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THE COURIER PUBLISHING CO.

W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR.

CLEVELAND could restore confidence and bring prosperity to the entire country in a single week's time by just notifying his congressional wild colts to let the tariff alone.

IT IS pretty hot weather, but the anthracite coal combine goes right along laying its wires. The attorney general of the United States is too busy to see anything wrong in any of the great monopolies.

HERR MOST, who is again urging the anarchists to unfurl the red flag, is the gentleman who hid under the bed of a lady friend when the police were after him a few years ago. They dragged him out and he served a short time in prison. When the red flag is unfurled Herr Most will be out of sight.

SAMUEL FIELDEN, the released anarchist, said when he returned to Chicago: "During my imprisonment it dawned upon me that silence is a precious thing." He therefore declined to talk except to declare that he had in former years spouted too much, and he should in future try to be a good citizen.

THE New York *SUN*, which represents the Tammany conscience and its higher moral attributes, is now painfully worried over the "$2,000,000 that the world's fair doesn't propose to return to the United States treasury." When the world's fair commissioners get ready to settle they will not trouble Tammany or its agents and advisers for any opinion or advice.

Two worthy gentleman from Bermuda, members of the house of assembly, the representative legislature of the islands, have come to the United States to get the duty on onions and potatoes reduced. The Bermudans are very much concerned about their access to our markets. There is a short, simple, and easy method by which the Bermudans can effect for themselves not merely a reduction in the American tariff, but a total abolition of our customs duties upon the products of their agriculture. They need not pay a cent to get their potatoes into the markets of the United States. Free trade between Bermuda and our Atlantic ports would be worth millions of dollars to the people of the Atlantic islands. Free trade can be had by Bermuda through the same process and under the same conditions as by Canada. Annexation is the road. There is plenty of room for Bermuda, the Hawaii of the Atlantic, under the broad banner of the great and expansive continental republic of the twentieth century.

THE utter hypocrisy of the whole performance of the secretary of the interior is shown in the statement that every man who is drawing a pension under the act for disability must be absolutely incapacitated for all kinds of labor. The most glaring case of the kind is found in the person of John C. Black, the man selected by Cleveland himself during his previous administration to take charge of the pension department. He is rated as a "physical wreck," that is a man requiring the constant attention of an attendant, and draws $100 a month on this allegation of his condition. Yet Black accepted an appointment at the head of a department, the work of which is sufficient to break down a well man, let alone a "physical wreck," drew his salary and pension with strict regularity, and is to-day a member of congress, notwithstanding the fact that he is drawing one of the biggest pensions paid because he is supposed to be entirely incapacitated for labor of any kind.

Hoke Smith cannot see a case of this magnitude because Black is an influential democrat, but he can relieve his spite by using his official position to harass the poor old maimed vetran, who is drawing a pittance from the government which he helped to save from the relatives of Smith, in order to keep out of the almshouse. Congress is full of rebels who are drawing pensions for service in the Mexican war. They are not to be disturbed by this era of alleged reform, although they are able to draw a salary of $5,000 a year from the government, they sought to wreck. No one objects to an honest review of the pension roll, but it ought not to be made by rebels who claim it is persecution.

PRO AND CON OF SILVER

Opinions of Senator Jones and Congressman Hendrix.

TWO INTERVIEWS UPON FINANCE.

Good Reading For Those Who Wish to Hear Both Sides—"The Dollar of the Contract"—Two Opposite but Candid Views.

[Special Correspondence.]

THE SILVER SIDE.

NEW YORK, July 27.—I saw Senator J. P. Jones of Nevada this morning and asked him if in his opinion the purchasing clause of the so called Sherman bill is likely to be repealed during the coming special session. His answer was as follows:

"You are asking me a very hard question. What can we tell about the fate of the bill when all the powers of patronage are against us? Absolutely nothing. But of this you may be certain—no effort will remain unexerted to prevent the repeal. No stone will be left unturned in the work of frustrating the outrage that is proposed by the gold standard men of the east. No parliamentary expedient will be neglected. I do not like to speak of the strength of the silver men in the senate. If faith is kept, I have reason to believe that the repeal of the bill will be stopped there. I have heard rumors, of course, to the effect that certain well known senators will desert us, and I have also heard the reason for their desertion mentioned, but as I cannot believe these rumors true I will not mention the names of these senators, nor will I enter into details concerning the alleged reasons for their pending desertion of our cause."

