



THREE SISTERS

By Lisa D. L...

CHAPTER XXIII.

"How many shall we be?—Miss Smythe and Mr. Tamson make two, six O'Briens and Dr. Werner make nine, four gentlemen and five ladies, without us three; that makes twelve. We must find two more gentlemen. Four young ladies and two young men, won't do."

"No, we should get into a 'quart' with the O'Brien girls," said Nora, laughing. "But whom shall we ask?"

"I suppose Kummel," said Elizabeth. "And the Gymnasiallehrer," suggested Elizabeth.

"No, he'd invoke the goddess sage and holy, divinest melancholy."

"I wish, Nora, you had never heard of Milton!" exclaimed the blue-stockings, indignantly.

"I've an idea," cried Tom. "What?"

"Invite Meyer's uncle, the Von."

"Tom, you're a wise boy, and a treasure in the way of a cousin, but, unfortunately, we don't know the Von," replied Nora.

"Doesn't matter. He said the other day he'd like awfully to know you, and I told him I'd get him invited."

"Vivent les cousins! Mother, we'll invite him. With a Von in uniform for her neighbor, 'Shorlot' will sister her little soul out; and as for 'Margaret,' she and Kummel will get on first rate."

Mr. O'Brien and Miss Smythe will make a neat couple, and Tom Thomson and Mrs. O'Brien form a pretty contrast. Now all the ladies are provided with gentlemen, except you, mother. Whom could we invite to meet you I really don't know, unless, of course, we could induce Meyer himself to favor us with his company."

"Well," said Elizabeth. "Well," said an echoing voice. "Is that you, Tom?"

"That's me," answered the grammarian. "Tom, dear—"

"What do you want, that you're dearing me?"

"Come, Tom, for once don't be an imp. Tell me, what would you say to a marriage in the family?"

"A marriage in the family?" Tom's face grew pensive. "So Nora's going to marry?"

"Nora! nothing but Nora! Here was Nora herself, could she be made to understand?"

"Nora, dear?"

"Well, Bet?"

"I'm engaged!" (impressively). "Dear me!" (sarcastically). "Nobody wanted you, I'm sure."

This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Elizabeth laughed till the whole room shook.

"Hm! you don't seem so occupied after all," remarked Nora dryly, unable to forget the pompous manner in which her sister had announced that she was "engaged."

when he asked me. But I might think over it and change my mind, and then, with a prophetic outburst 'Lisbeth, I know—I know you'll listen to me some time!' If the moon had not bounced out from under a cloud in the same moment, it would never have been, I know, family. But out it flew and lit up the scene, as they say in novels, and there he stood, looking so crestfallen after his little outburst in a Diarrell, that I put out my hand and—I suppose it was my fate and I—I do love him so!"

CHAPTER XXV.

It was plain Tom was not a little disgusted at the conduct of his strong-minded cousin. It was inconsistent, and the man of nine felt that. It was his first initiation into the ways of girls; it made him feel skeptical. Here was a girl who, for nine years past, had dated his experiences from his cradle, had, day after day, assured him that she despised the whole race of man, and what had she done?—deliberately fallen in love. The question now was—and a very important one—it appeared to the young man, as he sat down on a stone, in the little garden before the house, a stone of tragic association, for on it was engraved: "Here lieth Bobby, the ginny-pig"—the question now was, thought Tom, as he pensively contemplated one fat leg, the sock on which had vanished into his boot—if Lisbeth, the hater of men, could so suddenly change, was it not possible, nay, to be feared, that other young women who professed no such hatred might suddenly act in the opposite manner? There was Gerry, for instance—why, she stood before him, and now—she knew that—Gerry never could bear to see his socks untidy; with her chubby hands she pulled them up out of his boots and began "settling" them.

What a nice little girl Gerry was! But, bald, she was only a girl after all. No wonder the young man should have a sly, as for Gerry, she was far too happy to notice that. As she looked up at Tom, her eyes were overflowing with merriment.

"Magine, Tom—a marriage?"

But Tom was in no smiling mood, and the marriage, or "marriage," as Gerry called it, was the very cause of that circumstance.

"S'pose," he said cynically, looking down at the little girl, who was giving his sock a last smoothing, "s'pose, Gerry, when you're a woman, you won't marry?"

