CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Dulcie listened to him with a smile in her eyes. It was plain to her that he had not guessed the cause of her sudden blushes. His egregious vanity had blinded him.

"Thank you," she said sweetly, when he paused, as if he had gone through a performance for her amusement.

And somehow he divined by her way of saying those two little words, that, for some reason of her own, she was not inclined to take the hint he had wrapped up so poetically.

"See!"—rising lazily and putting on her hat. "My friends are coming back for me at last! I had begun to think they had forgotten me!"

"Who could forget you!" the young man said in a low tone, more to himself than to her.

"Oh, they could!"—laughing a little. "They are all in all to each other. Why should they remember me?"

He stood beside her while she drew on her gloves. One of them she could not button, and she held it out to him with a pretty little gesture. Of course he was longer over it than he need have been! And no one could blame him for lingering a little. That round white wrist would have tempted a far stronger man than Julian Carre.

Percy Stanhope, coming up, saw them, as they stood side by side, and a sharp pang went through his heart. He would dearly have liked to knock the man down; but he knew that he had no right to do it. He had sense enough left to see that. As it was, his greeting was of the stiffest.

They stood and talked together for a few minutes, and then Julian Carre went back into the church for Lord Harvey, and they went home as they had come, across the fields together.

Leaning over the gate of the house, as they came within sight of it, was Hugh Fleming. He had been smoking; but, when he saw them, he threw his cigar into the road, and went forward to meet them. After the hand-shaking had been gone through, he made his way to Dulcie.

"I have come down," he told her, "to enjoy myself. I want to forget all the cares of life for a while. Will you help me, Miss Levesque?"

They were standing at the foot of the shallow stone steps; and the shadows of the old elm's leaves fell over her face, and crept down to the dainty shoulders.

"I will if I can, Mr. Fleming."

"Very well! Then it is a bargain?"

"Yes"—with a laugh.

"Well, let us shake hands on it as they do in the North Countrie!"

He held out his broad palm, and she put hers upon it; and, for an instant, they clung together, and then slowly parted.

And Dulcie, looking into the man's eyes, knew that she had won another lover.

CHAPTER VIII.

Toward the end of April, Lady Harvey was to give a dinner party. Invitations for it came to The Elms, to Mrs. Hardinge's delighted surprise.

"I don't think I ever saw Berta so excited over anything," Esther said, as the two girls sat over their late tea. "She is in a fever of delight. We shall hear of nothing for the next fortnight but 'What shall we wear?'"

Dulcie smiled, and sipped her tea quietly. A change had of late come over her, not to be accounted for in any way. She had lost half her reckless nerve and a good deal of her brightness.

Snatching up a lace cape, she passed out on to the lawn, through the open window, while Esther went away to find a hat for herself. A west wind met her, like a caress, as she emerged into the open air. Close beside the gate was a tall laburnum, now in full bloom. Dulcie went straight to it, and leaned her arms on the low wooden gate post. The golden blossoms bent over her, and flung their perfume at her with every passing breath of wind. Everything was very quiet and sweet. The hedge on the other side of the road was starred all over with clusters of elegant spring flowers. Somewhere, in the far blue overhead, a lark was singing.

As she leaned there, a lad passed and looked at her; stopped a few seconds, then turned and came back.

"Are you Miss Dulcie, if you please?"

"Yes," she answered, amazed that he should know her.

"This is for you, then, and no answer, thank you."

"This" was a small note curiously twisted. Before she could find breath to ask who sent it, the lad was off, tramping along the road at a rate that made it useless for her to try to follow him.

Something chill crept through the girl's veins, as she held the paper in her hand. Turning her head to make sure that Esther was not coming, she opened it and read:

"Why are you so cruel? These three days I have waited for you and you never came. If I have offended you, you might at least let me know how. I shall wait and hope till I see you."

There was no need to look at the signature, she knew from whom it came—knew that it was Julian Carre who had waited.

