Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

A GOOD FOR NOTHING.

OF COURSE, my reputation preceded me; you've been in my father's house six months, my pretty cousin, and in the three that elapsed before my arrival you must have been thoroughly posted as to the one black sheep of this virtuous family. Don't say 'No.' An accurate knowledge of my relatives assures me that they have been as frank on this occasion as on many similar ones in the past.

Jack Dangerfield delivers these remarks in his laziest drawl, looking up from his place on the hassock at Ethel Mason's feet, in the half-lighted, deserted parlor.

They are all alone to-night, for Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters have gone to some ball or reception, whither Cousin Ethel's little cough would not permit her to accompany them. As for Jack—he never goes to balls or receptions; he eschews society in general, and that of his family in particular.

"I haven't heard your sisters speak of you very often," says Ethel, hesitating as memory leads her back through the few conversations which have had Mr. Jack for a text. They were explicit enough, if brief and far between.

"No, I suppose not; but when they don't speak they imply, by signs and hints, that 'we could an' if we would,' and so on, as Hamlet said. So be it. I would not deprive them of such a pregnant theme for all the world, only," he says, quickly, and his gray eyes darken and flash, "I could find it in my heart to wish that they had spared you the recital, that I might have a fair field and no favor with my Cousin Ethel."

"Your Cousin Ethel admits no outside influence to bear on her friendships," says the girl, smiling; "and you know that we are fast friends—you and I."

"Are we? Yes, I believe we came to a mutual compact of that sort; friends as fast as a hopelessly good-for-nothing, God-forsaken fellow and an ignorant, innocent, little tender-hearted woman can make. You sit afar off with your folded hands, and your white garments held up safely out of the mud, and feel sorry, in an angelic fashion, for my sins, and I—look out of the pit and think how I might have lived for you once, and wish to God I might die for you now."

Jack Dangerfield's lazy little drawl is quite gone; the storm of a sudden fashion has swept all the languor and world-weariness from out his dark, discontented face.

"Jack!"

He stops her before she can add another word.

"Hush!" starting to his feet and standing tall and straight before her, and looking down at the little sidelong-leaning figure and the upturned face. "I knew it would have to come—I—I—can't have my Cousin Ethel for my friend. I must lose all, because I—"

"Oh, don't, Jack—don't say it!" she cries, his meaning flashing upon her with pure pain and pity. "Oh, what have I done?"

"Done! What God Himself can't undo, unless He kills my soul with my body. I shall love you through all eternity—love you and hunger for you as I do now, Ethel," and he bends over her, his hands upon the chair. "Ethel, let me alone for a minute—just one! Don't answer me; let me have my dream for that little while, before the bitter wrench comes, as I know it must."

There is a hush in the room as he turns away. He walks to the window and leans his forehead against the pane, staring out into the blank street.

The clock ticks on and the ashes drop in the grate while they wait there, these two, on whose hearts every sound falls with a shock, every minute drops leadenly.

"Ethel!"

He comes at last and kneels down by her, stretching his arms out over her lap and looking up, haggardly, as if he were praying for pity at a shrine.

"Oh, Jack! I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

She hides her face in her hands because she cannot bear that look in his, or that craving quest of the great gray eyes.

Jack Dangerfield is quite still for a minute, only he draws his breath with one hard sigh.

"Are you sorry for me?" he says, at last, in a whisper. "God knows I need it."

"I'm so sorry! I'd give up my life to—to comfort you, Jack, if you'd only let me be your friend—your sister."

There is a grim, heartsick smile on Jack's mouth at this purely womanly suggestion. His teeth shut together for a minute till they grit, and he turns his face away.

"Ethel, between you and me there never could be any other love but—but the one, and that's impossible. I've wiped the last chance out years ago, and I knew it when I looked in your face the first time. I never was mad enough to hope it, child. I only used to think of it sometimes—how it might be if I had a new life to live, and your hand to hold all the way."

He drops his head on her knees, and the little, soft, womanly hand creeps over it, touching the dark hair pitifully.

"Jack, is it very hard to bear?"

"God keep you from ever knowing!" he says, hoarsely.

"He has shown me," whispers Ethel Mason.

Jack lifts his head up with a start. He looks into her eyes, and sees in them, for the first time, the strange likeness of his own despair.

