

A MODERN MARTHA

BY MATE MATLAND.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning John Austin went down to the Camden and Chicago ticket office and told the agent that he understood that they were selling tickets cheap, and that he would like to do some carpenter work to pay for the same. The agent sent him to Mr. Moore, the superintendent of the road, who gave him a comprehensive look when John stated the object of his visit, and asked Austin who had sent him there. When John said it was Tom Ward he cautiously talked on, until he had deftly broached the subject of politics, apparently in a very indifferent mood, he said: "You vote with our party do you not?" but without waiting for John to reply he continued: "The party whose members own the railroads and nearly all of the other vast corporations which furnish work to those who are not too indolent to support themselves. The party that has the most money in its control." John said that he had always voted that ticket; but said no more, wanting to learn what that had to do with his securing work. "You are going away," said Mr. Moore. "We sometimes give a ticket to our friends. It is just a fair exchange, you see. We desire some men elected who will see that some measure is passed which protects our interests. You don't care for the measure particularly, although what affects us, affects all men that ever expect any employment from us; but so indirectly that men seldom see it in that light. However it is a fair exchange, you want transportation?" "Yes," said John, "but I don't want the ticket under those conditions. The fact is I have changed my views a little since the last election."

"But I can't think of any plan by which we can influence the other one, Dale, they call him I believe," said Benham. "Can't you threaten him with a fore closure or something of that sort if he doesn't give up his free speech?" said Moore. "No," said Benham, "he can't be reached that way. I have been looking around to see if I couldn't buy up some paper of his; but I can't find anything. He will be hard to manage as he is independent; he owns his farm and it yields him a scanty living, and he is too cautious to be induced into any extravagance and get into debt." However, said Benham, "he can't vote here any way, and he is not so active and popular among the men as the other one. They look upon Austin as a sort of a hero who has lost all his possessions, and instead of supinely imploring mercy from the monied powers to dare to defy them." Not more than a week after the above conversation took place, there came an offer to work for Mr. Freeman, a farmer living nearly a hundred miles away; he said that he wanted a barn built and that he had been told by Mr. McCord that John was a good workman he thought that he would come up to see if he couldn't engage him to do the work. He refrained from stating that he had been practically admonished not to mention either the name of Moore or Benham and to first enquire of Tom Ward to whom to go for recommendations for Austin. John knew Mr. McCord well, and supposed the offer of work was a rare piece of good fortune so he gladly consented to accept it. He wrote to his Cousin Martha that as she couldn't promise work immediately that he was going to accept some near enough to enable him to go home at election time, and then he would go to Olney. Martha wrote him that she was very glad to hear of his decision; and for him to observe what the condition and needs of the working classes were about him at all times. She said that she was very glad to see him avail himself of his opportunity to vote down the power that oppressed; and repeated the saying which can't be quoted too often that the ballot is a surer and safer weapon than bullets.