"How do you think the southern Democrats will vote on the question of repeal?" was my next query.

"Again I must say," was his response, "that I cannot form an opinion in advance, but can you not see that we have them in very close quarters? How can the repeal of the Sherman bill be passed without the use of what is known as the cloture? It cannot, and they know it, and they dare not vote to apply it to us, because in the past when they have fought against its application they have called on the silver men for co-operation, and we have helped them." And the senator's eyes sparkled, and his cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Are you among those who believe that the clause demonetizing silver in the law of 1873 was inserted surreptitiously?" was my next question.

"I would hardly like to say that," was his reply, "but this much I will say—that, although the clause may have been read by every one voting upon it, for all I know, yet I am satisfied that very few congressmen understood what that clause meant, and I think that Senator Sherman himself failed to comprehend its farreaching effects."

"Do you think, senator, that the purchase of silver as authorized by the so called Sherman law is at the bottom of the present financial distress?"

"No, sir," was the response. "But I want you to emphasize the fact, although it is already known to be a fact by all intelligent newspaper readers, that the silver purchasing law is not what was demanded by the silver men. What we wanted then, as all the world knows, and what we would prefer now is free coinage of silver. We have not the slightest objection to the repeal of the silver purchasing law, provided something that will give silver a fair show is put into its place. But the real cause of the present monetary stringency ought to be, it seems to me, patent to every intelligent mind. The term monetary stringency itself tells the story. The trouble is we have not enough money in the United States to do the business of the United States. The population has increased a certain percentage within the past 10 years, but the amount of money put in circulation by the United States government during that time has not increased in anything like the same ratio. You personally know what is the matter in your case—you are short of money. I am short of money; Smith and Brown and Johnson and everybody else is short of money. We toil and sweat and struggle to get enough money to carry us through today, and we go to bed at night somewhat relieved because we have got through today, but in the morning we awake to find that we are again short of money and have to go through the same agonizing experience again, and so on indefinitely. Now, I am one of those who hold that the government can make money out of anything. It does make money out of paper, and unless you are dead broke you will have some of that paper made money in your pocket now. You much prefer that paper money to coin, either gold or silver, for it is more convenient to carry. 'But' the single standard man will say, 'this paper money is redeemable in coin.' To be sure it is, but I do not see why it should not be made redeemable in anything, or everything—wheat, corn or other valuable commodity—and, as everybody knows, I believe that flat money pure and simple would answer every purpose for which money is made, without any coin reserve of any kind, but we do not ask that. We ask simply that the faith of the nation, which was pledged when the government authorized the stamping of this paper money with the words 'redeemable in coin,' be kept inviolate. This is 'the dollar of the contract,' and for it we will fight during the extra session of congress that President Cleveland has called. This is the dollar you agreed to pay when you contracted your debts. This is the dollar you should be allowed to pay. But if in obedience to the mandate of the European powers, backed up by the action of the British government in suspending the coinage of silver in India, the United States is constrained to adopt a single gold standard every debtor in the United States will be forced to pay with dollars that are worth more wheat and that cost more worry and sweat and toil to get than those he agreed to pay with—the dollar of the contract."

THE GOLD SIDE.

Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, member of the Fifty-third congress and president of the National Union bank of New York, of which E. O. Leech, late director of the United States mint, is cashier, makes the following statement:

"The struggle of the silver mine owners and those who are in various ways interested in the product to compel the government to keep in the market as a forced buyer of the white metal is a selfish struggle. It strongly resembles in its features the imperious demands of the old proslavery party. Extravagant language is used, wild threats are made, and there is a general kickup that bodes no good for a speedy settlement of the important financial question now before this country. Every time any interest has to be disentangled from governmental favoritism the same fuss is made, but in the long run the general welfare of the people becomes the supreme law. The Sherman law has now no friend to do it honor.

