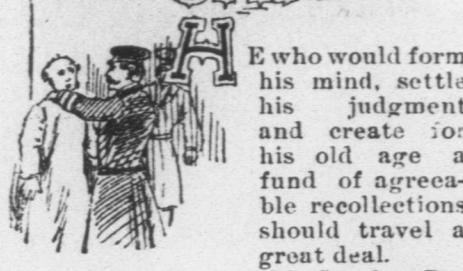


STRANGE CASE OF M. DURAND.



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 befall 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 wives, and the most influential member and contributor to the Order of Saint Anthony the chaste!

Pooh! Nonsense! an idle tale, my friend, go tell it to another! Pardon me, not a bit of it, a process-verbal, flagrant delict, 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.”

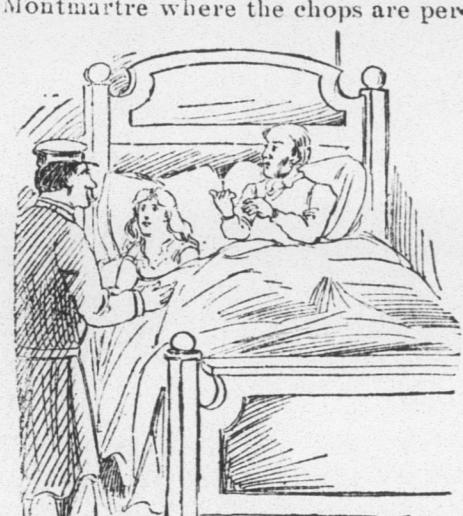
It was all on account of M. Fortune, Gustave Adolph Cardinal, whom we are compelled to designate, all the same, as the “unfortunate” Cardinal, since he was the husband of the too susceptible Virginie Cardinal, for he had really had for some time past some reason to suspect the fidelity of his pretty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

In order to clear up these suspicions, he put in practice the eternal faint—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 regrettably departed.

Virginie, leaning from the window, saluted with a sigh of satisfaction the fiacre 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 fiacre and taken up his post, en sentinel, 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, 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.

Monsignor 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, since the pious sleeper, the worthy Fortune Cardinal, refused 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.

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 puppies 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 peacefully.

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 success. The Populists need a daily of national circulation from Chicago, and we hope the Age will be sustained.

“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.

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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 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, 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, 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 even think of all this? If so, how can you know all this if you do not support an independent paper?—International Railroader.

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 Pittsburg. But I shall say more about that sort of thing later on.”

Did you notice how quickly the pluton 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.....	39,872
Pennsylvania.....	45,825
Maryland.....	13,891
Virginia.....	34,537
North Carolina.....	52,728
Georgia.....	62,175
West Virginia.....	12,500
Ohio.....	48,282
Indiana.....	40,050
Illinois.....	85,244
Michigan.....	15,411
Iowa.....	45,174
Nebraska.....	11,401
Kentucky.....	44,027
Kansas.....	22,951
Tennessee.....	57,296
Mississippi.....	41,558
Arkansas.....	26,138
Texas.....	53,461
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