Louise, in the meantime, set about the preparations it was necessary she should make for going away. There was not much to do aside from writing a letter to her parents, which was to be sent back to them on the morrow from Magic City. But writing this letter required a long time, since it was hard to word it so as to make the shock as light as possible to those loved ones she was leaving. She wished to make her conduct appear to them in the most favorable light, yet she could not inform them that she had taken the step to save her father from state prison. She realized that the knowledge of her sacrifice being made for his sake would be a bitterer source of regret to her father than a term in prison.

For near two hours she wrote and rewrote letters, and at last for want of more time signed and sealed the last one produced. It was far from satisfactory, but she gave up all hope of making her conduct appear excusable to her parents without explaining the cause of it, and resolved not to do that.

"It is better," she said with a sigh, as she placed the letter away, "that I bear the blame. If poor papa knew how I was driven to this action he would never forgive himself, and would die of a broken heart; but as it is they will pity me and mourn for me, and perhaps think much worse of me than I deserve, but they will live over it."

Having completed all her arrangements, Louise went in and under a pretense of performing some service for her mother, found an opportunity to kiss both her parents, and then, feeling that she was going to break down, hurried from the room, never, as she supposed, to enter it again. She seated herself by the little window, and gazing out into the gathering evening shadows waited for the coming of Pearson.

When Scraggs and Dr. Bascom left the livery stable, whither they went to inquire after Pearson, they bent their steps toward Scraggs' office, where they decided to go to consult on the affair and try to devise some means of holding Pearson in check. When they arrived at the office they found Paul Markham there awaiting Scraggs' return. Paul was quite well acquainted with both Scraggs and the doctor, and he knew what their sentiments were toward Pearson, so he had no hesitancy in speaking out in the presence of both men, though he had come to see Scraggs alone.

"Mr. Scraggs," Paul began, "I am acquainted with your actions relative to Louise Green and that scoundrel Pearson, and I know you to be a friend of the girl, and I came to consult you about her. Something has to be done to save her from that scoundrel, and it has to be done promptly. I have been on the watch and I have had another person on guard for me, and between us we have discovered exactly how matters stand. To-night Pearson is going to take Louise away, and we must prevent him."

"I was sure of that," said Scraggs to the doctor.

"I was afraid of it," replied the latter. "I wish to Heaven the confounded scamp had got a leg broken."

"Yes," said Scraggs, "or his neck would have been better. I don't see why you didn't attend to that while you were about it, Markham."

"But, gentlemen," said Paul, "we have no time to lose; we must act and not talk."

"That's so," replied the doctor; "we must act—we must do something. Scraggs, what do you suggest?"

"I am lost," and Scraggs shook his head, doubtingly. "I don't know what to do. We could save the girl by force, but we can't do it without putting Green in for it. I wish old Blatchford was here. That would settle the business in short order."

"Perhaps he will come this evening," the doctor suggested.

"Perhaps," replied Scraggs, "but I hardly dare hope for such good fortune."

"Then I'll tell you what," said the doctor; "we'll wait until the train comes in. It will be less than an hour now, and if Blatchford should happen to come we're done with the matter easily enough, and if Blatchford don't come, by George! we'll proceed against Pearson by force. We'll waylay him as he goes out to-night and threaten to shoot or hang him if he doesn't leave the country inside of six hours."

"We'll do it, doctor!" Scraggs exclaimed, "and we'll mean business, too. I can get up a dozen men on five minutes' notice to go with us, and you may bet your boots we'll not be slow about giving the deuced scamp a dose of western law and justice if he don't come to time in a hurry."

"I'm afraid," said Paul, "that wouldn't save John Green from Mills' vengeance."

"Yes, it would," promptly replied the old doctor. "It wouldn't take us long to serve Mills with a dose of the same kind of medicine if he got to cutting around too much."

"That's what it wouldn't," said Scraggs. "The country wouldn't be any the worse off if it was rid of both of them."

