying beside you," returned the commissaire, with reproachful dignity.

The president of the church wardens turned his head quickly and saw for the first time the charming features of the pretty Virginie, who, red now as a cardinal flower, modestly lowered her eyes.

"From whence comes this jezebel, and how came she in my bed?" shouted the worthy architect, bewildered with fright and bounding from his covers. But he cried out and protested all for nothing, and swore vainly that he knew absolutely nothing of a single word of the adventure; that he had just arrived at Paris, and was the father and grandfather of a family. Nothing availed him. The delit was flagrant, consequently undeniable.

That which had happened was very easily explained to all save the commissaire. Mme. Cardinal and the third assistant, hearing the rap on the door and the ominous "In the name of the law," had hastily, and for a while unsuccessfully sought a place of concealment. Over in the corner was a door. The poor woman turned the handle swiftly, it yielded, she entered and found herself in blackness, troubled only by the snorings of a heavy sleeper. She stood still for a second, irresolute and listening, but when the re resounded in the room she had left the voice of her husband she lost her head, advanced by feeling till she encountered a bed, and softly hid under the covers, so softly that the sleeper never an instant interrupted his snoring.

Of course the outraged husband knew the innocence of the good M. Durand, but that was of no consequence, he held to his vengeance, and fast to him till he could plead for a divorce, in spite of the despairing supplications of the unhappy architect, who was shame crushed, and who dared not for his life return to M— because of his wife, his bishop, and his virtuous brothers of the order of Saint Anthony, the chaste.

What a scandal! What an uproar! What would they say at M— when the terrible news reached there, and how was it all to end?

But one thing is certain, if Cyprian Durand ever does return to his home, it will be, as stated at the outset, with memories to last him a lifetime and the firm determination, no matter what happens, never to journey from M— again for so much as an hour.

The "Why" of Colors. The theory has been advanced that the conspicuous colors developed in various species of snakes, insects and animals are nature's method of advertising the fact that such are poisonous, either in the bite or sting which they inflict, or that the flesh is unpalatable if used for food. The believers in this theory cite the wonderful display of colors in the eel, the wasp, the coral snake, the horrid fish and the Gila monster.

"Going to swear off after the holidays, old boy?" "No, don't swear—such a bad example for the children!"

LINCOLN'S BLESSING.

THE ADMINISTRATION PLOTTING TO DESTROY IT.

The Greenback Which Saved the Union Endangered by the Money Power, of Which Abraham Lincoln Warned the People.

President Lincoln wrote to Col. Edmund D. Taylor of Chicago, December, 1864, as follows: (See Pen and Voice, Page 404.)

MY DEAR COL. DICK: I have long determined to make public the origin of the greenback and to tell the world that it is one of Dick Taylor's creations. You have always been friendly to me, and when troublous times fell upon us and my shoulders, though broad and willing, were weak and myself surrounded by such circumstances and such people that I knew not whom to trust, then I said in my extremity, "I will send for Col. Taylor, he will know what to do."

I think it was in January, 1862, or about the 16th, that I did so. You came, and I said to you, "What can we do?" Said you, "Why, issue treasury notes, bearing no interest, printed on the best banking paper. Issue enough to pay off the army expenses and declare it legal tender." Chase thought it a hazardous thing, but we finally accomplished it, and gave to the people of the republic the greatest blessing they ever had—their own paper to pay their own debts.

It is due to you, the father of the present greenback, that the public should know it, and I take great pleasure in making it known.

How many times have I laughed at your telling me plainly that I was too lazy to be anything but a lawyer.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN, President.

The greatest blessing the people ever had to be destroyed by usurers.

Who wants the greenbacks destroyed? Nobody but the fellows against whose encroachment Abraham Lincoln warned the people of America in the following language:

"As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed."

Away with golden calf worship. Let us worship our own wives and children awhile.

Our own country and our own credit.

The nation's rulers must be made to hear the voice of the nation's people.

The bankers have better facilities for expressing themselves, as they own the big newspapers and the leaders of congress.

No doubt some of the ignorant puppets in congress take the expressions of these men to be the voice of the American people, but that is because the money power monopolizes the floor.

Let the people raise a point of order and put in a few words for themselves.

There is not an intelligent farmer or laborer in the United States who wants the greenbacks destroyed.

And yet congressmen are tumbling over each other in the effort to "save the country" by doing just what a majority of the people don't want them to do.