"Shall I?" she asked herself with a little sigh. "I need always to be able to know what I wanted to do, and to do it. Lately, I seem to have two souls in my body, each drawing me a different way."

Esther joined her presently, and the two walked up and down across the short grass of the lawn, chatting; while the stars came out overhead, and the night wind brought to them faint echoes of the [illegible] murmuring over its pebbles.

[illegible] something where the light [illegible] fell upon them. [illegible] passed them and stopped. [illegible] back to her old post by [illegible] Esther went indoors. [illegible] on the topmost bar, [illegible] her chin on her folded [illegible] gazing over the dark-[illegible]ening fields. The black lace had fallen back from her head and face. Her pretty, light dress, with the vivid crimson bows at the throat and elbows, made a patch of soft color against the green about her.

Julian Carre, looking at her, felt his heart throb fast, stormily, passionately.

"What is in the girl?" he said to himself, as he watched her from the shade of the high bridge opposite, "that draws me to her in spite of all my common sense. She is not as beautiful as Audry Follet, nor as Lady Mary, even; yet they are as water unto wine compared with her."

She had not seen him. She was not even thinking of him. When he crossed the road and stood before her she clasped her hands with a sharp cry. The pretty color had faded from cheek to lip, for she thought, when she first looked up, that it was Percy Stanhope.

"Have I the misfortune to startle you again?" he said, penitently.

"Of course you startled me. Where did you come from?"

"I was passing, and I heard your voice. I could not but stay. You do not blame me?"—bending forward to catch a glimpse of her face, under the shade of the boughs to which she had retreated.

"Most decidedly!"

"I am sorry for that, but do not make me feel sorry I stayed."

"Why should you be glad?"—demurely.

"I have seen you."

Dulcie laughed and glided a step nearer. It was nice, after all, to read the love in this too candid man's eyes and to know that the game she had taken up for pastime had grown into serious earnest for him.

"I have seen you," he repeated passionately. "Do you know what that means to me? Do you know that day and night your face haunts me, your voice is in my ears?"

She folded her slim hands on the bar and lifted her face to him. The pearly brow, with those little shining rings of hair about it, gleamed in the light. The large, bright eyes met his unflinchingly.

"You must not blame me for that. You know when you told me a week ago that your friend had warned you against admiring me I bade you take the warning. Could I do more?"

"It was too late," Julian Carre answered hoarsely. "You knew that it was too late when you said it."

"Did I?" the girl said indifferently.

She was plucking listlessly at the laburnum flowers that hung over her head. The piquant face, the round, white throat, were framed in by their slender golden sprays.

Harvey had told him the truth. He had slipped "into the depths" without knowing it. She was beautiful, and he loved her as his friend had foretold he would. She tormented him, she mocked at him, she made it no secret that she did not care a fig for him. But nothing could alter the fact that he loved her.

"Do you know," looking up with a smile, to find him watching her admiringly, "Mrs. Hardinge would be quite horrified if she knew that I was out here at this hour talking to you?"

"What is Mrs. Hardinge to us?"—crossly.

"She is my hostess at present, that is all."

He put out his hands and took hold of hers. They were full of leaves and yellow buds, and he held them close in his feverish grasp, the soft, white hands and the flowers.

"I will go away now if you will promise to see me to-morrow."

"You will not be warned, then?"

"Not by you, dearest!"—pressing his lips to the bare, white arms, almost roughly.

With a sudden jerk she released her hands and stood back from him.

"At least you have warned me," she said, crimson with anger.

He had seen her in all sorts of moods, but never like this before. Perhaps he liked her all the better for the haughty temper that would brook so little.

"You will forgive me," he said, pushing open the gate in his earnestness. "You will not blame me for what I could not help?"

"Oh, no. I shall not blame you"—scornfully. "It has been quite my own fault."

With a chill bow she swept past him and into the house before he could stay her.