"Will you let me tell you something? Nobody ever knew it, and nobody ever will—except you. I want you to know how sorry I can be for this, and—and—why it is so utterly impossible. I had my chance of happiness once, Jack," with a pitiful little smile, "and I killed it myself—the only love I ever cared for and wanted, or ever shall, I put away from me—just by my own folly; and there is nothing more hopelessly dead and gone than my chance of ever being glad again in this world, Jack."

He has no answer for a minute, except to take up her two hands and kiss them. Not passionately now, only reverently, as if they were something holy—tenderly as a mother would kiss her sick and sorrowful child.

"My darling! my darling! If I could only take it away from you!"

"You see it never could be as—as you wish it," she says, drooping her face. "I never could give another man what I gave him. And he never will know it now, or know I'm sorry—but that is my punishment. Jack, don't talk about it to me," she breaks off, drawing her hands from his with a sudden shiver of pain. "It's all hopeless and over and done with, and I shall never care for myself again, whether I live or die; but I do care for you, dear, and I want to help you, if you'll let me; if you show me the way to make some one living creature a little happier or better because of me."

Her voice and her eyes are full of tears, but he does not seem to see or hear them.

"Help me! It's no use, little cousin," he says, bitterly. "No use fighting the devil, for he was born in me—it's in my blood. Ethel," grasping her hand back again in his, "if I ever said a prayer, it wouldn't be for my own worthless soul, but for you—for your God to bless you, my darling, and bring you back your—"

Then Jack Dangerfield's voice gets stifled in his throat, and the words halt. He cannot bring his lips to say "your lover."

There is a soft roll of carriage wheels outside in the night; Mrs. Dangerfield is coming from her ball.

As Ethel hears it, she springs up; and, so doing, gives a little cry as something falls flashing from her dress and rolls on the carpet.

"My locket!—oh, take care!" for Jack steps aside quickly—too quickly.

The little blue-and-gold toy that he has seen every day round her neck lay just at his feet, and his boot-heel has crushed it as Ethel cries out to him.

He drops on one knee to pick it up.

"By Jove! I'm sorry—I didn't see it. It's too bad. I'm awfully sorry, Ethel."

What had Mr. Dangerfield discovered? A name inside the golden circlet, and the small colored likeness of a man's face—a comely face enough, blue-eyed and fair, and full of right royal pride.

His eyes rest greedily on it for a second, and then flush up into hers. They ask a single question, and they have their answer.

"Give it to me!" cries Ethel, hurriedly, the blood rushing hotly to her face. "Oh, let me go! Don't let them find me here!"

He let her go. There is no more now to ask or hear. And when the night key rattles in the lock, and Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters troop rustling into the hall, they see Jack standing alone in the parlor, lighting a cigar as he leans against the mantelpiece, staring at the mirror's faithful reflection of his nonchalant, handsome face.

"Jack, have you any engagement for Tuesday next?"

"A positive one, my dear sister," Jack answers, decidedly.

"I should like to know—"

"Where it is? On the Union Pacific railroad. By Tuesday next I devoutly hope to be steaming across the continent."

"Jack Dangerfield, what do you mean?" cry three voices in chorus.

"That I'm tired of the customs of the east, and intend to shake the dust of this section, in particular, off my feet, please God, the day after to-morrow."

"Going back? Why, you haven't been home three months from San Francisco!"

"Judge of the tugging at my heart-strings that draws me that way after so brief an absence."

Mr. Dangerfield rises deliberately, then straightens up his six feet of comely proportion, and then looks down in his listless, half scornful fashion at the wondering faces of his family.

As he looks, his eye catches Ethel's. His own sallow, colorless face turns a shade paler, and he gnaws his mustache savagely.

"It's very extraordinary," begins the elder Miss Dangerfield.

"I leave you to con it at your leisure," her brother interrupts, coolly. "I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that, for once in my life, my movements meet your full and exact approbation."

With which last speech he turns and walks out of the room; and he has not heard one word from Ethel, either of wonder or remonstrance or simply curiosity.

So Jack Dangerfield, according to his suddenly matured plan, goes steaming across the continent. Nobody is very sorry that he is gone—except his Cousin Ethel, perhaps—who misses the kindly, gentle courtesies of this good-for-nothing, and finds a blank where she had seen his dark, comely face, with its bitter, unmistakable stamp of satiety.