CHAPTER VI

Cyrus Benham is seated in his handsomely furnished library, his gaze is first fixed upon the costly axminster carpet and then upon the handsome rosewood and mahogany book-cases but they are evidently not the subject under discussion in his mind. He is thinking over some of his plans for the election campaign. Then the suggestion of Mr. Moore comes to him again, and he is trying to devise some plan by which he can annoy poor, old Mr. Dale. After some time he decides that the only plan that he can conceive would be to pretend that there was a cloud upon the title of Mr. Dale's land and that he had some claim upon it and thus get him so alarmed that he would forget about the election. "But," thought Benham, "if he would only give me a good sound send off and tell me that I was only a fit candidate for the infernal regions, instead of talking to me like mother used to do, I should like it better. I can't stand his prayers. I can feel them now," said he, shifting around in his chair uneasily. "There, I will not bother the old saint! I'll be hanged if I will," said he, as he began to nod in his chair; presently his head is thrown back and he is asleep; but his sleep is troubled as he starts and seems to see the most hideous object that his eyes ever beheld. He thought with a terrified look, its Satan come to pay me a visit. "Yes," said Satan, as if he divined Benham's thoughts, "you needn't feign terror as it isn't the first time I have visited you. How dare you defy me as you did a little while ago and refuse to do my bidding. You dare defy me, as he repeated in still more angry tones, as he paced back and forth before Benham, the bones of his knee joints grinding and striking together as he walked while from his deeply set eyes which were constantly in motion came flashes of lightning strong enough to almost blind Benham, whose frame was shaking as in a heavy chill while his tongue refused to move. Finally he gasped: "I shall call upon the All-Powerful One, He can dissolve you until you will be the merest nothing at a single breath." "You will, eh?" said Satan, "you call upon the All-Powerful One; you whom he has always supposed to be the truest I have; you who have for so many years disregarded His wishes; you who have scorned His admonitions!" "Yes I shall," said Benham faintly. "If He is the All-Powerful One why haven't you depended upon him to further you in your schemes heretofore?" said Satan, "No Sir! I have helped you a great many times and now it is according to our agreement that you should do as I desire you. You must do it," continued he, "besides you forget that I have a mortgage upon your soul which I shall foreclose forthwith." "A mortgage on my soul!" "Yes," said Satan; "look here," as he opened a large parchment-roll. "This is my seal," he said, pointing to the cross-bones in the corner while Benham read. "A Mortgage on Cyrus Benham's Soul," written in large, irregular, blood red letters. "That is written with the blood of Caleb Armstrong whom you will see in the morning hanging dead in his employer's barn. You took his money with my help and then reason forsook him. Now you would like to defraud me of my just dues? Don't you think when I helped you in your schemes time and again that I required some surety like a mortgage from you? I believe you deal in them; you needn't look so horrified; you know what they are." I want this whole business stopped and that old huzzy of a Dale is to the bottom of the trouble. Heretofore I have set supreme judge and ruler over the ballot-box, or over those that control it; or at least over enough of them to insure me the power that I desire. But here comes that old nuisance of a Dale with his wondrous and impracticable notions and his religion paramount. He advocates this everywhere. I tell you I shall not allow it. My power must be maintained here and elsewhere. And to whom should I look for support if not from you? I allow none of my spirits to work for you any longer what will you do then?" At this juncture Benham awoke and I suppose it is hardly necessary for me to add that he didn't stop very long to explore the library to see if Satan were still lurking in some of the many wretched recesses of the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A good appetite and perfect digestion soon follow the use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

I am still able to be about, But I have a black eye and Lots of court-plaster Decoration. I was in the recent fight, I met the enemy and I Am therein. I thought I could humpbug The people once more With mugwumpery and shallow Pretense of reform, and my Tariff for revenue nonsense, But it wouldn't go. The people think they have Won a great victory, But they haven't, all the same. Me and the Republican party Are one. We are Married on all the main Questions. I favor gold standard, So does the Republican party. I stand by Wall street Money gamblers; The Republican party is in The same boat. I am the friend of trusts, So is the Republican party; I favor a policy that will Pauperize labor, The same with the Republicans; I favor the issue of bonds— Gold interest Bonds— For the Wall street bankers, So do the Republicans. I am opposed to the Free coinage of silver, The same are the Republicans. I advocate bank control of the Currency, So does the Republican party. What have the people gained by the Change? Can anyone tell? The people think they have Secured a change of policy; They have simply Swapped off Tweedledum for Tweedledee, That's all! If we cannot beat the pops and Humpbug the people, Me and the Republican party will Consolidate. We are determined to run This machine. The people haven't sense enough to Get onto our racket. Figuratively speaking I am busted, But my friends, the Banks and Trusts, will be taken care of. I won't worry! It's my turn next, you know, If the pops don't Educate the people— Open their eyes so they can See how we are robbing them. If the people can be kept ignorant We are all right. If they begin to think, then The devil will be to pay, and No pitch hot. —Southern Mercury.

Money as a Measure of Value

Editor WEALTH MAKERS: Labor is the true measure of value; in other words all things are valuable (according to this true measure) on account of the amount of labor it takes to produce them. To illustrate. It takes a certain amount of labor to produce a bushel of wheat, on an average, and the price of the wheat ought to be enough to pay generously for this labor. Every reasonable man will say this is right, and ought to be the case. But this is not the case, as value is now measured by money. To make this clear, we will assume that it takes one dollar in labor to produce one bushel of wheat, but this wheat will only bring fifty cents in the market. It is only valuable for the amount of money it will bring, measured by the money measure of value. I see, the laborer cuts no figure. The true value, that should prevail, is set aside, and the money value is always taken for the real value. You see how it is as illustrated in this case. The money value does not correspond with the labor value. Now let us reason. In order to have it just right, the money value and the labor value should be equal. If the wheat cost a dollar in labor, it should be worth a dollar in money. This discrepancy between labor value and money value, is the cause of untold wrong to the mass of mankind. It has caused revolutions and sunken empires in the past, making labor too cheap and money too dear. We can all see this discrepancy and we know it is not right, and the question arises, what is the remedy? We can only hint at the remedy in this short article. As it is a law in political economy recognized every where, that to increase the volume of money, lowers the price or value of money paid in the productions of labor, it is therefore apparent that the first step is to increase the per capita volume of money in actual circulation until prices measured by money and by labor are equal. This can only be brought about by giving the government, which has the sole power to issue money, the power also, to distribute the same. Success such as the world never dreamed of will be realized when this is accomplished. I. N. KELLOGG, Clarks, Neb.