He waited and watched, half hoping she might come out to him again, but she did not. He heard a brilliant valse being played in the drawing room presently, and by some instinct he divined that Dulcie was the player. He turned about at that and strode home, a man angered beyond his patience.

"Dulcie," Mrs. Hardinge said, coming into the room where the girl was playing, trying, as she would have said to herself, to work her temper out at her finger tips, "what is this that Esther told me about your not going to Abbeylands?"

"Nothing; but that I am not going."

"Esther will be very disappointed then. She says she shall not enjoy herself without you. Could you not change your mind?"

"I would rather not, thank you."

"At all events, you need not decide until to-morrow. I shan't write till then."

Mrs. Hardinge took up a book and lay down on one of the couches, and Dulcie began playing again.

Should she go? That was the one question that haunted her, and repeated itself over and over again, to the time of the tune she was playing. Should she go, and show him that not one of the fine ladies of this world was as beautiful as she was? It would be a rare triumph for her, and her eyes danced at the prospect.

"I hope she'll decide to stay at home," Mrs. Hardinge was thinking, behind the leaves of her novel. "Esther is really handsomer than she is, and yet, somehow, she always surpasses her."

It was a month to the day since Dulcie had come to The Elms, when month, and it had not counted very many days, in one month more it would be Esther Durrant's wedding day. A shiver of pain shook the girl as she thought of it.

Could it really be true that the man she had loved and trusted in with all her heart would take another woman as his wife when those four short weeks were over? It seemed to her that it must have been far more than a month since this love and trust had been crushed and hustled out of her life so roughly.

The night she had recognized Percy Stanhope's face in Esther's locket seemed a night set far behind her in a dense shade and horror of pain.

"Oh, cruel, cruel!" she had moaned to herself many a time, thinking of him. "Oh, cruel and false!" Yet, had he been so false after all? She had told him she did not love him, and he had believed her and had straightway carried to another the love she would not have. Could he have done this if his love had been a real heart-root? That was the question. How would it have borne the transplanting if it had been such love, strong and deep, as she had once thought it?

"I could forgive him," Dulcie thought, looking out at the pale April sky, "if he had only waited a little while. But he did not. While I was sitting in old Pere Jacques' salon, listening for his ring at the door, he had gone away from me forever, had come home here, and was busy winning Esther to love him, just as he had once won me."

There was the smart. That was the wound to which the proud little heart could not grow reconciled.

"I will do the best I can for myself," she had said to Esther. Was she doing it? Was she not playing with men's hearts as if they were croquet balls, without one care for the future that lay before her?

"You have been dreaming, Dulcie," she said to herself, with a little bitter sigh, "and you will waken up 'out in the cold' if you don't take heed."

That very night, when the house was quiet, Dulcie sat down to write a letter. It was a long letter—to her Uncle Durer—and it told him the truth about her position.

"I shall have no home here," she wrote, "when once Esther is married." But she did not tell him that the bridegroom would be their old friend Percy Stanhope. "I should be wretched here, though Mrs. Hardinge urges me kindly enough to stay. If you have things so settled now that you can offer me the shelter of a roof, I will come back to you. I am able and willing to work for the rest."

When the letter was written, and inclosed in its envelope, the girl looked at it for a few minutes intently.

"That shall decide me," she said to herself. "If he says 'come,' I will go, and leave all these new friends behind me. If he does not say 'come,' then——"

But she did not finish the sentence. A swift, stinging flush came into her cheeks, and her lips quivered ominously.

CHAPTER IX.

The day of Lady Harvey's dinner party came at last—a brilliant April day, the heavens cloudless, the sunshine warm, the air fragrant with spring's perfumes. Down in the heart of Brierton Wood spring held high carnival. The banks were purple with wild pansies; the moss was emerald green; the young leaves thrilled and quivered in the very ecstacy of life. Down the long walks went Dulcie, her hat in her hand, her sweeping skirts rustling over the leaves and twigs.