Now that he is fairly out of New York, and 3,000 miles lie between the family ears and the rumor of his misdeeds, there is a sort of breathing space—a sense of relief at the intervening space.

It is night—a dark, stormy night—in the midst of the Californian sierras. There are gusts of wind and rain, and the brawling, noisy little river, swollen broad and deep with the storms, is roaring its loudest in answer to the wind that raves down the long, dark canyon, past the little mining camp.

There is not a star in the sky, only a steady red spark in the midst of the blackness, low down at the feet of the pine forest—a little spark, that shines in the window of Guy McLeod's cabin.

And Guy is sitting by the solitary light all alone, leaning his arms on the pine table, with his hands clinched in his fair, curly hair, and poring over the last San Francisco paper which has found its way, by slow and circuitous stages, to the camp.

Once in awhile he looks up and listens when a louder gust shakes the canvas roof and the rain patters harder outside, or his eyes roam round the small space and the rough furnishings, the empty chair, waiting for another occupant; the bearskins on the floor; the bunk in the corner, and the French lithograph nailed above it—kept for some fancied likeness, maybe; the swinging shelf with its few books, and the rifle against the wall—the dim candlelight flickering on these household gods as the neglected wick gets longer.

Sometimes he stares dreamily on, forgetting all these and the dingy printed sheet before him, while he puffs away at his pipe and makes pictures that have little to do, perchance, with mining stocks or California politics, out of the gray smoke wreaths.

And all of a sudden he starts up with a keen, thoroughly awakened light in his blue eyes—so curiously blue in the sunburnt face, and, stepping to the door, flings it wide open, letting in a great sweep of drenching rain. There is another sound outside than the river's brawling with its bowlders, and the roar of the wind with the pine trees.

Guy hears a horse's hoofbeats clattering down the canyon, coming nearer and nearer; and as he strains his ears to listen, he catches a shout, a very faint one, half drowned in the noise of the storm.

In another minute the horse and the rider flash into sight in the bar of red light that shines through the cabin window, and Guy springs out just in time to help a reeling, swaying figure down from the saddle, and support it in his strong arms inside the door.

"Jack Dangerfield! Good heaven! is it you, old fellow?"

Jack Dangerfield's face, in truth—ashy white, wet with the rain that has drenched his bare head, hollow-eyed, haggard, touched with the finger of death.

When Guy half lifts, half drags him to the bunk in the corner and tears open the coat buttoned tight across his breast, he finds a dark red patch staining the gray flannel shirt.

"Drink this down, Jack. Don't say a word, old man," he orders, briefly and business like—no wondering or questioning for a minute.

He holds up the heavy head and puts the brandy to the stiff, white lips, watching eagerly till he sees a shade of color creep into them.

"Give me more," Jack whispers, hoarsely, closing his hand over Guy's wrist. "Keep me as long as you can. I've—I've come to—tell you something. Oh, heaven, for half an hour longer!"

"You'll be all right in half an hour. There, lie down and let me get off these wet things and tell me, old fellow, for heaven's sake, what brings you back here, and what's happened?"

"Let me alone," mutters Jack, turning his haggard face and wild eyes upon the kindly, troubled face above him. "Don't bother with me. Only stop this confounded bleeding just till I've told you, and then it's all up with me, McLeod. I was shot at dawn by Fire Forks. I—I've been riding day and night. I came back here to find you and— Give me your hand. I can't see you clear, Guy."

Guy kneels by the side of the bunk, and, with such rude surgery as can be improvised on the moment, he binds the ragged bullet hole, from out whose lips the soul of Jack Dangerfield is wavering already for its flight. Poor old Jack! A kind-hearted, gone-to-the-dogs fellow, who stood by his side in many a rough place through their camp life—who never left him in trouble, but turned his back at the first streak of luck, and set his face homeward again four months ago—who comes back now, riding through the night and the storm, with the death damps thick upon his wan face and a bullet in his breast.

"There," Guy says, bending down, "take one more swallow, Jack—there! I'm close to you, listening to you, dear boy."

"I've been home," the dying man sobs out between the breaths that come so hard—"home! And I've seen her—I've seen Ethel Mason."

"Ethel Mason?"

