Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

BEAUTY IN BELTS.

Woman's Fair Form Encircled by Artistic Zones of Many Designs.

Belted women are everywhere. Shirt waists and bicycle costumes are responsible for the belts and the ingenuity of manufacturers has been stirred in devising new designs in the bands of leather and their fastenings, particularly in their fastenings. For the buckles of odd shapes, emblematic of everything under the sun, are the dearest vanity of the girl and woman who wear a belt.

There is a great, bejeweled Egyptian buckle. It is ornamented with barbarous magnificence and it bears the awful name of "Isis" to give it the due ancient Egyptian stamp. Then there is the Rob Roy buckle. It is Scotch plaid, with two thistles crossed in the center. The belt that goes with this buckle is a tartan ribbon, broad and Caledonian, and it is one of the most attractive of the many belts of the spring.

The big Father Knickerbocker belt is a popular design. The buckle is like that worn by the villain in ancient plays, large, square and plain. It is like those placed on the fronts of the shoes of the old Dutchmen who ruled New Amsterdam and were perfectly satisfied with themselves.

There are bicycle belts beyond count. Many of them have a wheel arranged in some ingenious way for the buckle. Large horseshoes are seen in some bicycle belts, probably in ironical reference to the decadence of the horse, now that the wheel has come into general use. The belt portion of the bicycle is five inches wide and is elastic, so that it will keep the skirt up and the waist down and at the same time give support to the back of the wearer as she hurries along on her silent steed.

Besides these freakish belts, there are scores of dainty little girdles of elastic, enameled with daisies, buttercups, forget-me-nots and other simple flowers of the woods, giving the pastoral effect that is inexpressibly charming. The buckle is sometimes a water-color portrait of a friend, or of Martha Washington, or Mrs. Cleveland, or Queen Victoria, or Lillian Russell, or some other well-known woman for whom the wearer has a regard. These belts cost as high as $35 and each one is warranted to be worth the money.

A pretty custom this spring is that of giving buckles as keepsakes. The young man of the day gives the young woman a buckle of some quaint and attractive design, as he might give her a book or a bouquet. If he gives her something that no one else has it is so much the more acceptable.

All belts are not $35. You may buy them for 20 cents in some of the stores. But everyone is wearing a belt, cheap or expensive, ugly or beautiful, and everyone is interested in the subject of belts —Chicago News.

CURIOUS ABOUT THE BABY.

It Was a Nice Child, But Mysterious, Until the Old Lady Explained.

She was one of the curious women who are always to be found everywhere, and when the young couple, accompanied by the baby and the old lady, entered the car, she turned her attention to them at once. Presently the baby began to cry, and she saw her opportunity. She waited, however, until the poor young woman had tried vainly to quiet the baby, and then, when she yielded the battle and delivered it over to the older lady, the curious woman opened fire.

She began the campaign by offering the child a flower, and when the young woman, thankful of the cessation of the cries which had attracted the attention of all the passengers, thanked her gratefully, she commenced to ask questions at once:

"How old is your baby?" she asked first, and the young woman blushed and looked desperately at her companions.

"I don't know," she answered, at last. "Do you, Edward?"

"No," was the brief response of the man, as he glared at the curious woman, man-fashion, "I don't."

The young woman looked as if she considered the matter settled, and sighed comfortably as she leaned back and began playing with the baby, but the inquirer was not yet satisfied, and she returned to the charge.

"Has your baby any teeth?" she asked, smiling cordially, and again the young woman blushed.

"I—I—really don't know," was the answer again, and the young man rose hastily and went out upon the platform.

"You don't know, either of you?" ejaculated the curious woman, in astonishment. "How funny."

But no explanation was offered her and she tried another tack.

"Is this your first baby?" she said, with an insinuating smile, "or how many little blessings are there at your house?"

"Fifty," answered the old lady, shortly, seeing that the younger one was helpless with embarrassment, and the curious woman fell back in her seat in astonishment.

"Why," she gasped, looking the incredulity she felt, "how can that be possible?"

"I'm the matron of an orphan asylum," explained the old lady, icily, "and these kind young people are helping me to take this baby to the lady who has adopted it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Scotch Eggs.

One cupful of lean cooked ham, cut very fine, and six hard-boiled eggs. Cook one-half cupful of sweet milk with one-half cupful of stale bread crumbs until mixed to a smooth paste, and mix it with the ham; add one-half a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one-half saltspoonful of cayenne and one raw egg. Mix well, remove the shells from the hard-boiled eggs and cover each with the mixture and fry in hot fat for two minutes, then drain and serve. If any are left over they may be served cold, or may be reheated for a moment in a hot oven until the outside coating is crisp and brown.—Philadelphia Press

In the West.

