

**"Honor, Integrity."**  
To the Editor—"The 'yellow jackets,' are constantly prating about 'national honor and national integrity.' They fly in the face of history and all the conditions controlling, and connected with the payment of United States bonds.

The payment of such bonds in silver dollars was more particularly stipulated for, than any provision for the payment, in part with gold.

One stipulation is that these bonds may be paid in silver dollars containing 412½ grains standard silver. This was the outcome of a bitter struggle which all interested citizens should not forget.

All have the opportunity to know this, either debtor or creditor. That law controls all contracts now made by the government—contracts made otherwise would not be worth the paper they were written on. Rothschilds and all great loaners know this, full well.

And every loan they make to the United States they know is payable in silver at the will or pleasure of the government. It is dishonorable, or repudiation, to pay in silver dollars?

They say "we borrowed gold and therefore are honor bound to pay back in gold." Rothschilds had no money that we would take, but gold—he had to put in gold, or he could not get our bonds. He made but one payment difference between payment in gold or silver. If he was paid in silver in New York, or Boston the money could be reloaned in this country or exchanged for any commodities in this country. Rothschilds knows what he is about, and so doubt despises the toydom of the American cockney, who shouts long and loud against the interests and integrity of this country.

England is largely our creditor, and her people more than any other have intrigued and managed to increase the value of the gold dollar by debasing silver bullion, wheat, corn, oats, cotton, wool, in fact, all of which the Americans have a surplus and reach European markets. Silver is the victim of a grand bold conspiracy by large gold owners and gold gamblers.

It has brought this country to ruin, and yet "repudiation" is shouted if the people strive to better their condition by and through well defined rights under the law. Nor will the assessor of our rights to pay a coin debt in silver dollars in the least disparage our honest integrity. McKinley, Harrison and Sherman outrage factors when they aver that ours is a "fifty cent dollar" and is guaranteed by the government to be worth 100 cents in gold.

There is no such guaranty. When "silver dollar coinage" was restored in 1878 it carried with it all the prestige and power, as a legal tender, that gold possessed down to 1873, when the silver dollar was the unit of account, instead of gold. That its limited coinage did not impair its integrity as an absolute legal tender it is futile to deny. The enforced enhancement of gold by the commercial bulls of Europe and America is powerless to nullify our laws; that 412½ grains of coined standard silver is one dollar.

The congress of the United States has uttered this edict, and it will take more than the sinister and combined attacks of McKinley, Sherman, Harrison and their echoes to render it null and void. Nor can the fluctuations and ever varying fortunes of the great national or international gold gamblers move or impregnable foundations! A more thorough study of the status of our dollar has led to the conclusion of its absolute and independent potency as a money factor of the realm. It depends upon gold for nothing! The silver dollar is as independent of gold as the gold dollar is independent of silver.

Sherman said our silver dollars circulated in London. Sir, if they do to any extent circulate in London and by weight, they thus pass at 1.2929 instead of 60 cents per ounce, or they would not be offered.

It is a strange idea that coin of any country should be valued by the fluctuations of the commercial prices of the gross material of which it is made. Sherman knows better than this. Congress has power to coin money and to determine its value. Without this regulation "coin value" would be utterly useless, and impossible, as they might be subject to daily or even hourly fluctuations.

In England, Germany, France, etc., including the United States, the silver money of each respectively is fixed by law and not by commerce. The dishonest and artificial inflation of gold is the only reason why there is any difference between the coin value and the commercial value of silver.

How does it work?

Answer—It adds vastly to the wealth of creditor England, and the bankruptcy of the United States.

S. M. BENEDICT.

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**THE GIRAFFE.**

**THE LONG-NECKED ANIMAL IS FAST DISAPPEARING.**

Only Two in America and One in England—Peculiarities of the Camelopard—Its Queer Neck.

There are only two giraffes in America. This may seem a startling statement to people who think they can remember seeing many of the long-necked beasts, but it is nevertheless absolutely true.

