Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

FOREST MURMURS.

The glorious sunshine of summer has fled,
The rich golden beauties of autumn appear,
While the sky with mild yellow light is o'erspread
Which often is seen in the fall of the year;
And the breeze murmurs out in the forest so wide,
And sends back a whisper: "The roses have died."

The fruits are all ripe, and the laden trees groan
'Neath the weight that is bending them down to the earth;
The corn is all gathered, the wheat is all sown,
And now comes the season of pleasure and mirth;
And the breeze dances out on the rivulet's tide,
The while as it murmurs: "The roses have died."

The grass is all seared, the insects are dead,
And out in the garden-walks lifeless they lay,
While on every side and far overhead
Still lingers the light of a beautiful day;
But the breeze that at morn floated out in its pride
Echoed back in the eve: "The roses have died."

I love the rich autumn, aside from its gloom,
And dear to my heart are its joy-laden hours;
Although there are voices that speak from the tomb,
I love it far more than the season of flowers;
I love its fresh breezes, though of death they have sighed,
And told to the world how the beautiful died.

—Ladies' World.

THE BEST SNAKE STORY.

The beauty of the best snake story in the world is that there was really no snake in it, which is more than can be said even of the Garden of Eden.

It had been very hot that summer on the ranch. Men work in the fields of California with the thermometer at 110 degrees, while they fall down of heat apoplexy in the streets of New York and Chicago at 90 degrees. That is the maxim they preach to the stranger in the west, and it has truth in it; but it is a mistake to suppose that even in California men work in the fields in comfort in such a temperature; and that summer the thermometer had gone very near 115 degrees. So we were grateful enough to get away into the hills for a spell, with a wagon and a tent and the usual outfit of pots and pans, three of us, white men, with Louie, the Mexican (whom we called in the vernacular the Greaser), to mind the horses and make himself generally useful. Our programme was to fish the rivers, shoot deer, and possibly a grizzly bear, discover a gold mine and go back to the ranch with a prospective fortune.

We had just pitched our tent. Down on the plain for weeks before we had been sleeping out on our veranda, but the air of the hills had a nip in it by contrast. It was late in the afternoon, but there was still plenty of sunshine. I followed Louie round a shoulder of the hill, going to fetch water at a little stream tumbling from somewhere among the snowy peaks that capped the zone of firs on the great mountains above us. These mountains had, at some time or other, sent down a little avalanche of small rocks, that lay heaped on our left as we walked. The scene was the most peaceful imaginable.

In an instant a succession of small incidents sent the peace to limbo. Louie dropped his pannikin with a tinkling clatter, crying: "Sancta Maria!" in a voice of terror. At the same moment I heard the dread rattle of a snake, and saw its length gleam under Louie's feet and vanish among the rocks.

"Sancta Maria!" he tottered back into my arms, his dark face livid with fear.

"What is it, Louie? Did the snake strike you?"

"In the foot," he said; "yes."

"Let us get back to camp. Quick, lean on me."

"What's the good, boss?" he asked. "I'm a dead man." Nevertheless he came with me, leaning on my shoulder, and making a lame walk of it.

Down in the plain we had no rattlesnakes. For miles about the ranch there were no rocks for them, and though there were plenty of ground-squirrel holes we never saw snakes about them. The thought of such things did not enter our heads, and Louie, weary of his boots, had kicked them off, with the long spurs, and come with me in his stocking feet on his quest for water.

A word explained to the boys what had happened.

"Strychnine's the best," said Jock Peters, who was our authority on the question of snake bites, which he had studied in Australia; "but we haven't got it; so we must do what we can with this. But it's a poor chance," he added in a whisper, as, to save time, he knocked the neck off a bottle of brandy. "Drink it, Louie," he said; "never mind cutting your lip; get it down—that's the chief thing."

The Mexican's teeth chattered as we forced the neck of the bottle, but he drank a great gulp without winking. The liquor, or pickle, either, to scorch the throat of a Mexican has yet to be found.

Jim Kelly, the Irishman, was saddling the freshest of our horses, to ride at best speed into Lindsay, 11 miles away in the haze of the plains, for the doctor. In a minute he was pounding away along the hills. "Fix up a light as high as you can put it if it's dark before we get back," he shouted as he went.

