UNDER THE HILL.

Down in the valley under the hill
Lieth a city strange and still;
Never the anvil's cheerful beat
Echoes along the silent street;
Never the roar of mill and car
Fretting the day with noisy jar;
Never on zephyr's murmurous sighs
Beautiful music swells and dies.

Solemn and sweet as sinless prayer
Broodeth the stillness everywhere—
Under the gleaming arch of God,
Over the bloom besprinkled sod;
Here where the roses bud and blow
Blossom the lilies white as snow;
Blossom the starlets, rayed and white,
Jessamine hangs on her verdurous night.

Columns arise in this valley alone,
Spires and arches and tables of stone;
Never a cheer nor burst of glee
Speaks to their marbled symmetry.
Sweetly the song-bird pipes in the sky.
Softly the leaflets murmur and sigh;
Softly the honey-bee hums in the flowers;
Only these wood-notes mark the hours,—
Only these wood-notes break the spell,
Guarding the silent city well.
Infinite calm enfolds the hills;
Infinite peace the valley fills.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A STRANGE SIGNAL.

The night was unusually boisterous when the ship "Viking" unexpectedly struck the coral reef. The next wave carried her over the reef, and she lodged on a shoal in comparatively smooth water near an islet whose outline could be dimly perceived through the gloom.

This was indeed an unpleasant predicament. The captain supposed he was many miles from the nearest land and could not imagine what island this could be to which they had been carried by treacherous currents. No lights were to be seen, and whether the islet was uninhabited or occupied by savages and cannibals they would not know until daylight. One or the other it was sure to be. Being young and romantic, Walter Durand, who was a passenger on board, was less alarmed than his companions, and the lively fancy of his artistic brain was busy picturing the possible scenes that the morrow would reveal.

But terror overcame most of the crew, who knew too well the miseries and perils of shipwreck on the isles of the Pacific. This caused them to defy the authority of Captain Barnard. At daybreak a number of them lowered a boat and started for the land, prefering to learn their fate at once rather than wait until a multitude of savages should board the wreck and massacre the crew.

When the sun rose a lovely island was discovered rising in bold crags and lofty hills covered as with a mantle of velvet by the opulent vegetation of the tropics. Near the shore huts were seen and thin columns of smoke curling upwards. With the glass, canoes were also perceived on the beach and men moving towards them in animated groups as if preparing to comv off to the ship.

Captain Bernard at first determined to resist any such an attempt. But the supply of arms was so insignificant and the departure of so many of his crew had so weakened his power to resist attack that he decided to meet the savages peaceably and thus, perhaps incline them to mercy. The ship was in no immediate danger of going to pieces. The weather was again serene, and it was hoped that the fears of attack might not be realized. If worst came to worst, they would sell their lives dearly.

Aware of the love of bright colors and decorations common to savages, it occurred to Walter to bring out his paint box and by means of it to divert the attention and arouse the good humor of those who should first come on board. The idea was original and required a cool head and steady hand.

A dozen large canoes full of savages were now approaching the wreck. The carvings on the nearest boat showed that it bore the king of the island. The natives, whose chief clothing consisted of feathers and tattooing swarmed over the sides, and seeing the peaceable disposition of the crew, at first ran helter skelter over the decks, examining everything with childish curiosity and laying their hands on every object which attracted their covetousness. But their spears and beautifully carved clubs were not pleasant objects at the time, and their entire bearing seemed like that of wild animals which play with their victims before slaying them.

The king was a magnificent specimen of a barbarian, tall and powerfully built. He was completely covered with the most elaborate tattooed designs, as if clad in a garment of Oriental embroidery. He was evidently vain of the beauty of this savage finery, this royal dude of the Pacific.

With a courage born of desperation Walter began to block out the figure of a warrior with dabs of brilliant color such as would attract the eye of a savage. The chief looked on with exclamations of delight. Never had such splendor been seen by him before. Several savages collected around the chief and also gazed on the painted canvas with eager eyes.