The bankers boast of having secured the passage of the first "resumption" act, which came so near swamping the whole country.

And the act they now propose is even a worse one.

How long will the grandsons of revolutionary heroes consent to be treated like spoiled children?

If we don't rise and make ourselves heard soon it will be too late to settle the matter peaceably.

Are we patriots or calves?

WHY CHRIST WAS KILLED.

He Sympathized with the Poor and Oppressed.

Rev. Myron Reed of Denver, Col., said: "What was Jesus Christ killed for and who killed him? He tramped all the way from Nazareth to Calvary. He was born in a borrowed barn. Respectable sinners he called 'whited sepulchres.' He walked into a temple he didn't own and drove out some money changers he was not acquainted with, though he was neither sheriff nor under sheriff. * * *

Right down at the bottom Christ was killed for his sympathy with the poor and contempt for the rich and unjust. He was regarded by the respectable classes as an outlaw, a felon, and, if you please, an anarchist!"

F. O. BENNETT has started a new People's paper in Chicago, the "Age." He will make an eight page daily of the publication, beginning the first of May. The weekly edition shows that editorially, at least, the paper will be a success. The Populists need a daily of national circulation from Chicago, and we hope the Age will be sustained.

If all contempt of court were a crime, this country would have more prisons than schools. There is more contempt of court at large nowadays than patriotism in office.

BOYCOTT THEM.

The Corporation Papers Should Not Be Read by Producers.

Do you know that nearly all the dailies of the country are big corporations? Do you know that the presidents and stockholders of these corporations are also, nearly always, presidents or stockholders of some other corporations; railroad, or telegraph or Standard Oil, or coal, iron, flour, in fact everything in which money can be invested at a good rate of interest and profit? These corporations are linked with each other, either through money interest, blood relationship or social intercourse, into a large network, covering the entire country, taking in magistrates, senators, judges, officers of the army and others; so that, in most cases, our daily press, by its very make up, is the mouthpiece of corporation, the lawmakers are the agents of corporation, the judges are the attorneys of corporation, the army is the instrument of corporation, even most ministers of the gospel wear glasses of corporation.

How can we expect otherwise. We ourselves breathe the air of corporation, live and move and have our being in corporation. We are brought up by corporation; our school books are furnished by corporation; our earliest education, which leaves the deepest impression upon the minds of men and women, is under the strict supervision of corporation; the "iron law of wages" is forged by corporation; the law of supply and demand is controlled by corporation; our very lives are regulated by corporation, a being with many mouths and no eyes, no feelings, no soul. Do you know all this? Do you ever think of all this? If so, how can you know all this if you do not support an independent paper?—International Railroad.

JOHN BURNS ON CARNEGIE.

"What did you find so bad at Carnegie's works? We hear that you scored Mr. Carnegie unmercifully."

"I found hypocrisy there. Carnegie comes to England and plays at philanthropy. He writes a spread-eagle look about triumphant democracy in America. He builds libraries and writes magazine articles in which he says that a man has no right to die rich. Naturally I expected to find at his works in Pennsylvania some proofs of his enlightenment, but I found that while he is spending his money on libraries which glorify his name, on Scottish estates which gratify his pleasures, he builds no hospitals for his workmen, he endows them with no libraries, he does nothing that is practical to brighten and help their lives. Why, there is absolutely no provision at hand for medical aid to men injured at his works. They have to be carried six miles to the hospital at Pittsburgh. But I shall say more about that sort of thing later on."

Did you notice how quickly the pluto press dropped Taylor, the defaulting treasurer of South Dakota? If he had been a Populist, instead of a republican, the associated mouthpiece of Ananias and plutocracy would have bowed for two years.

American Tenants.

Some time ago a writer in the North American Review made the statement that the United States is the largest tenant farmer nation in the world. Here is a list of the tenant farmers in some of the states as given by the writer:

Missouri.....	39,874
Pennsylvania.....	45,825
Maryland.....	13,891
Virginia.....	34,537
North Carolina.....	52,728
Georgia.....	62,175
West Virginia.....	12,000
Ohio.....	48,283
Indiana.....	40,050
Illinois.....	85,244
Michigan.....	15,411
Iowa.....	45,174
Nebraska.....	11,491
Kentucky.....	44,027
Kansas.....	22,951
Tennessee.....	57,296
Mississippi.....	41,558
Arkansas.....	26,138
Texas.....	53,406

Total.....749,210

Here are twenty-one of our leading states with more tenement farmers than England, Ireland Scotland and Wales.

