REPLYING TO MR. CLEVELAND.

The Silver Question Discussed in Connection With the Late Letter of President Cleveland.

Washington dispatch: The friends of silver in the house, while at first inclined to make a formal reply to the letter of President-elect Cleveland, since it has been given to the public, decided at a conference held this evening to reply openly to those parts with which they do not agree. They say they did not invite a controversy, but, on the contrary, were anxious to avoid it. They also say it was not until it had become known that a determined effort was being made to induce the president-elect to commit himself and his administration in advance to the gold side of the currency question that they decided merely to ask him not to commit himself until his cabinet had been formed, and both sides of the question could be considered. They believe, however, in the independence of the legislative branch of the government, and assert they will at all times maintain it. They furnish the following as a statement of their views:

In the letter no distinction is made between silver coinage and silver bullion. While it is true that the silver bullion, which is excluded from coinage and consequently from monetary use, is worth less (in the ratio of 16 to 1) than 85 per cent of the gold dollar, silver coins, which are admitted to monetary to use the same as gold, are equal in value to gold coin. The silver dollar will exchange for as much as a gold dollar. It will even buy the gold with which gold dollars may be made. France, with a population of 36,000,000 and territory not as large as Texas, has in circulation $600,000,000 silver with $580,000,000 gold, while we have but $200,000,000 full-tender silver to over $600,000,000 in gold. Altogether $1,300,000,000 silver coins, at a ratio of 15.1 to 1, are held in circulation in Europe, side by side with $2,600,000,000 gold Of paper and silver together, including silver certificates, we have less than $750,000,000, which shows that in this country there is more gold-than paper, and nearly three times as much gold as silver. With this proportion in our currency, and with gold and silver equally full tender for everything, it is difficult to understand why the secretary of the treasury might not, if he chose to do so, pay out more silver and less gold. Of course, if while receiving into the treasury United States notes, silver and silver certificates, gold or gold certificates, he pays out only gold, his stock of gold would diminish. If, on the other hand, he should pay out more silver and paper and less gold, the character of the reserve in the treasury would control the secretary.

There would be no need for a legal tender if one who receives money be permitted to choose the kind we will have. That silver and silver certificatees displace gold is true, but only as treasury or bank notes displace it. The withdrawal of a hundred millions of bank notes, or the issuance of a hundred millions, has the same effect on gold as so much in silver or silver certificates. Why has it never been proposed to withdraw the national bank notes as a means of preventing the expulsion of gold? To the proposition that there now exist, or ever have existed under our constitution, obligations specifically payable in gold, the silver men feel it their solemn duty to enter their most emphatic dissent at the very outset of a discussion of the question. No such obligations exist or ever did exist. Webster said: "Gold and silver at rates fixed by congress constitute a legal standard of value in this country, and neither congress nor any state has authority to establish any other standard or to displace this." One act to strengthen the public credit, approved March 18, 1869, solemnly pledged the United States to the payment of bonds in coin. The refunding act of July 14, 1870, provided for the payment of all refunding bonds in coin, of their present standard value, which is the same as the present value. The resumption act of Jan. 14, 1875, provides that from and after January Jan. 1, 1879, the secretary of the treasury should redeem in coin the outstanding legal-tender notes. By the act of Feb. 28, 1878, providing for the resumption of the coinage of the standard dollar, the silver dollars were made legal tender for all debts and dues, public and private, unless otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract; and there is not a public obligation outstanding, and never was, containing a stipulation of payment in gold. In January, 1878, congress adopted the following concurrent resolution, offered by Stanley Matthews, then senator, now on the supreme bench:

That all bonds of the United States issued or authorized to be issued under the acts of congress hereinbefore recited are payable, principal and interest, at the option of the government of the United States, in silver dollars of the coinage of the United States, containing 412½ grains each of standard silver, and that to restore to its coinage such silver coins as legal tender, in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not in violation of the public faith, nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditor.

