BIMETALLISM IN ENGLAND.

A Free Silver Man Elected to Parliament from Lancashire.

LONDON, England, Nov. 4—A parliamentary bye-election was held to-day in the middletown division of southeast Lancanshire to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Thomas Fielden, conservative.

The results of to-day's polling is the victory of the liberal and radical candidate, Alderman Buckworth, by a majority of 300 over the unionist and conservative candidate, William Mitchell.

The bi-metallist question played a considerable part in the contest. No part of Lancanshire is more ardently bi-metallist than the southeast. The refusal of the government to take any definite step to meet the proposals of the American and French governments was used against Mr. Mitchell, although at all his meetings he expressed himself as strongly in favor of bimetallism and advanced the opinion that the prevailing bad condition of the cotton trade is largely due to the depreciation of silver, which, he said, had handicapped Lancashire trade to the extent of 30 per cent.

AFTER KANSAS TRUSTS.

Attorney General Boyle Will Dissolve Wholesale Grocer's Association.

CHANUTE, Kas., Nov. 4—A judicial investigation began here to-day in the district court under the Farrely anti-trust law, resulted in placing the Kansas wholesale grocer's association in an embarrassing position. Its officers have maintained all along that the association was in no sense a trust. A feature of the inquiry was the bringing into court of nearly a score of traveling salesmen who denied the existence of a trust, but upon their being compelled to submit their correspondence to the court it was clearly demonstrated that the association fixed prices for the sale of sugar, tobacco, soap, lye, yeast and other staples, and several admitted that the cutting of these prices would mean the loss of their positions. As a result of the revelations Attorney General Boyle will proceed against the officers of the company by means of an injunction for dissolution of the so-called trust.

This is the first of a series of prosecutions planned by the populist attorney-general against trusts operating in Kansas.

TELEPHONE COMPANY BUSY.

Cannot Find Time to Put a Telephone in Yeiser's Office.

The Nebraska Telephone company has succeeded in avoiding the order of Judge Scott of Omaha to put a telephone in Mr. Yeiser's office. Judge Scott ordered the company to put a telephone in Mr. Yeiser's office or show cause why it should not. The company did neither. It simply filed a general demurrer and applied to the supreme court, the corporation's retreat, for a supersedeas restraining Judge Scott from enforcing his order. It is needless to say the supreme court granted the request of the corporation and saved it from the wrath of Judge Scott.

When Mr. Yeiser presented himself at the office of the telephone company and tendered $3 for the use of the telephone for one month, the company not daring to refuse and disobey the order of the court, accepted the $3 but informed Mr. Yeiser that there were so many orders ahead of his that it would be a couple of months before the telephone could be placed in his office. In this way the company has avoided compliance with the court's order. The supersedeas granted by the supreme court prevents Judge Scott from punishing the officials of the company for contempt of court.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

Conducted by J. Y. M. Swigart. Correspondence solicited.

Richardson County Company.

The first seven years that the Richardson County Mutual was in business they had no losses to speak of but of late they have had several losses. The last one was a very large barn well filled with hay and feed. The cause of the fire is not known. We predict that if the truth would be told it was caused by spontaneous combustion, as several barns have been known to burn from this cause. Clover hay is more liable to take fire from this cause than is Timothy or wild hay. At least that was the decision of the Mutual Insurance association of Iowa last winter in Des Moines after a half day's discussion of the subject. While I do not believe that all of the suspicious fires are caused by spontaneous combustion, but I do think that many more originate that way than is generally believed.

A prominent business man of this city told us only lately of a case in which he was interested.

He was remodelling his place of business and in the evening he noticed the painters put their rags and overalls in a closed bin or sugar box. After he went home he thought of it again and about 11 o'clock he went back to the store to see about it. Just think of his surprise to find the whole on fire when he opened the bin, and only about five hours from the time they were placed there.

I do not presume that the mutual companies of Nebraska could be induced to pay the expense of their overworked and underpaid secretaries to Lincoln next winter to discuss such subjects but in Iowa the company's pay this expense every year and consider they get full value for their money.

It is my intention to go to Des Moines next week to be present at a meeting of this kind and hope to meet other men from Nebraska.

SMALL HAPPENINGS.

The Canadian government has decided to construct a telegraph line to the Klondyke region in Alaska.

Charles Pinkerton, a prisoner in the county jail at La Porte, Indiana, who had been convicted of murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a pocket knife.

The yellow fever situation in Louisana and Mississippi has greatly improved. Very few new cases are being reported.

Major Ben Butterworth, commissioner of patents, is very ill with pneumonia at Cleveland, Ohio.

The San Marco hotel, the finest in the city of St. Augustine, Florida, was totally destroyed by fire Sunday. Total loss $150,000. Insurance $50,000.

A fire at the residence of H. E. Farquhar, salesman for Paine and Warfel, did considerable damage to the building and furniture. Fortunately Mr. Farquhar carried insurance in the Farmers and Merchants Insurance company of this city. The loss was satisfactorily settled and fully and promptly paid.