"I, Tom? Don't ye know I'm going to marry you? It w'l be, be ye, I'm calling each other Mr. and Mrs. Denbigh."

Gerry's parents adhered to the affectionate old style of address, and Miss O'Brien, as was evident, thought this a necessary part of matrimony.

Mr. Denbigh, however, whom she thus frankly reminded of her intention to marry him—Mr. Denbigh, still contemplating his leg, asked the following solemn question: "Gerry, have you 'pinions'?"

"What's that?"

"Gerry started. Tom seldom spoke so solemnly.

"'Pinions, Gerry? I wonder you don't know what 'pinions' are."

This was only an ignominious means of gaining time, of course. Gerry blushed, and felt she ought to be ashamed of herself, whilst Mr. Denbigh racked his brain to think of a good definition.

"'Pinions, Gerry—that's when a girl takes it into her head she's shup-rior to us."

"Shoe—what?"

"Shu-rior." (With a look of impatience.) Gerry would much have liked to know what shu-rior meant, but, remembering her humiliation of before, refrained from asking.

The question was a difficult one to answer, and Gerry, really afraid of embarrassing herself, had half a mind to put her pride in her pocket and risk asking what "shu-rior" meant, when another thought struck her, which proved that in the smallest atom of womanhood lurks an arm round Tom's neck, and laying her soft little cheek to his, she said: "I think you're a very nice boy, Tom, and—look here!" (producing a bag of sweets) "this is the sort that melts in the mouth."

Well, one may be a cynic, but a man of nine must be more than cynical to withstand such wiles as these.

Tom took the sweets, and kissed the sweet little giver.

Crunching a juicy ball between his teeth, he said: "I don't believe you've 'pinions, Gerry." And Gerry, she also crunching a sweet, replied: "I don't believe so either, Tom."

CHAPTER XXVI.

In the English quarter of Ecks there still lives an odd English couple—foreigners make no distinction for those living north of Tweed. In the third story of a "genteel" looking house, Miss Smythe-Smythe still makes spillo, and insists on Tom's using them; still makes experiments in crochet to find out a neat pattern that will require next to no cotton; still wears a black silk cap, dress, and apron, and insists on reciprocal use of her ear-trumpet; still sometimes talks of the Denbighs, especially Nora, "who must be married a year now, Tam."

"Ay, indeed, aunt."

"Aunt!" found it impossible to make Miss Smythe believe that the married Miss Denbigh is Elizabeth, not Nora. His aunt to this day maintains that it was one of "Lucy's misplaced jokes," when that young lady, upon bidding her farewell, raised her voice to an unnecessarily high pitch, informing her through her ear trumpet that she was going to be married. Miss Smythe-Smythe admits that she may be Scotch, and the Scotch may be unable to understand a joke, but "Lucy" (as she still calls Elizabeth) came to the wrong person when she thought to make her believe that.

As for "Tam," he, too, has changed little since we last saw him. The great blue eyes still stare vaguely but kindly into the world, and many are the acts of chivalry done by the strange Scotchman whom the girls all treat as a brother. "Only Tom Thomson!" "Who minds Tom Thomson?" "Dear old Tom Thomson!"

Not a girl in Ecks but knows and loves our friend, whom at ten o'clock every day you will see at the "parade," in lightest of kids, with a flower in his buttonhole, for—murder will out—Tom Thomson is a bit of a dandy.

"Mrs. O'Brien, you have clearly no heart!"

The O'Briens, with the exception of young Mr. O'Brien and wife, have returned from Ireland. Here Margaret has just married what her family call a "hor-rister," whilst Charlotte is developing into a dignified young lady. Gerry and

FACTS ABOUT SILVER. Cut This Out and Carry It in Your Pocket for Ready Reference.

FIRST.

1. Silver has always been measured by weight. 2. That by which something else is measured is the standard of value. The number of ounces of silver an ounce of gold would buy has always been the ratio.

3. Like all other values, the ratio of silver to gold has been controlled by supply and demand. 4. When this government was founded the commercial or true ratio was believed to be 15 to 1.