The opinions of secretaries of the treasury from 1878 down are referred to as authority. The opinions are valuable when supported by facts and sound reasons, but ought not to control unless they are. It cannot be forgotten, however, that these same secretaries have steadily predicted what has not taken place. The friends of silver concur in the opinion that it is desirable to maintain and continue in use the mass of our gold coin, as well as the mass of silver already coined. They agree, too, that it is of momentous importance to prevent the two metals from parting company. But they have already parted company, under the influence of silver demonetization in other countries, and the hostility of the treasury and banks to silver in this, but that the continued coinage of silver at the rate of $28,000,000 a year will drive gold out of circulation in the near future, or force it to a premium, does not to them seem to be sustained by facts or sound reasoning. The total volume of currency in the United States, outside of gold, is less than $750,000,000. It is believed to be a principle of economic science, perfectly well settled, that if a volume of $750,000,000 is not sufficient in itself to maintain prices in this country at the level of international prices, then gold will come here and stay here in sufficient amount to make, with the volume already in circulation, what will constitute our distributive share of the world's money as determined by our international trade. That $750,000,000 is not a sufficient volume to maintain prices at the world's level of prices is evidenced by the fact that $600,000,000 in gold, a considerable part of which is in circulation, either in the form of coin or certificates, now stays here, and it will go away only when prices become lower elsewhere than they are here.

It is believed, therefore, that no such crisis as has been foreboded can overtake us under the existing conditions. It is not believed to be in the power of all the banks in the country, even if they were so disposed, to take the gold out of circulation and hold it for any length of time at a premium. They must first lock up the world's money and arrest the world's commerce. Nor can paper or silver certificates now in circulation side by side with gold expel gold. The gold can be expelled only by forcing into circulation, in addition to $750,000,000, either silver or paper equal to the entire volume of gold now in circulation. In that manner, under Gresham's law, gold might be expelled, and probably would be. It is doubtless true, too, that if the population and wealth of this country were at a stand, then the continued coinage of silver in sufficient volume would in time expel gold from circulation, but as long as the population and wealth go on increasing, then the conditions of the problem are changed. In fact, in order to preserve a stable ratio between the money volume and the population and wealth in annual increase, not less than $40,000,000 currency of some kind is now required. In other words, the increase of the population and wealth calls for an addition to our circulation of at least $40,000,000 a year. If, while these conditions continue, silver is coined at the rate only of $28,000,000 a year, there is left still a considerable void to be filled with gold. This is the reason why gold has increased in the country steadily since the act of 1878 [illegible] why gold has increased in price of silver bullion and gradually to appreciate the value of gold the world over. The difficulties in the way of establishing an international ratio, so much desired, or of the readjustment of the relative value to gold here would thereby be increased. How it is possible for such things to take place as are predicted in the last paragraph of the letter it is difficult to see. Gold is to be withdrawn to its hoarding places, followed by an unprecedented contraction in the actual volume of our currency. Such a contraction, it has been shown, must be followed by a great fall of prices. What then? Would not gold flow here as tides flow? Surely it would come as fast as ships could bring it. What would those who have been hoarding gold do with it then? Labor, the letter says, already greatly depressed, would suffer still further depression by the scaling down of the purchasing powe of every so-called dollar paid into the hand o toil. Here in one sense we have gold hoarded, unprecedented contraction, fall of prices, and scaling down of the purchasing power of the dollar. That is, when these impending calamities come, prices are to fall, everything becomes cheaper, and money becomes less valuable at the same time. That is, both sides of the balance go down together. Usually one side goes up and the other down; usually the commodities become cheaper, money becomes relatively dearer and vice versa; usually a contraction of the money volume results in a rise in the value of money and not in a fall. The contradictions involved in this paragraph of the letter are hardly calculated to carry conviction to those who have ever studied the money question at all, or to awaken in them any sense of alarm at our approaching calamities fro such causes.

In one thing all will agree, and that is in the importance to the whole country, and especially to the laboring classes now struggling with want, of the revival of business and the reaction of prosperity. The one condition essential to this is to stop the contraction of currency. No country ever did thrive, and never can, while its money was undergoing contraction. Business cannot be secure when its foundation is constantly giving way. Stability in the volume of money is the one essential to safe and prosperous business. What is the monetary condition of the world to-day? Are we not brought face to face with the startling fact that the gold production of the world has fallen below its consumption in the arts, and that there is no probability of any new gold for the money supply for centuries to come? With this condition of things as to gold, shut off silver, as is now proposed, and where is the money supply, even for keeping up the stock of coin now in the hands of the world to come from? As aggravating to this state of affairs in this country, the paper currency is undergoing contraction by the surrender of bank notes. If this state of things is to last, upon what is there to build the hope of returning prosperity? In the last three years, according to the London Economist, prices have fallen more than 20 per cent.—that is, money has appreciated in that ratio. In the quarter century following the gold discoveries of California and Australia, the stock of precious metal in use as money was increased nearly 40 per cent. The trade and commerce of Great Britain and the United States during the same period increased more than four fold, and wealth proportionately.