A fire in the wholesale part of the city of Louisville, Kentucky, Sunday night damaged several buildings and stocks, entailing a loss of about $150,000.

The Kansas state board of agriculture estimates the total value of agricultural products of Kansas for 1897 to be $176,000,000, the greatest since 1890.

The report of the commissioner of pensions gives the number of pensioners and the amount of pensions for the fiscal year in 1897 in the following states to-wit: Nebraska 16,893 pensioners, $2,546,373.07; Iowa, 37,575 pensioners, $5,471,983.61; South Dakota, 4,703 pensioners, $623,030.80; Wyoming, 699 pensioners, $102,728.69.

Robert A. Van Wyck, the newly elected mayor of New York is a bachelor. He owns no horses or carriages. He rides a bicycle.

The Irwin building in Chicago was destroyed by fire. Loss about $150,000.

District Attorney Olcott will be appointed by Governor Black to succeed VanWyck as Judge of the municipal court of New York, when Mr. Van Wyck resigns to accept the office of mayor. Olcott is Tom Platt's choice for the position.

THE PLACE TO BEGIN.

All Sympathizers With Labor Should Fight Usury and Privilege.

There are other motives that move the millionaire besides greed.

Greed itself is an instinct belonging to the lower orders of life as well as our own.

Given greed and industry, and you have the miser or the miserable.

Given the elements industry and cunning, and you have ambition to control others. Our civilization is such that the possessor of money and cunning controls the masses. He even largely controls the priesthood. The rich can have indulgences from the church.

We are a nation of money worshipers. Although nature—God—has established the everlasting law that value is increased only by labor and preserved only by labor and although we as a nation have abolished chattel slavery, thus assuring the right of all people to their own labor, yet we by various means heap honors and further profits upon those who have cheated thousands of their fellow creatures out of a part or all of the products of their labor There is another form of ambition—to my mind a very silly one—a desire for alliance with the aristocracy of the older countries This people can often buy with money It is generally a suitable alliance in one respect—the effete descendants of robbers and freebooters of feudal times with the children of successful knaves of ours, the pressure of our laws bolstering them up in certain schemes of robbery

Having thus stated the nature of what at first view appears to be mere greed, let us consider the remedy.

It is by fighting fire with fire. Usury always robs labor; that part of the revenue which is paid as interest cannot be considered as payment for the efforts of labor, to which all increase in wealth is due All laborers and sympathizers with labor then should fight usury (or interest) and privilege.

This is the place to begin. All other efforts called labor movements are unworthy of the name

All so called leaders, although they may protest against the authors of our wrongs, yet keep the truth hidden from the people, should be deposed.

Every citizen laborer if he is ignorant of these conditions should be instructed by those who understand them. That would be true leadership We should not seek to go where our enemies want us to go Our enemies want to rob labor by usury and privilege. Our interests clash

Really, self is of the first importance. We find that if we do not take care of ourselves no one will Ourselves versus plutocracy

Now as to privilege, the privilege of officers to receive more wages than they could reasonably earn, of public carriers to monopolize the public ways for private gain—the control of water, light, heat and other utilities—of free coinage and monetization of certain metals having a value placed upon them by law, are all needless and demoralizing though sustained by cunning sophistries and should be abolished.

Usury can be abolished by government loans without interest (this should be discussed until the laboring people understand it), and to make the reform permanent millionairism should be driven out of our land by graduated taxation, levied by the general government upon all values of property or money.—C. F. Sherman in Chicago Express.

Mint Statistics.

The stock of gold and silver in the United States on July 1, 1897, is estimated to have been: Gold, $696,270,542; silver, $634,509,781; total, $1,330,780,323

The total metallic stock of the world, compiled from the latest reports, is estimated to have been on Jan. 1, 1897:

Gold	$4,300,000,000
Full legal tender silver	3,613,000,000
Limited tender silver	600,000,000
Total metallic stock	$8,027,000,000

The world's product of gold and silver for the calendar year 1896 was:

Gold	$204,000,000
Silver	190,000,000

—Mint Director's Report.

If you owe on subscription, take one of our scripts for the ailment: Pay up!

The Typewritten Letter.

By ROBERT BARR.

When a man has battled with poverty all his life, fearing it as he fought it, feeling for its skinny throat to throttle it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich, it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy, he became even more sobered than usual and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it. The man who brought him the news had no idea he had told Denham anything novel. He merely happened to say, "You are a rich man, Mr. Denham, and will never miss it."

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked of him, and his visitor departed, gratefully leaving the merchant with something to ponder over. He was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if some one had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all of his own accumulating, but his struggle had been so long and he had been so hopeless about it that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops at New Orleans fought a fierce battle, not knowing the war was over. He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the invariable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family. All had accepted their lot with uncomplaining resignation until Richard resolved he would at least have a fight for it. And now the fight had been won. Denham sat in his office, staring at the dingy wall paper, so long that Rogers, the chief clerk, put his head in and said in a deferential voice:

"Anything more tonight, Mr. Denham?"