Drawback Dick—I don't see why they're makin' such a fuss about hossless wagons in the east. We've had 'em out west as long as I kin remember.

Mr. Effete—Really! What do they run with?

"Mules."—San Francisco Argus.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

A Strange Story, Taken From a Manuscript Bequeathed by an Old Mexican Indian to His Friend and Comrade, an Englishman Named Jones.

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"There were none left upon the mainland to replenish the race, and this is our law, a law that cannot be broken under pain of death, that no man or woman may leave our territories to seek a husband or wife of different blood.

"Thus, then, it has come about that the people have grown fewer and fewer, wasting away like snow upon a mountain top in summer, till at length they are dwindled to a few thousands, who in bygone days could count their number by tens and twenties of thousands.

"But an ancient prophecy has come down to us from our forefathers, and it is that, when once more the two halves of the symbol of the Heart are laid side by side in their place upon the altar in the sanctuary of the holy city, then from that hour she shall grow great again. Over this saying I brooded long, and often did I pray to that God whom I worship that I might find that which was lost, and save the people from perishing.

"At length a voice spoke to me in a dream answering my prayer, bidding me to wander forth from the country of the heart and follow the ancient road toward the sea, for there, near to the eastern shore, I should find that which was lost.

"Then I summoned the Council of the Heart and told them of my dream and that I purposed to obey it. But they made a mock of me and said that I might go if I wished, but that no man of the people should accompany me across the mountains, for that was against the ancient law.

"To be short," continued Zibalbay, "since my heart was set upon this mission and my daughter yonder, who is willful, would not be gainsaid of her desire to accompany me, Tikal, my nephew, was placed over the city to rule as cacique in my stead, until I should return again.

"Alone we crossed the mountains, and alone, following the traces of the ancient road, we traveled through the desert and the forest that lies beyond it, till at last we reached this secret place.

"There is no need to tell the rest of the talo, for it is known to you. Now, if it pleases you, let us hear yours, and learn what purpose led you and your companion here in time to save us from the grip of that white devil who lies dead upon the stairway."

Then I spoke, telling to Zibalbay and his daughter the story of my life, and of my great scheme to build up again that empire which fell in the day of Montezuma.

"Now you speak words that are after my own heart," said the old man; "but tell me, how is it to be done?"

"By your help," I answered. "Men are here in plenty, but to use them I must have gold, whereas yonder, it seems, you have gold and no men. Therefore I ask of you some portion of your useless wealth, that by its help I may lift up your people and my own."

"Follow me to the city, and if I can bring it about you shall have all that you desire," he answered. "Now, daughter, lead me to my rest, for I am overwhelmed, not with toil and suffering, but with too much joy."

When he had gone the senor spoke to me. "This is very well, Ignatio," he said, "and most interesting, but just now, as I may remind you, there are things more pressing than the regeneration of the Indian race; for instance, our own safety. To-morrow, at the latest, men will come to seek those villains who lie yonder, and if we are found here it seems likely that we shall be shot down as murderers. Say, then, what do you propose to do?"

"I propose, senor, that at the first light of dawn we should take the mules and ride away. The forest is dense and it will be difficult to find us in it; moreover, two days' journey will take us beyond the reach of white men. Tell me, lady," I added to Maya, who had returned from the chamber, "do you know the road?"

"I know the road," she answered, "but, sirs, before you take it, it is right that I should tell you something.

"You have heard my father's words and they are true, every one of them, but they are not all the truth. He rules that city of which he has spoken to you, but the nobles there are weary of his rule, that at times is somewhat harsh, also they deem him mad. It was for this reason that they suffered him to wander forth, seeking the fulfillment of a prophecy in which none of them have faith, for they were certain that he would perish in the wilderness and return no more to trouble them."

"Then why did they allow you, who are his heir, to accompany him, lady?"

"Because I would have it so. I love my father, and if he was doomed to die because of his folly, it was my wish to die with him. Moreover, if you would know the truth, I hate that city where I was born and the man in it to whom I am destined to be married, and desired to escape from it if only for awhile."

"And does that man hate you, lady?"

"No," she answered, turning her head aside; "but if he loves me, I believe that he loves power more. Had I stayed, my father would have appointed me to rule in his place, and Tikal, my cousin, would have been next to the throne, not on it; therefore it was that he consented to my going, or at least I think so.

"Sirs, I learn now that you are to accompany us to the City of the Heart, should we live to reach it.