As if in anticipation of a tragedy that could not be much longer deferred, the king laid his hand on Walter's shoulder and with a gesture that indicated that he had adopted him, said something in a tone of authority. At once the savages dispersed again over the ship and began the work of slaughter. Three or four of the unhappy crew were bound and thrown alive into the canoes. The others were cut down without mercy. Resistence was useless, as the savages outnumbered the crew ten to one.

During this awful scene Walter stood trembling for his own life and herror-stricken by the fate of his companions. But no harm came to him, for the king stood by firmly grasping him by the arm, both to shield the youth from attack and to prevent him from attempting to escape, which would have proved fatal.

When the massacre was over the savages returned to the island with their captives and plunder. They were welcomed home by throngs of women and children dancing and singing songs of triumph.

Walter never saw any of the crew of the ship again, nor did he for a long time dare to ask what fate had befallen them.

But the king had not forgotten that Walter practiced the arts of painting, and soon signified that he would like to see some more exhibitions of what he considered a magical art. Fortunately the wreck still remained pretty much as it had been left, owing to the continued fine weather, or it might have gone hard with the captive. He succeeded in making the king understand that the means by which he wrought his magic were still on the wreck. Accordingly the king took him out there to get his color-box. While paddling to the ship, Walter conceived a plan to escape, which might be carried into execution provided the stores in the wreck were still in good order, which happily proved to be the case.

He found in the carpenter's shop a quantity of sealed pots of paint together with a supply of large brushes, varnish and linseed oil, intended for painting the ship. These he caused to be transferred to the canoes, and also several spare topsails and other sails, and several coils of manila rope and a few small tackle blocks. He also took his own color-box and brushes for the finer work that might be required.

Walter began with sketch portraits of the prettiest girls and the handsomest warriors of the island, and also decorated the war canoes and clubs. He won immense applause and popularity by these efforts. This gave him courage to proceed further and to suggest to the king the construction of a royal pavilion right on the beach out of the sails he had brought from the ship. The scheme struck his copper-colored majesty as simply immense. They were all enlisted to cut and sew the canvas. With considerable skill Walter succeeded in erecting a spacious tent with partitions and a fly.

He then suggested that for the purpose of decoration and protection from the rain the tent should be painted. This idea was also very heartily received. Walter had now reached that part of his plan which required the utmost circumspection in order to avoid the suspicion of the natives, who were by no means stupid and were ever on the alert, as he could see, to prevent all attempts at escape. Walter therefore began first by decorating the interior of the tent with words similar to those he proposed to paint on the outside. This would disarm suspicion. As these interior decorations were greatly admired, he then ventured to decorate the entire exterior of his tent in a similar way; further, to disarm suspicion, he decorated every side exactly the same as the side which faced the sea. When the undertaking was at last complete the roof of the tent appeared of a yellow color; on this, in black letters, seven feet long, was the legend: "A WHITE CAPTIVE IS HERE; LAND WITH CAUTION." The same words were painted on the walls of the tent, but with vermillion, bordered with black on a white ground. Walter had to arrange his colors as far as possible with his means so they could be discerned a long distance. This enterprise, of course, took months.

When the pavilion was pronounced complete the king gave a grand feast under its shelter. But years passed on before Walter saw any evidence of its usefulness to the ingenious captive himself. He rested on his laurels, lived a life of indolence, and waited as patiently as he could for relief from what was in fact an intolerable existence to a young man of culture and ambition.

But at last a sail appeared moving in the offing past the island. Then she changed her course and headed directly for that part of the shore where the pavilion stood. When less than two miles away she hoisted and lowered her colors three times. Walter understood it as a signal. He carefully avoided any show of emotion before the natives, and when the vessel again stood away did not loose hope, for he was sure that his signal had been seen, and that this was the answer. He was up at dawn and cautiously walked down to the beach. There he saw a man-of-war's boat approaching with caution exactly as he had suggested.