5. At that ratio silver was admitted free and unlimited to the mint. Good dollar, 24 1/2 grains fine gold; 24 1/2 equals 371 1/2 grains fine silver, the "silver dollar" of the daddies. 6. The latest and best of the "daddies" was that 371 1/2 grains of pure silver would buy as much of anything as 24 1/2 grains of gold would buy.

7. Or that 15 ounces of fine silver would pay as much debt as one ounce of gold. SECOND.

1. The ratio of 15 to 1, fixed by law, remained actually correct but a very short time. 2. Owing to admission of foreign coins which were inferior, no American gold or silver coins circulated. Coinage of silver dollars was suspended in 1804, and was not resumed until 1829. Then 1,000 were coined.

3. In 1834 the "dollar of the daddies" ceased to exist. The weight of the silver dollar was changed to 412 1/2 grains. This altered the ratio to 16 to 1.

4. The whole amount of silver coined from 1834, however, more profitable to export than to coin. 5. Thus we went to the single gold standard, on which we have been down to the present time.

6. Dropping the silver dollar legality from coinage in 1873 was only making a mere record of what had been actually true from 1834. Silver declined to be coined during that entire period except in small quantities. 7. The whole amount of silver coined from the foundation of the Government to 1873 was about \$8,000,000, although its coinage was free and unlimited.

THIRD.

1. From 1873 to July 1, 1896, under limited silver coinage we coined, in full legal tender silver dollars, \$429,289,910, at the ratio of 16 to 1.

2. In the eighty-five years prior to 1873 the whole amount of silver coined by the United States under free silver coinage was \$222,585,921.

3. In the eighteen years from 1878 to 1896 the whole amount of silver coined under limited coinage was \$471,927,720.

4. More than \$2,000,000 more of silver was coined in eighteen years of limited coinage than during the eighty-five years of free-silver coinage.

5. All the silver dollars in our currency are full legal tender at 100 cents each (except for redemption of gold certificates, which are not legal tender).

6. Subsidiary silver half-dollars, quarter-dollars and dimes are legal tender to the amount of \$10 in any one transaction.

7. The total limited legal tender silver coined is \$179,966,288.00.

8. Total silver coined by the United States down to July 1, 1896, \$908,494,343.10.

FOURTH.

1. The reason a new demand for free coinage of silver by the United States has arisen is that owing to increased production, caused chiefly by improved methods of mining and better facilities for transportation, the output of silver became so large as to diminish its value in relation to gold.

2. Down to 1873 silver was more profitable to export than to coin, and that year only \$265,000 was offered for coinage in the United States.

3. In 1896 the world's production of silver was 31,000,000 ounces; real ratio to gold, 15.35 to 1.

4. In 1870 the world's production of silver was 27,750,000 ounces, or more than double. Ratio to gold, 17.88.

5. In 1886 the world's production of silver was 30,270,000 ounces, troubling that of 1876. Real ratio to gold, 20.78.

6. In 1895 the world's production of silver was 32,000,000 ounces, or more than five times what it was in 1856. Real ratio to gold, 31.56.

7. That is to say, an ounce of gold is worth today nearly 32 ounces of silver.

8. Yet owners of uncoined silver want us to accept it for free and unlimited coinage at the proportion of 16 ounces of silver to 1 ounce of gold.

FIFTH.

1. The effect would be to flood the country with silver dollars worth 52 to 60 cents.

2. When the Government was founded the "daddies" believed and intended that fifteen ounces of silver would purchase as much as one ounce of gold, or that fifteen ounces of silver would discharge a debt which one ounce of gold would discharge.

3. To-day one ounce of gold will purchase as much as 32 ounces of silver. If we coined silver at 16 to 1, therefore, we would be forcing on ourselves a dollar of a purchasing power or debt-paying power of only one-half the present dollar of our currency, all its dollars being kept up to a value of 100 cents each by the existing gold standard.

4. Free coinage of silver would put us on the silver standard with China, Japan and other countries in which labor is in practical serfage, and civilization is scarcely begun.

5. There is not in the world to-day a first-class nation that opens its mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Where Our Trade Interests Are.