"Come if you will, but be warned, my people are a jealous people, and the name of a stranger is hateful to them. Few such have ever reached the City of the Heart for many generations, and of these, save one or two, none have escaped from it alive. They do not desire new things, they have little knowledge of the world beyond their walls, and seek for none.

"Now, sirs, choose whether you will accompany us in our march toward the City of Waters, or whether you will set your face to the sea again and forget that you chanced to hear a certain story from a wandering doctor, whose misfortunes had made him mad, and an Indian girl who tended him."

Now I listened to these words which the lady Maya spoke very earnestly and with power, and understood that they meant much; they meant that in going to the City of the Heart we were, as she believed, going to our doom.

"Lady," I said, "it may well chance that death waits me yonder, but thither I shall go if my strength does not fail me and death will suffer it. For the senor here it is different. He has heard your words, and if he will harken to them and to mine, he will bid us farewell to-morrow and go his ways, leaving us to go ours."

She listened, and turning toward him, said: "You hear. What say you, white man?" And it seemed to me that she awaited his answer anxiously.

"Yes, lady, I hear," he replied, with a laugh, "and doubtless it is all true enough, and I shall leave my bones yonder among your countrymen. Well, so be it; I have determined to go, and go I will, since I am too idle to change my mind. Also, it seems to me that after this day's business there is more danger in staying here than in pushing forward."

"I am glad that you are going, since you go of your own free will," she said, smiling. "May our fears be confounded and your journey and ours prove prosperous. And now let us rest, for you must be very weary, as I am, and we should be stirring before the dawn."

Next morning at the first break of light we started on our journey, riding on three of the mules that we had captured, and leading the fourth laden with our goods and water skins. Very glad were all of us to see the last of that ruined temple, and yet it was sad to me to leave it, for there, hidden beneath some of the masses of the fallen masonry, lay all that was left of my friend and foster brother, Molas, he whose bravery and wit had saved our lives at the cost of his own.

Our plan was to avoid villages where we might be seen by men, and keep ourselves hidden in the forest, for we feared lest we should be followed and brought to account because of the death of Don Pedro and his companions: and this we were able to do, since having guns and ammunition in plenty we shot birds and deer for our daily food.

Traveling thus on mule back soon our strength returned to us, even to the old man Zilbalbay, who had suffered the most from fatigue and from ill-treatment at the hands of the white men. In something less than a week we had passed through the inhabited districts of Yucatan and far out of the reach of the white man, and now were journeying through the forest toward the great sierra that lies beyond.

The senor was never weary of questioning the silent Zilbalbay as to the history or rather the legend of the land through which we journeyed, or of listening to the lady Maya's description of the City of the Heart, till even she grew tired and begged him to speak instead of the country across the water where he was born, of the ceaseless busy life, and the wonders of civilization.

Strange as it may seem, I, who watched them both from day to day, know it to be true that she was in mind the more modern of the two, so much so indeed that in listening to their talk I might have fancied that she was the child of the new world, filled with the spirit of to-day, and he the heir of a proud and secret race dying beneath its weight of years.

"I cannot understand you," she would say to him. "Why do you so love histories and ruins and stories of people that have long been dead? I hate them. Once they lived, and doubtless were well enough in their place and time, but now they are past and done with, and it is we who live, live, live," and she stretched out her arms as though she would clasp the sunshine to her breast.

"I tell you," she went on, "that this home of mine of which you are so fond of talking is nothing but a great burying place, and those who dwell in it are like ghosts who wander to and fro thinking of the things that they did, or did not do, a thousand years before.

"Did my father but know it, he wastes time and trouble in making plans for the redemption of the People of the Heart, who think him mad for his pains. They cannot be redeemed. If I could have my will while I am still young, I would turn my back upon this city which you so desired to see, taking with me the wealth that is useless there, but which it seems would bring me many good things in other lands, and live out my time among people who have a present and a future as well as a past."

Then the senor would laugh, and argue that the past is more than the present, and that it is better to be dead than alive, and many other such follies; and I would grow angry and reprove her for her words which shocked me, whereat she would yawn and talk of something else, for I and my discourses wearied her. Only Zibalbay took no heed, for his mind was set upon other things, even if he heard us, which I doubt.

CHAPTER XII.

MAYA DESCENDS THE CUEVA.

One evening after we had left the forest country and with much toil climbed the sierra till we reached the desert beyond, a desert that seemed to be boundless, we set our camp among a clump of great aloes that grew at the foot of a stony hill. This hill was marked on Zibalbay's map as being the site of an underground reservoir, known as a cueva, whence in the old days, when this place was inhabited, the Indians draw their supply of water in the dry season from deep down in the bowels of the earth.