"It has hatched so many evils in addition to the brood of the Bland bill that every one has a broom raised to hit at it. Our silver friends jump on it with vigor at the same time that they cry for free coinage of silver. Now no one who thinks about the matter much pretends that the Sherman law is responsible for all of the present ills, and while it might be interesting it is perhaps not pertinent to attempt by analysis to search out other causes. Some of these are world-wide. They affect remote continents and islands of the sea. They follow the Anglo-Saxon race around the globe as some diseases follow other peoples.

"We might have pulled through all of the adverse currents but for the distrust of our financial policy. Europe began to pay us in our own debts, and we have lost its custom for our securities. The fear that we were going to pay back their money in a depreciated currency was controlling. Austria took advantage of our exposed position to draw off enough gold to help her get upon a gold basis. All of the time we were increasing our own gold obligations under the Sherman law, issued in payment for silver bars. We received these bars at one end of the treasury, paid legal tenders for them at the rate of $3,500,000 a month, and these notes were at once handed in at the other end of the treasury with a demand for gold for export.

"The United States was caught in a trap. Its gold was displaced by silver so fast that the reserve of $100,000,000 around which a circle of superstitious reverence had been drawn in the public mind was encroached upon, and then the process of contraction, of waning confidence, of distrust of the future, began at home. The early birds caught the profits and got out of the markets. Liquidation followed. A cold wave went rapidly from New York to San Francisco and left broken banks and ruined firms to mark its course. The treasury department was as helpless as a Hindoo idol before a pestilence. Its big stock of silver could not be sold. There was no law for that. It was useless as an asset. It could not be used to relieve anything or anybody. Every day our gold was being drained away. Hoarding began and continued.

"We weathered the dangerous headland created by the July interest payments by help of the free use of the device of clearing house certificates, and we had one brief moment of hope in anticipation of the special session of congress, called to relieve an anxious and distressed nation. The country had apparently repented. It was ready seemingly to recant and to insist upon a repeal of a law at once so vicious and so treacherous.

"Now our silver friends, not at all sorry for the ills that have come from a compulsory purchase of their product, insist that if we cease to buy it we shall coin it into dollars—make it legal tender for all debts—force it into the hands of labor. No class of producers in the world has the right to make such a demand of government. They say that there has been a conspiracy against silver. Three times our country has asked of the world to confer about making some use of silver in the currency. We have failed every time.

"India, our great ally, has withdrawn from the bootless effort to sustain silver, and we are left alone nursing our idol. Yet we are asked to keep up the role of Sisyphus at tremendous cost to our prosperity. It is a foolish proposition. We must take our position along with other nations—ready to adopt bimetallism when they are ready, but determined to keep up our credit with them all and to keep active the factors of prosperity which we can rely upon to place us in the front rank. There is no use of talking compromise. That is a device always full of mischief. We must use the money that the world uses.

"Just as soon as we get upon solid ground in our finances and the rest of mankind understand that we are in earnest, we will flourish like we ought to do in this great land. Until we do we will be at a disadvantage. We have supplicated long enough in behalf of silver. It has lost every other friend. Life is too short for us to try to make of it anything more than it has been voted to be—a defeated candidate for position as a standard of value."

I. D. MARSHALL.

An Anecdote of Justin McCarthy.

The Cork Examiner tells a good story of a visit which Mr. Justin McCarthy paid to a secondhand book store not long since. After offering him in vain several works of indifferent fiction, the bookseller finally produced a copy of one of Mr. McCarthy's own novels, but still the customer was not satisfied. At last the bookseller in desperation exclaimed, "Well, sir, if I was a man so hard to please as you, I'd take to writing books myself!"