"Not a bit," said the doctor. "So we'll wait for the train, and if Blatchford don't come we'll take the matter in our own hands."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SERPENT IS THWARTED.

As Pearson rode into town on his return from Green's, he saw the train from the east approaching, and he also saw Scraggs and Doctor Bascom walking down in the direction of the depot. He did not attach any importance to the fact of these men being together, but when a moment later they were joined by Paul Markham, he began to suspicion that something was wrong, and he was seized with fear.

"They're plotting against me," he mused, "and like as not old Scraggs has telegraphed for Blatchford, and they are going to the train to meet him. By George, I believe that old doctor is in Scraggs' employ, and his keeping me in bed all those days was a put up job to gain time on me. I was a fool not to know that sooner. Well, if Blatchford is coming I've got to be going. This town ain't big enough to hold us both."

With that Pearson quickly dismounted and running down through the stable turned down an alley and crossed the railroad track just before the train passed. Taking a position on the opposite side from the depot he watched the passengers as they left the cars. First a traveling man came out, then a woman and two children, and it seemed that that was all, and Pearson began to congratulate himself again. But his congratulations were short lived, for directly another passenger emerged, and Pearson knew only too well who it was. There was no mistaking Blatchford, although he was so aged and bent and so woefully changed from what he had been when Pearson saw him last.

"Curse the luck," Pearson muttered, "and old Scraggs and Bascom. The jig is up for me. I've got to fly from here, and I've lost Louise; but I've got Blatchford's money."

So saying he slipped on board the train as it moved out, and was whirled away from Magic City forever.

Blatchford was conducted without delay to Scraggs' office where everything was explained to him. He listened quietly to the whole story, but as Scraggs revealed to him the sufferings of John Green's family and the villainy of Harry Pearson, the old man's face grew ashy and his gray head dropped low on his breast, while ever and anon a heartrending groan escaped him. It was a minute or two after Scraggs finished his hurried account before the old man moved or spoke, but at last he raised his head and cried:

"My God! my God! how I have sinned. My child dying of want, and the viper I have warmed to my breast betraying my child's child to ruin. This is more than I can stand, men; I cannot bear it another instant. Show me this scoundrel, and I'll put a bullet through his black, villainous heart. Come, I must see him."

It was all Scraggs and the doctor could do to get the old man quieted down, but at last they succeeded in inducing him to listen to reason, and Scraggs unfolded his plan of procedure.

"Pearson is going to Green's to-night after the girl, and we must arrange to get there before him. We can never see him here, for he will be in hiding, but we can head him off there. For fear he may get there before us and miss us on the road, I will have men on the watch for him at the depot with instructions to detain him if he comes back there. In that way everything will be safe, and we'll catch him somewhere in the round."

This proposition was readily agreed to by all, and then Scraggs continued:

"We want to get away from here without attracting attention, so while Dr. Bascom conducts Mr. Blatchford to his house to await us, Paul and I will secure a carriage and drive out that way. From the doctor's house we will proceed to Green's. Now, let's get out of here and begin to move."

Within a surprisingly short time Scraggs had completed all his arrangements, and with his companions was

A LITTLE TOO ONE-SIDED.

moving rapidly in the direction of John Green's place.

It lacked but a few minutes of eight o'clock when the carriage rolled down the long slope in front of the cabin, and Louise from her position at the window hearing the rumble of the vehicle and the clatter of the horses' feet, felt that the most trying moment of her life was at hand. She had no other thought than that Pearson was coming, and at this near approach of the climax of her sacrifice, she found herself unable to bear up longer. Her fortitude forsook her and she laid her head down on the window sill and wept. But quickly recovering she left the house and ran to the place of meeting Pearson had mentioned, and there waited for the carriage.

A moment later it drew up, stopped, and a man sprang out. He was at Louise's side in an instant and had his arms about her, and she felt her senses receding when a well-known voice spoke her name.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" she cried, "is it you?"

"It is, darling," Paul replied, "and you are safe, thank God," and again and again he strained her to his breast and kissed her.