Selections by R. Agnes C

Level wealth with honesty. —M. B. G. EDDY. Be silent, or say something better than silence.—PYTHAGORAS. Heaven will be the sweet surprise of a perfect explanation.—DREYMOND. The pursuit of even the best things ought to be calm and tranquil.—CICERO. All reforms have to pass through three stages, viz, ridicule, argument, adoption. —JOHN STEWART MILL. "We are never so ridiculous by the qualities we really have, as by those we affect to have." Love of his fellow creatures should be the ruling principle of the just man in all his work, for such weigh most in the celestial balance.—VERDAS. Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

A Letter From Mr. Gustin

Editor WEALTH MAKERS: Once more at home I can read the Populist papers. In yours of Dec. 6th is a letter from Mr. Little that has reference to a "Christian colony." Not knowing what has gone before I may not speak to the point, but it is to be hoped no effort will be made to "colonize" Christians. My conception of Christianity is that it is a yeast cake kneaded in to the dough of mankind which leavens it into Godhood. What motive would actuate a community of Christians to herd as a colony? It would so far as I can see simply be the selfish one of shirking responsibilities in life, and excluding the animal in others from growth into the possibilities of manhood. Had Christ reasoned in that way he could have founded a beautiful Christian colony by calling about him the spirits of departed good. But, being the Son of God, like a generous hero he mingled among the human animals of earth, in the thickest of the fight. His blood was shed, and because of that, the bacteria of selfish ignorance has been slowly working out of the minds and hearts of men. When the Christian seeks to build a heavenly kingdom on earth by "colonies" behind Chinese walls of exclusion it simply shows the yeast is not fresh. How can you and your many noble friends do more good than by following the lines of that great modern reformer Ignatius Donnelly, by being practical earthly, rather than spiritual heavenly. No offense is meant nor any intention to decry the fact of our being on earth is proof of our mundane condition. A spade is of use in certain applied purposes, but if it should be strung with strings to become a harp, it would fail in both its natural and unnatural purposes. So would a harp fail in assuming functions of a spade and that is why many reformers find it difficult to grow human instincts into generous godly ones. Do not try to build an Eden with a wilderness for its boundaries, because toiling humanity would have to sink back into barbarism. Like John in the wilderness let each Populist whether Christian like yourself, or worldly practical like myself, spread the glad tidings of commercial freedom, each in his appointed sphere, that panics may cease and poverty to the industrious be no more. Could we place a radical Populist, well informed and grounded on Christian principles in the midst of every township in this nation it would be well. There among the "conservatives" like a present day Christ bearing his cross, he would layen the whole people. He would teach first that as the "divine right" of kings to rule was founded on the king's impudence and the people's ignorance; so is "intrinsic" money's claims to honesty (that labor shall pay interest) founded on the money dealer's impudence and the people's ignorance. "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wing with which we fly to heaven," writes the great poet. Intrinsic money that is based on debt and subject to the will of designing men is the curse of God and can not be honest money. Non-intrinsic money issued by this nation (legal tender for all debts public and private) to pay its own expenses would make it self sustaining and not as now a paper. Such money would be based on the honest labor which was paid to the nation, and would be honest money. It would become so plentiful in a few years that the money dealer would have to seek honest toil as the fish seeks the water and for the same reason. Five hundred millions of dollars per year would thus seek channels of trade, spreading comfort among industry and business instead of seeking as now the money loaning centers. Permit all men to be toilers and compel none to be slaves and none will be hungry but the lazy. Gold is not money until it has the fat or stamp of government upon it, and if gold could not be cornered it would yet be foolish to use such costly material when paper is so much more adapted to use in making exchanges. The cheapest money we can use is the most honest to toil which has to produce all money. Be honest to toil and we build a house not made with hands fit for the habitation of God's image. Paternalism applied for benefit of a class, as in national and state banking and corporate railroading and other public functions, is vile. If applied by national use, by all for all, as in the postal system, it is grand and good. Where, oh! God of common business sense and honesty, will the merchant, the mechanic and farmer learn that the fiscal systems of the world as now built are based on fallacy? But we are making great progress, my Populist friends. Do not get discouraged. Read history and work the growth of mankind in civilization. It took four thousand years for man to learn he should agree with his neighbor under one set of laws. For one thousand years despotic ideas in religion contended with liberal ones, resulting in religious liberty. For a longer time despotic ideas in government contended with liberal ideas, resulting in the political liberty we now enjoy. We are now living in an era of despotic ideas in commerce and communication, which are contending with liberal ideas in trade. Under the intellectual crusade banners of a commercial republic, to fit in with our political republic, the Christians' God calls upon every real man to do his duty. Let the Populist who is the abolitionist of today fuse with nothing but commercial freedom and the world will fuse with us for the good and glory of mankind. A. J. GUSTIN, Kearney, Neb., Dec. 10, 1894. [Brother Gustin is in error in supposing we have in view a colony which will be separated from the world. The thought is to simply organize "a new kind of corporation," a Christian body, without which Christ's spirit cannot be socially manifested. The heaven we propose to leave in society. We would live in the world, but not be of it. Our object is to save the world, not to save ourselves from the world. Our good brother had read previous issues of the paper he would have understood better.—Editor WEALTH MAKERS.] Last Honors to De Lesseps. PARIS, Dec. 17.—The funeral of the late Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, who died December 7, took place at noon to-day in the church of St. Pierre de Chalon, outside of Paris. The church was crowded.