There is only one in England, and on the Continent of Europe the dearth is as remarkable. In the wild beast market there are none to be had, and collectors are compelled to send agents into the interior of South Africa to secure them.

Three years ago the last of a large herd of giraffes that had been imported by the Barnum & Bailey show was killed by getting down in its car during a railroad run and having its spinal column badly bent. Its death occurred at Gloversville, N. Y., May 21, 1893. For two years Manager James A. Bailey was constantly trying to replace the animal, and he succeeded last summer in getting a fine one after hunting over half the globe. Animals are valuable when an exhibitor wants one badly and the whole world of traffickers in wild creatures can offer but a single specimen for purchase. Thus it happened that it cost Mr. Bailey \$14,000 to land this young giraffe safely with the show.

About the same time that Mr. Bailey's fine camelopard (that is the older name of the animal, handed down from the ancient Romans, who saw some fancied resemblance to both the camel and the leopard) died, the London Zoological Society lost the last of its herd of English-bred giraffes, which had been maintained in its gardens since 1836, and like the American showman, the London society found great difficulty in replacing its loss.

A young female was landed in London about the same time that Mr. Bailey got his new specimen, by Mr. Reiche of Hanover, Germany, who sent an expedition to the southern limits of the giraffe country, with six young animals, but five died from various causes on the way. It takes a journey overland, through a waterless country, of some 15,000 miles to get a giraffe to Cape Town, and the mere cost of bringing one from South Africa to New York, the freight, so to speak, is something like \$7500, counting the cost of the expedition by caravan.

The giraffe is fast disappearing before the encroachments of man, and long before the great central plateau of Africa, which is its habitat, has been opened up to civilization it will, like the great auk, have been completely wiped out. Formerly giraffes were exported from North Africa, by way of the Red Sea, but since the introduction of firearms, and their general use by the Bedouins and Soudanese in hunting, these timid animals have been driven far to the south of the Soudan, and the wars waged by the British have closed the Soudan route to the country lying south of it. The only gateway that is practicable to bring them out of Africa now lies through Cape Town, and for the last half dozen years even that presents almost insuperable difficulties, on account of the constant wars between the natives and the Boers and English.

The giraffe is not a hardy animal in captivity. It does not thrive on dry food, like most ruminant animals, which do almost as well on hay as on grass. In the wild state the giraffe feeds almost entirely on the leaves and twigs of a species of acacia, which the Boers call kameel-doorn, or camel thorn, the giraffe itself being known to them as kameel, or camel.

The food causes the animal to give out a pleasant odor, similar to that of the acacia, while it imparts to the flesh a pungent aromatic flavor, which makes giraffe steaks a delicacy highly esteemed by African hunters. There is no animal that gives its keeper more trouble in a menagerie, not even the treacherous elephant. While the giraffe is gentle in disposition, and not given to attack, even in the wild state, it is stupid and obstinate and cannot be taught to mind.

A full-grown one cannot be taken alive, for when defence is no longer possible it will kill itself. Self-destruction is not difficult in its case, either, for the long neck is easily broken.

The giraffe presents a peculiar combination of grace and awkwardness, of beauty and malformation. With hind quarters that are as graceful as those of an antelope, and not larger than those of a horse, its forelegs are as stookey as those of a camel, and its neck raises its head to a height of eighteen feet. The neck tapers prettily, the head is small and graceful, and the countenance decidedly beautiful.

Though of such enormous length, the giraffe's neck is far from swan-like or flexible. It contains only the usual seven cervical vertebrae, but each is greatly elongated. When the animal runs the neck waves up and down stiffly, with little more undulation than if composed of a single piece. The neck is not usually carried upright, which might be expected to be the most natural position, but slopes forward nearly on a line with the slope of the shoulders. Otherwise it would be a pretty serious matter to provide for their transportation, for unless the head was bent downward no wagon or railroad car high enough to accommodate it could be hauled through the country.