"There isn't but one, is there? Only one for you and me, too, McLeod. I found her in my mother's house, and—you know the old story. She was sorry, and she would be my friend and help me. And she loved another man."

"Why are you telling me this, Dangerfield?" Guy asks, hoarsely, the color wavering in his bronzed face. "By heaven! I don't know what you mean!"

"You don't?" Jack lifts his head, rises with a great struggle on his arm, and stares full into McLeod's blue eyes. "You don't know that face? Tell me the truth, as you hope for God's mercy, Guy McLeod!"

His weak hand has groped and found something in his breast—inside the gray shirt. It is a woman's picture, the edges reddened with that spreading stain, and Guy looks at it and mutters a great oath under his breath through trembling lips.

"You don't know it. It's she—your Ethel—my cousin Ethel. For heaven's sake go back to her, Guy—go back and tell her I sent you—because—because she was sorry."

"Your cousin?" stammers Guy.

"I knew you were the man," Jack whispers, very weakly. "I saw your face in her locket and your name, and so I came to tell you. She said—wait, I remember every word—'she never could give another man what she had given him—the only man she ever cared for, or ever could.' And she meant you, Guy. She thought you'd never know, but I've come to bring you the message for her—just for her sake because—she—loves you."

"Jack, Jack! Dear old fellow!"

Guy's face hides itself in the blanket. The rough couch shakes where his strong arms rest upon it.

"I've been in the saddle these three days riding, with all the powers of evil trying to drag me back. I though I was gone when that accursed gang stopped me to-night. I rode through them and rode for my life, though, and—and—and—you see, I've told you, Guy. But I've got a bullet in here, and it's all up with me."

The words die on his lips.

The heavy eyelids droop and close, and Jack lies breathing short and hard, while the icy whiteness creeps and creeps over his face, whose old cynical fashion has gone forever.

"No, no, Jack, dear old man, it can't be! You shall not die!" staring up and facing the grim fact in helpless protest.

A dim, slow smile dawns on the chilly mouth, and Jack's hands move a little—a very little—toward his breast.

"You'll go to her? Promise—swear it—quick! You'll go back again?"

"I will, by heaven! I swear it, Jack. And you shall go, too, my dear old fellow."

"Bury me here," he says, hoarsely, not hearing or not heeding the words. "At the old camp. And—tell her—be sure to tell her how I came for you—"

The half-spoken sentence never is finished. Only the gray eyes open wide and clear, and with one great bound the soul of Jack Dangerfield shakes from the old wearisome fetters of clay, and wins at a single stride the land where, in God's sight, it shall be good for something.—Leslie's Monthly.

HON. FRANCIS B. LLOYD.

Career of the Author of the "Rufus Sanders" Letters.

Was Possessed of All Those Grand Elements That Go to Make Up a Full Type of Noble Manhood.

The subject of this sketch was born at Mount Willing, Lowndes county, Ala., August 12, 1861. For the most part he was reared on the farm of his father in Butler county, Ala., and was a prattling boy during the stormy and poverty-stricken days of reconstruction.

His father, like many in the south, was left, so to speak, penniless at the close of the civil war, and, struggling against poverty to raise his children, young Bartow was obliged to depend mainly on the three months' public schools taught during the winter for an education—excepting one session at the Greenville academy. But he was ambitious to acquire knowledge, was very studious, and, though frail in physique, was often at his books till midnight after a hard day's work on the farm.

His studies were mostly historical, poetical and humorous, and being a close listener and observer of men and things, and possessing a fine memory, he gathered together those views and ideas which later on made him famous as the author of the "Rufus Sanders" papers.

After the production of a few poems and contributions while yet in his teens, he began to study law with Hon. J. C. Richardson, a prominent lawyer of Greenville, Ala., at the age of 20. Here was made his first public speech on the occasion of "Decorating Soldiers' Graves," which was a decided success.

When nearly ready to be admitted to the bar he accepted a position on the staff of the Selma Daily Times as city editor, and in this connection continued three years, making many friends and admirers, and was often spoken of as a rising young journalist.

About that time Mr. F. P. Glass, one of the proprietors of the Selma Daily Times, bought an interest in the Montgomery Advertiser, moved to Montgomery and took young Rufus Sanders with him. Reaching Montgomery he was at once made city editor of that sterling and leading journal, the Montgomery Advertiser. Here he continued eight years with wonderful success, growing in popularity, influence and usefulness.