We pulled the sock off the Mexican's foot. Already, it was swelling fast, with a purplish tinge round a tiny blue spot, from which the smallest imaginable drop of blood had welled.

"Any good cauterizing it?" I suggested.

"Not a mag," Jock said, shortly. "Go on with the brandy and keep him moving; that's his only chance."

The Mexican's face was dreadful to see; he called, in his terror, on every saint in the church; but he declared he suffered no pain. Jock, improving the occasion, began relating in a low voice to me anecdotes of all the snake bites he had known. "One boy I've seen that did recover," he said; "and that was from the bite of a brown snake, and a brown snake's as bad, they say, as a rattler—an Australian brown snake, that is; a rattler can't be worse. But this boy was stupid all his life after; not as quick-witted as the average, which is not much to say. And at times, just at the time of year at which he'd been bitten, the wound got red again and swelled, and he was stupider than ever. Louie had on a sock; the rattler'd have had to go through that; he might have spent a bit of his poison there; that gives Louie a sort of a chance. Does it hurt you now, Louie?"

"No, boss; no, not hurt."

The swelling was spreading; going up the ankle and right up the leg, and the man began to talk slowly and painfully.

"I remember," said Jock, "going along a ridge of a terrace on a steep river bank. The river was full of sharks, and I met a brown snake coming along the ridge toward me. There wasn't room to turn, and I couldn't take to the river, for the sharks, and I hadn't a gun. But my pal coming behind had a gun, and he poked the barrel in between my legs and blew the brute to bits."

"Is that true, Jock?" I asked.

"My heavens, d'you think I'd ever lie at such a time as this?" with a glance at Louie's face.

"Are you getting sleepy, man?" he said; then, as Louie did not answer, he took him under the arm. Signaling me to do the same on the other side, we kept him moving between us up and down and round the tent. From time to time we made him drink more brandy. He had taken half a bottle, but it seemed to have no effect on him.

"It stimulates the heart's action, you know," Jock explained, "just as the poison goes to stop it; but strychnine's the best, acts as nerve tonic. It's a deal to do with the nerves, this snake-bite business."

We heard the little ground-owls begin whistling at each other from the mouths of their squirrel holes away down in the plain, and the bats and moths began to come out as the sun sank out of sight. They brushed our faces as we continued to march the Mexican to and fro. Presently I left the work to Jock, and rigged up a pine torch for a signal light on the pole which I had taken from the wagon. The job took some while, but at length I got the light fairly flaring.

"Look at his face," Jock whispered to me, as I came back to him.

It was a shocking sight under the flickering rays, swollen, distorted, livid. The man's arm was swollen, too, as I felt when I took my place to support him. His movements were lethargic and heavy, so that I wondered that Jock, unaided, could have kept him moving so long.

"Give him more brandy," Jock directed, "more; that's it—he's had nearly all the bottle. There's a chance," he went on presently; "I really believe there is. I thought he'd have been dead before now. Maybe he don't mean dying after all. A white man'd have been dead half an hour ago."

"I wish the doctor'd come."

"Mighty little good wishing."

The weary tramp went on. Twice I had replenished the beacon-torch and once more we gave the Mexican a gulp of the brandy, which finished the bottle. As I was fixing the torch for the third time I heard a shout down the canyon. I answered with all my might, and in a few minutes Jim Kelly and the doctor rode into the circle of the flaring light.

"Alive?" the doctor asked.

"Alive, yes," said Jock; "alive, and that's about all. He can't speak."

"What have you given him—brandy? That's right. How much?"

"A bottleful."

"Right, and you've kept him awake? That's it. He won't die now. Wonderful fellows, these greasers. He'd have died before this if he meant dying. Let's see the wound."

The candle burned as quietly in the still air as in a room. The Mexican's foot was swollen so that it scarcely looked like a human member; but in the midst of the purple swelling was a white circle with the little blue mark, plainly evident, for its center. The Mexican seemed to feel no pain, even when the doctor handled the wound and pressed it upward with his fingers.

"Hold the candle close," he said. "It's blamed strange," he added, "blamed strange," pecking at the little blue mark with his forceps; "the fang's in the wound yet. I never heard of that happening before. Shake him a bit; don't let him go drowsy."