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

WHAT THE ARIZONA KICKER'S CORRESPONDENT HAS TO SAY.

He Says He Wouldn't Have Missed It For Anything—Things Old and New Side by Side—The Fatherly Man In the Art Department.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Our World's fair correspondent writes as follows this week: I wouldn't have missed it for the best dozen longhorns ever pastured in Arizona. The fun begins 10 miles away and keeps growing on you till you reach the grand roundup inside the fence. Don't forget to take your bottle inside with you. Biggest lot of human critters ever corralled in one spot, and all chewing the cud of contentment and spending money like water. It's a good deal like wandering through an Arizona canyon—full of surprises. I bucked right up ag'in a mummy 7,000 years old the very first thing and hadn't gone 20 feet farther when I collided with the governor of California. You can rub ag'in a duke with one elbow and a heathen with the other. You cast your eyes to the right, and there you behold a relic of the days of Adam and Eve. You cast 'em to the left, and there stands the purtiest critter of an American gal you ever laid eyes on. It's a gigantic combination of past and present, and anything you want you lasso, except ice cream and ginger ale.

I stopped before a case containing a mummy who died in the year 320 B. C. It was a woman. I was thinking of how quick she could have got spliced in Arizona had she lived on till the present day, when a feller come along and says:

"It's too durned bad, ain't it?"

"You bet!"

"But this is a cold and sinful world?"

"She is, for a fact. I ain't feeling cold just at the present time, but I realize that I'm as sinful as the rest of the herd."

"Seen any of her relashuns about?" he innocently asks as he cocks his eye.

"Not in particular—not to be dead sure of it."

"Mebbe they hain't got around to her yit, but they'll be certain to come. No use making 'em feel too bad, eh?"

"No."

Then he wrote on a piece of paper, "Everything warranted fresh," and stuck it on the case and went away. I thought it was a joke till three or four Egyptians came along and stopped to gaze at the mum. They had begun to feel bad when they caught sight of the sign, and one of 'em explained it, and they were the tickledest lot of fellers you ever sot eyes on. They seemed to argue that there was a big chance somewhere for the old gal yet, but I don't think she'd have any market value in our territory.

I HELD HIM UP WHILE HE SHED.

In the Turkish department the other day I saw prayer rugs worth $600 apiece. Would make pretty fair saddle blankets for winter use, but it wouldn't be a paying spec to put 'em ag'in the regular article at $2 apiece. I was trying to figure $600 worth of prayer meeting out of one of 'em when I run ag'in a galoot from Montana. He sniffed around till he got my scent and then said:

"Too rich fur my sort o' prayin, but I'm lookin fur sunthin that might be wuth the money. Kin you talk Turk?"

"Not unless it's properly branded. What do you want?"

"If I kin strike a Turkish bath that don't come too high, I'll take it home to show to the boys, though I reckon the blamed critters will begin shootin at it the fust thing."

Nobody should try to "do" the Turkish department under half an hour. If he's in a hurry for a drink, he should go out and get it and come back and take up the trail where he left off. Those Turks do have the knack of twisting carpet rags into a rug in a way a Yankee can never hope to catch on to, and the older and dirtier the rug the higher her cash value. I saw one rug made up of old blue and red flannel shirts 500 years ago. The dogs and children had been playing on it ever since, and the price was $1,650. Five hundred years hence that rug will be a regular gold mine. In going through the art department I found a painting called "The Dying Cowboy." While I was sizing her up along comes a fatherly old man and says:

"It's dreadful, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"No mother to close his eyes."

"No."

"But he thought of her in his last moments?"

"Not a doubt of it, uncle."

"And the poor woman will never have the consolation of looking upon his grave! How sad these sad things are! Have you any objections to my leaning on your shoulder while I shed a tear?"

I held him up while he shed, and he thanked me kindly and changed his grazing ground. After he had gone I missed my watch chain, but a critter had got the watch several days before. I shall put in at least 15 minutes more in the art department before I am through, making about 80 in all. They have been to so much pains and expense to gather all this stuff together that all visitors ought to feel it a duty to spare at least 15 minutes to the department.