But his movements had been perceived and suspected. With yells of rage the warriors swarmed at his heels, hurling their spears after him. As the boat touched the sand he sprang on board, but the savages rushed into the water following the boat as it moved off and wounding two or three of her crew. They were repelled by a volley of small arms and Walter was filled with regret when he saw his friend and protector, the king, borne back to his pavillion mortally wounded. Freed from the savages, the boat soon reached the ship, and Walter stood once more a free man under his country's flag.—Times-Star.

HOW LENSES ARE MADE.

The Art of Manufacturing Spectacles Reduced to a Science.

The art of making spectacles, says the Popular Science Monthly, has been reduced to a science. The bit of glass to be formed into a lens is fastened by means of pitch to a small block of hard rubber so that it may be more readily handled. It is ground by being pressed against a rapidly revolving metal tool, whose curvature is equal and opposite to that desired in the lens. This is known as the "rough tool" and is made of cast iron. It is mounted on a vertical spindle, and is kept moistened with emery and water. Several grades of emery are used in succession, changing from coarse to fine as the grinding proceeds. As a result of this process the glass has a rough surface and is no longer transparent. It is now transferred to the "fine tool." This is made of brass and has its surface as true as possible. It is compared from time to time with a standard curve in order to insure accuracy.

In this second grinding the abraiding material is rouge (carefully calcined sulphate of iron). Finally the lens is polished by being pressed against a piece of cloth powdered with rouge and fastened to the rotating tool. The glass is now loosened from its block, turned over, and the reverse side of the lens ground. When this has been accomplished the lens must be cut down to the proper shape for mounting in the spectacle frame. It is placed on a leather cushion and held firmly in position by a rubber-tipped arm while a diamond-glass cutter passing around an oval guide traces a similar oval on the glass below.

The superfluous glass outside the oval is removed by steel piecers, the rough edges are ground smooth on Scotch wheels and the lens is ready for mounting. The glasses for small telescopes, microscopes, burning glasses and the like are ground in the same fashion.

HOW VERY HONEST.

Very Fishy to Some Shrewd Arrayed on the Side of Integrity.

The opponents of free silver coinage shout loudly for an "honest dollar." They never had such a spasm of integrity before. "The dear people must be saved from the demagogues." "The dollar must contain one hundred cents." It is the old cry of "wolf, wolf," but the wolf this time is dressed in sheep skin and doing the shouting himself. Never before, say the Republicans, would a dollar purchase so much of the necessities of life. They might have truthfully added that never before in the past three decades did it take so much hard work to earn the dollar. A high-priced dollar means cheap commodities. Cheap commodities under the present system means low wages and poor returns from legitimate industry. The people want a dollar that will do something more than purchase the necessities of life. They want a dollar that will pay debts and taxes, and in earning the dollar to liquidate a debt they don't want to give any more hard labor than they would have to have givea at the time the debt was contracted. There are two kinds of debt; one in dollars, the other in hard work. For instance, a farmer borrows $1,000 at a time when wheat is $2 per bushel. Five hundred bushels of wheat would pay the debt. The farmer pays the interest from year to year; the money power contracts the volume of currency; as the volume contracts the purchasing power of the dollar increases; the relative price of farm products decrease, and finally the price of wheat falls to $1 per bushel, and the former concludes to pay his debt. At the time the debt was contracted, if the farmer wanted $2 he gave one bushel of wheat for it. Now that the debt must be paid, the farmer for every $2 must give two bushels of wheat. In other words, when the $1,000 debt was contracted five hundred bushels would have paid it, or the product of twenty-five acres at twenty bushels per acre. But under the contracted currency and dear dollar regime it takes one thousand bushels of wheat, or the product of fifty acres at twenty bushels per acre. The farmer's debt stood still reckoned in dollars, but doubled in hard work. Notice how the dear dollar works in paying the fixed salary of a county officer. In eastern Kansas in 1866 wheat was $2.50 per bushel. Let the salary of a county treasurer be $3,000. Then twelve hundred bushels of wheat would have paid the taxes to meet that salary. This year wheat is 75 cents per bushel in Kansas. Let the salary remain the same and it will take four thousand bushels of wheat to meet the taxes, or three and one-third times as much labor in the wheat field to pay the same salary as it would have taken in 1866. Now, apply this to the fixed salary of all public officers, for the people pay all the taxes that pay all the salaries. The point to keep in mind is that the county treasurer's salary, remaining the same in dollars, increased in purchasing power three and one-third times under the dear dollar idea, while the farmer's labor to pay the taxes to meet the salary increased three and one-third times.—Nonconformist.