"BY THE ETERNAL."

Two Characteristic Stories of "Old Hickory." General Armstrong, assistant commissioner of Indian affairs thinks that Andrew Jackson was one of the greatest men this country ever produced, and has a number of stories which were told him by his uncle, who was an intimate friend of Old Hickory. One of them is very characteristic of the man. Louis Cass, secretary of war, was over at the White house one day with some important papers for the president to sign, among them being a court martial findings. "Cass, what is this," inquired Jackson, as he was about to sign his name to the document. "It is a court martial," answered Cass. "What have I to do with it?" asked the president. "It dismisses an officer from the service; and the president must sign such orders." Jackson toyed with the paper and said, musingly, "Dismissed from the army, eh? Why?" "Drunkness; getting drunk and falling down on parade, or something of that kind," answered the secretary. "Who ordered the court?" asked Jackson. "General Scott," answered Cass. "Who is it?" inquired the president, with much interest. "Inspector-General Kraun," replied Secretary Cass. "What!" shouted Jackson. "My old friend Colonel Kraun! Cass, just read what that paper says." The secretary read the usual form of the court martial sentence in such cases. The president then took the paper and wrote across the bottom where he was about to sign his name: "The within findings are disapproved, and Colonel Kraun is restored to his duty and rank." He passed the paper back to Secretary Cass, and said with his usual vehemence: "By the eternal! Cass, when you and Scott serve your country as well as that man has you can get drunk on duty every day." A young man from Tennessee, son of a friend of General Jackson, came to Washington for a place. He looked about and found what he wanted. It was in the war department, and filled by a very efficient Whig, whom Secretary Cass would not remove. The young man told Jackson the situation, and Cass was sent for. "Cass," said the president, "this young man, son of my old friend, says you have got a place in the war department filled by a Whig which you won't give him." Secretary Cass explained that the duties of the office were a peculiar kind, and he could get no one to fill the place if the man now in it should be removed. Jackson flared up. "By the eternal, Cass, do you mean to tell me you have an office in your department filled by a Whig which cannot be filled by a Democrat? Then abolish the office!" The young man got his place. Very Eccentric. The Visitor—Who's that fellow on the platform? He's nothing remarkable to look at. The Freak Exhibitor, with pride—He isn't, eh? Why, sir, that's the man who, when he went into an art gallery, never told everybody around him that he didn't understand art, but just the same he knew what he liked.—Chicago Record. Nothing Lost. Teacher, to boy whose father keeps a corner grocery—Johnny, if your father has a hundred eggs and twenty of them are bad, how many of them does he lose? Johnny—He doesn't lose any of them. He sells the bad ones to the restaurant keeper to make egg omelets of.—Texas Sittings.