That this particular cueva existed was proved by the fact that the ancient road, which here was plainly visible, ran through the ruins of a large town whereof the population must once have been supplied by it, but when Zibalbay and his daughter slept here on their downward journey they were spared the necessity of looking for it by the discovery of a rain pool in the hollow of a rock. Now, however, no rain having fallen for weeks, after we had eaten and drunk such water as remained in the water skins, we determined to seek for the cueva in order to refill the skins and give drink to the thirsty mules.

Accordingly we began to examine the rocky hill, and presently found a stone archway now nearly filled up with soil and half hidden by thorn bushes, which we judged to be the entrance to the cueva. Having provided ourselves with torches we lit four of them, and I led the way through the hole to find myself in a cave where a great and mysterious wind blew and sighed in sudden gusts that almost extinguished our lights.

Following this cave we came to a hole or shaft at the end of it, which evidently led to the springs or pools of water. This shaft of unknown depth was almost if not quite as smooth and perpendicular as though it had been hollowed by the hand of man, but the strangest thing about it was the terrible stairway that the ancients had used to approach the water, which consisted of a double row of notches, eight or ten inches in depth, cut in the surface of the shaft. Up and down these notches the water carriers must have passed for generations, for they were much worn, and a groove made by the feet of men ran to the top of this awful ladder.

The senor finding a fragment of rock let it fall over the edge of the pit, and several seconds passed before a faint sound told us that it had touched the bottom. "What a dreadful place!" he said. "I think that I had rather die of thirst than attempt to go down it."

"Still, people have gone down in the past," answered Maya, "for look, this is where they stepped off the edge."

"Come away," said Zilbalbay, "none of us here could take that road and live. The mules must go thirsty; five hours' journey away there is a pool where they can drink to-morrow." Then we turned and left this cave of the winds and were glad to be outside of it, for the place had an unholy look, and, all the draught notwithstanding, was hot to suffocation.

Zilbalbay walked to the camp, but I and the others stayed to pluck some forage for the mules. Soon they grew weary of this task and fell to talking as they watched the sunset, which was very beautiful on these lonely plains. Presently I heard the Lady Maya say:

"Pick me that flower, friend, to wear on my breast," and she pointed to a snow-white cactus bloom that grew among some rocks.

He climbed to the place and stretched out his hand to cut the flower, when of a sudden I heard him utter an exclamation and saw him start back.

"What is it?" I said. "Have you pricked yourself, or cut your hand?" He made no answer, but his eyes grew wide with horror and he pointed at something gray that was gliding away among the stones, and as he pointed I saw a spot of blood appear upon his wrist. Maya saw it also.

"A snake has bitten you!" she cried, in a voice of agony; then she sprang at him, and before I guessed what she was about to do, seized his arm with both hands and applied her lips to the wound. He tried to wrench it free, but she clung to it fiercely, then calling to me to bring a stick she tore a strip off her robe and made it fast around his wrist above the puncture. By now I was there with the stick, and setting it in the loop of linen, I twisted it till the hand turned blue from the pressure.

"What snake was it?" I asked.

"The deadly gray sort," he answered, adding: "Don't look so frightened, Maya; I know a cure. Come to the camp, quick!" In two minutes we were there, and the senor had snatched a sharp knife and a powder flask.

"Now, friend," he said, handing me the knife, "cut deep, since it is life or death to me, and there are no arteries on top of the wrist."

Seeing what had come about, Zilbalbay held the senor's hand, and I cut twice. He never winced, but at each cut Maya groaned. Then, having let the blood fall till it would run no more, we poured powder into the wound, as much as would lie on a twenty-cent piece, and fired it. It went off in a puff of white smoke, leaving the flesh beneath black and charred.

"Now, as we have no spirits, there is nothing more to be done except to wait," said the senor, with an attempt at a smile

Zilbalbay went to a bag and produced from it some cuca paste.

"Eat this," he said; "it is better than any firewater."

The senor took the stuff and began to swallow it till presently I saw he could force no more down, for a paralysis seemed to be creeping over him; his throat contracted, and his eyelids fell as though weighed down by irresistible sleep. Now, seeing that notwithstanding our remedies the poison had got hold of him, we seized him by the arms and began to walk him to and fro, encouraging him at the same time to keep a brave heart and fight against death.

"I am doing my best," he answered, feebly; then his mind began to wander and at length he fell down and his eyes shut.

"Unless we can rouse him the white man will die," said Zilbalbay.

"Oh, awake!" cried Maya despairingly, placing her lips close to the senor's ear.