In 1886, 11 years ago, he was happily married to Miss Lily Carter, a most amiable, lovely and accomplished young lady of Butler Springs. Four interesting little children were born of the union, and now, with the broken-hearted wife and mother, are left to mourn the untimely death of a devoted

FRANCIS BARTON LLOYD.
["Rufus Sanders."]

husband and father. After his connection with the Advertiser ceased—save an occasional contribution—he began what he afterwards denominated his "life work"—"The Rufus Sanders Papers."

In 1890-91 F. B. Lloyd was elected to the legislature from Montgomery county and served with distinguished ability.

During the fall of 1892 he made a tour of Texas and other states, lecturing in the interest of his "Rufus Sanders" papers. A second tour was made some months later.

He lived in Elmore, Antanga county, Ala., in 1893, and the following year moved to Butler county, bought a farm, built a pretty and substantial home and proposed to live in quiet and retirement and give all his energies to his life work.

Last year, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, he consented to again enter public life, and became a candidate for the legislature. Throwing all his energy into the contest, he was elected, at the same time achieving a signal victory in a hitherto populite county.

This position he was occupying at the time of his death, and with his hosts of friends was looking forward with almost absolute certainty to receiving the nomination for next secretary of state.

In many cases Francis Bartow Lloyd was a most remarkable man.

Bright, genial, gifted, he possessed all the elements necessary to achieve still further popularity, influence and success.

A self-made man, he was also a growing man. He was the embodiment at the same time of humor, pathos, wit, wisdom, satire, philosophy, suavity, magnaminity, benevolence, philanthrophy, goodness—in a word, all the grand elements, all the grand principles that go to make up a full type of noble manhood.

Though conspicuously modest he yet possessed enough of that laudable ambition and fixed resolution to push him to the front, as it were, without an individual effort. All the time as the years passed on he was moving onward and upward. Too grand to bend, too true to dissimulate, too noble to stoop, he seemed to be moved forward by these very elements of grandeur and nobility inwrought in the very texture of his nature.

More. He was as good as he was great. Always from his very childhood he was kind, generous, loving, true, unselfish, ready at all times to gratify the wishes of his friends and loved ones even at the cost of great personal sacrifice.

He was a warm and affectionate nature. He was a friend to everybody, high and low, rich and poor, everybody who was capable of appreciating or willing to accept his friendship, and was always genial, courteous, pleasant and polite, whether in the company of presidents, governors, statesmen or that of the humblest person in all the land.

Often have I heard his friends remark: "How can anybody that knows Bartow Lloyd help admiring him."

As a son he was ever dutiful, obedient, devoted, submissive—as a husband, kind, considerate, affectionate, thoughtful—as a father all these, combined with an earnest solicitude that would lead him not only to love, but provide for his loved ones everything necessary for comfort, pleasure and enjoyment.

He was a consistent member of the Baptist church, having been baptized by Dr. J. M. Frest in Selma at the age of 21.

Such is a brief sketch of one whose brief life went out long before it had reached that meridian of splendor, which would have been certainly realized in all its effulgent glory had he been permitted to live.

C. C. LLOYD.

FEEDING THE ARMY.

Report of Commissary General Sullivan for the Past Year.

Gen. Thomas C. Sullivan, commissary general of subsistence, has made his annual report of the operations of that department to the secretary of war. The total resources for the last fiscal year were $2,798,754, of which there was a total unexpended balance at the close of the year of $633,545. The total cost of subsisting the army during the year was $1,972,703. The sum of $75,881 was expended for the relief of the sufferers from overflow of the Mississippi and its tributaries and the Red River of the North, under special act of congress. Of the total appropriations on that account there is a balance on hand of $20,639.

Gen. Sullivan says that an experimental trial of the emergency ration was undertaken by troop E, First cavalry, at Fort Sill, O. T., upon a 12-days' practice march in May, 1897.

This march was made the occasion for the first practical test of the emergency ration. For the first two days the men were subsisted on the full field ration and for the remaining ten days officers and men came down to the half-allowance emergency ration prescribed by general order No. 49. The march was generally across country, off wagon roads, and the average number of miles covered per day in the ten days' test was 21. The weather up to the last two days of the march was exceptionally fine, and then heavy and almost continuous rains set in.