CARL DUNDER.

A Few Jokes That He Is Not Very Well Up On.

"Sergeant, I like some advice maybe," said Mr. Dunder as he called on the fat police sergeant the other afternoon with a worried expression on his countenance.

"Well?"

"A man comes in my place and says to me, 'Mr. Dunder, vhy doan' dey put some fly screens in der windows of state prison?' I can't tell him vhy not, und he laughs hawi hawi hawi und says, 'Because dose folks vhas already too fly!' Has a man any right to come around und shpeak to me like dot and laugh in my face like a horse?"

"No."

"I vhas reading my paper vhen a stranger comes in mit an ax on his shoulder und looks all around und says, 'Vhell, I like to get a shob.' I doan' have no shobs for him, und he says: 'If you doan' haf some chopping to do, vhy do you keep a chophouse? Haw! haw! haw!' Vhas dot a shoke, sergeant?"

"I can't see it in that light."

"Nor I either. Does der law say a man can do like dot by me?"

"No. What else?"

"Vhell, a hilarious young man comes in und says he likes to shpeak mit me in confidence. I goes mit him in a corner, und he vhispers in my ear, 'Mr. Dunder, vhy do you go fishing?' Vhell, I can't tell dot, you know, und he laughs und laughs und winks his eyes und gets red in der face und says: 'Vhy, to catch fish, of course. Haw! haw! haw!' Sergeant, does der law allow a man to do like dot on my premises?"

"There is no law about it. Is that all?"

"Oh, no! Two days a stranger comes along und looks at my front door a long time. By und by he comes in und looks all around und whispers, 'Mr. Dunder, what vhas der deeference between a tailor and a telegraph post?' I think of dot more ash 10 minutes und can't tell him, und he squints oop his eyes und says: 'Vhy, one supports der wires, und der other supports his family. Haw! haw! haw!' Sergeant, vhas dere some shokes in dot?"

"No."

"Does der law gif dot man a right to come in und shump on me like dot?"

"Hardly."

"Vhell, she goes like dot most every day, und I vhas all tired out. Only dis mornin a feller shtands in my door und yells, und

"VHY DO YOU GO FISHING?"

vhen I get mad he says: 'Dot vhas all right, Mr. Dunder. I vhas a cooper by trade, und it vhas my peesness to whoop 'er up all der time.' Haf I got some right to p'otect myself, sargeant?"

"You have no right to kill any one."

"Oh, no! no! I shust p'otect myself. I goes home, und pooty queek a feller comes in und looks under der tables und oop at der ceiling und says to me, 'Mr. Dunder, vhat vhas der deeference between a man on horseback und a girl up a tree?' Und den I shump for him und mop him around on der floor und break his back on der tables und pitch him out on der sidewalk und say, 'Because if you come in here once more you vhas a dead man.' Haw! haw! haw!"

A PROSPECTOR'S LUCK.

She Had No Trouble at All to Find a Loving Husband.

We were camped alongside of an emigrant train in Nebraska, and just after supper a woman about 40 years of age, who was smoking a pipe, came over to our fire and sized the crowd up and said:

"I've got sunthin to say. I'm a plain spoken woman. When I've got a thing on my mind, I don't beat around the bush."

We looked at her with curiosity and surprise, and she leaned against the wheel of a wagon and continued:

"I've bin a widder fur three years. Over thar I've got a span of mewls, a good hoss, a new wagon filled with housekeepin stuff, and I kin rake up about $60 in cash. I cum along with the party to take up a claim. I'm good tempered, healthy and kin swing an ax or hold a plow with most anybody. As I said, I'm a plain spoken woman. If thar's a critter among you who wants to git married, let him stand up while I take a look at him."

THE ELEVEN OF US STOOD UP.

The 11 of us promptly stood up.

