

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

By "The Duchess."

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Nonsense! He has evidently only just come."

"I won't go home with him," says Dulcinea in a choking tone. "I won't!" "Don't be a fool!" says her cousin, angrily. "You shall go with him! It will kill all talk. You must be mad to refuse such a chance of doing away with your folly." He takes a step forward.

"Andy!"—frantically. But he has escaped from her now, and has reached Anketell. There is a word or two, and then both men return to where she is standing, feeling more dead than alive.

"Here is Sir Ralph, Dulcinea," says Andy, in a rather nervous fashion. "By the way, you are driving, Anketell—eh? Could you give my cousin a lift?"

"With pleasure"—gravely. "You pass our gates, you see, and we'd no idea when we started for our walk, that we should be so late. Found ourselves, you know? The falsehood sticking horribly in his throat—'at the station before we know where we were.'"

"I understand" quickly. It cuts Anketell to the heart to hear the lady lying thus; and such fruitless lies—and delivered so haltingly, so lovingly!

"Eye left to-night by the train," says Andy, with a highly nervous, miserable laugh. "She—was—"

"I see," says Anketell, hurriedly. "You came to see him off?—very natural."

"It's a long walk home for Dulcinea," says her cousin, more haltingly than ever. "But if—"

"Of course I can give your cousin a seat," says Anketell. He addresses himself entirely to Mr. McDermot, altogether ignoring Dulcinea. This, and something in his tone strikes a chill to Andy's heart; but he compels himself to go through with the sorry fare. As for Dulcinea, a kind of cold recklessness has come to her that does duty for courage. Her late tears have frozen in her eyes. Her glance is fixed immovably on the ground beneath her; yet, in spite of that, she knows that Anketell has never once deigned to glance in her direction.

"Thank you," says Andy diffidently. "And—" pausing—"if, when you came to our back gate—if you were to drop her there, it would be better. Will you? You see, if the governor knew that—er—I had kept her out so late, he'd be down on me. It's all my fault, I'd see every bit of it."

"Quite so," says Anketell gravely, leant back, as before. "By the bye I can give you a seat, too."

"No, thank you! I'd rather not—really. I shall enjoy the walk." The poor boy is choking with shame, and feels that to accept even so trifling a favor as a seat home from the man he is trying so deliberately to deceive would be more than he is equal to. "It's a lovely evening, and nothing of a walk."

He waves an adieu, and turns aside; but seeing him go, Dulcinea wakes from her stupor.

"Andy!" cries she wildly, a fever of content in her whole air; "Andy, come with me, come!"

But he is deaf to her entreaties. He shakes his head, and hurries out into the darkness of the night beyond.

"I'll find a way to get home before you!" he calls out from somewhere—they can no longer see him. "It's a mile to walk, but three to drive; that gives me a good chance."

It is three miles indeed—three of the longest miles Dulcinea has ever driven. There are moments when she tells herself that it cannot take all these hours to come this short, short way, and wonders if Anketell has not made a mistake and turned into some unknown road. It is so dark by this time that to see where she is impossible.

And yet it is a fine night, too—no sign of rain or storm. Certainly the moon is lying hidden, and the stars are apparently forgetful of their duty; but the wind that flies past Dulcinea's cheek is singularly mild and kindly for the time of year. Everything seems hushed; no sound arises to break the monotony of the silence that has fallen on her and her companion.

Now and again a rustling in the wayside branches, a fluttering of wings, a sleepy "cheep-cheep," betray the presence of those "male fowls."

"That sleepie little night with open eye," according to Geoffrey Chaucer; but other noises are there none.

Shame, fear, fatigue, are all keeping Dulcinea dumb. Oh, to be home in her own chamber, safe from prying eyes, safe in any place where she may weep out her very soul in comfort. Oh, this terrible, terrible drive! Will it never come to an end? And how—why is he so silent? Can he know? She starts with a herself as this thought occurs to her, but quickly flings it off with one as grim. No, a thousand times no. If he knew, he would not be here with her now. He would not condescend to sit beside her; he would cast her off. Oh, if he ever does hear of it—what then? But if he knows nothing, why does he not say something to her? Again the first torturing doubt sets in.