In declaring for the free coinage of silver independently of all other countries the Chicago convention in effect declared for a different and lower money standard than that used by the great commercial nations with which we trade. Trade and commerce follow the lines of least monetary resistance, and out of total merchandise imports and exports last year of \$1,539,508,130 only \$163,893,827 was from single silver standard countries—less than 11 per cent.

Even in our South American trade, about which so much has been said, out of a total of \$145,693,055 only 6 per cent, \$8,991,853, was with silver standard countries, while 72 per cent, \$105,217,894, was with single gold standard countries, and \$31,483,338 was with bimetallic countries.

Practically speaking, all bimetallic countries are on a gold basis, their legal tender silver being exchangeable for gold, but the bimetallic trade is small. Let Europe serve as the example. While much less than half of its population has the single gold standard, the following table shows our trade:

Table with columns: SILVER GOLD, BIMETALLIC, and countries like England, Germany, Austria, etc.

Total, \$745,717,630. Russia, single silver standard, \$9,533,244.

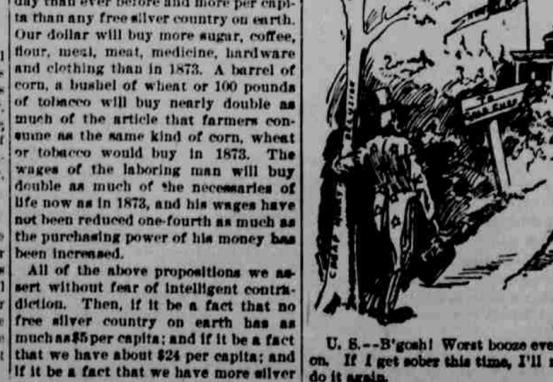
To classify by standards, the total foreign commerce of the United States will surprise many:

Table with columns: Europe, N. America, S. America, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and Gold, Bimetallic, Silver.

Our trade and commerce are not only on "a gold basis," but are on "a single gold standard." To adopt silver monometallism, which independent free coinage would surely produce here as it has everywhere else, would be to permit Europe to fix the price of our surplus products on a gold basis, while it could pay us in our own legal tender silver dollars coined freely out of 53 cents worth of bullion. Is this business?

Hard Times and Free Silver. There is not a first-class commercial country on earth now that has free coinage. There is not a free silver country on earth that has as much as \$5 per capita in circulation—all kinds of money. There is in circulation in the United States \$24 per capita, or \$19.50 per capita more than any free silver country on earth. We have more silver in circulation to-day than ever before and more per capita than any free silver country on earth. Our dollar will buy more sugar, coffee, flour, meat, meat, medicine, hardware and clothing than in 1873. A barrel of corn, a bushel of wheat or 100 pounds of tobacco will buy nearly double as much of the article that farmers consume as the same kind of corn, wheat or tobacco would buy in 1873. The wages of the laboring man will buy double as much of the necessities of life now as in 1873, and his wages have not been reduced one-fourth as much as the purchasing power of his money has been increased.

All of the above propositions we assert without fear of intelligent contradiction. Then, if it be a fact that no free silver country on earth has as much as \$5 per capita; and if it be a fact that we have about \$24 per capita; and if it be a fact that we have more silver



U.S. - B'gosh! Worst booze ever got on. If I get sober this time, I'll never do it again.

meanwhile—were his eyes not deceiving him? Decidedly the cloud had broken; it was raining.

Here was a theme for conversation. With a smile playing about his lips the nervous Scotchman turned to the Irish lady.

"That amnicious cloud has broken; it is raining."

When she gave him that freezing welcome—

"Yes, he declares that settled him."

"Odd."

"Very odd. I told him I thought so too. Well, he never spoke two words with me alone since then, until last night. He was going away, and you were all surrounding Mr. Thomson or somebody, and we got to stand apart, somehow."

"There are always 'somehow's in love affairs—somehow."

"What do you say, Nora?"

"Nothing; go on, Bet."

"I tell you again it didn't begin at all in the way you mean. Harry says it began at the railway station."

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"Very odd. I thought so too, family."

"'Strordinary!' The speaker was Tom, who all this time had stood with his hands behind his back, looking at the 'centric' damed. "'Strordinary' he repeated.

"Well, family, I suppose you guess already the romance didn't end there. He repeated that he was quite satisfied; that he had never imagined I would say yes