"See here," cried the old doctor as he came tumbling out of the carriage, "it seems to me like that is a little too one sided. You have no right to monopolize things, Markham, and by your leave I'll take one or two of those kisses."

"Take them and welcome, doctor, if Louise is willing, for you saved her for me."

"Ah, you blessed old doctor," Louise cried as she flew into his arms. "How much I have to thank you for."

"Tut, tut, child," the old man said, quickly, as he drew his hand across his eyes. "Let's not be foolish. Here, Markham, she's yours; take her and clear out. Here, Louise, come back here. There's another here who wants to see you. Here's your grandfather, Blatchford. And here's Scraggs. Confound it all! Scraggs is the man for you to thank. It was him that saved you from Pearson; but you mustn't kiss Scraggs, for he's bashful."

"Am I really free of that man?" Louise asked, as she nestled in her grandfather's arms and supported his aged head on her shoulder.

"Free of him?" the doctor repeated. "Well, I reckon you are. Just let him come here to-night and we'll make the world free of him, too."

"And papa?"

"He's all right. We'll attend to that, won't we, Scraggs?"

"I guess we'll be pretty apt to."

"That's what we will. But here, confound it all, we're keeping Blatchford waiting here while we're running on like a pack of fools, and he wants to see his daughter. Come, let's go on to the house."

So talking away as excitedly and happy as a boy over a new toy, the good old doctor led the way to the house, while Scraggs and Blatchford came after him, and Paul and Louise followed a little further behind, arm in arm, as happy as ever two young souls

"GOD BLESS YOU BOTH."

were. When they approached the door the old doctor stopped, saying:

"We must be careful not to excite Mrs. Green, so if you folks will wait outside here just a minute I'll go in and break the news to her."

"For God's sake don't be long, then," Blatchford pleaded. "I have been too long away from my child already, and I must see her quickly."

"All right, all right," replied the doctor as he bustled away. "I'll not lose a second."

Coming into the room he tried to hide his joy and assume a grave air, but the great happiness that filled his kind old heart to overflowing surged up to the surface and showed itself in his eyes and face in spite of him. John and Mary both saw at once that the doctor was overjoyed, but they never dreamed of its cause bearing any relation to them, so they said nothing. The doctor approached Mary's side, saying:

"Well, how is my patient to-night?"

"Some better than when you were last here," Mary replied.

"Hum, glad to hear it. Guess your father will be glad to know it, too. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know, doctor. He seems to have forgotten me entirely."

"No, he hasn't, though. I've heard from him since I was here."

"Have you? What did you hear?" Mary cried eagerly.

"Oh, not much. He loves you, though, as well as he ever did, and I think we'll get him out here before long."

"Oh, doctor, do you think so, indeed?"

"Yes, I do. In fact I know it."

"When will he come?"

"Why, pretty soon, I expect. Next week or to-morrow, or he might come to-night."

"Oh, doctor, he's here now. I know he is from your looks. Where is he? Let me see him quick."

At that moment the door opened and the old man entered. He tottered across the floor and with the words, "My child," sank on his knees by the bedside and laid his head close by his daughter's and in silence wept.

The doctor motioned them all from the room, and with noiseless step they obeyed him, leaving father and child alone together. It was a pitiable sight to see the once proud, cold old man, now kneeling in deep contrition at the side of the one he had so deeply wronged, and it was a beautiful thing to see how readily the wronged child's heart went out in forgiveness and love to the aged parent—forgetting in a moment all her sufferings, and all his neglect and coldness. It was a sight that touched every one present, and even Scraggs, who was considered adamantine at heart, was seen to withdraw a little to one side and mop his eyes vigorously several times.

After awhile they all went back into the room to find the father and daughter more calm and collected, and after John had welcomed Blatchford and they had shaken hands and buried the past, the doctor said:

"Well, Scraggs, we have done all the harm we can, so we may as well go. I expect our room would be more valuable than our company."