Government Ownership.

You say it would bankrupt the government to buy the railroads.

Ye gods!

And has it come to this?

Is it a fact that we have allowed a few thousand stockholders of great corporations to accumulate enough property to bankrupt 60,000,000 people?

To bankrupt all the balance of the country.

Do you know what you are saying?

If these few men already control more than half the wealth of the country, for heaven's sake how long will it take them to own it all?

Don't you think it is time to call a halt?

If by owning the railroad system alone it is possible to acquire all the wealth of the nation, how easy for the government to make railroads pay for themselves, and buy in all other great public utilities by the use of this one.

After the government, the people, became owner of the railroads, how easy for the people, the government, to become again owners of all the wealth of the nation.

The corporation socialists are solving the problem themselves.

HERE'S YOUR MULE.

Give the Bankers the Earth, or They'll Take It.

Congress don't know where it is at but it still knows what the bankers demand, and what congress must do, or do nothing.

Congressman Crisp and Senator Gorman have held a little caucus and conclude that the only proposition which the senate and the bankers will accept must embrace the following features:

1. An issue of \$500,000,000 of long term, low rate bonds at 2½ per cent, if possible, but not over 3 per cent.
2. These bonds to be sold to the banks at not less than par and to be the basis of circulation up to their par value.
3. The legal tenders to be retired and canceled as the bonds are put out.
4. One fifth of this issue of \$500,000,000 to be retained in the treasury and made available for current expenses if needed.
5. Silver to be bought and coined at the rate of \$50,000,000 a year.
6. No bank notes to be issued of less denomination than \$20.
7. All denominations below \$20 to be silver certificates and silver.
8. Silver certificates to be redeemable in silver.

There it is in a nut shell.

Just what the Populists have told you for years were the intentions of the money power.

Take each of those numbered items into your mind separately, roll it over, tear it apart, and analyze its intentions.

Five hundred million dollars of long term bonds—\$15,000,000 a year interest, enough interest to support 10,000 people in idleness, interest that will take the labor of 50,000 men a year at \$1.50 a day to pay—and all for the benefit of the bankers.

Cancel the greenbacks and substitute interest bearing bonds and wildcat bank notes. Destroy the money that saved the country in time of war, and turn the issuing of money over to the traitorous cowards, who hired substitutes and hoarded their gold to profit on the nation's necessities.

And what a magnificent outlook for silver—to be "bought" and coined—bought with what? Give us free coinage of both gold and silver or demote gold.

Big bank notes for the rich and small currency for the poor—and the bank in control of both.

Glory, hallelujah!

Those philanthropic, benevolent, astute and monkeydoodle bankers!

Ain't they smooth?

Give us the earth, or we'll take it.

BALANCE OF POWER.

THE POPULIST PARTY A POWER IN THE LAND.

If the Votes Cast for Its Candidates Were Thrown to Any One of the Old Parties the Other Would Go Into Oblivion—Will Keep On Growing.

The Minneapolis Tribune to off set the wonderful gain of 600,000 votes which it now admits the People's Party made in two years has the following to say:

But the probability of continuing such a percentage of gain is as tenuous as most of the Populist theories. There is much less significance in a large percentage of gain by a new and small party than our Populist friends imagine. If a newspaper starts out with one subscriber and gains another, its circulation has increased 100 per cent, at the same time it has not received no positive addition. A gain of 600,000 votes in a great country of about 70,000,000 inhabitants is a mere bagatelle; it cuts very little figure. It shows up well in the vote of a party that had only a million votes all told in 1892, but as a positive gain it is not important. Six hundred thousand votes might be taken off or added to the aggregate of republican ballots without producing any more effect upon the average results than a single fly bite produces upon a cheese.

The returns are not in sufficiently far to note what changes 600,000 taken from the republican vote would have had this year. But a few figures on the election of 1892 as to the effect 600,000 taken from the democratic or Populist column and added to the republican column would have had. The electoral vote as cast stood rep. 145, dem. 277, Pop. 22.