His swollen limb wobbled like jelly under the treatment. It was horrid.

The doctor gave a little dig, and then a little tug with his forceps. Presently he held up to the candle, in the clutch of his forceps, a long white spine, and regarded it curiously.

Then he said in a hollow voice: "Do you know what that is? It is not a fang at all. It is a cactus spike."

"What?"

A strangely perplexed little group of men gazed into each other's faces with questioning eyes, under the stars that twinkled out over the snow-topped edges of the Sierras.

"Only a thorn!"

"Look at it," the doctor said. "You can see the thing for yourselves."

One after another we examined the spine, feeling its point with a finger that we certainly should not have ventured near it had it been a poison fang. "And there's nothing else in the wound?" Jock asked.

"Not a thing else."

"And you mean to tell me that I've wasted two hours of my time, to say nothing of a bottle of our best brandy, in walking about a Greaser that has nothing the matter but a thorn in his foot? Well, I am darned."

"That's about what you have been doing," the doctor said, quietly.

"Well, I am darned." Jock turned with a look of righteous wrath to the wretched Mexican, who was lying in a comatose heap in my arms; but the first sight of his face checked the words unspoken.

"Shake him up; keep him waking," the doctor cried.

"But you don't mean to tell me," Jock began again, when he had succeeded in arousing some sign of life in Louie, "that all that," pointing at his distended features, "is the cactus-thorn?"

"There's not a mite else in the wound."

"Well, I am darned."

"All the same," the doctor added, quietly, "he'd have died if you hadn't kept him going."

"Died! What of?"

"Snake-bite! Shake him up there! Don't let him go drowsy!"

"Snake-bite! Heavens and earth, I thought you said there was nothing in his foot beyond the thorn."

Then the doctor went up to Jock and laid a hand on each of his shoulders, and said, very slowly and distinctly: "You mark me, Jock Peters, we're in face of a bigger thing to-night than snake bite. We're in face of one of the biggest and ultimatest facts of human nature, and one of its biggest mysteries—the influence of the mind upon the body. I've heard of something like this case before, although I've never seen it, nor ever thought I should; and that in connection with a coolie and a cobra in India. In that case, too, there was no snake bite, although there was a snake. The coolie saw the snake; it darted from beneath his feet, and at the same moment (likely from the start he gave) a thorn pierced his foot—just as it happened to the Greaser. And that man, too, the same as this man here, swelled up, showed all the symptoms of snake-poisoning, and died. This man we'll save. You, Jock, have practically saved him by keeping him moving and counteracting the poison by the brandy. Look at the man; isn't he snake-poisoned?"

"By all that's blue he looks it," Jock admitted.

"And all the hurt he's got—the physical hurt—is just the pin-prick of that thorn. The rest's all mental—all the swelling, the surcharging of the vessels, mental. Now, tell me, how do you think that man would be but for his morbid mental state, with all that brandy that you've given him?"

"Dead, I suppose?"

"You're right—dead; as dead as you or I would be if we set to drink the same just now. But he—he's hardly drunk; he's sober. And he's better now—heart acting better." He bent and listened to its beating as he spoke. "You've seen a strange thing to-night, gentlemen," he added, rising again, and addressing us collectively; "such a thing as neither you nor I are likely ever to see again. And I'll tell you another thing about it, gentlemen; it's a thing that you won't find a great deal of credence for when you come to tell it to the boys. There's a fashion in this world for men to believe they know the way things happen; and the thing that happens in a way they don't know they put aside as a thing that didn't happen. So of this," the doctor added, simply, "I should only speak, as among gentlemen, with the hand on the pistol-pocket at the hip."

After awhile the awful distortion of Louie's face began to go down. "You can almost see it settling like a batter pudding," as Jim Kelly said; and the fearful purple tinge died out of it. His heart was beating naturally again, and the doctor said we might let him go to sleep.

In the morning he was difficult to rouse, as he might be after so heavy a night, but the doctor said he would do right enough if we gave him rest for a day or two. And so we did, though his nerve was so shaken that we had to send him back to the plain again, where there are no rattlesnakes. It appeared later that Louie had cherished a morbid dread of snakes for a long while, ever since he had had a hand in the killing of one six feet long down in the republic of Mexico; though after a couple of years on the ranch he had almost forgotten that there were such things. A man that is nervous about snakes should never go barefoot in the hills.