Denham started as if that question, in that tone, had not been asked him every night for years.

"What's that? What's that?" he cried.

Rogers was astonished, but too well trained to show it.

"Anything more tonight, Mr. Denham?"

"Ah, quite so. No, Rogers, thank you, nothing more."

"Good night, Mr. Denham."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Good night, Rogers, good night."

When Mr. Denham left his office and went out into the street, everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked long, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it. He saw handsome carriages. He, too, might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage. He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. He had no friends, no acquaintances even. The running dog, with its nose to the ground, sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew men in a business way, of course, and doubtless each of them had a home in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man by the shoulders and say to him: "Invite me to your house. I am lonely. I want to know people."

If he got such an invitation, he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting room and its language, but the drawing room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken. On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go back for it. Only the day before he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, allude to him as "the old man." He felt as young as ever he did, but the phrase, so lightly spoken, made him catch his breath.

As he was now walking through the park and away from the busy streets he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair, looking at his hand when he had done so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of a girl he knew once, who perhaps would have married him if he had asked her, as he was tempted to do. But that had always been the mistake of the Denhams. They had all married young except himself, and so sunk deeper into the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly increasing progeny. The girl had married a baker, he remembered. Yes, that was a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong when he called him an old man. Suddenly another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different indeed from the one who married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter. Miss Gale was pretty, of course—all typewriter girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she belonged to a good family which had come down in the world. Her somewhat independent air deepened this conviction and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl, who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the expertness of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not?" he asked himself. There was no reason against it, except that he felt he had not the courage. Nevertheless he formed a desperate resolution.

Next day business went on as usual. Letters were answered, and the time arrived when Miss Gale came in to see if he had any further commands that day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal, yet he knew he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else. In the first place, he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home, and in the second place he knew if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. It must either be at his office or nowhere.

"Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last. "I wanted to consult you about a matter—about a business matter."

Miss Gale seated herself and automatically placed on her knee the shorthand writing pad, ready to take down his instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair.

"I am thinking," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact, it has been so for some time."

"Yes?" said Miss Gale interrogatively.

"Yes. I think I should have a partner. It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers? He knows more about business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man. But—it is not Rogers."

"Then I think, in an important matter like this, Mr. Rogers, or some one

"I thought of that, but it wouldn't do."

who knows the business as thoroughly as he does, would be able to give you advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner if the partner is willing."

"Is it then a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and—and has been."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner who brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, if that is the case, I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't understand either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do; that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I wanted to consult you about is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused nor give offense."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him? What him?"

"To your future partner, about the proposal?"

"No, no. Oh, no. That is, I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

"Certainly not. It's none of Rogers' business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up.

"How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I—I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis then?"

"Well, I can hardly say. On a personal basis perhaps. I rather hope that the person—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale mercilessly.

"Certainly. Friendly, of course, and perhaps more than that."

Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here or anywhere else that would be convenient, and then discuss the matter?"

Denham looked frightened.

"I thought of that, but it wouldn't do. No, it wouldn't do. I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you. There seem to be so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I knew no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you, it will please me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but after a few moments she said, "How will this do?"

DEAR SIR—

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Denham. "That seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put it 'Dear Friend?'"

"If you wish it so." She crossed out the "sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter:

DEAR FRIEND—I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is and has been for several years very prosperous, and, as I shall require no capital from you, I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I will—

"I—I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale defiantly.

"Better put it on the friendly basis, as you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything, Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want it. I knew I could not write one that would please you."

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing first rate; better than I could do. But just put it on the friendly basis."

A moment later she read:

* * * join me in this business. I make you this offer entirely from a friendly and not from a financial standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me.

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No. I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short typewritten, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted."

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll add that though. 'Yours truly' or 'Yours very truly?'"

"You might end it, 'Your friend.'"

The rapid click of the typewriter was heard for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no," answered Mr. Denham with evident trepidation.

The young woman said to herself: "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It is a most unbusiness-like proposal."

Then she said aloud, "Shall you want me again today?"

"No, Miss Gale, and thank you very much."

Next morning Miss Gale came in to Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me and that perhaps you did not need me today. But I saw at once that you put it in the wrong envelope. Did you want me today?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late, and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly.

She backed away from him.

"Answer it?" she repeated faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice, I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the doorknob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations"—

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale in a long drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used and fled to her typewriting room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door; but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in, Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."

"Very well."

He went into his own room and found a letter marked "Personal" on his desk. He tore it open and read in neatly typewritten characters:

I have resigned my place as typewriter girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions, as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address. Your friend, MARGARET GALE.

"Rogers!" shouted Denham joyfully.

"Yes, sir," answered that estimable man, putting his head into the room.

"Advertise for another typewriter girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.

THE END.