

UNDER THE BAN THE STORY OF JULIEN MASLY'S LIFE.

handsome and well-dressed women, and I finished they belonged to that vast class which attracts the gaze of the beholder in the hope of a monetary result.

"Look here, Julien, would you not like to increase your means?" "What do you mean?" "The Drum pays its writers superbly, and I think I could get you a lucrative position there if you could forget your past."

"So that when you had paid me for my opinion it would be necessary to systematically contradict or profess admiration, as the chief pleasure?" "Not exactly. You might meditate on it, and remember that your pardon was not so easily obtained; in fact, I am not sure that you are, even now, all right."

"What do you mean, Alfred? I am no coward, and if I do not care to sell my silence or my speech you could never intimidate me!" "I am, perhaps, stronger than you are inclined to believe."

"Perhaps you are connected with the police department as a spy? Oh! you make me ashamed of you!" "I am nothing of the sort."

"You are, perhaps, Cabinet Minister?" "Tahaw!" answered he, as he passed on. "But you had better beware, Julien, for I am a journalist."

18th February, 1876. The Princess called to-day. What an enigma she is. Pale and nervous, she was as cold as ice, and I did not dare question her. What can preoccupy her? I can imagine nothing. How hard it is to feel powerless to console her whom I love! I was not mistaken, her brow was clouded; and I think that I can never be anything to her. I hardly know whether she believes in that love, that tenderness which makes me live now, but which will surely kill me.

20th February, 1876. Why did she come the other day? I cannot hope, now, to see her to-day. I am no longer myself, and feel as if I were becoming mad. Her last conversation has upset me and I cannot sleep, although I am of an opinion that one cannot love without a belief. Love is my creed, Princess, and it is divine, for my feeling for you is no longer merely human. So pure a sentiment is my religion, and is not love the strongest manifestation of the deity, seeing that death cannot destroy it?

For the pleasure of wearing her yoke I have been to church. Two marriages were in progress—one at the great altar with heaps of flowers, golden beaded, and incense; the other in a little side chapel, no luxury, no incense, no flowers, no incense. I cannot help thinking of those married couples, and I can imagine the latter overflowing with radiant joy at the culmination of the hope of their lives; while the others gaze on each other with mistrust, studying each other, fearing each other, perhaps, for these high-born dames cannot understand in a moment the serious side of life, so carefully hidden from them up to that moment. When an happily grasps the situation quickly, but alas, for the young husband who has been unable to touch the heart—others will do so.

How I should like to know if the Princess is Suzanne! How dare I write Suzanne? Pshaw! No one will read this, and I can arrogate to myself the factitious pleasure of thinking I have the right to call her Suzanne!

Zanette is faithful on account of her teeth. Can do nothing. Rose has had a cold for several days, and her bad temper has grown worse. If only the Princess had called.

Bought a Figaro and found in it a question addressed to its readers with a request to send the replies, the best to be published. The question was this: "What awakening is preferable, that from an agreeable dream or that from a nightmare?" I amused myself by writing a rhyming answer, which has little chance of being published. Why should they publish the thoughts of a poor devil like myself?

And her soft, sweet voice answered "Yes." "What? What do you promise? I must know. But she had already passed on."

Then I lost consciousness. At nightfall I was awakened by one of the park police, who shook me by the shoulder, called me a drunkard and roughly told me to leave the wood.

I replied humbly that I was not drunk and returned to my modest apartment. How much pain I suffered during the journey! My head was burning, my limbs refused to carry me, and I stumbled at every step. Rose had her supper, and was trying to get Zanette to sleep.

"How late you are," she grumbled; "there is what remains from dinner." "Yes," I answered quietly; "but I am not hungry and need nothing. I shall go to bed. Good-night." I was consumed with a burning fever, but to-day I am better. It is raining and storming outside, and I have had the time to write a little. Ah! Princess, would I could be sure that your smile yesterday was one of joy, and that you were taking a real interest in what you were hearing!