Dulcie flung herself down here to rest, and folded her arms under her head for a pillow. The sunshine beat warmly on her uncovered head and face, but she did not mind that. She reveled in the warmth and the quiet, the drowsy, soothing rustle of the branches, and the ripple of the flowing water. But after a while she began to tire of it. Animated nature had the strongest charm for Dulcie.

Presently she heard a whistle, and a scramble, and a man's voice—a voice that she knew as well as she knew her own—calling out, "Down, you brute! Down, Jumbo," and she was rather pleased than otherwise.

He came on whistling, and tramping down the grass with long, heavy strides, and at the bend of the bank he saw her. She had raised herself on her elbow to listen, and her upturned face, with the warmth of the sunshine in its vivid smiles, was the first thing he noticed. Julian Carre stopped suddenly, and the whistle died on his lips, with a soft, single note like the call of a bird. She was almost at his feet as he stood, a lovely, brilliant little creature with some of the witchery of the wild wood in her lithe, listless grace of limb and poise. He forgot that she had been angry with him, and he with her. He knelt down on the grass beside her, and held out both his hands. His eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed like a girl's through their tan.

"Now, what good fairy sent you here to-day, Miss Levesque? I am fairly afraid to shut my eyes, lest on opening them I should find you had been only a vision."

"A very substantial vision!" Dulcie laughed, putting one pink palm into his larger one.

"For the last fortnight I have been looking forward to this day, or this evening, rather," he said, bringing himself a little nearer and leaning on his elbow, so that he could see her face. "Do you know why?"

"I have not the faintest idea"—innocently.

It was not exactly the truth, for she had, while he spoke, one of those flashes of intuition that make the ordinary woman so much more than a match for the average man.

"Because"—very low and tenderly—"I know that I should see you then."

She shot a side glance at his face, and what she read there flushed her own a little.

"If you do, I shall be what you took me for just now—a vision, and not myself at all."

"How do you mean? You are coming with Mrs. Hardinge, are you not?"

"No, I am not going"—very quietly.

"Can it be true? I am terribly disappointed."

"I am sure I cannot see why, Mr. Carre; you will have a whole bevy of country ladies to console you; and besides," with a little smile that bewildered him, "I should have looked so 'odd' among them all."

"I believe you would laugh like that," he said moodily, "if you saw a man dying. I can't argue with you! You do nothing but jest and mock, while I—I love you! There, you have it!"

He rose to his feet as he said it, and Dulcie rose, too. She had gauged him pretty correctly, and knew fairly well how many barriers of prudence his love would have to leap on its way to her. She was not rich. She had no family. Her only living relative was a bankrupt speculator, at a time when bankruptcy and speculation were not tolerated in decent society. She knew he was learning to love her; but she had not counted on his loving her better than himself as yet. It might come to that some day, she had fancied at times, but that "some day" had always seemed a long time off. And lo, the tide of his love was at the full already, the barriers all overswept, and she felt herself caught in the torrent, and stunned a little by its force.

He did not look at her. He stood gnawing his mustache and kicking the toe of his boot into the ground. What should she say to him? For the first time in her life, perhaps, the girl felt at a loss for words. Percy Stanhope's wooing had been nothing like this. She had loved him, and he had read the love in her eyes before her lips could speak it, and been satisfied. He had been an eloquent, resistless wooer; but this Julian Carre stood like a stone, and waited for her to speak to him.

"If he stands there till the sun sets," she thought, "I shall not be the first to speak."

At last he turned toward her.

"What have you to say to me?"

"Nothing"—in a very quiet little voice.

"Nothing!"—with rising passion. "Is that all you have to offer in exchange for a man's whole heart?"

He came quite close to her, and drew the hat out of her powerless fingers, flinging it on the grass behind him. It very nearly fell into the water, and she gave a little "Oh!" of dismay.