Gen. Sullivan says: "The test was made under conditions in which the men were not affected by the excitements, anxieties and fatigues attendant upon dangerous proximity to or actual conflict with an enemy. As a test under the conditions given, the results seem to go a long way toward establishing the efficiency of the emergency ration as a means of sustaining the muscular power and activity of men under prolonged physical strain; but its full efficiency needs yet to be tested by men situated in or moving in a more critical environment."

The value of the stores lost by accident, by wastage in transportation, while in store, etc., during the year, for which no one was held responsible, was $2,758.16, being greater by $354.91 than that of similar losses in the previous year.

Supplies lost during the year for which responsibility was fixed amounted to $263.95, of which $233.91 has been collected, leaving still to be collected $30.04. Above shows a very large decrease from losses of like character for a number of years, except in 1895, when like losses amounted to but $183.58.

During the year $8,448 was expended on account of the Apache Indian prisoners at Fort Sill, O. T., and $360 for the deportation of the British Cree Indians and their delivery to the Canadian authorities. Gen. Sullivan urgently recommended a rearrangement of the clerical force of his office in accordance with the plan recommended in his last annual report. The estimates for salaries of clerks, messengers and laborers for the next fiscal year are $42,760.

Standards of Color.

The question of the selection of proper standards for the comparison of colors is being discussed in some of the scientific journals, and the variety of the suggestions made shows how really difficult is the apparently simple matter of defining and representing the color of any object. It has been proposed, for instance, to take an orange as a type of the color that bears the name of that fruit, and similarly with "olive" and "lemon." Another suggestion is that a collection of wines be employed as standard colors, and that variety of shades produced by mixing the wines! The spectrum of sunlight furnishes a standard of reference where it can be made use of, but inks and pigments employed to imitate the spectral colors are liable to considerable change and variation through fading and other causes.—Youth's Companion.

Appropriately Named.

He was in a reminiscent mood.

"I recall one occasion," he said, "when I wore a bright red sweater into a field where a large, irritable bull was confined. I was not looking for information, but I acquired some."

"Such as what?"

"Well, among other things, I made up my mind before I finally got over the fence that that particular feature of my attire was appropriately named."—Chicago Post.

His Terms.

Mrs. De Fashion—I give a little reception next Thursday evening and I would like some music, piano solos particularly. What would be your terms?

Prof. Pianissimo—Eef I go zere simply as a musician, und blay my selections und leave, I gharge twenty-fife tollars; but eef I must go as a guest und spend ze whole evenings talking to von pack of fools, I gharge vifty tollars.—N. Y. Weekly

Looking Ahead.

"Ah, yes," she sighed, "it will be a year next Tuesday that my dear husband died. I'm so glad!"

"What! Glad that he is dead?"

"No, oh, no; not that! But I need a little pink to light up my complexion."—Chicago News.

Knew Them Intimately.

"Towner is a mighty bright fellow, if he is poor. He knows all the ropes."

"You bet he does, and he smokes 'em, too—only he calls 'em cigars."—Chicago Tribune.

WHEAT UP, SILVER DOWN.

A Sample of the Logic That Comes from the Gold Standard Side.

"WHEAT HAS GONE UP AND SILVER DOWN: BOTH ARE A DOLLAR A BUSHEL. THE ARGUMENT OF THE BIMETALLIST IS EXPLODED."

The foregoing statement is as strong in reason and logic as our breakfast beverage would be if made by tying a grain of coffee to a duck's tail, clipping its wings, placing it on the bosom of Lake Superior and leaving it to swim over its surface.

It is now and always has been contended by the bimetallist that the universal law of supply and demand, when free from the domination of trusts and combinations, determines the exchangeable relations of all the products of man's industry.

Wheat, in obedience to this law, has been going up because the world's available supply, as compared with the world's effective demand, is this year relatively small. Silver has been going down because by legislation unfavorable to its use as money there is no effective mint demand for the present supply. In other words, the United States, of all heretofore wheat exporting countries, is the only one that has an available supply for sale, while all the heretofore exporting countries, in addition to the countries that generally import wheat, are buying in our markets.