The giraffe's eyes are mild and bovine, like the "ox eye" ascribed by the Greeks to their goddesses. These large, lustrous eyes give to the face an intelligent and pathetic appearance. Every day the Barnum & Bailey giraffe stares steadily for hours at the members of the Ethnological Congress, probably without noticing what it stares at; but it has every appearance of almost childlike wonder, as if it were trying to solve the problem of the existence of these strange peoples, and wanted to ask a whole battery of questions about the animals in the menagerie.—Boston Globe.

**Largest School in the World.**

Within a stone's throw of White-chapel, London, surrounded by some of the very worst slums, stands the largest school in the world. It is presided over by a peer of the realm, Lord Rothschild, who is regarded with love and admiration by every pupil, for he is, indeed, their good fairy. This school educates 3500 children belonging mostly to the poorest foreign Hebrews, and has a staff of 100 teachers.

It is well known that this is Lord Rothschild's pet institution, and that were it not for his magnificent support, the school would be unable to meet its vast expenditure. It is owing to his generosity that free breakfasts are given every morning to all children who wish to take them, no questions being asked. Again, he presents every boy with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and every girl with a dress and a pair of boots in the month of April, near the Passover.

An idea of the poverty of the children may be gleaned from the fact that not more than two per cent. of them declined to avail themselves of this charity. A second pair of boots is offered in the month of October to every child whose boots are not likely to last during the approaching winter. It is scarcely necessary to state that few do not get them.

A very popular feature in the school is the savings bank department, instituted by the kindly President. In order to encourage habits of thrift, he allows an interest of ten per cent. per annum on all savings, the said savings not to exceed \$25 in a year. The teachers are also permitted to avail themselves of the benefits of the bank, the maximum savings allow them being \$75 per annum.

It remains to be mentioned that in pursuing this noble work Lord Rothschild is following in the footsteps of other members of his family, who have supported this school in a princely fashion since its foundation, fifty-five years ago.—Tit-Bits.

**The Government's Coal Bin.**

"Coal contracts are awarded by the Government," said an official of the Quartermaster-General's office of the War Department, "on the basis of the evaporating capacity of the same, the standard being a cord of oak wood. We have ascertained exactly how much water a cord of wood will evaporate. From this we make tests in regard to the evaporating quality of the various coals that are offered. In the far West and for the various posts on the Pacific coast it is found to be better to use the coals that are mined in that section than to ship anthracites from Pennsylvania and other States, for the expense of transportation would more than consume the difference in price. There is considerable coal mined in Oregon and Washington, the mines near Coos Bay, in Oregon, being the best. The coals there, however, are by no means as good as the anthracites of the East, for one ton of Pennsylvania or other hard coal will evaporate nearly as much water as three tons of the Oregon coals. The Western coals are more of the lignite or bituminous order. The Pacific coast is also supplied by foreign coals from Vancouver's Island, British Columbia and from Wales. Strange as it may appear, coal is brought from Wales as ballast at a less expense than it can be shipped from Pennsylvania by rail or by sending around the Horn in ships. The British ships that bring over Welsh coal depend upon other freight back, so as to make the trip pay both ways. The Navy Department makes the same character of tests in awarding their contracts for the coal used by the Pacific squadron."—Washington Star.

**Queer Customs a Century Ago.**

I thought that I knew most of the manners and customs of the eighteenth century, but I find two or three with which I was unacquainted. So that very likely there are a great many more still undiscovered.

In the year 1792, for instance, visiting was managed by sending round an empty chair attended by footmen—that is to say, the chairman carried the chair, and behind it walked two footmen, who carried the cards, and with grave faces asked at each door whether Lady A. was at home. She never was at home.

Again—but only if one was a very great lady—it was common to invite one's friends to a rout, and when the street was blocked with the coaches, and the rooms with the company assembled, the hostess would call her own coach and go off to somebody else's rout.

Also, for another pretty trait, there were ladies, but not great ladies, who gave frequent card parties, and found their hospitality profitable on account of the "card money." At that time every player was supposed to slip something under a candlestick. When the company departed the servants collected the money for themselves. In the case of this prudent housewife she lifted the candlesticks herself, and kept the coin.—London Queen.