TO OUR FRIENDS! If you are in arrears on subscription to THE WEALTH MAKERS, you will receive a letter soon, telling you how much you owe, and earnestly requesting you to pay up and send in a dollar for your renewal for another year. The love you have for the principles of the Populist party may be measured by the response you make to this appeal. We do not wish to be compelled to discontinue the paper to a single subscriber, but shall have to do so if you don't pay for it. If you are a Populist you ought not to wait till we ask you for money which you should have sent us a year ago. We know it is hard to get, but in many cases the persons who are in most need of it are more prompt in renewing their subscription than others who can well afford to pay. It has been a wonder to us that many of our subscribers who are holding good positions, county offices in some instances, have paid no attention to our notices of expiration, while many others who could ill afford the money have paid a year in advance and given us kind and helpful words of appreciation. We have done the best we could, and have placed THE WEALTH MAKERS on a sound financial foundation; but to you who are owing us on back subscription, we must say that, in justice to ourselves, we can no longer send the paper to you. If you have not already, you soon will receive a statement of the amount you owe us, and if we do not hear from you immediately your name will be stricken from our list. To those of our friends who have stood by us through sunshine and shadow we express our hearty thanks, and assure them that we shall spare no time and expense to give them the best paper possible. WEALTH MAKERS PUB. CO., J. S. HYATT, Business Manager. The Burlington's New Short Line. The Burlington Route is a notable exception to the general run of western railroads. During a period when railroad building in this country has been almost at a standstill, it has been steadily pushing forward its northwest extension and now takes much pleasure in announcing its completion to Billings, Mont., 888 miles from Lincoln. At Billings connection is made with the Northern Pacific Railroad and, under a traffic agreement with that company, business of all classes is exchanged there, or more properly speaking, routed through that point to and from every station on or reached via the Northern Pacific and Burlington Systems. This New Short Line—for that is exactly what it is—reduces the distance between Lincoln, Kansas City, St. Louis and the territory south and southeast of those cities, on the one hand, and Montana, Northern Idaho and Puget Sound points, on the other, all the way from 50 to 473 miles. It thus becomes an important factor in bringing the vast scope of country served by the Northern Pacific into closer relationship with the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys. Just to illustrate things: The New Short Line saves 294 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Helena, 224 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Butte, 371 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Spokane, 54 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Tacoma, 49 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Seattle. The New Line has been constructed in a most substantial manner. Excellently ballasted, laid with the heaviest steel upon more than the usual number of ties, it equals the best and oldest portions of the Burlington System. People whose opinion is worth having, pronounce it superior to any new track ever built in the western states. The train-service will consist of Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (seats free), and Straddle Burlington Route Day Coaches, and Lincoln to Billings daily. As a Scenic Route the New Line takes high rank. The rich farms of eastern and central Nebraska; the more sparsely settled country that lies between Ravenna and the boundary line separating Nebraska and South Dakota; the canons, peaks and swelling meadow-lands of the Black Hills, the wonderful "Devil's Tower," the irrigated districts of northern Wyoming, Custer Battlefield; the picturesque windings of the Little Big Horn; the glorious valleys of the great Crow Indian Reservation—all these are seen from the car window. Full information relative to the train service, rates or other features of the New Short Line will be gladly furnished upon application to J. Francis, G. F. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., or G. W. Bonnell, C. P. & T. A., Lincoln, Neb. Missouri Wins From Texas. AUSTIN, Texas, Dec. 17.—Fully 5,000 people assembled at Hyde park yesterday afternoon to witness one of the greatest foot ball games that ever took place in the Southwest. The Texas university team met its first defeat, and was beaten 30-0 against Missouri. The score was, Missouri, 30; Texas, 0.



PALPITATION OF THE HEART. Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Legs and Feet. "For about four years I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath and swelling of the legs and feet. At times I would faint. I was treated by the best physicians in Savannah, Ga., with no relief. I then tried various Springs, without benefit. Finally I tried Dr. Miles' Heart Cure also his Nerve and Liver Pills. After beginning to take them I felt better. I continued taking them and I am now in better health than for many years. Since my recovery I have gained fifty pounds in weight. I hope this statement may be of value to some poor sufferer." E. B. SUTTON, Ways Station, Ga. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.50 bottles for \$5, or it will be sent prepaid on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.