How unjust you are toward me! If only, some day—but, no, I am dreaming, and yet I am awake, and from this dream there is no awakening except death. She came again, and I have seen her, but that is all. She cannot possibly doubt the existence of my passion, which she has created and keeps alive.

Horrible thought! miserable blasphemy! Suzanne will never be mine, and I mutter, continually, in spite of myself. If only she could understand me!

We shall give but few more extracts from Julien's journal, in which he did not seek to hide the enthusiasm of his intense love. His diary becomes monotonous and has no interest except for the author of it, who found relief in writing it, from his futile and hopeless passion.

The Princess even began to be aware of the sentiments of the former cabin boy toward her and felt annoyed. Her visits became rarer and rarer, and were made solely to reassure her that Rose was well cared for; but all conversation which Julien attempted to clothe with an air of intimacy was carefully avoided, much to his disappointment. Rose was not deceived. She well knew that her husband's heart had become entirely estranged from her, and she became still worse. She felt the ent approaching and wept over Zanette, so soon to be bereft of a mother's love. Julien, blinded by his passion, did not even perceive her tears.

As we follow step by step, the mysterious tragedy slowly unfolding itself in this melancholy household, we find in his journal an exact account of the strange inner workings of his soul, revealing a careless cruelty, cynically self-acknowledged in the incoherent expression of a fevered brain dominated by the one thought of his love.

At last she received me, but in the presence of a friend, who showed no disposition to leave. Strange friend! How she did watch me! Suzanne must have spoken to her about me, or she would never have looked at me as she did. Suzanne was writing and appeared annoyed; certainly not at my presence there, for she had consented to receive me, and I should like to have waited until her friend had taken her departure. Her little blue bonnet is a gem, and how well it suits her complexion! There are times when she seems to be more goddess than woman.

I have had to-day an instant of true happiness, too short, alas! and too feebly paid for. Her friend is gone. I was at last alone with her. But I felt strangely troubled, for she fixed on me the gaze of her large blue eyes, though her smile asked:

"Now, answer me sincerely, and whatever may be your reply I will not abandon Zanette. Are you the former cabin boy who once saved the life of him whom I so greatly loved, and whose pardon he obtained? If it were true, I could love Zanette a thousand times more dearly!" She breathed faster and her gaze burned into me. So it was of Zanette, that insignificant little being, she was thinking! For me nothing but a cold "thank you" if I answered yes. What! Answer yes! What is it to me that she should desire to know what I did in the bygone days? What to me is her devotion of the past? Confronted with this direct question, which she had never before put to me with any precision, I made appeal to all my strength, and refusing her consolation resolutely replied:

"No, Princess; I do not know to what you allude."

Seeing her become extremely pale, I murmured some words of love; but she pretended not to understand me. I drew nearer to her, but she repulsed me with dignity and recoiled from me. My eyes refused their services, and I threw myself at her feet, hoping she would raise me. Oh! how quickly was that supreme hope swept away! Her gaze became threatening, and without a word she sprang to the bell.

"You promise it to me, Princess?" "And her soft, sweet voice answered 'Yes.'" "What? What do you promise? I must know. But she had already passed on."

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WHAT IS AN HONEST DOLLAR.

A Leading Financial Paper Discards the "Intrinsic Value" Theory. The Financier of New York, one of the leading financial papers of the country, in an article showing the difference between the intrinsic and the money or 'flat' value of gold and silver coins, says:

"The two precious metals have an intrinsic value and a coin value which are by no means necessarily identical—which in fact never are identical. The intrinsic value of an ounce of gold is its value as a commodity for use in the arts—for making jewelry, for gilding, and for all the other uses to which gold is put exclusive of coinage. It has this value whether it is coined or not, and the value is not affected by coinage, though the price is."