Change of votes	Would have given the republicans	Electoral votes
20,478	Arkansas with	8
20	California "	1
7,480	Colorado "	4
2,835	Connecticut "	6
260	Delaware "	3
13,651	Florida "	4
14,953	Idaho "	3
18,497	Illinois "	8
8,563	Indiana "	13
2,970	Kansas "	10
20,011	Kentucky "	13
10,565	Maryland "	8
14,953	Mississippi "	9
21,740	Missouri "	17
7,488	Nevada "	3
27,780	New Jersey "	10
16,935	New York "	36
119	N. Carolina "	7
20,674	S. Carolina "	9
19,273	Tennessee "	12
29,858	Virginia "	12
2,988	W. Virginia "	6
3,273	Wisconsin "	12
69,741	Texas "	13
26,480	Alabama "	11
40,830	Georgia "	13
29,860	Louisiana "	8
540	Ohio "	1

Or a change of 427,040 to the republic.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

GOV. PENNOYER OF OREGON REMEMBERED GROVER.

"Always Remember the Unemployed Multitudes All Over Our Broad Land—Pray That God May Give You Light and Strength to Do Right."

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 27.—Gov. Penoyer remembered President Cleveland by sending him the following letter:

"Christmas has again visited our stricken land, with its prostrated industries and its idle throngs, willing but unable to work and unwillingly forced to beg or suffer. Your panacea, a change in the Sherman law and the tariff, has been administered, but there is no change in the sad condition of the unfortunate country. After two years of ruinous delay and mismanagement you have, thank heaven, at last discovered the real trouble, although you have not proposed the proper remedy. As you now concede, the country needs more money, but it does not want the worthless stuff you proffer. It needs gold and silver money with which to pay debts and it does not want barter with which it can not pay debts. Sixty years ago the democratic party had a President who defied the banks in the interest of the people. Has it now a President who defies the people in the interest of the banks? All the traditions of the party which elected you are for gold and silver money and against bank currency. Do you aspire to furnish an example of treason to the cause entrusted to your care which will be without any parallel, except one, in the annals of American history? Your party in both houses favors the restoration of silver as standard money, the people actually suffering from the existing prostration of business favor it, and will you not stand with them in overturning the monometallic policy of the British oligarchy which is fast degrading our fair country to the condition of a subjugated province and our hitherto free people to a condition of financial serfdom? Always remember the unemployed multitudes all over our broad land. I pray that God may give you light and strength to do right."

ALONG THE LINE.

The man who begs for work is as much a beggar as the one who begs for a crust to eat. And the able bodied man who works for a dollar a day is as much a slave as was the negro who worked for his board and clothes.

The New York bankers have asked President Cleveland to remove Secretary Carlisle from the cabinet. He is getting bull headed and won't tell them in advance what the administration proposes to do.

It's amusing to read in democratic papers about the Populist setback in the recent election, when the democrats throughout the nation met a defeat that means annihilation, while Populists added over a million votes to their vote of two years ago—New Charter.

What is the matter with getting right down to bottom principles and demote both gold and silver and have a paper money controlled by the government and have done with the whole robbing crew of usurers at one fell swoop? Oklahoma State.

We have seen men who have not a change of raiment, sneer with malignant rancor at those who are earnestly laboring to better their condition. Such intellectual dwarfs are on a par with the cur that bites the hand that befriends him, and by reason of the low state of existence to which they have fallen have no place either in heaven or hell.—Friend Herald, Iola, Kan.

The plutocratic press is trying to create the impression that American money is going to Europe for investment. But the fact of the matter is that plutocracy is frightened at its own rashness, and some of the millionaires are depositing their gold in Europe, so that if they get run out of this country, they will have something to start into business on the other side.

Chattel slavery, cruel and wicked as it necessarily must be, still possesses elements of mercy. There are other forms of slavery that are merciless. Yet men have analyzed the subject so little that some of the most wicked and oppressive systems are utterly ignored. Even the enlightened British people, while moving the heavens and the earth, so to speak, in order to abolish chattel slavery and the African slave trade, have actually nurtured and still nurture in their own islands the joint systems of wage and tenant slavery, which have paved the bed of the Atlantic ocean from Cork, Liverpool and Belfast to New York with the skeletons of human slaves escaping from their chains. And America—our boasted free and liberty loving America—whose people have poured out blood and treasure like water for the abolition of chattel slavery, is, as fast as time can move, suffering and aiding monopolies to grasp the means of life, through which to establish and compel the merciless slave systems of the old world.—John Davis, M. C.