Argentine Republic is negotiating an extradition treaty with Brazil, with reference to counterfeiters.

**Defending the Fort.**

William Connor and his Indian guides stood before the youthful major of Fort Stephenson, the former as bearer of dispatches from Gen. Harrison, recommending the evacuation, if the commander deemed it risky to attempt to hold it. It was, however, at first a question whether the bearer of the dispatch would consent to deliver it to the young officer in charge so very young did he appear.

"You Maj. Croghan!" said Connor, looking at the slight, smooth-faced young man before him. "Not much! You can't fool me. You're nothing but a boy. I want to see the commander of this fort."

"I'm Maj. Croghan," replied the young man, his face flushing and his eyes snapping. "I'm twenty-one years old, old enough to command this garrison of one hundred and sixty-seven men, and old enough to put you in irons if you don't hand over that dispatch instantly!"

"I swan!" said the rustic Connor, under his breath, as without another word he handed the letter of Gen. Harrison to the boy officer.

"You wait right here," said the major as soon as he had read the letter, and leaving the astonished messenger, who still appeared to be unable to conceive how a boy should be in command



Tecumseh Braves.

of such a post, he hastily summoned his officers, and after a very brief consultation returned with the following letter to Tippecanoe: "Sir—I have just received yours of yesterday, 10 o'clock p. m., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can."

The next day the watchers at the fort saw the British gunboats, a mile away, coming up the river. "They're coming! They're coming!" shouted the guard, and the men, frightened and pale, obeyed the word of the boy officer, and wheeled the one six-pounder the fort possessed, and which had been named the "Good Bess," into position. But Proctor's four hundred regulars and his Indians paid no attention to the "Good Bess," and coolly proceeded to arrange their forces to attack the fort, and cut off every possible escape.

When all was ready Gen. Proctor sent three of his officers ahead with a flag of truce, demanding the instant surrender of the fort. Young Maj. Croghan sent another Kentucky boy officer, Lieut. Shipp, to meet them, while he himself stood upon the ramparts watching the conference.

At first the British officers demanded the surrender of the fort, but when young Shipp coolly refused, they began to plead, urging their inability to restrain the Indians.

"Remember the River Raising," said Col. Elliott.

"We do remember it," replied young Shipp angrily, "and that is enough."



Defending the Fort.

"It is a great pity," said Capt. Dixon, beseechingly, that so fine a young man as you, and as your commander is represented to be, should fall into the hands of savages. Sir, for God's sake, surrender and prevent a dreadful massacre."

"When this fort is taken," replied Shipp, "there will be none to massacre."

"Look out, Shipp," called out Maj. Croghan suddenly. He had seen an Indian stealing upon his companion boy officer. "Come in, Shipp, and we'll blow them all into another world!" and the interview ended as the young lieutenant hastened into the fort.

At once the British began their attack. All night long their fine six-pounder played upon the stockade, and without any serious effect. The "Good Bess" was taken from one block house to another to give the impression that the fort had more guns. What would Proctor have thought if he had known the boy officer had only one cannon, and that his ammunition was soon so low he dared not fire that often? Bags of flour and sand were piled against the weak places, and with grimy and

set faces, the men stood to their work. The boy officer was everywhere. His example fired his men, and as he passed from place to place many a cheer went up for the young commander.

**The Major's Opportunity.**

But he well knew the end had not yet come. In the night the British had dragged three cannon to a spot within 250 yards of the fort, and in the morning light the fire was renewed, but owing to the vigilance of George Croghan produced but little damage.

Four o'clock in the afternoon came. The British general was becoming desperate. His steady fire provoked no return. He could not see that he had brought the fort one whit nearer to a surrender. His Indians were becoming discouraged, and something must be done. The clouds were heavy now and the bellowing of the approaching thunder increased the confusion. The moment for which the boy officer had been waiting had come.

Realizing that the northwest angle was the weakest spot in his defense, Maj. Croghan had brought the "Good Bess" there, silent for a long time now, and loading her with a half charge of powder, he filled her to the muzzle with shot and slugs.