"The coinage of gold is the difference between its intrinsic value, or value for use in the arts, and its exchange value as money. This difference is so material, that if gold were demonetized—were not coined or used as money—its price per ounce would probably be less than half its price at present. We have no means of determining this accurately, nor is it necessary. All that is necessary to clear understanding of the fundamental question of coinage is a clear apprehension of this difference between the intrinsic value of the coinage metal and its exchange value when coined as money. Where gold has been even partly demonetized this difference has become manifest at once. Its price as bullion has fallen toward the level of its natural or intrinsic value—the value it has for use in the arts apart from use as a medium of exchange. Demonetize the ounce of gold, and its price falls 5, 10, 15, 25 per cent. no matter what. The important matter to be remembered is, that it will fall in a direct ratio to the extent of the demonetization, and if the demonetization is complete the fall will only be checked when the level of natural or intrinsic value is reached."

"There is not a dollar's worth of wheat in a gold dollar. Nor is there in a silver dollar. The intrinsic value of the wheat given for either a gold or silver dollar is greater than the intrinsic value of the metal in either. The wheat is not given for the metal. It is given for the coin as a means of exchange for other things of equal intrinsic value with the wheat. Demonetize the gold dollar which buys a bushel of wheat, reduce it to the intrinsic value of the metal in it, and the metal in the gold dollar will not buy a half bushel of wheat, because that amount of wheat is more useful for bread than that amount of gold is for decorating wall paper or making jewelry. If silver is wholly or in part demonetized, its price falls toward its intrinsic value in precisely the same way. The rule is invariably and to be relied on at all times. It is the first principle of coinage, and those who remember it and apply it will not be lost in the bewildering confusion of statements about value of this dollar or that. They will know though the coin value of a gold dollar may be double its intrinsic value it is not a '50 cent dollar' on that account. No matter what the dollar is the exchange value it has is given it by the coinage stamp on it, and this exchange value is not its intrinsic value by any means. It is always much greater than the intrinsic value."

"If this is true, is there any difference in 'precious metal' dollars and paper dollars? In answer to this question the Financier admits that there is not any difference, and only holds to the theory that the use of the precious metals gives a natural means of controlling the supply of money. The denominations of money are fixed by law without regard to the material used to carry the money stamp, which is very tersely expressed by the United States supreme court thus: 'The constitution does not ordain that metals may be coined or that the legal value shall correspond with the intrinsic. Coin passes not as intrinsic value but as a legal value.'"

"With these authorities before us it is very easy to determine 'What is an honest dollar?' All dollars issued by government authority that are made a full 'legal tender' at their face value without regard to the material used to carry the money stamp are 'honest dollars.' 'What is a dishonest dollar?' A dollar issued and made a partial legal tender. Every dishonest dollar we ever had in this country was the result of dishonest robber legislation in the interests of the money power. 'Conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity,' the 'dishonest dollar' is true to its mission as a thief among the people.—P. T. Boorman.

Nature's Make of Beeswax. At the mouth of Nehalem river, on the coast of Oregon, a very queer substance is found. It has the appearance of a mineral at first sight, but on close inspection and under practical test it appears to be pure beeswax. It has all the useful properties of beeswax, and it is sold in Astoria at the regular market price of the beeswax. It is washed ashore at high tide in quantities ranging from a lump the size of a walnut to a chunk weighing 150 pounds. It is also found on shores in black soil where trees are growing at considerable elevations above the water. A piece of this strange substance has just been submitted to expert examination in New York, and is declared to be what is known as mineral wax.

Virginia's Fat Man. Cabell Maddux is the champion fat man of Virginia. He is the proprietor of the hotel at Orkney Springs and weighs 400 pounds net. When "Capt. Cab" rolls into the corridor of the St. James the clerk always gives him a double room. "Ah, you slim jims are just jealous," he says when the boys begin to poke fun at him. "Theah ain't enough meat on one er yuh tuh feed a buzzard. Come down tuh my hotel an' I'll feed yuh intuh some sort of condition." Capt. Cab is a great sport. His brother, Dr. Tom Maddux, was shot and killed in Maryland while defending the ballot-box from a crowd of heeled who were trying to capture it on election day. Nobody ever found out who fired the shot.

Miss Gertrude Buck and Miss Lucia Keene have been placed on the editorial staff of the University of Michigan daily paper.

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