	No. People.
Argentine is buying of us for her..	4,042,000
Austria-Hungary is buying of us for her	43,000,000
Belgium is buying of us for her.	6,262,272
Brazil is buying of us for her	20,000,000
China is buying of us for her	303,000,000
Denmark is buying of us for her..	2,185,000
France is buying of us for her	33,000,000
Germany is buying of us for her..	50,000,000
Great Britain is buying of us for her	40,000,000

Portugal, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, Sweden, Greece, Turkey, with their vast populations, are all seeking food supplies in the United States, while India, with a population of 288,000,000, of which more than 10,000,000 have starved to death in the last few months, is looking to the wheat growers of this country to supply food to prevent the absolute starvation of 20,000,000 more of her people. For the lack of wheat enough people this year in India have starved to death to populate eight such states as Kansas as thickly as Kansas is populated to-day. Crop failure in all the countries mentioned, potato rot in Ireland and famine in India have produced the rise in the price of wheat.

On the other hand, but in obedience to the same great law of supply and demand, the closing of the world's mints to silver, one after another, has lessened the demand for that metal and lowered its price—the statute law of most of the countries heretofore mentioned declaring against silver and in favor of gold alone as standard money.

The fruitfulness of the seasons is in the keeping of an overruling Providence, while in all nations statute laws are the work of man.

In the last few months statutes have struck down silver in South American republics, Japan and other countries, and put gold in its place, thus creating a new demand for gold and doing away in those countries with the mint use or demand for silver—by statute increasing the value of gold and by statute decreasing the price of silver.

Statutes bolster gold. They prohibit all other precious metals from entering into competition with it. None other can be coined as standard money. All others must seek the general market and depend upon the uses available to them in the arts and industries to fix their values. The statutes say to gold: "You need not depend on the uses to which you can be put in the arts and industries to fix your value; we are enacted to create a demand for you, by saying that you alone, of more than 60 precious metals, shall be used as standard money. The others must depend on the arts and industries for their demand and value. Heretofore we have allowed silver to compete with you, so that when the creditor hoarded and cornered you the debtor might turn to it and lessen the demand for you and increase the demand for silver; but now we will strike down silver, and thereby increase the demand for you and inflate your value. In this way we will make you a dishonest money, that will rob every debtor for the benefit of his creditor. As a thief you will never cease to steal for the creditor by robbing the debtor and producer. In volume you are not sufficient to supply a hundredth part of the money needed in the business affairs of men, yet the monopolies, the trusts, the syndicates that made us will so regulate that the gulf that lies between the money necessities of the world and your supply will grow wider and wider, and your statutory, fictitious value will grow greater and greater, while the value of all other commodities will surely grow less and less."

Bryan defines an honest dollar. His definition suits us:

"I am on sound and scientific ground, therefore, when I say that the dollar approaches honesty as its purchasing power approaches stability. If I borrow $1,000 to-day, and next year pay the debt with $1,000 which will secure exactly as much of all things desirable as the $1,000 which I borrowed, I have paid in honest dollars. If the money has increased or decreased in purchasing power, I have satisfied my debt with dishonest dollars. While the government can say that a given weight of gold or silver shall constitute a dollar, and invest the dollar with legal-tender qualities, it cannot fix the purchasing power of the dollar. That must depend upon the law of supply and demand; and it may be well to suggest that this government never tried to fix the exchangeable value of a dollar until it began to limit the number of dollars coined."

A stable dollar, however, is not what the money-lender wants, but a dollar whose purchasing power is constantly increasing.

But you answer: "I am a bimetallist. I know that the single gold standard is against general prosperity, and so does my party; and for that reason the president has sent a commission to Europe to promote international bimetallism." My friend, in international diplomacy, force is the only commission that is recognized. Commissions are not worth the paper on which is written their delegation of authority unless force is behind them. Tallyrand said: "Treaties are supported by powder and ball;" and Bismarck recognized the same principle which he said they all rested on "blood and iron." By this is not meant that bimetallism should be established by physical force; but by it is meant that we should say to the world that we are ready and intend to freely coin both gold and silver, and use them both as standard money in the payment of debts. The other nations are holding $8,000,000,000 of our securities, the greater part of which is payable in either gold or silver. In fact, we have paid a higher interest in many instances to preserve this option, and when we declare, as a nation, that we are going to exercise this option and pay in silver, the nations that hold our securities will be equally interested with us in maintaining the use of both metals as standard money. Such a declaration is the force we should use, and not send a commission to Europe to beg its consent in the management of our own affairs.