But he had masked her in such a way that her presence was unknown. There also he had stationed the Kentucky sharpshooters, and he knew he could depend upon them. The decisive moment for which he had been planning had arrived. Feigning an attack on the southern side, Col. Short suddenly led his British soldiers in two close columns against the northwest angle. Leaping into the ditch and calling to his men to follow, the angry colonel shouted: "Give the Yankees no quarter!"

"Now! Let them have it!" shouted the excited boy officer, when he saw the ditch full and the sharpshooters and "Good Bess" spoke together. The masked port flew open, the slugs and grapeshot poured into the ditch and groans and cries arose on every side. Another column of British advanced and again the "Good Bess" spoke. This was enough. The British turned and fled and left the colonel, who had cried out to give the Yankees no quarter, dying among the dead, and feebly waving his handkerchief on the end of his sword and begging for that mercy he himself had refused to offer.

All night the boy officer stood on the ramparts and lowered palls of water to the wounded. He dared not open the gates for fear of treachery, but the kind-hearted young commander dug a trench, by which the wounded were brought into the fort.

What think you were his feelings next day when he wrote Tippecanoe that he had held Fort Stephenson with the loss of one man killed and seven wounded, against the British Proctor, who lost in killed and wounded 125?

And what was done for the boy officer? Gen. Harrison, when he understood that escape from Fort Stephenson would have been impossible, could not praise him enough in his dispatches. The ladies of Chillicothe gave him a beautiful sword, congress voted him the thanks of the nation and twenty-two years later presented him with a gold medal. The boy officer was indeed old enough to command and until his death, which occurred at New Orleans in 1849, wherever he went he used to hear a song written in his honor, one stanza of which was:

"Sound, oh, sound Columbia's shell!  
High the thundering pean raise!  
Let the echoing bugles swell  
Loudly answering sound his praise!  
'Tis Sandusky's warlike boy,  
Crowned with victory's trophy,  
Come!  
High arise ye shouts of joy,  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!"  
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**SMALLEST OF ALL NATIONS.**

Tavorolo, an Island Near Sardinia, Claims the Distinction.

Some of the encyclopedias and many newspapers have commented on the smallest independent country in the world, and have given the credit thereto to either Andorra or San Marino. A late issue of the Westminster Gazette takes these authorities to task, declaring that they are mistaken as to the government which can lay claim to

being the smallest independent territory on the globe, and says that the position belongs to Tavorolo, an islet off the northwest coast of Sardinia. Its size is three miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad, and its population numbers exactly fifty-five souls. From 1836 to 1882 the islet was governed by one Paoloto, who had all the authority of a king, but when he died in the latter year he advised the inhabitants to form a republic, which was done. All the adult islanders, women equally with the men, have votes, and every six years a president is elected for that period. Nominally the island is claimed by Italy, but no attempt is made to exercise any control from there or from the near Island of Sardinia.—Deseret News.

**Highly Appropriate.**

"Uncle George, what is a valedictory?"

"It's the farewell address the girl graduate reads to her weeping classmates the night before she packs her trunk to visit among them all summer."—Chicago Record

**Same Old Quarrel.**

"A girl," said the typewriter lady boarder, "may have lived in the country all her life, and yet she will have attained a city air in less than a month after she has settled in town, while a country boy will need years."

"Of course," said the bachelor boarder. "A man has an individuality of his own."—Indianapolis Journal.

**CIGARETTE'S FASCINATION.**

Victim of the Habit Tells of Its Pleasant Sensations.

"What is there so attractive about the cigarette?" asked the reporter.