Volume and Circulation.

Too many men cannot or do not seem to distinguish between the volume of money of the country and its circulating medium, whereas there is a great difference. The volume of money of the country is over $1,500,000,000, while the actual circulation—the money in use among the people is not more than one-third of that amount. The report of the treasury department for the last month says that the sum of $741,668,209 is held in the treasury, which is almost one-half of our entire volume of currency. Add to this amount held in the banks as reserves, that that is hoarded away and shrinking from investment, and our actual circulation does not exceed $500,000, or less than $8 per capita. No sort of dissembling or lying can get around these facts. When any man—no matter who he may be, undertakes to say that the money hoarded in the treasury, sub-treasuries and banks is a part of the circulating medium he is surely lying or is grossly ignorant. Will any man of sense say the $100,000,000 of gold held in the vaults of the treasury for a quarter of a century for the redemption of greenbacks is, or has been at any time in all these years a part of the circulating medium? Will a sane man dare say the gold and silver now stored behind the gold and silver certificates is in any sense a part of the circulating medium, or, that in any sense are today performing the functions of money? While this coin stored in the vaults of the government is considered a part of the volume of money, practically, it is in no more sense money than the equal value of corn, wheat or any other non-perishable product would be if stored in its stead. Yet, in the face of all these facts—duly attested in every report made by the treasury department, we find men and newspapers declaring that we have a per capita circulation based upon our whole volume, one-half of which the secretary of the treasury says is locked in Uncle Sam's strong boxes!—Alliance Tribune.

What Plutocracy Means.

The effort to confuse the people by making the plutocracy mean that it implies those who have more wealth than you possess is one of the vilest pieces of demagogery. Plutocracy means the rule of the favorite class of monopolists, who are running this government in their interest and against the average citizen not of that class. Those people who own a few thousand dollars are no more of that class than the tenants who cultivate their fields. Nor are any of that class in the South. The class of people most fought are the bankers of Wall street and the exploiters of the eastern states, who use the government for their interest—the money power—and against the interest of the wealth-creating power. There is the line of demarkation. These little bankers in the South who have more collaterals in Wall street half the year than they have capital stock of the corporation they are running are not in it. The little bankers act somewhat as a sponge to absorb the wealth of this section; but the plutocrats squeeze all the juice out of the sponge every year and leave the little dampness that remains to satisfy them. The scientific suck the eastern fellows have been giving the sponge the last few months shows that they know how to get all the juice, and not enough dampness remains to enable them to hold themselves up. The chances for the little fish decrease each year.—Alliance Herald.

Honest Old Abe on Greenbacks.

"MY DEAR COLONEL DICK: I have long determined to make public the origin of the greenback, and tell the world that it is one of Dick Taylor's creations. You have always been friendly to me, and when troublous times fell upon us, and my shoulders, though broad and willing were weak, and myself surrounded by such circumstances and such people that I knew not whom to trust, then I said in my extremity, 'I will send for Colonel Taylor; he will know what to do.'" I think it was in January, 1862 on or about the 16th, that I did so. You came, and I said to you, 'What can we do?' Said you, "Why, issue treasury notes bearing no interest, printed on the best banking paper. Issue enough to pay off the army expenses, and declare it legal tender.' Chase thought it a hazardous thing, but we finally accomplished it, and gave to the people of this republic the greatest blessing they ever had—their own paper to pay their own debts.