As for Anketell, he has even forgotten he is silent, so busy are his thoughts with all the past miserable hour. Again he seems to be standing in the dusky corner of the station; again he sees her come slowly forward. The quick advance of Eyre, her reception of him so devoid of surprise of any kind, her giving up of the small bug to him; how plainly it is all written on his brain in type that will stand out clear to the day of his death! No fear of it fading.

And then—the agonized watching for the train to come in; the horrible fascination that compelled him to wait and see her go—go with that other—that was the worst part of it. He had thought that at the last moment, the very last, as her foot was on the step of the compartment, he would spring forward and draw her back, and implore her to return home—and—marry his rival later in a more orthodox form.

But she had not given him that opportunity. He had watched her impassioned change of decision—her re-

solution to carry out her design—her vehement relief when she saw her cousin. But her abandonment of Eyre at the last moment did her no good with him; rather it increased his passionate, grieving anger that is tearing his heart in two. False she was to her very core. And what at false, false to both.

A heavy sigh breathing from his companion's white lips at this moment wakes him from his stormy reverie.

He turns to her.

A star or two have pierced the heavens, disk by disk, and there, on the left, a pale, still crescent is stealing to its throne. Diana, a very young Diana, is awake at last.

"Woe to the pale deluge stars," says slowly up from behind the hill beyond she comes, shedding glory on the earth with each slow, trailing step.

"How like a queen comes forth the lovely moon," says Anketell, with a smile. "Walking in beauty to her midnight throne." She gives Anketell the chance of seeing how his companion looks.

"Cold, shivering, chilled to her heart's core. Her pretty face is not only sad, but blue; her little hands, lying gloveless (what had she done with her gloves?) on the rug, look shrunken to even smaller dimensions than usual, and are trembling. A sharp pang contracts Anketell's throat.

"You are cold?" says he, in a tone so low that no wonder she shivers. "Refresh."

"No, no!" says she hastily, through chattering teeth.

"You must be," says he angrily, "with only that lit tle thin jacket on you. Here!" (pulling up with decided violence a warm plaid from under the seat) "put this on you!"

"I would rather rot," said she, making an effort to repulse him.

"Put it on directly!" says he, so fiercely that she gives in without another word. In twining it around her his hand comes in contact with hers. "Your hands are like ice!"

says he, his voice once again breathing fury. "What do you mean by it? Was there no rug that you should thus be dyng of cold?"

"I don't mind the cold; I don't think of it," says she wearily.

"Then think of it now! put your hands under the rug instantly!"

His manner is really almost unbearable; but Miss McDermot has got to such a low ebb that she has not the courage to resent it. He pulls up the rug.

"Over them at once!" says he, and she meekly obeys him. What does it matter?—it is all over between him and her. It is quite plain to her that, even if ignorant of this evening's work, he still detests her. His tone, manner, entire air, convince her of that. Well, she will give him an opportunity of honorably getting rid of her. She will tell him of her intention of running away with Eyre. That will do it! He is just the sort of a man to stick to his word through thick and thin, however hateful the task may be. But when he hears that she deliberately meant to run away with some one else? Oh, was it deliberate? She will tell him, but not now. To-morrow, perhaps. No (sternly)—to-morrow, certainly. He is coming to dine with them, and after dinner, in the drawing room, she can then give him the opportunity of releasing himself from this unfortunate engagement.

How glad he will be! How—

Anketell moves uneasily in his seat. What is that little soft, sad, broken-hearted sound that has fallen on his ears? Dulcinea is crying—so much is plain. Not noisily, not obtrusively; it is, indeed, a stifled, a desperately stifled sob, that betrays.

"I am afraid you are unhappy about something," says he, unreluctantly.

He is following her tells himself, and the thought does not throw oil upon the waters. He seems to muse for a reply, but none coming he goes on:

"To fret about anything is folly," says he harshly. "There is a way out of most difficulties; I dare say you will find one out of yours."