"You must not go, doctor," cried Mary, "until I have thanked you for what you have done."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Mrs. Green, I haven't done anything. It was Scraggs who brought this about."

"It wasn't," said Scraggs, "it was Bascom."

"Come, Scraggs, you know better than that. It was you who sent the telegram."

"Well, it was you who did the rest. It was you who managed the broken limb, and without that what would the balance have amounted to?"

"Well, we won't quarrel," said the doctor. "So you may thank whom you please, Mrs. Green. Now we'll leave you, promising to call again to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night, and God bless you," replied Green, rising and taking the doctor's hand. "And you, too, Scraggs. God bless you both."

John and Mary had not been informed of the full import of Blatchford's coming, and they were totally ignorant of everything relative to Pearson's conduct to Louise. They only knew that Blatchford had been brought to his daughter with a repentant and forgiving heart, and they had no suspicion of their child's narrow escape from a terrible fate. The doctor and Scraggs thought it best to keep that matter secret, and accordingly agreed to say nothing about it. They arranged to call on the morrow to further confer with Blatchford on matters of business, and then drove away.

"This is a nice piece of business for a money lender to be engaged in," remarked the doctor as they drove back to Magic City. "You have forfeited your right to your occupation, Scraggs, and have disgraced your calling, by showing that you have a heart. I shall report you, sir."

"All right, doctor," said Scraggs, "and I'll retaliate by reporting you to the medical profession."

"Report me? What have I done?"

"I shall inform the world that you kept a patient in bed a week under the impression that he had a broken limb when he had only sustained a slight sprain."

Both of those old fellows laughed immensely at their witticisms, and kept up their chat and their mirth until they reached their destination. They were in great spirits that night, as well they might be, for they had witnessed a world of happiness, and joy is always contagious. They were not only greatly pleased with their work so far, but each had mentally resolved to carry it on farther, and this resolution was another well spring of joy to their hearts.

Dr. Bascom had decided to take Paul into his practice, which was enough for them both, and Scraggs had decided to sell Green's farm and get John settled in business at Magic City. He knew of a good opening for a man of Green's honesty and ability, and he resolved to get him into it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CONCLUSION.

The flight of Pearson was discovered by Scraggs at an early hour the next morning, and a little later upon making a visit to the bank he learned of his embezzlement of Blatchford's money. He immediately telegraphed in various directions hoping to apprehend the rascal, but it proved all in vain. Pearson made good his escape.

Upon returning to Green's as agreed, Scraggs and the doctor found Blatchford in a critical condition. The excitement of the last few days, together with the mental suffering it had brought him, had been too much for him, and now they found him weak and failing. Dr. Bascom examined the old man closely, and though he made no report on the case his face became grave and thoughtful, and those who saw it felt sure that there was something serious in his patient's ailment.

Scraggs would have avoided telling what he had discovered that morning, but Blatchford insisted on hearing everything about Pearson, and asked so many questions regarding him that Scraggs was eventually forced to reveal all he knew.

The old man groaned and gnashed his teeth, and for a long time said nothing. At last, raising himself in bed, he spoke, looking steadily at his daughter.

"Mary," he said, "I have come to you at last, but I have come as a pauper. I come empty handed, and with nothing but my poor love to give you. That which I have slaved for, and which of right was yours, has been stolen from me by the one I took to my heart in your stead. I turned you from my door and took Harry Pearson in. I left you to starve while I lavished money on him. And now he has robbed me and left me penniless, with no roof but yours to shelter my head. My punishment is great, but it is not more than I deserve."

For three or four days the broken-hearted old man lingered on, growing weaker hour by hour in spite of all Dr. Bascom could do, and at last it became apparent that death would soon claim him. The Greens exerted themselves to the utmost to make his last hours as pleasant as possible, but

THE END DREW NEAR.

their kindness and unselfish attentions augmented rather than diminished his sorrows, since they only too plainly reminded him of the great sin of his life. He never spoke of his wife during all his illness, and it appeared that he had forgotten her. All his talk was of his daughter and her mother, and over and over again he accused himself of his neglect of them.