Bimetallism is here to stay; and when it triumphs, as it will in 1900, it will bring with it a clear definition, by stautory enactment, of the rights and limitations of inferior federal courts, a supreme court that will stand by time-honored decisions, and pronounce constitutional an income tax; it will bring protection to labor and the abolishment or the absolute control of the trusts that now have the American people by the throat.

Events now transpiring all fortify and strengthen the position taken by the bimetallists of the last campaign, and as time goes on the truths of our teachings will become more and more evident.

The alacrity with which the gold-standard advocates claims the bubonic plague and famine and short crops as the result of his policy will keep him tossing on a restless bed cogitating on an explanation of his foolishness before the election of 1898.

To all bimetallists these words of Holmes are commended:

"Stick to your aim, the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars lose the bull dog's grip;
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

—Hon. R. W. Turner.

THE BIMETALLIC DAVID.

Mexico May Prove to Be the True Champion of an Honest Currency.

The continued firm adherence of the Mexican government to the silver standard is one of the remarkable features of the present financial situation, and the undisturbed serenity with which it is successfully meeting the decline in silver values is giving the advocates of the gold standard throughout all parts of the world no little uneasiness. The stock argument against bimetallism, at least without international agreement, is that no country can maintain the silver standard in opposition to the great money powers of the world. One by one the silver-using countries of Europe have been frightened by this bugaboo into receding from the silver standard, and it was with every evidence of confidence that the hosts of Lombard street advanced upon the western hemisphere.

The United States fell an easy victim through the treachery of John Sherman, and with the advantage thus gained the gold forces have been able to make still further headway, though it is extremely doubtful if they can hold their ground much longer. Nobody, probably, ever imagined that Mexico, looked upon as a third-rate republic of uncertain future, would prove a serious or formidable stumbling block in the path of the gold standard's triumphant march. But surprises always come from the most unexpected source, and the despised nation may yet prove to be the David who shall slay the Lombard Goliath.

When Mexico began to thrive and grow in development and commercial importance under President Diaz' administration, the usual invitation came from Lombard street to enter the spider's web. A polite but firm declination was not looked upon as important until within the past few years. It was confidently anticipated that the invitation could be enforced whenever it was thought worth the trouble to do so. The surprise came when the attempt was made. So far from receding in response to the repeated demand of Lombard street, the Mexican government has taken a still more pronounced stand upon the silver basis, and makes no overtures whatever to the gold forces. Most astonishing fact of all, however, in the eyes of those who worship at the golden shrine, the perverse little nation continues to thrive and grow fat in the face of threatened disaster and destruction.

There is much good evidence pointing to the fact that the recent bear movement against silver, inaugurated in London and carried out in New York, had for one of its prime objects the forcing of Mexico to the gold standard—or at least to a move in that direction. It was confidently believed that she could not possibly weather such a decline in the foreign value of her currency, and that she must ask for relief from the gold interests by acceding to their demands. But Mexico has done nothing of the sort. On the contrary, she continues to flourish, and, so far from the drop in silver proving an injury, the exportation of her products has actually been greatly stimulated thereby. Producers in all lines of industry are exporting to Europe that on which they can realize increased profits because of the rise in exchange, and if the present gold premium continues it will not be long until a number of manufactured articles can be sent to the United States with profit.

In addition to this, the internal development of the country was never so rapid nor so extensive as at present. Extension of railroad and transportation facilities are being made in every direction, and within the past few months contracts for great electrical plants for tramways and mines have been made, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The agricultural and stock-raising interests of the country, too, were never in a more flourishing condition than now, though this is not to be laid entirely to financial causes. Crops have this year been unusually abundant, and the highly profitable prices afforded by the shortage in Europe is giving farmers a double benefit, in that the dollar received from abroad is worth two dollars at home.

If Mexico can finally succeed in withstanding the utmost opposition of the gold interests thus seeking to destroy her, it will prove a staggering blow to the opponents of bimetallism. What Mexico could do by her supreme effort, the United States could do with ease. And what the United States could do France could do, and with these three nations combined upon a free coinage basis, the battle for bimetallism in all parts of the world would be practically won.—Denver Times-Sun.