"Git inter line," she continued, with a wave of her hand. "I hain't after beauty or eddecashun, but I can't take up with a feller who'd skeer a wolf to death."

She passed down the line and then returned half way and said to a middle aged man named Remington:

"You'll do, I reckon. Thar's a preacher in camp, and 'twon't take 15 minutes to settle things. All of you as want to see the marrying come on."

We followed the couple, who were made man and wife inside of 20 minutes, and next morning as we passed the wagon on t' road the woman looked out and bowed and said:

"Sorry fur the other 10 of ye, but perhaps you'll meet up with another train soon and strike luck."

SHE HAD BEEN SCOOPED IN.

And the Stranger From Gordon's Corners Had Nothing More to Say.

I had been talking with the colored man at the office of the oil mills for some little time when a tall and ancient looking African wearing a battered plug hat and shoes badly run over at the heels came up, turned in from the middle of the highway and observed:

"I reckon yo' knows mos' of de folks around yere?"

"Reckon I does, sah," replied the porter as he drew himself up very stiffly.

"My name am Thompson—de Rev. Moses Thompson from Gordon's Co'ners, 'leben miles souf."

"Yes, sah."

"Did yo' happen to know a pusson yere named Perkins—Sam Perkins?"

"I did, sah. Yo' mean de Sam Perkins who dun died las' fall?"

"Yes. I understands he left a widder."

"He did, sah—a widder an fo' chillen."

"I furder understands," continued the Rev. Thompson as he rubbed his hands together, "dat de widder am a wery 'spectable pusson."

"Yes, sah, she am."

"An de fo' chillen am mighty nice chillen!"

"'Zactly, sah—'zactly."

"An I am toled dat de husband left $2,000 life insurance!"

"He did, sah, an I'ze seen de money wid my own eyes."

"Hu! Jist so! Could yo'—dat is, would it be axin too much—dat is, could yo' pint me out de house whar dat widder am residin jist at present?"

"YO' AM TOO LATE!"

"Yo' am too late!" answered the porter as he solemnly shook his head.

"Too late fur what?"

"To git dat widder an her $2,000. She has dun bin scooped in!"

"Why, her husband has skassly bin dead fo' months!"

"'Zactly, sah—'zactly; but he had skassly bin dead fo' weeks when de undersigned laid his heart at de widder's feet an was 'cepted, an we was dun married three weeks ago. Ole man, yo' make 22 pussons who hev bin around yere to inquar about dat widder. She am well. She am happy. She weighs ober 200 pounds an am gainin on dat. Was dere anythin mo' yo' wanted to ax about befo' yo' took de middle of de road to walk dem 'leben miles back to Gordon's Co'ners?"

"No, sah—no, sah—nuffin mo', sah—nuffin mo'!" hurriedly replied the good man, and he pulled down his hat, drew a long breath and started up the dusty road on a dog trot, which soon carried him out of sight.

M. QUAD.

Getting Ready to Spit.

The large, rough man from the mountains, with a pot of money on his person, was resting comfortably in an easy chair at the Auditorium in Chicago, lazily watching the "help" tidying up the writing room.

"So," he said to the menial, "you call this hotel the Auditorium, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you call one of them show buildings at the fair grounds the Spectatorium?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," and he stretched himself out a little farther, "a'pose you shove one of them expectoratoriums over this way, I want to take a chaw of the weed."—New York Sun.

The Missing Link.

The hand organ has often been voted a nuisance, but never before probably for the reason that it set up too high a standard.

Edith had been to church for the first time.

"And what did you think of it?" asked her mother.

"I didn't like the organ very well."

"Why not?"

"'Cause there wasn't any monkey with it."—Harvard Lampoon.

Making His Speech Plain.

At a meeting held in one of our local churches not long ago a flashily dressed individual arose and said: "Genulum, I dropped into dis meeting promiscuously, and I shall be brief, but short, an I want it understood in my talk dat de sisterin am as much personalified as de bredrin."—Springfield (Mass.) Graphic.