"Thank God, thank God," he said one day, "I have been spared to meet my child and win her forgiveness. Thank God that I am permitted to die under her roof and with her face near me."

At last the end came, and the poor old man who had wrecked his life through a terrible mistake, slept the sleep of the dead. Whatever his reward beyond the grave, we know not. He went into the hands of a just God and his reward was in accordance with justice and right. He had suffered the tortures of a thousand deaths in those few days following the terrible awakening to the wrongs of his life.

There is not much more to tell, and a few more pages will end this story.

Paul and Louise were married shortly after the scenes just described, and set up housekeeping in a home of their own next door to Dr. Bascom's. Paul went into the old doctor's practice, and being a kind, sympathetic man, succeeded from the first in making himself a popular physician. To-day he is one of the most successful physicians in the west, and has succeeded in laying by enough of this world's wealth to place his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, above any danger of want.

Dr. Bascom does little practice now, but he still takes a great interest in Paul's work and often spends the evenings with Paul's family, and he and Bascom Markham, Paul's boy, are great friends. Paul and Louise are always glad to have the old doctor come, and no matter how often he calls he is sure of a smile of welcome from both of them.

Scraggs, true to his resolve, soon found a purchaser for Green's land, and with the proceeds, which was a neat little sum, John set up in business at Magic City. John was anxious to leave the farm, for though the seasons became more regular and crop failures almost unknown, he felt that he was not designed for farm work, and his past experience with it gave him a thorough distaste for it. In his new occupation he succeeded fairly well, and was in time quite well to do. He regained his old time life and energy, and Mary became as bright as cheerful as a girl. Gradually the remembrances of those old bitter days, when they contended against droughts, pests and mortgages, faded out, and they could look back on the past without a shudder.

It was a long time before they knew of the great sacrifice Louise proposed making for their sakes in those old, dark days, and when finally the knowledge came to them they could only prize her a little more highly as a precious jewel, the brightest and best possession of their lives.

Scraggs continued in his old occupation of selling real estate and booming his town, and much credit was due him for the wonderful growth of Magic City in the years that followed. The person who goes to Magic City now may see a little old man, wiry and nervous, sitting at his desk in his office surrounded by a fine display of agricultural products, busily at work on some scheme for advancing his town's interests. That man is Scraggs. He is always at work, and his work is always for his town. To Scraggs, and men like him, the west owes much of its prosperity. It is such as he who make booms and cause towns and cities to spring up like magic. They turn waste places into gardens, and deserts into prosperous communities.

It transpired after Blatchford's death that he was indeed broken up. All his western securities were carried away by Pearson, and into these he had, upon Pearson's recommendations, turned nearly all his wealth. His property in the east was heavily mortgaged for money to send west, and when the news of his death and his western losses became known, his eastern creditors closed in, and everything, including his residence, was sold at trustee's sale.

Mrs. Blatchford was thus left penniless, and suddenly she awoke to the realization of the fact, and came up face to face with the most abject poverty.

Sarah is a sadly disappointed woman, and full often she sighs for her fallen grandeur. She often recalls the days when she was mistress of Blatchford's house and when she with all her relatives lived in great plenty and comfort on Blatchford's bounty. She is, indeed, receiving the just rewards of her actions, and is tasting the bitter draught she poured out to others. Rev. Wheedler has long since forgotten Mrs. Blatchford. In fact he lost interest in her when she lost her position in society and became unable to contribute to his salary. Mrs. Blatchford has never forgotten nor forgiven Aunt Mitchell, and it is probable that she never will. But that matters little to Aunt Mitchell, and she goes her way quite as well satisfied as though Mrs. Blatchford was her best friend.

And now, having disposed of all the other characters, nothing remains but to account for Harry Pearson. He went to the mountains beyond Denver, and though Scraggs made every effort to apprehend him, he was not heard of for some months after his escapade. The report that came then was to the effect that he had drifted into the mining regions, and after gambling away all his money undertook to raise a stake by robbing a mine. He was caught in the act and after a hearing before an extemporary pioneer court, was taken out and promptly hung to the nearest tree.