"You are awfully silly, Mr. Carre!"

"I dare say I am."

"May I have my hat, please?"

He was making her cheeks burn uncomfortably, he stared at her so, and he still held both her hands prisoned in one of his.

"I am sure it is time I was at home"—restlessly.

"It is quite time," he answered, coolly. "More than that, it is time that I was; but we can't part like this."

"How? I don't understand!"—beginning to quake again.

"Oh, yes, you do understand! I have told you I love you. You know very well what that means. I want you to love me. I want you to be my wife."

(To be continued.)

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence far outweighs a pound of cunning craft.

Boasters, sometimes liars called, have bragged till angels laughed.

Denying faults will double them, without a gain of pelf.

Envy shoots at others, but she only wounds herself.

Foolish fear a danger dreads when there's none in sight.

God in our poor, feeble hands puts His temple's light.

He has hard work who has naught in his hands to do.

It costs more to right one wrong than to suffer two.

Knavery is a poor trade for a youth to learn.

Learning journeys with a man where'er he may turn.

Modesty will guard a soul better than a sword.

Ne'er forget to listen well to your heart's first word.

One swift hour caught to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks, sometimes, are a mask worn to cover sorrow.

Quiet conscience is the saint that gives quiet sleep.

Richest he who from poor fields crops of good can reap.

Small faults left long enough grow up to giant foes.

The bough that bears the weight of fruit lowest bends and grows.

Upright walking is most sure on the way of sin.

Virtue is to Happiness very closest kin.

Wise men make their chances; for they are seldom found.

You will never hurt the world spreading kindness 'round.

Zeal that is misdirected will crumble to the ground.

Length of Reptiles.

A python 20 feet in length that died in the reptile house of the London Zoological Society was the largest reptile ever confined there. There is a general impression that pythons reach a length of 40 feet or more, an absurdity made manifest when the authorities assert that the female Indian python still in the gardens, and but a trifle over 18 feet long, is the longest snake in captivity of which there is any record.

General impressions as to the length of these great reptiles are due to the absurd pictures that formerly decorated geographies and other works used sometimes as text books, showing a picture of a python in the act of crushing and swallowing an Indian buffalo. That was a ridiculous picture that was the father of many of the "freak journalism" pictures of the present day.

The London python, which was a real instead of a fabulous reptile, was just over 20 feet in length. It was obtained in Malacca and was presented to the society by Dr. Hampshire on Aug. 29, 1876, and had, therefore, lived rather more than twenty years in England. During that period it had been fed principally with ducks, of which it sometimes swallowed four or five at one meal. Its food was offered to it once a week, but it sometimes refused to eat for a month together. The specimen will be mounted for the Tring museum.—New York Tribune.

An Easy Victory.

"Ah," the fond mother sighed, "you say you love my daughter now, but will you love her when she is old?"

Steadily looking her in the eyes he replied:

"She will never get old. Any one can see at a glance that she takes after you."

Green Ants.

The green ants of Australia make nests by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue. Hundreds have been seen on one leaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to receive, hold and fasten it.

Immense Sponge from Florida.

A sponge with the great circumference of five feet six inches has lately been taken from the waters of Biscayne bay, Florida.

WHEAT AND SILVER.

WHY THESE PRICES DIVERGED LAST YEAR.

Unusual Crop Conditions Were the Cause but, the Equipoise Being Restored, Their Relation Will This Year Become Normal Again.

Price Fixed by Rate of Exchange.

The wheat crop of India failed in 1896, and over eight millions of the inhabitants of that unfortunate land died of starvation before another crop was raised. The drouth in that country was so severe that it caused the crop of 1897 to be exceedingly short, falling far below the demand for home consumption. In addition to the failure in India there was a short crop in Russia, a failure in the Argentine Republic, and an exceedingly short crop of both wheat and rye in all the European states, especially Austro-Hungary. The United States was favored last year with more than an average crop, and instead of meeting competition in the English market and other places where the world's surplus is disposed of, India, Austria and other countries that had formerly been our chief competitors had to buy wheat from the United States. These facts, together with the attempt of young Leiter, of Chicago, to corner the wheat market, caused the price of wheat to advance during the past year to a point that brought back to our farmers the memory of better days when wheat raising was a profitable industry.