"I hardly know how to express it," was the reply. "It is an intangible something which you don't get out of a pipe or cigar. I don't think I would give a hang for all the cigarettes made if I was unable to inhale the smoke—that is, to draw it down into my lungs. That, I guess, is the principal inducement to cigarette smoking. When a cigarette smoker first begins he smokes as you are smoking that cigar; that is, he simply draws the smoke into his mouth and blows it out again. In a short time, however, he finds himself drawing a little of the smoke into his lungs involuntarily, and he gets a new sensation out of that—a very exhilarating one, too. Pretty soon he has to draw more smoke into his lungs to get that sensation, and then still more, and as time goes on and he continues to inhale the smoke he can only occasionally get the sensation of exhilaration, but he has fixed the inhaling habit for all time. It makes no difference to me whether I am smoking a pipe, cigar or cigarette, I take into my lungs every bit of smoke I take into my mouth. One gets so he can hold the smoke in his lungs quite a while, too. I can slowly drink a whole tumbler of water with a big puff of smoke in my lungs all the while. You don't believe that? Come over here."

The reporter followed the young man over to the ice water stand. He filled a glass with water, slowly drew into his mouth a long puff of smoke, held it in his mouth a moment, and then it disappeared as he drew a long breath. Then the young man lifted the glass to his lips and with perfect ease drank the water, swallow by swallow, as slowly or more slowly than he would have under ordinary circumstances. Having done so, he laid the empty glass on the tray of the stand and then turning around to the reporter so as to fully face him, blew a cloud of smoke out of his mouth.

"It's as easy as rolling off a log," said the young man smiling.—Cleveland Leader.

**PRINCE OF THEM ALL.**

Experiences in South America as Related by a Good Lear.

"I'm done with South America," he declared with an air of disgust as he looked at the other loungers in the hotel regaling parlor and sipped a glass of beer. "Nature overdoes everything down there. Melon vines grow so fast that the melons are ruined by being dragged over the ground. Where the soil is most fertile the natives have to go up in a balloon to pick grapes. Corn grows so tall that crows eat it out of gun range and the stalks have to be cut down with an ax. The grass comes on so fast that the farmers make hay every week, and there is enough fruit raised to supply the markets of the world. A man can live there without turning a hand."

"I guess not," grunted an old toper who was looking for just that kind of a snap.

"I say you can and have the best there is going. But I wouldn't live there if they deeded me the whole shooting match. There are more snakes there than there are leaves in Yosemite, or wherever it is. They can run like a motor car and climb a tree like a cat."

"Ugh!" shuddered the toper. "And you people don't have any storms up here. One of your cyclones wouldn't be a fresh breeze down there. I've seen a blow in Brazil turn an iron kettle inside out. I'd just bought a ticket for a place sixty miles away, one evening, when I'll be durned if the wind didn't pick the little station up and land me right where I wanted to go. It was done so quick that the old clock didn't get through striking seven while we were making the trip. I located a gold mine on top of a hill and it was full of gold. One night the whole top of that infernal hill blew away and when I found it a lot of Spaniards had jumped the claim."

"How's the grocery business?" inquired a man who had come in a minute before; but the South American traveler had vanished as though on the wings of a South American storm. "Runs a little one-horse grocery out here at Jumptown," continued the newcomer. "Never been out of Michigan in his life. Heavy weight champion liar of the world."—Detroit Free Press.

**Two Minutes Under Water.**

Drowning is a quicker death than most people suppose. Insensibility is said to begin in about one minute, and fatal unconsciousness generally supervenes in the neighborhood of two. Even practiced divers cannot remain under water more than a minute and a half, and it is almost fatal to remain beneath the surface longer than that.

At Navarino, where there are many expert divers who plunge into the sea after sponges, not one was found who could remain under water for two minutes. In the Red sea the Arab divers generally remain under water one and a quarter minutes; while at Ceylon, the pearl fishers can seldom remain below for over one minute. There is a case on record at Falmouth, England, where a diver had descended eighty feet, and, on giving the signal, was drawn up slowly, so it was two minutes before he reached the surface. Blood ran from his ears and nose and he was insensible. He died without speaking.

Insensibility, however, does not always involve death, for in many cases a person may be resuscitated by the use of energetic measures. The bringing to of people who have been under water for five consecutive minutes is, however, considered doubtful by physicians. Cases related, nevertheless, where persons have been submerged for fifteen or twenty minutes, but it is probable that they have come to the surface again and again during that time.—New York Journal.

**Same Old Quarrel.**

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