"This lover she is crying for—this lover lost by her own fear of sacrificing too much for him—may be regained. No doubt, enchained by her love, she will be glad to be reconciled. She can write to him, and he will respond warmly. And he is a man of means. Once the McDermot had been told that he, Anketell, declined to carry out the engagement with his daughter, the old man will be pleased enough to give her to Eyre who has undeniably good prospects."

As for Dulcinea, her sobs have now ceased entirely. Anketell's last words have struck a chill to her heart. He is not in touch with her. He feels nothing for her. Her distress causes him to panic. It is impossible he should know of her unfortunate affair with Eyre; and yet once again her heart dies within her. That terrible doubt returns. It was a wretched, a killed. Her tears dry upon her hot cheeks. This is no time for tears. If—if he was at the station when she arrived, and had seen her meeting with Eyre—without Andy! O, no, no! Anything but that!

CHAPTER XII.

"Fortune's wings are made of Time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them."

"The consciousness of being loved softens the kindest pang."

It has come to an end at last—this interminable rive. He has driven her up to the back gate, has lifted her carefully out, has bid her a most distant, good-night. Miserable, frightened, leaving hope behind her, she runs down the drive, through the farmyard, and into the house. Her father—what will he say? She shivers in every limb as she dwells upon his wrath. It would be serious enough if it had only to do with her being out of the house at this hour. But when he hears of it a sequence, the breaking off of her engagement with Anketell, how will it be then?

Rising upstairs at the top of her speed, she rushes into her own room and into the arms of Mrs. Driscoll.

The old woman, worn out with fear for the fate of her darling, has spent the last two hours wandering from room to room, and prying loudly at all her saints. Prayers unaided except in heaven, as the gaunt old house is virtually empty. Now, seeing her nursing return to the nest, she fore-

gets all the distress, the absolute torture she has been enduring and, being Irish, lets the past go in the joy of the glad present. All is forgotten, save that her child has returned to her.

"Oh, Bridget," says Dulcinea, clinging to her; "oh, Bridget!"

"There now! There me darlint! Take yer breath now. Tas home ye are, and safe wid yer ould Biddy. Hush now, amamah—squenzing yer to yer ould bosom. 'Arrah! whid me be able to harm ye wid me at hand? But'—and only—'were we yo at all at all!'"

"Oh, Bridget, how I love you!" cries the poor child gratefully, clinging to her with all her might. "I thought you, too, would be against me?"

"Is it me, ashore?—me who nussed you?"

"Well, he said you had it 'in for me,' or something like that."

"Who, darlint? Tell me the name of the scamp whid say such words o' me!"

"It was Andy."

"Masther Andy? You've seen him, then?" says the old woman eagerly. "It was wid ye, Miss Dulcinea, drawing her to the fire. 'Sit down here agrat all, tell me all about it.'"

"She leads the girl to the roaring wood fire that is blazing up the chimney—a fire so carefully tended in hopes of her darling's return, that it is now indeed a noble spectacle—and pushes her into a big arm-chair. And Dulcinea, worn out with conflicting passions, doubts that have grown to certainties, and certainties that have once again resolved themselves into doubts, sinks into the welcome chair, and drawing down the old nurse to the hearthside, her, pours into her ears the tale of the evening. With many sighs and many sobs she makes her humiliating confession; and in spite of Andy's dire threat, the faithful old nurse refrains from censure of any kind.

"It's all over now, honey, all at an end," soothing her. "There, there, fie, now, to spoil your pretty eyes! Sure, what were ye but a bit mistaken! Bad seran to Masther Andy for frightenin' yer like this! 'Twill be all over in no time. Sorra one will know of it."

"He knows of it—part of it—he—" "Misther Eyre? He's a gentleman," says Mrs. Driscoll, who has in her pocket at this moment the very handsome diamond brooch she had owed on her at parting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The Question of Prices of Food, the Wages Paid and the Fees Expected.