"It is due to you, the father of the present greenback, that the people should know it, and I take great pleasure in making it known. How many times have I laughed at you telling me plainly that I was to lazy to be anything but a lawyer."

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN, Pres.

After Sharks and Whales.

"The income tax plank is the other thing that is to do grave injury to the Democratic party. Every manufacturer, merchant and capitalist who has an income of say from $2,000 up cannot consistently vote for a party that proposes taxing his income. Not only that, but they will not contribute to the expenses of the campaign."

Oh you little dears with the $2,000 to $5,000 incomes! Don't worry about the income tax! Whatever ideas the Democrats may have about it, we, the People's Party, who are going to carry the country next year, will all have worked up to the idea of a graduated property tax by next summer. Then we won't be fishing for such minnows as you. Fishermen who are after big fish throw all the little ones they find in the net back into the water. Nothing less than millionaires will lodge in our net at first. The meshes will be too big.

No multi-millionaires after 1900!—The Sentinel.

The Living Truth: One of the chief benefits that will be afforded by the sub-treasury flexible currency, will consist of its ability to defeat a contraction of the regular circulating medium, by those who would profit by it, in a fictitious addition to the purchasing power of the almighty dollar. Without this the money kings could and would, at the right time, call in all the money they could control, lock it up, and in this way throw down prices and fix their own rates on money. With the sub-treasury in force they would be powerless to do this, and would not attempt it. Hence the general circulating medium would remain out in the ordinary avenues of trade, and the periodical stringency would not be felt whenever Wall street saw proper to tighten the purse strings of the nation. It would forever break the grip of Wall street on the financial situation, and, knowing this, they employ every possible agency, fair, foul and malicious, to accomplish its defeat.

Their Schemes.

The Chicago Tribune says that if the nations of Europe were forced to international bi-metalism "we should then be gold lords of the world and be doubly thankful for having had the good sense to repudiate the fallacies of the foolish ones who now want us to voluntarily sink to a level that is despised by the gold-using nations of the Old World. We should then have taken another important step towards the fulfillment of our manifest destiny, to be the leading nation of the earth and able to dictate terms to all the rest."

Of course that is the scheme of our monopolists. But a low piratical plan it is—"gold lords of the world"—"dictate terms to all the rest." It was in that spirit that the alleged philanthropist, Lord Brougham, said: "England should destroy foreign manufactures in the cradle."—Sentinel.

How Should Capital and Labor Share.

Clearly, each should have the proportion it contributes toward production. According to the lowest estimate made by statisticians, labor in the United States contributes seventy-two per cent. Upon this basis capital should receive twenty-eight per cent. of the productions. Mr. Edward Atkinson, a noted statistician, who has considered the subject exhaustively, says that labor contributes ninety per cent. and capital ten, towards the wealth produced in this country. According to his figures, labor should receive nine and capital one.

Whether the highest or the lowest figures are correct, it is very apparent that capital receives much more than it earns, and thereupon labor must receive less. If, as the publicists say, the rate of interest should only compensate the lender for his trouble and hazards, it would seem that capital's earnings should be upon the same considerations. Some enterprises or industries are more hazardous than others and therefore, in the former capital should receive a greater compensation than in the latter. It is an easy matter to determine the trouble and risks in all cases, and the contribution that each makes and to regulate wages accordingly. This principle is just between man and man.

The Alliance Advocate: If the Farmers Alliance had collapsed half as often as its newspaper opponents have given out news to that effect, it would long ago have been forgotten; but, instead of being forgotten, it is being remembered in a very lively way, and the remembrance promises to become even livelier as the presidential contest approaches.