The Republican press and orators loudly proclaimed throughout the land that the advance in the price of wheat was due to Republican legislation, and Republican Congressmen sought diligently to impress upon their constituents that credit was due to them for bringing about the advanced price of wheat, and claimed that it was but the beginning of an era of better prices generally, that would place the nation on the high road to prosperity. The Republican press claimed that, as wheat was advancing in price at the same time that silver bullion was falling in price, it furnished complete and conclusive evidence that the argument advanced by the Democrats in 1896, that there was some relation between the price of wheat and silver bullion, was completely exploded.

They forgot, however, to tell the people that the only ground upon which any silver advocate claimed that a relation between the price of silver and wheat existed was that wheat from both gold and silver standard countries was being sold in the same markets in competition. Under this condition they claimed that a bushel of wheat from Russia, the Argentine or the United States would be sold in the common market for a like quantity of gold.

It must be borne in mind that the cost of wheat or any other commodity, that is the seed, labor, land rents and interest on capital, together with the profits to the producer are reckoned in the money of the country where the wheat or other commodities are produced. It is an undisputed fact that silver in India and Russia will purchase as much labor and material at the present time as at any time in the past. Therefore, when the wheat of India or Russia is sold in Liverpool for gold that can be exchanged for double the amount of silver money that it would command before silver was demonetised, it can be sold for a lower price in terms of gold and yet return the producers sufficient silver to pay them a good profit. It is also true that in proportion as silver bullion falls in price they can sell their wheat cheaper for gold and still get the same returns and the same profits that they formerly received, and that every decline in the price of silver brings them additional profit. The advantage accruing to silver standard countries from a favorable exchange of moneys stimulated the production of wheat in such countries and made wheat raising unprofitable under the gold standard while the profits to the silver-using countries continued on the increase. The price of gold that the people of India and Russia are willing to accept for their wheat in the Liverpool market is all that the American can obtain for his product. The wheat from all countries meeting in the market where the surplus is sold sells at a common price in the money current in that market. Therefore, the gold price of the wheat of America is fixed in Liverpool by the surplus of wheat of India and Russia so long as those countries have wheat to sell.

Last year the silver standard countries were buyers and not sellers of wheat, hence the connection between the price of silver bullion and wheat was severed for the time being and no relation between the two existed. But this year Russia has a large surplus to sell and India and the Argentine Republic have a surplus and the price of silver bullion will again fix the price of the American wheat crop, because our surplus must be sold in the markets of the world in competition with the surplus from silver-using countries.

Last year the silver standard countries had no wheat to sell and therefore were unable to purchase silver from abroad, but on the other hand were forced to sell silver in the world's markets to buy wheat, thus the scarcity of wheat, in those countries compelling them to be buyers instead of sellers operated to make silver go down at the same time it made wheat go up.

The Dingley bill had no more to do with the high price of wheat last year than it has with the low price of wheat this year. Republican legislation on the money question has made the price of wheat low, and will make it continue to go lower under conditions of a normal crop throughout the world. Under the gold standard nothing will make wheat bring a fair price, except a famine abroad that will create an abnormal demand that must be supplied from this country. Drouth and famine in other lands and good crops in America gave us a fair price for wheat last year. The rate of exchange between gold money and silver money will fix the price this year.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

The Destroyer of Nations.

It is impossible to over emphasize the truth that usury is the bottom cause of the world's present troubles, and this fact should be announced at the risk of repetition by every one who sees it—in history past and history present.