The question of prices in those days, the first quarter of the seventeenth century, as compared to these is full of interest to everyone, and it is satisfactory to find that food was not as fabulously cheap in the days of our forefathers as we are often led to believe. Mary Verney writes to Ralph at Blois, complaining bitterly of the dearth of provisions in London. Beef is 5d, veal and mutton 8d, while Pen Verney reckons 8s a week too much for her diet, which is afterward fixed at 15s a year. Twelve pounds a year seems a great deal for wifful little Betty, aged 13, to spend on her dress; but country bred as she was, she declines, Mary writes, to wear anything but silk. The sum of £30, claimed by Nancy Denton, who was a spoiled child and rich man's daughter, is far more appropriate to her position. In fact, the fees earned by physicians in those days were far in excess of what we should give now, in spite of the exceeding simplicity—not to say remarkable unpleasantness—of their pharmacopoeia and treatment. Dr. Theodore Mayence, the fashionable doctor, left £100,000 (equivalent to over \$500,000) behind him, and Sir Ralph is miserable because he cannot afford to pay Dr. Denton the £50, which is the ordinary fee for a confinement. A Venetian mirror costs £40, a portrait by Van Dyke £50. A maid's wages come to £3, but the pair of "trimmed gloves," with which it is the fashion to reward any extra work on her part, come to £1 5s—an absurdly disproportionate present. The price of Sir Edmund's Covent Garden house is £100, and many horses fetch as much, while £200 a year is the usual price for a boy's board and teaching in a good French family.

A FIRE CURTAIN OF WATER.

An Effective Device to Save Buildings from Destruction by a Spreading Fire.

An effective device for the protection of buildings from fires in adjacent structures has been successfully tested in Boston. The idea worked out in the apparatus is to maintain a sheet of water between the fire and the building to be protected. This is done by placing on every open side of the building near the top a line of perforated piping for carrying the water. The complete apparatus consists of a five-inch stand-pipe, extending over the upper story. From it runs another pipe around the sides and front, from two and one-half to four inches in diameter. On the front are three revolving sprinklers, and one is placed at each exposed side, in the center. The arms are of bronze metal, slightly curved. At each end of the arms is a ball nozzle, such as is used by fire departments on regular hose lines. At the Boston test a fire department steamer furnished the power, and for about fifteen minutes poured through the sprinkler a delivery of 1,500 gallons a minute, completely drenching the walls, and keeping a continuous sheet of water from top to bottom.

Another real good young man goes wrong and everybody in Fort Wayne marvels. Herbert Buck, president of an Endeavor society, burglarized a book store, got arrested, and then jumped his bail bond and fled to parts unknown. But the vilest sinner may return; consequently there is yet a chance for Herbert.

A French prophet announces that the end of the world will come next September. If it doesn't come then he can still remain in the prophesy business simply by changing the date.

SKETCH OF MR. BRYAN

BIOGRAPHY OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

LAWYER, ORATOR and STATESMAN. Always a Democrat and a friend to Siver. His Achieved Great Honors in Congress and Fame on the Stage.

CHICAGO, July 11.—William J. Bryan was not an active and avowed candidate until just before the convention. Until the nominating speeches it was not known that his name would be formally presented.

The Nebraska statesman and orator is a free silver man of no recent conversion. Fifteen years ago, while yet a struggling lawyer, his voice was lifted in behalf of the white metal, and since that time he has never wavered in his allegiance to the silver cause. While his name is not so intimately connected with legislation on this issue as that of Richard P. Bland, it was not the fault of Mr. Bryan, but rather the lack of opportunity. On the score of devotion to silver, the record of W. J. Bryan cannot be questioned.

Geographically, Mr. Bryan is located in the heart of that great district the various states of which sent free silver delegations to the Chicago convention.

Mr. Bryan has always been a Democrat. He cast his first vote for the Democratic ticket and has ever been a consistent supporter of the tenets of that organization. Mr. Bryan has taken a radical position on all issues favored by the third party and many of their leaders openly advocated his nomination for the Presidency at the coming St. Louis Populist convention.

William Jennings Bryan was born in Salem, Ill., March 19, 1856. He was graduated from Illinois college at Jacksonville in 1881. To make his way through the Union College of Law at Chicago he worked in Lyman Trumbull's law office.