He seemed to hear her, for though his eyes did not open, he smiled faintly and murmured, "I'll try."

Then, with our help, he struggled from the ground and began to walk again like a man who is drunk. Then he fell again, and puting our hands upon his breast we could feel the contractions of his heart growing weaker every moment, till at last they seemed to die away. But of a sudden, when we had already abandoned hope, it bounded violently in his breast, and from every pore of his skin, which till now had been parched and dry, there burst so profuse a perspiration that in the light of the rising moon we could see it running down his face.

"I think that the white man will live now; he has conquered the poison," said Zilbalbay quietly, and hearing his words, I returned thanks to God in my heart.

Then we laid him in a hammock, piling blankets and serapes over him till at length the perspiration ceased, all the fluid in his body having evaporated, taking the venom with it.

For an hour or more he slept, then awoke and asked for water in a faint voice. We, who were watching, looked at him in dismay, for we had not a single drop to give, and this we were obliged to tell him. He groaned and was silent for awhile, and then said:

"It would have been kinder to let me die of the poison, for this torment of thirst is more than I can bear."

"Can we try the cueva?" faltered Maya.

"It is impossible," answered her father. "We should all be killed."

"Yes, yes," repeated the senor, "it is impossible. Better that one should die than all four."

"Fear not," I said to the senor, "it is the poison that has dried you up, but thirst will not kill you so soon, and presently you will feel it less. Oh! that we had medicine here to make you sleep!"

He lay silent for awhile, making no answer, but from the workings of his hands and face we could see that he suffered much.

"Maya," he said at length, "can you find me a cool stone to put in my mouth?"

She searched and found a pebble, which he sucked, but after a time it fell from his lips, and we saw that it was as dry as when it entered them. Then his brain gave way, and he began to rave huskily in many languages.

"Are you devil?" he asked, "that you suffer me to die in torment for the want of a drink of water? Why do you stand there and mock me? Oh, have pity and give me water."

For awhile we bore it, though perhaps our agonies were greater than his own—then Maya rose and looked at his face. It was sunken as though with a heavy illness, thick black rings had appeared beneath his blue eyes, and his lips were flecked with blood.

"I can endure this no more," she said in a dry voice. "Watch your friend, Don Ignatio."

"You are right," I answered; "this is no place for a woman. Go and sleep yonder, so that I can wake you if there is need."

She looked at me reproachfully, but went without answering and sat down behind a bush about thirty yards away. Here, it seems—for all this story she told me afterward, and for the most part I do but repeat her words—she began to think.

Only one thing could save him—water. In the depths of yonder hill, within a few paces of her, doubtless it lay in plenty, but who would dare to seek it there? And yet the descent of the cueva must be possible, since the ancients used it daily, and why could she not do what they had done? Yes, she would try it! When once she had made up her mind, Maya set about the task swiftly.

She provided herself with flint, steel, timber, a rope, and a small water-skin of untanned hide, which she strapped upon her shoulder. In another minute she was running across the desert like a deer. At the entrance to the cueva she paused to gather up the aloe torches which had been thrown down there, and also to look for one moment at the familiar face of night—the night that she might never see again. Then she lit a torch and crept through the narrow opening.

The place had been awful in the evening when she visited it in the company of the rest of us. Now, alone and at night, it appalled her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

That Was Different.

Tenant—You said the house was not cold and we have nearly frozen to death ever since we moved into it.

Real Estate Agent—I had every reason to think I was telling the truth. I had never heard the house complain of feeling chilly. As to the people in it, of course, I knew nothing. That is quite another matter, you know.—Boston Transcript.

PESSIMISTIC GOLDITES.

A "Cheerfully Gloomy" View of the Financial Situation.

The Nashville Banner cheerfully takes this gloomy view of the situation:

"One of the most evil results of free silver coinage would be the wholesale repudiation of debt it would cause. The country now suffers severely from the threat of this danger. If the money standard of the country should drop to the price of silver bullion debts would be scaled one-half. This means not only the debts on account and that floating debt which is represented by what is commonly known as commercial paper, but the vast bonded debts, not specifically made payable in gold, of states and corporations which are represented in the great commercial world by what are known as American securities. The first presage of financial depression in this country comes with the return of these American securities from across the ocean and a certain indication of prosperity is a liberal investment on the part of Europeans in this class of bonds."

