Hold the Fort.

Hold the fort, the farmer's coming;
Heed the signal still,
Wave the answer back to Benny,
By God's grace we will.

Ho my comrades see the signal
Waving in the sky,
See the farmers now appearing—
Victory is nigh.

See the mighty trusts and bankers,
Satan leading on,
Mighty lawyers all around them,
Courage almost gone.

See the glorious banners waving,
Hear the bugle blow,
In our leader's name we'll triumph,
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the mortgage rages,
But our help is near,
Onward comes our cheaper money,
Cheer, old farmers, cheer.

J. W. COOPER.

From the Chicago Sentinel.

STREETER TO WINDOM.

The Illinois Farmer Addresses an Open Letter to Secretary Windom.

A Square-Toed Talk on the Silver Question That Should be Heeded.

Hon. A. J. Streeter of New Windsor, Ill., the well-known farmer's candidate for president in 1888, sends the *Sentinel* for publication the following open letter addressed to Wm. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury. It is full of good points and should be read and "passed around."

OPEN LETTER TO

Hon. William Windom, Secretray of the Treasury: Dear Sir:—I have just read your letter of the 20th inst, touching the pending silver legislation, and most respectfully dissent from your views. It is evident from your letter, and from your published report also, that you are opposed to the further coinage of the silver dollar. In your report, however, you admit the following truth:

"It is unquestionably true that in this country, public sentiment and commercial and industrial necessity demand the joint use of both metals as money." [See page 52.]

Now, you have proposed and urged the passage of a bill which proposes to stop the coinage of silver, as now provided by law; and this, too, in violation of your statement that "public sentiment and commercial and industrial necessity demands the joint use of both metals as money."

This opposition to the coinage of silver is not new by any means; but has been the continued policy of each administration since silver was stealthily demonitized in 1873, by the advice of the then Secretary of the Treasury. There then I find the issue as made and presented by yourself.

On the one hand, "public sentiment and commercial and industrial necessity demands the joint use of both metals as money," while you sir, on the other hand, follow the footsteps of your predecessors and with the gold bugs and their satellities, and continue their policy by proposing a bill, and urging so persistently its passage, to stop the coinage of silver.

This opposition to the coinage of silver has gone on until it has made a new and contending division of classes in society—the creditor and debtor classes—one wants the *earth*, the other wants to *live:* one are the workers in the hives of industry whose hands produce and store all wealth, the other are the drones who want all the honey; one wants the free coinage of silver, the other wants silver coinage stopped, the further issue of greenbacks stopped; and nothing to be real money but gold.

In your letter, Mr. Secretary, you speak of getting up "the most gigantic 'corner ever organized," in silver bullion. Permit me to say, such an idea is unworthy of your high position. The silver minions are not asking for a "gigantic 'corner" in bullion to the end that they may get even by robbing others; all they ask is justice, viz: that silver be restored to mintage the same as it was when the conspiracy was concocted to depreciate its value by demonetization. The metal in a dollar was worth more than 100 cents when the dishonest and secret scheme to demonetize silver was clandestinely enacted by congress in 1873.

I very much regret that our Secretary of the Treasury should have joined hands with those who made it a business, a money making business, to cry down the value of silver money. No man has ever lost a cent by receiving silver. Every dollar of it may be passed fifty times a day if need be, without the loss of a single farthing!

Then why all this hue and cry against silver money?

Its enemies, however, have succeeded in lowering the price of its bullion. But this depreciation is the result of their own dishonest acts; it is the child of their own lies, and conceived in sin.

You want to stop the coinage of silver again, and that purposely to make gold the only standard. Would that be honest? If you stop the coinage of silver you thereby stop the principal demand and use for that metal, and increase the demand and use for gold, and make all demands payable in a dearer money than was in contemplation when the contracts were made. I again repeat, would that be honest?

Has not the debtor clnss endured enough robbery already by such legislation?

Your policy widens the gulf between Lazarus and Dives; and all the Dives family are for your bill. The creditor class whom you so freely represent, have, by a series of unjust acts, raised the value of a dollar (as measured in the products of labor) more than 50 per cent since silver was demonetized in 1873.

In other words, the creditor class has squeezed more and more of beef and lard and corn into a dollar—until farming has ceased to pay, and until farming lands have fallen in value in every agricultural state in the Union. In view of all these facts it surprises me to hear our secretary of the treasury talk about "best lawful money," "high rule of honor," etc., as an excuse for continuing a policy so ruinous to the industrial people.

Finally, you close your letter by saying "Rather than go one step further in that direction [meaning coinage of silver] I firmly believe it would be better to have no legislation on the subject."

You have said before what is true, "public sentiment and commercial and industrial necessity demands the joint use of both metals as money." This is all the answer I need to make to your conclusion, but will add this prediction: "If the republican party, now having the balance of power in all branches of the government, does not come to the front and pass a silver coinage bill before the coming fall election, there will not be a republican state left west of the Mississippi river."