"It only shows what I told you," Jock Peters commented. "Strychnine is the thing for a snake bite, because it is such a nerve tonic. If a man could make believe he had not been bitten he need never die of snake bite. If ever I'm bitten I shall make believe it was a cactus spine."

This is a true story, although it's such a good one. If anybody doubts it, he can see the thorn. — MacMillan's Magazine.

Pleasures of Royalty.

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark spent their time in London after their own hearts, flitting hither and thither in the most unconcerned way possible, shopping and "doing" the London sights incognito. As children the young princesses of Wales' one idea of bliss was not to "behave as such." "Ah, do not be a princess," the little maidens would exclaim, as they watched other children reveling in the delights of the toy shop windows and running with their hoops along the pavement. As soon as Princess Louise married the duke of Fife she very consistently did away with as much pomp and ceremony as she could, and, accompanied by the duke, I have seen her standing to gaze into such humble shop windows as those of the Edgewood road with a girl's enjoyment. If you are of Brighton and stray toward Kemp town any morning when the duke and duchess happen to be in residence there you will see this distinguished couple playing with their two bonny bairns on the beach for hours together, just as simply happy as it is possible to be.—Chicago Chronicle.

Elephant Plays Possum.

Several years ago a large bull elephant was captured by Cripps, the famous elephant taker of Ceylon. The animal made a desperate struggle at first, but was finally conquered and led into the corral by two tame elephants, trained for the purpose. The moment it entered the inclosure it sank upon the ground and apparently died of what the natives termed a broken heart. Every effort was made to restore the elephant. It was treated by the doctors, punched with spears by the mahouts, but all to no purpose, and it was finally deserted. But the moment the natives had reached a safe distance the wily beast sprang to its feet, and with exultant trumpeting rushed through the corral fence and into the forest, where its cries of delight at the success of its ruse were heard for some time.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fricassed Chicken with Oysters.

Fricasseed chicken with oysters is particularly good. The chicken is cut up in the ordinary way, and, after being neatly trimmed, is placed in a saucepan with some clarified butter, seasoned with pepper and salt, and fried a light brown. Pour off the butter, add three dozen parboiled oysters, with their liquor previously reduced in quantity and strengthened by boiling, two large gravy spoonfuls of good stock and a gill of cream. Set the whole on the fire and simmer a few minutes, and then dish up the entree with fried croutons of bread, arranged as a garnish.—Boston Budget.

PITH AND POINT.

—"Jerome," exclaimed a lady to her little son, "what are you throwing to those hens?" "Gold beads, mother; and the foolish things think they are corn!"

—A Safe Rule.—"Cutely, why are you always asking old Blowly's advice?" "Because I can always make big money by doing what he tells me not to do."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Is your baby strong?" "Well, I should say so. He raised the whole family out of bed at three o'clock this morning, and scientists say that that's the hour when everybody's strength is at its lowest point."

—Father—"Do you think you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?" Suitor—"Not in the style to which she has been accustomed since we became engaged."—Detroit Tribune.

—A Forced Convert.—"Say, Weary, wot are you walkin' 'round in yer bare foots fer?" "I'm tryin' dis yer new Kneipp cure." "Wot fer, Weary?" "'Cause some dingblasted snoozer stole me shoes!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—"No, sah," said the colonel; "I never go hunting, sah. It is cruelty." "But you fish, colonel. Isn't that cruelty, too?" "What is fish?" asked the colonel, in scornful tones; "a creature that has its existence entiahly in watah, sah."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Indeed, Miss Rox, you are the only girl I ever loved," began the young man who was trying to propose to the elderly heiress; "I suppose you have had that sort of thing said to you for the past 20 years, but in this instance—" "Sir!"—Indianapolis Journal.

—"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had long been on Mr. Snaggs' trail, "what is your insuperable objection to insuring your life?" "I don't mind telling you," replied Snaggs; "the idea of being more valuable after I am dead than while I am alive is distasteful to me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SELLING TO THE POOR.

Coal by the Peck and Flour by the Single Pound Pay Big Profits.