This is perhaps one of the most wearisome and persistent of all the chestnuts in the gold-bug repertoire. Just how the adoption of the free coinage of silver would enable any man to repudiate his debts has never yet been made plain. The farmer is usually a borrower. He needs money to get out his crop. What sort of money does he usually get when he borrows? Is it gold? Not much. It is usually silver, or greenbacks—one worth according to the gold-bugs 50 cents on the dollar, and the other worth nothing intrinsically. Now, having borrowed silver or paper, wherein would it be a repudiation of his debt to pay it in silver or paper?

But "suppose," says the Banner, "the money standard of the country should drop to the price of silver bullion, debts would be scaled one-half." This is a beautiful instance of the elasticity and flexibility of the "suppose." The Banner assumes in the first place that under a free coinage system the silver dollar would be worth only half of what it is worth under the present system. Is this reasonable? It is not likely that when silver was recognized as a standard money and could be coined free, it would be worth 50 cents on the dollar where now the silver stamped as a dollar will buy a dollar's worth of goods and is everywhere receivable in this country on an equality with the gold dollar? Has free coinage in the past ever reduced the value of a metal? We will venture to say that there has never been an instance of it in the whole history of finance.

It is claimed that the present financial system gives to 50 cents' worth of silver the purchasing power of a dollar because the power of the government is behind it. The system now in vogue does not reconize silver any more than it does copper, yet the mere idea that the government maintains that 371¼ grains of silver is a dollar, has made that amount of silver a dollar not only in this country but in England. If the United States should receive all the silver sent to the mints—and by the way the silver production is now about the same as the gold production of the world—and stamp upon each 371¼ grains the fact that it was a dollar, is there any reason to believe that the edict of the government would be less effective than the mere myth now prevailing to the effect that the silver dollar is redeemable in gold? When some one answers these questions, it will be time to talk about the repudiation of debts by the free coinage of silver—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

It Could Not Possibly Result in a Further Fall in the Price of Exported Articles with Which We Pay Our Debts.

The gold monometallists tell us that the free coinage of silver would contract our currency by one-third through forcing gold and all credits based on gold out of circulation, and thus cause prices to fall proportionately. If so, then the fall in prices would result in increasing the actual income of the foreign holders of American securities, who would receive three bushels of wheat and three pounds of cotton where they now receive but two. If such was the result of free coinage, our foreign creditors would receive, not a dollar worth 50 cents of the present dollar, but a dollar worth 150 cents. Yet, we are told that the prospect of this would cause foreign investors to unload their securities on our markets in a panic!

But the free coinage of silver could not possibly result in a further fall in the price of the articles that we export in the payment of our debts. Grant for the moment that foreigners would unload their securities on our markets and take gold in payment. The result would be that the money markets in the financial centers would tighten, importers would be unable to secure customary bank accommodation, prices of imported articles would fall and importers would be obliged to restrict their purchases abroad and imports would fall off.

But how would the price of the products we export in payment of our debts be affected? In the first place, just as gold was exported from America, leading to a contraction of our currency, it would lead to a proportionate increase in the volume of money in Europe, and consequently prices in Europe would tend to rise. In the second place, as gold was exported and went to swell the currencies of European gold standard countries, gold would fall, while silver, in response to the prospective demand from America on the reopening of our mints to silver, would advance. Silver would rise immediately on the election of a president and congress pledged to free coinage, and before our mints were opened to silver, for speculators would anticipate the effect of the prospective increased demand sure to result from the opening of our mints, and they would buy up and hold silver in anticipation of the rise. As silver rose relatively to gold, the cost to gold-using countries, buying wheat and cotton and other products in silver-using countries, would be increased; for while silver-using peoples asked no more silver for their products, it would take more gold to get the same quantity of silver. Consequently, the competition between our producers and the producers of silver countries for the European markets would be relieved, and the demand for our wheat and cotton and other produce would be thereby increased.

Thus the balance of trade would turn in our favor and gold at first exported in payment for securities sold on our markets for the account of panic-stricken foreign investors, would flow back again in payment for our enlarged exports of wheat and cotton and other produce. — Philadelphia American.

THE PRICE OF GOLD.

It Is Fixed by Law—A Bit of Gold History Revived.