I write plainly and earnestly too, from the standpoint of a farmer, and I think I know something of public sentiment.

A. J. STREETER.

A WOMAN'S FREAK.

Falling in Love With a Husband She Had Married in Order to Become a Widow.

A young California lady was left an orphan, with a fortune. She was handsome and wanted to have all the fun she could, and didn't care for expense. She found that she was liable to be talked about if she had all the fun she desired, so she asked the advice of a widow with whom she trained a good deal, and the widow told the girl she ought to be a widow and then she could have all the fun she wanted to and nobody would say anything about it. The girl took the advice in a kindly way and decided that she would be a widow. She did not want to marry a man and be a married woman with all that name implied and wait for a healthy man to die, and raise a family of children in the meantime. She wanted to enlist as a widow at once. She consulted a doctor and asked him to pick out for her a man who was a physical wreck and poor, one who would die within a few weeks at most. To such a man she felt sure that she could prove a blessing. She would marry him and give him money to live on, or rather to die on, give him all he needed to make him comfortable, and when he was gone she would be a widow as she desired. The doctor took hold of the case with a good deal of interest, and finally told the girl of a young printer who was in the last stages of consumption. The girl asked the doctor if he was sure the young man would die early, and he promised her that he would vouch for the sick man and see that he shuffled off the mortal coil right soon. The girl had the young man trotted out for inspection and his cough was all that she could have desired in a husband. He lay on a stretcher, and as she watched him and became familiar with his features, and listened to his charming cough, she felt that unless things were hurried a little he would die before he was on her hands. She inspected him carefully and decided that she would be his widow, and the marriage service was pronounced, and she was a happy wife, happy in the thought that may be to-morrow she would be a widow. She figured out how much money it would take to board her sick husband for a week or two and to bury him, and placed the money in the hands of the doctor, wished her sick husband speedy relief from his sickness, said "ta-ta," and went home, stopping at a store on the way to purchase some mourning goods, as she felt that society would expect her to dress in mourning for her husband. The next morning she sent over to the doctor to know how her husband passed the night, and was horrified to learn that he had rested better than usual, and had eaten quite a breakfast. Who can picture the woe of the poor wife as she worked over the mourning suit, with the feeling that prehaps the husband of her choice would not die after all. Sitting there under the vine clad porch, with roses everywhere, she should have been happy, and she would have been if she should have seen crape on the door of the doctor's house, but with that dread feeling that the glorious climate of California you can't tell what may happen to a consumptive, she was indeed miserable. The doctor tried to explain that frequently consumptives seemed to be improving when they were on the verge of the grave, and he was sure her husband would have a relapse soon and pass over the river. She was encouraged somewhat by the doctor's kindly words, but there was a vague suspicion in her mind that she was being trifled with, though she hoped for the best, and went on with the constructions of her mourning outfit, singing some simple ditty as she worked. It was a labor of love. The next morning, contrary to the doctor's prediction, her husband was yet better and when the sun got warm he walked over to her cottage. She met him at the door with cold hauteur and asked him to what circumstance she was indebted for the visit. He said he happened to be walking around for his constitutional, and thought he would drop in and see how his wife was passing the honeymoon. She showed him the work she was engaged upon and tried on her mourning bonnet aud asked him if he didn't think it was becoming. He said it made her look perfectly lovely, and when he thought of the pleasure it would give her to wear it, he was ashamed of himself for hanging on to life so long. She was flattered by the compliment and in reply told him that she hoped he would not hurry about dying for a day or two, as she could not get her mourning dress done before that time. Thus they chatted for a few moments, when the other widow was passing, and he said he would run out and see her safe home. As her husband walked away with the widow the bride felt the first pang of jealousy that she had ever experienced, and when the widow called upon her later in the day to condole with her on the distressingly good health of her husband she would not speak to the widow at first. The widow confided to the bride that she had walked the husband of her friend quite a distance up the mountain, hoping the exertion might bring on a hemorrage, and that he would die in his tracks, but that he seemed better the farther they went, and she actually had to ask him to sit down so she could rest. She added that he was one of the most entertaining talkers she had ever met, and except for his constant coughing, he was a daisy. The young bride was about as mad as she could be, and openly accused the widow of trying to alienate the affections of her husband, and the two friends parted in anger. To shorten up what might become a long story, it is well to state that the bride became in love with the husband she had married in order to become a widow. She took him to her room, doctored him up, and at this writing he is the healthiest man in California. The incidents related occurred four years ago. To-day there are three lovely children playing around the rose-covered cottage of the printer and his wife in the lonely San Gabriel valley, and both the husband and his wife bless the glorious climate of California, which knocks a cough out and makes the best kind of a husband of one who has foot in the grave. And she don't want to be a widow at all.

Newspapers Jokes.