The poor are beginning to feel the cruel pinch of winter. The little stores in the tenement districts where fuel is sold now display on the sidewalk in front of their doors baskets of coal ranging in size from a peck to a bushel. The prices of these baskets range from 15 to 50 cents. Beside the baskets are piled little bundles of pine sticks for kindling, and they are sold at three cents each.

These fuel stores are for the most part managed by thrifty men, who have learned that great profits are made by buying coal at four dollars a ton and selling it out in driblets at $15.

The very poor pay enormously for everything they buy. Living from day to day on the few dimes they earn or may be able to pick up in other ways, they can never buy except in the smallest quantities, and the smaller the quantity the higher the price.

Thousands of people in Chicago not only buy their fuel from day to day, but from hour to hour. In many of the old-fashioned tenements where there is no steam heat many of the occupants are too poor to afford a fire all day long. If they can have a fire with which to cook breakfast and another at supper time they are content. Thousands of women and children go to bed every night cold and shivering because they have not the money to keep up a fire after the evening meal is cooked.

Merchants who sell to people in the tenement districts make no bad debts. Their customers expect no credit, and always pay cash for what they get. When they cannot pay cash they do not buy. The grocery stores and meat shops that sell to the poor make fat profits. It is a common thing to sell a pound of flour, a penny's worth of sugar or a nickel's worth of coffee. When articles are divided into such small fractions the shopkeeper makes as much as 200 or 300 per cent. on his sales.

While individual sales are small, the aggregate done by these small shops is enormous. Many of the large coal yards and grocery and meat shops, where trade has formerly been confined to wealthy people, are now reaching out after the big profits in the tenement districts by establishing branches where they can dispose of that portion of their stock which has been refused by their more prosperous patrons.—Chicago Tribune.

How Big Is a Cow?

In the American report of the commissioner of education for 1892-3, published at Washington last year, there is a most thorough-going report on "Child Study," or, as it is sometimes called, "Paidology." A bibliography of about seven pages, in books and articles, shows how much attention has been bestowed on the subject in the United States. Dr. Stanley Hill, president of a society for this study, tells us that in 1879 four "kindergarteners" in Boston took some children aside and endeavored to find out the contents of their minds, and the result was published in the Princeton Review for 1880. Dr. Stanley Hill says: "Thirty-three per cent. of these children on entering school had never seen a live chicken; 51 per cent. had never seen a robin; 75 per cent. had never seen a growing strawberry; 71 per cent. of the Boston children had never seen growing beans, even in Boston. Our school text books are based on country life, and the city child knows nothing, in the large cities, of real country life." Here is one instance: A large percentage of these children, upon being asked how large a cow was, showed that they had little idea. One thought a cow was as large as her cat's tail. Another thought a cow was as big as her thumb nail. One would like to know if these young folks had never seen the picture of a cow?—Chambers' Journal.

Not Contradicted.

"What ails you, Squildig?" asked McSwilligen of his friend. "You look as though you had been in a fight."

"I have," replied Squildig. "I punched Spiffin because he said I was the tallest liar he ever knew."

"That was quite right to resent such a charge. It is perfectly ridiculous. You are only about five feet five inches tall." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Genuine Enough.

Woodman—They tell me that you never get genuine victuals on the stage; that it is always imitation food which is used.

Storms (the actor)—Well, not always. We often get real eggs.—Yonkers Statesman.

GOLD FOR THE TREASURY.

The Absurd System from Which the Country Is Now Suffering.