From his earliest years he had a fancy for public speaking, which developed into oratorical powers. In 1880 he won second prize as the representative of Illinois college in the state collegiate oratorical contest. He was valedictorian of his college class and came within one vote of being elected to the same position in the law school. From 1880 he spoke in political campaigns. In 1887 he removed to Lincoln, Neb., and formed a law partnership with a fellow classmate.

"I don't think that fellow knows much law," said a veteran practitioner, "seeing Bryan soon after the latter began to practice, 'but he can talk like the devil.'"

Bryan supported J. Sterling Morton for Congress in 1888. The latter was defeated by 3,500 votes. In 1890 Bryan himself ran in the same district against the same opponent. He challenged his adversary to a series of joint debates, and made so brilliant a showing that he carried the district, which had gone 3,500 Republican at the former election, by a majority of 3,700 votes.

Honored in Congress.

The fame he gained in those joint debates, of which the tariff was the theme, induced Speaker Crisp to appoint Bryan on the ways and means committee, an honor which many Congressmen have schemed years to secure. On March 12, 1892, he secured his first great oratorical success in a speech on free wool. The reappointment in 1894 divided Bryan's congressional district in such a way that it made his canvass entirely new and extremely hard. The district was admittedly Republican by a majority of 3,300.

Bryan was elected, turning the Republican majority into a Democratic plurality of 110. J. Sterling Morton, the present secretary of agriculture, ran for governor of Nebraska in that election, and received fewer votes than any man on the ticket—just half as many as Bryan.

He refused re-election as congressman and campaigned for election to the United States senate. His platform for the 19 to free coinage of silver caused Morton and other administration Democrats to fight him bitterly. He was, however, nominated by the state Democratic convention. Two joint debates, at Lincoln and at Omaha respectively, with John M. Thurston, the Republican candidate for the senate, attracted much attention. The legislature was, however, Republican, and Thurston was elected.

During the past two years, and especially since his defeat for the Senate, Mr. Bryan has been lecturing on financial topics in every State in the Union.

Mr. Bryan married in 1881 Miss Mary E. Baird, the daughter of a merchant of Perry, Ill. She was a student in the annex of Illinois college while Bryan studied in the college. They graduated simultaneously, and were valedictorians of their respective classes. She studied law and was admitted to the bar in Nebraska. She is a writer of much ability, and president of the Lincoln Societies. They have three children, Ruth, 11; William, 8 and Grace, 5.

Mr. Bryan lives well in a commodious dwelling in the fashionable part of Lincoln. The study, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Bryan have desks, is an attractive room. It is filled with books, statuary and mementos of campaigns. There are busts or portraits of noted men and there are two butcher knives which Mr. Bryan used in the campaign with Judge Field to refute the latter's boasts of the effect of high protection. Last year Mr. Bryan was asked if he had any aspirations looking to the White House, and he said: "No; I have no wish to be a presidential candidate, neither now nor for years to come. My whole thought now is centered on my family and my profession, so far as my own personal desires go. I was brought up in the country, and I wish my children to have some of the same rearing. They are now at the age when they need a father's care and I wish to enjoy the law, which has been necessarily abandoned during my four years in Washington."

Mrs. Bryan has a great liking for politics and accompanies her husband on many of his Nebraska jaunts, Her

tastes are essentially literary and she has written much for various causes. She is a charming woman and is as great a favorite in Lincoln as her husband. She was one of the organizers of Nebraska, the leading women's club of Nebraska, and is also a leader of the W. C. T. U. and other societies. Mr. Bryan says she is invaluable to him in suggestions and the preparation of material and in advising as to points and methods. The children are very bright and are pretty and well bred. It is not only for Mr. Bryan's great gifts as a speaker that he is esteemed so highly by the people of his home. No faint has ever attached to his public or private acts. He neither smokes, chews nor drinks.

WHAT MR. BRYAN SAYS.

His First Words Are to Declare Against a Second Term.