In reply to questions by many correspondents, the National Bimetallist will state that the money value or price of gold is absolutely fixed by law. In the coinage system of the United States 25.8 grains of standard gold or 23.22 grains pure are worth $1, for the all-sufficient reason that the law requires just that weight of gold to be put into the dollar. In other words, the gold dollar weighs 25.8 grains. So by the English coinage law an ounce of gold will be coined into £3 17s 10½d of English money. That amount is the mint rate; but when gold is deposited at the mint for coinage there is always some delay in getting returns. Prior to 1844 that delay averaged about sixty days. Therefore the owners of bullion desirous of having their money at once would sell it to the brokers for something less than the mint rate—usually for about £3 17s 6d an ounce. Accordingly, in that year parliament enacted that the bank of England should take all bullion offered at its counters and pay for it at the rate of £3 17s 9d an ounce, the difference of 1½ pence between the bank rate and the mint rate being intended to partially or wholly reimburse the bank for delay. That has been substantially the price of gold bullion ever since. The act of parliament at once raised the price of gold bullion about three pence an ounce. A favorite argument with the gold people is that the value of gold is wholly independent of coinage. And yet we see that a simple delay of 60 days in the coinage made a difference of 4½ pence an ounce in the value of gold bullion. If the delay had been longer the difference would have been greater. If it could not have been coined at all either in England or elsewhere, we leave some gold worshipers to figure out how much it would have been worth.

In France the law provides for the coinage of gold at the rate of 3,100 francs to the kilogramme. The kilogramme is something over 2⅕ pounds —more exactly, 2.67951 pounds troy. We are not aware of any law in France similar to the English provision of 1844. In that country the mint rate fixes the price, subject to any small difference that may result from delay in the coinage, as was formerly the case in England. But this difference must be very slight, because the gold can be realized upon immediately at the Bank of England.

The reader will of course understand that it is "money" value alone that is here spoken of. An ounce of gold is worth just as many "dollars" as it will make. But how much those "dollars" will buy (or exchange for) of something else depends upon their number, compared with the quality of that something else. The exchange value of gold is constantly varying, the same as the exchange value of other things. If all gold coins were to be doubled in weight there would only be half as many of them, and each one would buy twice as much of other things as it does now, but it would take twice as much gold bullion to buy a gold dollar.—National Bimetallist.

TO THE POINT.

Wall Street's Dictatorial Course—It Must Both Rule and Ruin.

A correspondent of the Chicago national bimetallist lately asked that paper to explain one thing, viz.: "The gold standard cranks say they are bimetallists and want to use all the silver they can to keep it on a parity with gold. Now, I want to know who will have the say how much we shall use. I don't see how we are going to tell when we have just as much as we can keep on a parity with gold. I am afraid that Wall street will have all the say. I don't suppose the common people would have any say in the matter. This is one thing, it seems to me, we ought to know something about."

The Bimetallist replies: "Our correspondent is right. Wall street means to have all the 'say' and give the people no 'say' at all. From the time the coinage of silver was resumed in 1878 the gold men have always insisted that we had too much silver and that we could not safely coin any more. When we had coined $50,000,000 in silver, that was the limit. It was 'unsafe' to coin another dollar. When we had coined $100,000,000 it was still 'unsafe' to go on coining. So when the $200,000,000 mark was reached, and $300,000,000, it was always 'unsafe.' We have coined over 400,000,000 silver dollars, with the gold people claiming incessantly that ruin was just ahead—that they would surely depreciate, and then we would drop into the 'bottomless pit.' Well, they have come pretty near getting us there. The bottom has literally dropped out of business, thanks to the gold standard, but the silver dollar is still at par. There is no way of determining how many silver dollars we can coin and maintain at a parity, except by throwing open the mints and coining all that comes. When it falls below the gold level, if it appears that the business of the country is suffering, we can stop coining. But until it actually begins to depreciate no man has any warrant to say that there will ever be any depreciation compared with gold."

Gold and Civilization.

Prior to 1835 the money of India consisted of both gold and silver. In that year gold was demonetized. How much lower is East Indian civilization now than it was then? In 1854 Portugal adopted the single gold standard. In 1857 Germany demonetized gold, made silver the standard and so continued it until 1873. How much did gold standard Portual gain ground on silver standard Germany during that time? In 1857 Germany demonetized gold, in 1873 she demonetized silver. Did her civilization suddenly fall in the first instance and just as suddenly rise in the latter? The Austrian empire adopted the gold standard in 1892. Has the advance of Austrian civilization been especially marked since then? —Bimetalist.

Doubling the Amount.

If the mount of gold in the world could now be suddenly doubled, it would certainly become cheaper. Gold prices would rise. In fact, they would double, and the situation would be exactly the same, in every substantial respect, as if it were to slump to a 50 cent silver basis, because a gold dollar would only buy half as much as it does now.—Exchange.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

Varying Views of Democratic Journals on the Free Silver Ticket.

Its free silver plank is a child stolen from the republican household. In other respects it challenges law, order, decency, honesty, good government.—Utica Observer.

Bryan has been unanimously chosen champion of the silver hosts and will lead them on to victory. Around him the entire army of bimetallists will rally, for in him they all have confidence.—Columbia (S. C.) Register.