If we can afford to pay out of the United States treasury gold to take up outstanding coin obligations of the government, one should naturally find that the government has some certain means of getting gold into its coffers for such uses. On this point I shall quote ex-President Benjamin Harrison from his article on "The Secretary of the Treasury" in the Ladies' Home Journal of August, 1896: "It would be out of place here to discuss the money question. It is enough to say that ever since the resumption of specie payments in 1879 the treasury has paid gold for greenbacks when gold was demanded and has redeemed in the same way the treasury notes issued under the Sherman law. The secretary of the treasury has never exercised the discretion given him to redeem the latter note in silver, holding that his discretion was limited to such a use of silver as would not destroy the parity of the gold and silver dollars. And our secretaries have been right, I think, in holding that the parity of our gold and silver coins will be destroyed the moment the government takes from the holder of a greenback or treasury note the election of the coin he will receive in exchange for it. If he wants gold and silver is thrust upon him, the latter is depreciated and the former appreciated. If the holder of a United States note cannot get gold at par for it he will pay a premium for the gold he must have to meet a gold obligation. A premium on gold would at once drive gold out of circulation, for a coin that is at a premium cannot be used in trade. No one is bound to pay gold to the government for any tax or other debt due to it. So that practically the situation is this: The treasury holds itself bound to give gold to everyone presenting a United States note, and has no way of compelling anyone to pay gold to it. Such gold as it gets comes from persons who choose to take paper money for gold deposited at the mints or assay offices, or to pay in gold coin some government tax. Formerly all duties on imports were payable only in gold. Now, when the gold reserve gets low, it can only be restored by the sale of bonds, under the powers given to the secretary in the legislation relating to the resumption of specie payments. This legislation does not permit the sale of bonds payable in gold, and congress has refused to give the secretary power to sell a gold bond. The present situation would be absurd if it were not so serious."

From the foregoing statement of the situation by Mr. Harrison, who certainly knows what he is talking about, there is no end to the issuing of bonds under our present financial goldbug policy, and, if followed out to its conclusion, this foolish and ominous performance must necessarily end in national bankruptcy. We might finally have to quitclaim to the European bondholders a few eastern states—say, Vermont and Maine to begin with—in order to save the rest of the union from assignment for the benefit of creditors.—Olaf E. Ray, in Chicago Record.

PURCHASING POWER.

Free Coinage Means Bimetallism and a Rising Market.

Why will the free coinage dollar of 412½ grains of standard silver (now worth about 50 cents) buy as much at the corner grocery as a gold dollar?

The foregoing question is propounded by a subscriber. The answer may be compactly stated thus: The present silver dollar of 412½ grains will buy as much at the corner grocery now as a gold dollar. There is no reason why it should not continue to purchase as much as the gold dollar when the mints are opened to the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The congress of the United States having "the power to regulate the value of the money it coins," has declared that 412½ grains of silver made into a coin shall be equivalent to a gold dollar. That edict will always, until repealed, make the purchasing power of the two dollars the same in this country. But this is true: When we shall have free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver, neither the gold nor the silver dollar will have the purchasing power they now have. In other words, prices will be stimulated all along the line and a rising market will set the industries of this country in motion from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf.—Los Angeles Herald.

Senator Wade's Sentiments.

I am for the laboring portion of our people. The rich can take care of themselves. We never agreed to pay bonds in gold. No man can find it in the contract, and I will never consent to have one payment of the bondholders and another for the people. It would sink any party and it ought to.—Senator Benjamin F. Wade (Ohio), in 1867.

HERE ARE REASONS.

Why the American People Should Have Free Coinage.

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, in a recent communication to the Brooklyn Citizen, cites 50 reasons in favor of free coinage. Among them are the following:

Because gold-standard money is dishonest, and makes the debtor pay back a dollar larger than the one he borrowed.

Because the gold dollar is appreciating in value more and more, making debts harder and harder to pay.

Because the only objection yet heard against bimetallism is, we are not big and strong enough to have it without foreign aid. Can we not legislate for ourselves?

Because the silver dollar would then necessarily contain 100 cents' worth of silver and be worth a dollar everywhere.

Because if the miner gets 100-cent dollars, then there is no such thing as 53-cent dollars in circulation.

Because it is funny if the dollar can be a 100-cent dollar to the mine owner and only a 53-cent dollar to the laborer.

Because free coinage means rising prices.

Because wages have fallen 11 per cent. under the gold standard.

Because the goldites resort to shallow sneers instead of argument.

Because there is not enough gold in the world to do one month's business—only $2.50 per capita of the world.

Because there are only $22.90 per capita in this country, counting all kinds of money, and less than half of that is in circulation, the rest being tied up and hoarded.

Because free coinage would benefit the people of the silver states only in common with the people of the whole United States, giving to all only that which the act of 1873 took away.

Because Mexico has prospered and kept the purchasing power of her currency stable under free coinage; and her labor in many cases is far better off than ours. Why does she not change to the gold standard if she is not satisfied? England would help her and welcome her as one of her financial colonies along with the United States.