CHICAGO, July 11.—Mr. Bryan received the announcement of his nomination with all the composure and calmness of a man who had been used to such things during a longer life than his. His black eyes were perhaps slightly more dilated than ordinary when the press bulletins carried the nomination message was handed to him, but otherwise he manifested no change of countenance or manner. He was at the time sitting chatting with two newspaper friends in his parlor at the Clifton house.

"It," said he, "this is true, I want to do that which I have for some time had in contemplation in this emergency."

He then turned to the parlor table, and with a lead pencil, wrote on a blank sheet of paper supplied by one of his newspaper visitors, the following:

"To the American People: In order that I may have no ambition but to discharge faithfully the duties of the office, I desire to announce that if elected president I shall under no circumstances be a candidate for re-election. W. J. BRYAN."

There were loud cheers and calls for a speech when he appeared in the corridor of the hotel, taking a stand on the stairway. Mr. Bryan said:

"My friends, I assure you I am extremely grateful for the great confidence which I am assured has been paid me by the Democratic national convention. It, of course, remains to be seen whether the nomination is a wise or unwise one. For my part I do not know. This will, of course, be determined by the contest which will be decided at the polls next November, when it will be known not only whether I shall be elected or defeated, but immeasurably more important than that, whether the cause of silver shall lose or win. I will only add that I hope those who accept the views of the Democratic platform which was yesterday adopted will lose no opportunity to influence the result in the interest of the doctrines therein inculcated. I thank you for this manifestation of your endorsement."

MRS. BRYAN EXPECTED IT.

The Wife of the Presidential Nominee Present at the Climax.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Mrs. Bryan remained away from the convention, but was kept informed at a neighboring hotel by telephone results.

Mrs. Bryan, a quiet appearing little woman with a refined face, black hair just becomingly tinged with gray, and black eyes, sat just to the rear of the press seats with a Nebraska friend. She was attired in black cashmere with trimmings of black and white striped silk, black gloves and black hat trimmed with purple and black sat in ribbon. She was very self possessed, and when approached just after the announcement of Mr. Bryan's nomination said: "We thought yesterday that Mr. Bryan would be nominated. Our friends had worked very hard all morning and Mr. Bryan was given many pledges Thursday from States that had other candidates. I am very proud of my husband's success, but I think he has earned it. I don't want to talk for publication, because I have really nothing to say except I thank the delegates for their support of my husband."

A few minutes after the nomination was made Mrs. Bryan left the hall with friends.

WHO SEWALL IS.

The Vice Presidential Nominee a Wealthy Maine Business Man.

BATH, Me., July 12.—For over seventy years the Sewall private signal, a white "S" on a blue ground, has fluttered from the main star of some of the staunchest, finest, swiftest vessels in the American merchant marine, carrying the Stars and Stripes into every foreign port. Beginning under William D. Sewall in 1823, the House has been continuously in existence and to-day owns the largest sailing merchantman afloat under the American flag. William D. Sewall was succeeded by his sons, under the name of E. and A. E. Sewall, which firm has become Arthur Sewall & Co., with Arthur Sewall, Maine member of the National Democratic committee and Democratic nominee for vice president of the United States, at its head, and his nephew, Samuel S. Sewall, and his son, William D. Sewall, associated with him.

The first American Sewall came here in 1814 and Dummes Sewall, the grandfather of the first shipbuilder, came to Bath from York, which was also in the district of Maine in 1762, when he purchased the tract of land on which to-day stands the Sewall yard and houses of the Sewall family. In the seventy-one years that the Sewalls have been building ships they have owned ninety-five ships.

Arthur Sewall, the present head of the, is about 50 years of age. A striking fact in connection with Mr. Sewall's nomination is that his son Harold is a Republican, having changed from Democracy as a result of what he considered the party's failure in administration. Young Sewall was one of the leaders of the Reed delegation at St. Louis and is one of the leaders of the "Young Republican" movement in Maine.

Japaned trays may be cleaned by rubbing with clear olive oil. After the oil has been applied the trays should be vigorously rubbed with a flannel cloth.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Document as Agreed to by the Sub-Committee.