John M. Walsh, of the Continental Line, at Fourth and Vine Streets, was recalling, last night, his experiences as "devil" on the Leader, of Chillicothe, O. "One morning, when I had just started on the paper the foreman came to me with the post office box keys, and said to get the mail, look over the exchanges and 'clip' matter for to-day's issue. To put my 'stuff' on the sheet of manilla, leaving room to credit the article, or for any changes that were to be made.

"I got the mail, and going into the editor's sanctum I took his chair and went to work. There was the San Francisco Chronicle, that contained a number of articles that looked as if they would be of interest to me, so I whacked them out, deep in what I thought was good work for the Leader, when in walked Mr. Tylor. He looked at me with surprise, and asked what I was doing there, I told him, and he said that was his work, and what he was there for, and for me to go up to my case, that the boys had worked a job on me. I felt quite meek, and tried to keep awake to any prank that might be attempted. Once more they worked me. 'Go over to the Herald office and get the type-grinder,' said the foreman; "this type must all be ground up before melting for new type.'

"I went to the Herald office for the type grinder. They said to go out to the composing room and get it. They told me there that the Sun, folks had borrowed it the day before, and I would find it there. At the Sun they seemed to know nothing about it. I told them positively that I knew they had it, for I had just come from the Herald and they said it was there. Soon they came around and remembered that the boys from the German paper had it. I went over there, and, after trying to understand the German bookkeeper for some time, was sent to the composing room, where I learned that the Chronicle had our type grinder. When I got to the Chronicle I was tired of running around, and whe told that it was not there I said I would look no further for it. Then they said they would not, either, for there was no such a thing. I was so mad, then, that I did not go back to the Leader till noon, but I was fully initiated."

Wolves in Pennsylvania.

The law authorizes the payment of $8 in Pennsylvania for the scalp of every wolf killed in the state, but not for a good many years has a wolf-scalp been offered for the bounty until last week, when the county authorities of Potter county received one from a woodman named Casey. He said he had killed the wolf at Grey's clearing, on the head waters of Pine creek, near the deep wilderness known as Dark forest. He was staying all night at Grey's cabin, when he was awakened by a great commotion in Grey's cowpen. He and Grey seized their guns and rushed out doors, suspecting that a bear was the cause of the uproar. The cow was bellowing loudly, and as the men approached the log inclosure they saw that she was being attacked by half a dozen animals which they thought were dogs. Casey took aim at one and fired and Grey also fired. The one Casey shot fell to the ground. The others fled to the woods, howling as they went. The animal Casey shot was found to be a wolf, an animal that every one believed was long ago extinct in the state. The cow was badly torn by the teeth of the wolves and she soon would have fallen a victim to the ravenous pack. Casey says that hunters have been out after the rest of the pack for several days but have not found any trace of them. The county authorities paid the $8 for the scalp and it will be mounted and hung in the commissioner's office as a curiosity.—New York Sun.

Will the Earth Fall to Pieces?

Professor Jones, the English scientist and other "F. R. S.'s," "L. B. A.'s" and "B. C. D.'s" are discussing the dangers our American gas drillers are subjecting the whole population of the world to by tapping nature's great gas resorts. Jones thinks the earth a gigantic baloon, held up, in part at least, by internal heat and gasses, and believes that a continual drain on nature's great gas main will eventually exhaust the supply and cause the earth's crust to break in and perhaps fall into millions of pieces as it collapses prior to falling through space everlasting. It is reasonable to suppose that there is some foundation for the alarm this prophet has been sounding for the past two years. The steady belching forth of millions of feet of gas every hour in the day is surely causing a great vacuum somewhere not far beneath the surface. That the comparative thin archway over this fast emptying cavern is more than likely to break and cause great havoc on the surface there is but little doubt.—St. Louis Republic.

Where the Fault Lies.

The average young man cannot keep up with the average young woman, or at least he does not. Where the fault lies, and for what reason, will all come out by and by, as the other questions at issue are answered. If the ceaseless hue and cry of "Is marriage a failure?" or "Is religion a failure?" would resolve itself into the question of more point, "Is manliness a failure?" the whole subject would be disposed of in the same answer.—Detroit News.

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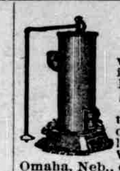

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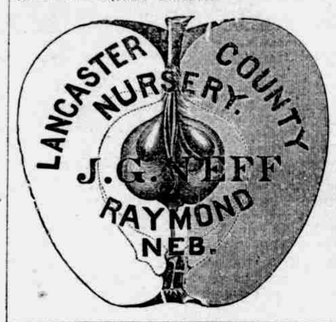

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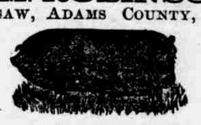

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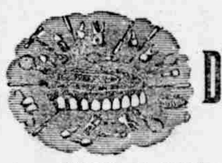

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