Because President Andrews, of Brown university, is neither a lunatic, anarchist nor mine owner, and he says: "There must be a change if we would avoid bankruptcy. With free coinage, every industry would look up. Never since slavery days has the press displayed such disregard for truth and such stubborn obtuseness," etc.

Because free coinage means continuous prosperity, employment and higher wages, government of the people for the people and by the people, and not government of Hanna for the trusts and by the plutocrats.

THE QUESTION OF WAGES.

One Weak Point in a Favorite Goldbug Argument.

Just now the goldbug organs are very fond of holding up Mexico as an "object lesson" to the working masses.

"Do you want wages in America to fall to the rate paid in Mexico?" is the question frequently hurled at the toiling masses.

Wages in Mexico in certain lines are very low. But this is not because Mexico is a silver country. It is because Mexico is not a manufacturing country; it has few industries, therefore the supply of labor greatly exceeds the demand.

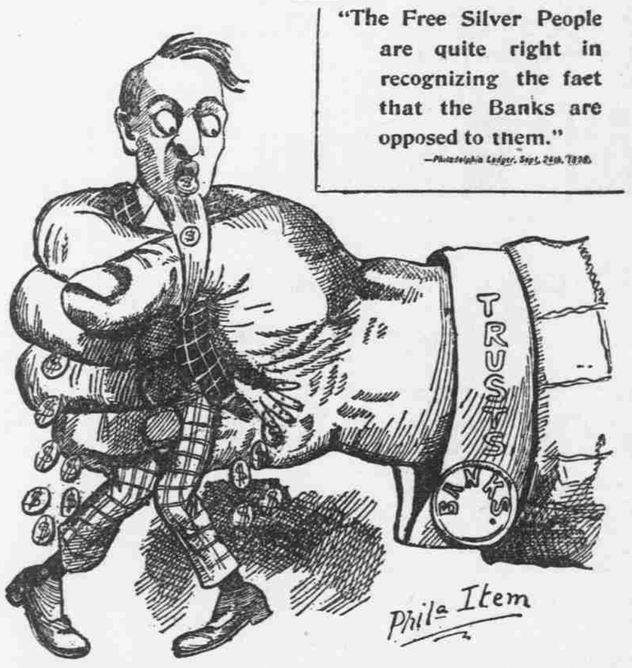
England is upon a gold basis, but wages are not high there. In lines gold England pays less than silver Mexico.

In a statement issued in 1895, giving the rate of wages paid to labor in this and other countries, we find Mr. A. C. Browne, treasurer of the Mexican Central railway, says: "At the present time (July, 1895) carpenters are receiving from $1.50 to $3.50 a day, and some as high as $4.75; machinists, from $1 to $5 a day, according to their skill."

In the same statement we get the weekly wage rate for England, in which country the tradesman receives more for his labor than in any other European country: Carpenters, $9.11; machinists, $8. All through the statistics for both countries the same proportion applies. The Mexican workman, of course, is paid in silver, while the English tradesman is paid in gold, or supposed to be. But even so, if we allow for a difference of about 100 per cent. in the monetary standards of the two countries, it still leaves a balance in favor of Mexico.

There is no regular rate of wages in this country for unskilled labor. In portions of the country farm hands can be had for $8 a month, while in this section many receive twice that sum. The wage rate is regulated by the supply and demand. If the gold standard regulated wages, they should be as high in Italy as they are in England, and as high in Great Britain as they are in this country.—Philadelphia Item.

THE DEADLY GRIP.



Every industry is squeezed to add to the enormous profits of the banks and trusts.

THE PRICE OF GOLD.

Arguments of Gold Organs Rest Solely Upon Misstatements.

The New York Evening Post, which seems to be utterly incapable of telling the truth about any phase of the coinage question, published the following question and answer on its editorial page on September 30:

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Sir—What book would you recommend to a person wishing to gain a complete knowledge of that part of the money question which relates to the "price of gold?" I have been unable to find any work that attempts to elucidate this particular branch of the question, and inasmuch as you will not answer "price of gold" queries except in the most perfunctory manner, perhaps you can tell me where I can get this information.

W. J. BLACK.

Bayonne, N. J., September 26.