CHICAGO, July 8.—Following is the platform as agreed to by the subcommittee to be submitted to the general committee. The majority will, of course, present a report taking ground against the free coinage of silver. The platform:

"We the Democrats of the United States, in National convention assembled, do reaffirm our allegiance to the great principles of justice and liberty upon which our institutions are founded, and we wish the Democratic party to have the full and free enjoyment of our free press, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience, the preservation of personal rights, the equality of all citizens before the law, and the faithful observance of constitutional limitations."

"Recognizing that the most serious question is paramount to all others at this time, we invite attention to the fact that the federal constitution unites silver and gold together as the money metals of the United States, and that the free coinage law passed by Congress in 1856 under the constitution made the silver dollar the unit of value, and admitted gold for free coinage at a ratio measured by the silver dollar unit."

"We deplore that fact that since 1873, a monetary silver without the knowledge or approval of the American people, has resulted in the depreciation of gold and a corresponding fall in the prices of commodities produced by the people, a heavy increase in the burden of taxation, and of all debt, public and private, the enrichment of the money holding class of home and abroad, a paralysis of industry and impoverishment of the people."

"We are unalterably opposed to the single gold standard, which has had the effect of prosperity of a retrogressive policy, in the paralysis of hard times. Gold monometallism is a British policy, founded upon British greed for gain and power, and its general adoption has brought our nations into financial servitude to England. It is not only anti-American, but anti-American, and it can be fastened upon the United States only by the stifling of that inimitable spirit and love of liberty which proclaimed our political independence in 1776 and won it for us by the sacrifice of blood."

"We demand the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, with out waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. We demand that the issue of gold and silver shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private, and we favor such legislation as will prevent the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract."

"We are opposed to the policy and practice of surrendering to the holders of the obligations of the United States the option reserved by law to the government of redeeming such obligations in either silver coin or gold coin."

"We are opposed to the issue of national bonds, bearing bonds of the United States in times of peace, and condemn the trafficking with banking syndicates which in exchange for bonds and at an enormous profit to themselves, supply the federal treasury with gold, to maintain the policy of gold monometallism."

"Congress alone has the power to coin and issue money, and President Jackson declared that this power could not be delegated to Congress. We are in favor of the issue of national notes, but demand that the power to issue notes be taken from the bank and that all paper money shall be issued directly by the treasury department."

"We hold that tariff duties should be levied solely for the purpose of revenue, and that taxation should be levied in the most equitable manner, and economically and administered. We denounce as disturbing to business the Republican threat to restore the McKinley law, which has been twice repealed by the people of the United States, and which, enacted under the false plea of protection to home industry, proved a prolific breeder of trusts and monopolies, enriched the few at the expense of the many, restricted trade and deprived the producers of the great staples of access to their natural markets."

"Until the money question is settled we are opposed to any agitation for further changes in our tariff laws, except those that are necessary to make up the deficit in revenues caused by the adverse decision of the Supreme court on the income tax."

"There would have been no deficit in federal revenues during the last two years but for the amendment by the Supreme court of the income tax law, placed upon the statute books by a Democratic congress. The objection to an income tax, which the Supreme court discovered in the constitution, after it had laid hidden for a hundred years, must be removed, so that a sound and equitable system may be made to bear its just share of the burdens of the government. We therefore favor an amendment to the federal constitution that will permit the levy of an income tax."

"We hold that the efficient way of protecting American labor is to prevent the importation of foreign labor to compete with it in the home market, and that the value of the home market to our American farmers and artisans is greatly reduced by a vicious monetary system, which deprives the farmer of his products below the cost of production, and thus deprives them of the means of satisfying their needs."

"We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrong from the people by excessive taxation, and the lavish appropriation of recent Republican congresses, which have kept taxes high while the laborer that pays them is unemployed, and the products of the people are depressed in price. We demand a return to the cost of production, and we demand a return to that simplicity and economy which has built a democratic government, and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the savings of the people."

"Confiding in the justice of our cause, and the necessity of its success at the polls, we submit the foregoing declaration of principles and purposes to the considerate judgment of the American people. We invite the support of all citizens who are sincere in their desire to have them made effective through legislation for