This would be a very good catechism:

What was it that overthrew the Babylonian empire? Usury and concentration of wealth till the people had no mind to fight for homes they did not own.

What had corrupted the Jew when he was led into captivity? Usury.

What overthrew the Egyptian dynasties? The power of usury, well known to Moses, who took pains to protect his own people against it.

What overthrew Rome? Usury and the loss of land estates taken as security for money loaned to returned soldiers, to improve their farms and homes.

What has continued to be the prime cause of the British conflict with the natives of India? Usury—bonds to be paid (interest at least) by taxation, and the stringency of money made by bad laws to help the land owner.

What caused the war with Egypt when Alexandria was burned? Rothschild bonds and the rack taxes on the fellaheen amounting to one-half their earnings. (The Rothschilds furnished the fleet with tobacco when their chief city was shelled by British gunboats.)

What has caused all the rebellions in Cuba and the Philippine Islands? Government revenues to meet Government expenses and the interest due on bonds—French bonds, Italian bonds, German bonds. Lieut. E. Hannaford, in his recent book on Cuba, says: "The vast sums amassed by taxes from the Cubans, multitudinous, searching, grasping, were spent, not for developing internal resources, but for the enrichment and indulgence of a swarm of overbearing foreigners—she had fastened on Cuba a debt of $200,000,000, considerably over $100 per capita, and in addition a system of taxation (like the Egyptian) which wrung $39,000,000 annually from the Cubans." Every revolt added bonds to bonds. "The Madrid Government (in 1885) after already realizing $48,000,000 from the sale, at 40 per cent. of $120,000,000 of Cuban bonds of the series of 1890, in October, negotiated a $14,000,000 loan with some Paris and Dutch bankers." This is a sample of the borrow-and-tax process that became intolerable as it was in the time of King George and his colonies. The usurer was in it all the time. And now, when the island peoples are being liberated, what is to happen to the people of the Spanish peninsula? Revenue from the colonies cut off; a big war debt to be paid to the United States, and old bonds already more than they can carry, what will the people—the innocent people—of Spain do? What if they become a republic? Will that end the distress? Usury knows no form of government. It works just as savagely in a republic as in a despotism, because it is itself a form of despotism, holding all civic institutions under its dictation and all the money institutions are banded together by a sort of financial free masonry—a world wide brotherhood of tyrants.

Again, what kind of freedom do we propose to give the Spanish islands? A freedom with an American bond tax attached.

Pass over to these islands our monetary and syndicate schemes and within twenty years we are liable to have on hand another war for liberation—a part of a world-wide war for repudiation (?) of debts whose payment is impossible.

That may be escaped by a virtual liquidation of the terms of payment in the substitution, universally, of simple money for the impossible specie "redemption."

When we get the referendum form of democracy and other nations get it also, then those who are alive on earth will see the desperate struggles of the plutocratic leagues with the new born republics. Then "comth" the first "end" and the peace and plenty of the "thousand years."—A. J. Chittenden, in Chicago Express.

Land Should Be Free.

Taxation is an expediency. The question for people to decide is where the burden of government expenses should be placed. We claim there is no inherent debt to government for the gifts of nature; land, sunlight and air, but we insist that an attempt to monopolize any of these can be checked by a correct system of taxation. The limited home exemption, with a revenue system based on land values will destroy land monopoly and provide a way which will make an opportunity for the people to own their homes. Landlordism will disappear and instead there will be the happiest nation of people under the sun. Keep this one fact in mind: Land should be as free as air. It is only an expediency that makes it by rights the chief object of taxation. It has been monopolized and—"down the monopolies."—Chicago Express.

The War Tax.

Now that the war is drawing to a close, will the war tax be repealed or will it be continued as a means of locking up and impounding the greenbacks, treasury notes, and silver certificates to make room for an issue of bank notes?

Always at Par.

Any money receivable for government revenues is always at par.

Money Not Property.

Money is not property, but a representative of property.