[There is no book which treats of the price of gold, because there is no such thing as a price of gold. Gold is itself price. The gold dollar is a weight (25.32 grains of pure metal), with a stamp on it to certify that it is what it purports to be. How can the price of a gold dollar be more or less than a dollar, more or less than itself? If you want to buy American eagles with English sovereigns, there is a price for the form of gold which you want to procure. This price may be a trifle more than the amount of pure gold in the sovereign. So, too, if you want to buy English sovereigns with American eagles you may have to pay a trifle more than the gold equivalent of the two. Because bankers and brokers quote the price of gold bars and of foreign coins, a misconception arises that they are quoting the price of gold, whereas they are merely quoting the differences between one form of gold and another form. Gold bars usually bring a trifle more than gold coin because they are easier to handle and because they are less liable to abrasion.—Ed. Evening Post.]

Now mark how plain a tale will put the omniscient editor of the Evening Post down.

At every mint and assay office maintained by the United States government gold in every conceivable form is purchased daily at the rate of $20.67 per ounce.

The United States assay office in New York, within half a mile of the Post building, buys more gold in the course of a year than all the other mints and assay offices taken together, and it invariably pays the price named above for all that it purchases.

The mints and assay officers of the United States pay that price simply and solely because it is the price fixed by the statute, and it never varies.

The pretense of the Post, that it is "the form" and not the substance of gold that has the price, is completely overthrown by the practice of the mint authorities of our government. Gold coin bearing the United States mint stamp is bought just the same as old plate and jewelry, gold bars, retorts, nuggets and gold dust, at the rate of $20.67 for every ounce of gold in each lot.

Theoretically, owners of gold bullion take it to the mint and have it coined and the coins so made are returned to the depositors, but in practice—and the practice is based on a distinct statutory provision—the coins made from their deposits are not returned to them at all, but instead they are paid for their gold at the price quoted above out of a fund set apart by act of congress for that purpose, and the government reimburses itself for the outlay by retaining the coins made from these deposits.

If "gold is itself price," as the Post avers, why do the owners of gold bullion sell it to the government for actual money? That is what they do, as the Post can very easily learn by inquiring at the United States assay office in New York, or any other assay office or mint maintained by the United States government.

The further assertion made by the Post that "gold bars usually bring a trifle more than gold coin, because they are easier handled and because they are less liable to abrasion," has nothing at all to do with the case, because the government pays exactly the same price for all the gold it buys, no matter what the form may be.

If the government should fix a coinage price for silver $1.2929, as bimetallists demand, as a matter of course that would immediately become the price of silver everywhere, because nobody holding silver in any form would part with it for less than he could get for it at a United States mint or assay office, and, as a matter of course, a silver dollar would be worth 100 cents as it is now, just like a gold dollar, if we should reestablish free coinage of both metals in this country at the ratio of sixteen to one.—Denver Republican.

WILL NOT BE DRIVEN OUT.

More Gold Will Be in Circulation Under Bimetallism Than Now.

The claim of the advocates of the single yellow standard that free coinage would drive gold out of circulation does not appear to alarm the general public, since it is plain to be seen that there has been no gold in circulation for a long time. Moreover, gold will never circulate freely so long as it constitutes prize money, because it will be controlled and handled exclusively by those who make a business of dealing in it. The probability is that there will be more gold in circulation under free coinage than is possible under existing conditions, because the appreciation of silver will necessarily be attended by a corresponding appreciation of gold. If the yellow metal shall leave the country as the immediate effect of the policy of opening the mints to silver, it will become cheap in the countries that are flooded with it, and those countries will be glad to use it in international commerce. Unless the ports of the world are closed to American products, the United States will be able to command as much gold as they need, when the need of it is reduced by the policy that makes silver, equally with gold, the money of final accounting. When gold has ceased to be premium money, the traffickers in it will have little use for it, and the people will see more of it. It will then seek investment in productive enterprises, because there will be less profit in hoarding it or sinking it in low interest securities.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

Gold Appreciation.

Mr. Griffin, London, England, 1896, a prominent English financier and believer in the gold standard, says: "The fall of prices throughout a compass so general as that in which we now see them falling, is to be referred to an elevation in the purchasing power of gold and is generally, and I might say, universally, admitted."

Gold and Prices.

Gold is every day appreciating in value, and as it appreciates in value the lower becomes prices.—Disraeli, in 1879.