In nominating William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, for the presidency the democratic national convention at Chicago has decided wisely and well. A better man for the position could not have been selected. His name will be a tower of strength in the west and south. —Roanoke (Va.) Times.

Altgeld, Tillman and the other sages of the sixteen to one philosophy have solemnly resolved that the very fact that gold and silver have certain market values relatively to each other in other countries is a good reason in itself why this is "anti-American," and, therefore, to be ignored and resisted for the sake of our "indomitable spirit and love of liberty." This is not democracy, but midsummer madness.—Baltimore Sun.

It will take more than the dictum of a convention, chosen and managed as this has been, to make free silver, leading to immediate silver monometallism, a principle of the democratic faith. The democratic party is greater than any man within it, and has survived more than one mistake. It will outlive this one and triumph in spite of it, because it ministers to the eternal needs of the republic and stands as the only representative and bulwark of the rights of a free people.—St. Paul Globe.

By declaring for a debasement of our currency and the semirepudiation of public and private debts the convention made this the only real issue of the campaign. Nothing else will be seriously considered. It will dominate the canvass. It will decide the election. It is a blunder that would be inconceivable if it had not actually been made. It pushes democracy out and brings populism to the front. It will render support of the ticket impossible by hundreds of thousands of democrats.—N. Y. World.

In its menaces of bankruptcy, repudiation and anarchy the platform exceeds the worst that was conceived of the brazen and reckless demagogues who have temporarily usurped control of the democratic party. No sound-money democrat can stand upon the platform. No patriotic citizen can consult his self-respect and vote for a man willing to commit himself to such a destructive and dishonorable purpose by accepting a nomination for the presidency at the hands of the silver-populist gathering in Chicago.—Philadelphia Record.

The Chicago platform should be openly and formally repudiated, and independent democratic candidates, representing honest money, the maintenance of the gold standard and of the public credit, should be nominated and supported by an electoral ticket. Thereby not only the state democratic organization, but also the future of the national organization will be protected. When the cause of silver monometallism shall have collapsed, the honest-money organization will become the nucleus of a rejuvenated national democracy.—Buffalo Courier.

Heretofore democracy has declared universally against paternalism and centralization; heretofore democracy has stood for the people, the rights of the people to attend to their own affairs, has opposed making the treasury department under acts of congress the general and only bank of issue and the supervisor and the dictator of the affairs of the people. But in this democratic platform the new democracy has most certainly departed from the old paths and has taken to the worship of strange gods, those of paternalism and centralization.—Nashville American.

Dominated by men who are strangers to the democracy and by ideas even more grotesque in their novelty, the Chicago convention has named a leader who is not a democrat and adopted a platform which is not democratic. By its revolutionary and sectional fury, by its shameful indorsement of the republican and populistic heresies of cheap silver and greenbackism, by its cowardly abandonment of tariff reform and by its amazing demand for the resoration of the barbarous spoils system, no less than by the nomination of a man wholly unfit, the Chicago convention absolves all democrats from allegiance to its candidates and its principles.—Chicago Chronicle.

Mr. Bryan is respected as an individual and is admired for his oratory, but that he is a democrat or stands for democratic principles cannot be seriously contended by anybody. If the candidate is not democratic, much less so is the platform. It is not alone because it is for free silver; it is because it is populistic as well. The situation is grave in the extreme, if not as critical as it was in 1860, and we counsel patience and wisdom on the part of thinking men in this emergency. Those who feel that the very life of the nation is at stake should act with kindly moderation until a united course of action is decided upon, when all the earnestness and zeal of patriots to country and party will be needed.—Milwaukee Journal.

The triumph of silverism and populism won by the politicians at Chicago is but the beginning of the battle. The campaign for national honesty, honor and safety has yet to be taken up by the people and waged to a finish in November. The people are both honest and patriotic. They have only to be awakened to the new danger that menaces the country to arise in its defense as they did in '61.—N. Y. Herald.

A bad platform has been adopted in the face of the profound protest of the democracy of New York and the east, and populism is riding rampantly in the democratic saddle.—Troy Press.

Radicalism overruled reason at Chicago when the silverites, drunk with power and amid mob-like demonstrations, unseated four regularly-elected gold delegates from Michigan in order to obtain a two-thirds majority in the convention. This outrage was so flagrant that some of the silver leaders, moved by a sense of fairness or fearful of the wrath to come, strongly protested against it. But protests fell upon deaf ears. More power was wanted, and the silverites did not propose to consider what was right or wrong when in hot pursuit of a two-thirds majority.—Troy Press.