And now our story is done. Years have elapsed since the events recorded, and the great state of Kansas has outgrown its early disadvantages. The fertile soil of its great plains produces wonderful crops, and its people are among the first to respond with their rich products to the calls of other suffering lands. It has become one of the first states of the union, and but for one thing its people would be the most prosperous on earth. It has escaped the curse of pests and drouths; but, alas, the farm mortgage still has its deadly fangs buried deep in its soil. When this curse is abolished and the homes of the west become free of the greedy Shylocks' grasp, then will the land blossom as the rose and the struggling people enjoy the full fruits of their labors. May that time come quickly.

The Mother Read the Burial Service.

Here is an incident of Christian burial in a Christian community worthy to be read even by heathens. We find it in the columns of one of the Chicago dailies:

There was a simple funeral at Oakwoods Cemetary yesterday. No priest or minister was there to read the burial service—only a heart-broken mother who saw her only daughter go to her grave, while a man who had been a stranger to both and the undertaker watched the silent grief as the coffin was hidden under the clay.

Unfortunate Mamie Jennings, whose body was taken from the lake off Hyde Park Thanksgiving day, would have gone to a pauper's grave but for the kindness of J. P. Luby, an operator on the Open Board of Trade, who read the story of the suicide and himself arranged for a respectable, Christian burial. The mother of the girl is without money and but for the aid of Mr. Luby, who had known neither, the girl would have been buried by the county.

Mrs. Jennings claimed to have asked Kendall Street Christian church, where the girl attended services, to send a minister to conduct the funeral. There was no minister present, however, and the mother, rather than see her daughter buried without religious observance, stood beside the coffin of her daughter and read a portion of the eleventh chapter of the gospel of St. John: "For I am the resurrection and the life". She read and there came the solemn amen from the two who looked on in reverent silence.

Snow had covered the mounds of earth about the new made grave and headstones were half hidden by the mantle of white. Near by, a long line of carriages wound in and out among the leafless trees, following the hearse containing the remains of a daughter whose life had been passed in the midst of riches and of luxury. Above her grave were heaped beautiful wreathes of flowers until the dark clay was hidden and sorrowing friends stood by to soften the grief of mother and father.

At the other grave the mother gave one look across the snow and then placed a little bunch of faded forget-me-nots on the grave of her child and turned to where the one carriage stood. There were no tears in her eyes and she gave a last look at the mound and the poor offering of flowers she said: "Thy will be done."—The Chicago Sentinel.

OVER CAPITALIZATION.

We Have No Accurate Means of Measuring Our Aggregate Wealth.

The old party papers, the subsidized organs of the calamity producers are continually shrieking prosperity! prosperity! They boast of the unprecedented increase of our national wealth and shout the praises of our mis-representatives in the congress of the United States, who have enabled a moneyed plutocracy to absorb the lion's share. So persistent have been these minions of the money power in this boasting of our rapid increase of wealth that many have been deceived, even among intelligent reformers.

We are told that the aggregate wealth of the United States to-day exceeds the total wealth of the world at any time prior to the 16th century, says the Topeka Advocate. In a certain sense, this may be true, but the figures given in our census reports are certainly calculated to mislead. The values given, are to a large extent only legal fictions. That actual values have increased beyond precedent, we are not disposed to dispute, but under our present system of over capitalization, we have no accurate measure by which our aggregate wealth can be determined. All values are given in dollars, and under our present system of finance, based upon our indebtedness, instead of our wealth, the dollar cannot be regarded as a true measure.

All actual values are created by productive labor and take the form of taxable property. The labor invested in the creation of this property is the only true measure of its actual value, and under any kind of a monetary system, we could only approximate its value in dollars. But, accepting the dollar as a true measure, our census reports are still calculated to mislead, as the various forms of productive securities, on which the people pay interest, are accounted as a part of our aggregate wealth. The volume of this so called wealth, exceeds that of the taxable property of the country, while instead of being wealth in any true sense, it represents only the legal power to exact usury from the wealth producers.

Without doubt our actual wealth is rapidly increasing, but, fictitious capital drawing interest, is increasing much more rapidly. We must learn to draw the line between actual values and real values. A railroad is an actual value, but the stocks representing that value add nothing to the value of the road. They merely represent its power to collect dividends, in addition to an equitable compensation for the service that it renders to the people by transporting persons and products. This principle applies to the water, as well as the genuine stocks. In its nature it is a debt, and, so far as the wealth producing masses are concerned, it represents their poverty. All other capitalistic enterprises are established on the same principles, and are designed to become, in effect, permanent interest bearing debts, upon which the people must pay interest and dividends.

In order to arrive at a correct statement of the aggregate wealth of the nation, all inflated valuations, which represent only the power to exact usury ought to be eliminated. In their nature they come under the head of over capitalization, and hence constitute no part of our actual wealth. To include them in any statement of our resources is calculated to mislead. Our actual wealth, is the measure of our ability to pay, while interest bearing securities, of every name and character, represent only our incumbrances. Why should they be included in any statement of our aggregate national wealth?

"A Grand and Awful Time."

Whither are we drifting? "What shall be the end of these wonders?" We are certainly rushing at a tremendous pace to a financial and industrial status different from that which now exists. The pace at which we are traveling now is "a pace that kills" and will kill our present industrialism.

Look at this!

Read these big headlines covering four inches in a big daily:

Millions in Beer. Tales Told by a Brewery Promoter in Court. William J. Mark's Bill. Profits of the March Deal Placed at $5,250,000. Some Fine Financiering. Fancy Commissions Paid by Buyers and Sellers. Beer and Water Truly Mixed."

"When English syndicate promoters fall out subscribers to the securities in their schemes learn how much water they have been paying good dollars for."

Wm. J. Marks of Chicago, a promoter, sues about a dozen great brewery companies for $370,000 commissions due him. The new syndicate was capitalized at $11,000,000. Property cost $5,750,000, of which the various English and American promoters received $5,250,000.

Between them Marks was euchered out of his "hard-earned" $370,000.

Great is beer.

Great is the promoter.

Great country.

Great future.

Great fool people!—Chicago Express.

Not Afraid of the Constitution.

Senator Sherman has re-introduced his Nicaragua canal bill of last session. It provides that the government may from time to time issue bonds to the amount of $100,000,000 in aid of the canal company, at 3 per cent., for which it shall hold a first lien upon the canal and all the property of the company. It is the Union Pacific railroad steal proposed to be repeated. Senator Sherman is not afraid of coming in conflict with the constitution in any proposition for government loans to corporations, but when a proposition is made for the government to aid its needy mortgaged and debt burdened people, the constitution stands as an insurmountable barrier in the way of it. The Senator is a hypocrite and a knave.—Topeka Advocate.

Notice to Coal Consumers.

I have been able to complete arrangements whereby we are better able than we have been heretofore to make satisfactory prices on all grades of Canon City and Trinidad coal, as well as the best grades of Northern Colorado coal, over any line of road running out of Denver or Pueblo. Their capacity is sufficient to guarantee prompt shipment. I will keep purchasers posted on prices upon application. The lowest possible wholesale rates are obtained. Cash must accompany all orders.

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The first and only work ever written on currency reform in German is "Geld" by Robert Schilling. It is a translation and enlargement of his "Silver question" and sure to make converts. The retail price is 25 cents, but it will be furnished to reform organizations and agents at a greatly reduced rate. A sample copy will be sent for 15 cents. Address

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Doctor—"How is the patient this morning?" Nurse—"Well, he has been wandering a good deal in his mind. Early this morning I heard him say: 'What an old woman that doctor is!' and I think that was about the last really rational remark he made."—London Punch.

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