Reverse these conditions, shut off all money supply, and what room for hope is there for mankind, except for those whose incomes are sure? With the appreciation of money all debts appreciate. When it is remembered that such debts run into tens of billions—more than the entire present wealth of the United States—the vast consequences of the appreciation of money are seen. The control of feudal lords over the earth in the middle ages was insignificant compared with the control the modern kings and lords, who, through legislation, can secure an increase in the value of money. It can be shown that it will take more labor, or more of the produce of labor, to pay what remains of our own national debt now than it would have taken to pay it all at the close of the war. Eighteen million bales of cotton were eqvivalent in value to the entire interest-bearing debt in 1895, but it will take 35,000,000 bales at the price of cotton now to pay the remainder of the debt. Twenty-five million tons of bar iron would have paid the whole debt in 1865. It will take 35,000,000 tons to pay what remains, after all that has been paid as principal and interest.

In view of the vast interests involved the friends of silver did not think it too much to ask that the question of stopping the coinage of silver should not be separated from its relation to the whole currency question and acted upon by itself. The currency question, it is believed, at the present time overshadows all other questions, and all the friends of silver have asked is that the president-elect should give it full consideration and hear both sides before committing his administration to any particular view respecting it.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the senate on the 9th the resolution of Van Wyck making inquiry of the secretary of the interior in regard to the issuance of patents to the "Back-Bone" road was laid before the senate.

Van Wyck spoke at considerable length. He detailed the history of the "Back-Bone" road and its "mysterious record," which, he said, formed the most remarkable chapter in railroad annals. He characterized the matter as a fraud, gotten up in the interests of Gould and Huntington. It was claimed, he said, that there was a speeial meeting of the cabinet to legalize the scheme. He wished to be informed whether the actual settlers on the land in question had any advocate there and whether their rights had been protected. In referring to the opinion of the attorney general, Van Wyck said, as the interests of Gould and Huntington were ably represented while no one appeared for the people, the decision of that official was very naturally in favor of the former. The ingenuity of the attorney general, he said, was valuable to suggest doubts where none existed and then resolved those doubts in favor of the corporation.

Replying to Van Wyck, Teller said he must confess to considerable astonishment on picking up a resolution so discourteous, so unsenatorial as this, to a co-ordinate branch of the government. He supposed it had accomplished the purpose for which it was introduced. It enabled the mover of the resolution to appear before the public in his role of champion of the laboring classes. He presumed the senator introducing the resolution expected nothing more. If Teller might be permitted to refer to himself, he would say that by his rulings in the interior department he had done more for the settlers on the public lands than the senator from Nebraska (Van Wyck) had done in his lifetime of public service.

In the senate on the 10th the resolution offered by Hoar that Blair be sworn in as senator to fill a vacancy was taken up and a long discussion followed. The legislature which is to elect a senator from New Hampshire will not meet until June next. The point was raised by Ingalls that the question at issue had a significant bearing upon the senatorial vacancy in Illinois and Oregon. After further debate the resolution was agreed to—yeas 36, nays 10.

The only departure from a diversion upon party lines was in the case of Jones (Fla.), who voted in the affirmative with the republicans. The oath was then administered to Blair and the senate adjourned

In the senate on the 12th Manderson offered a resolution calling upon the secretary of state for such information as that department may have regarding the rumored confederation of states in Central America.

Senator George presented the credentials of Walthall as senator from Mississippi, vice vice Lamar, resigned, and Walthall took the oath.

The senate adjourned without executive session and without executing any nominations from the president.

In the senate on the 13th Senator Cameron offered a resolution naming the chairmen and members of the senate committees as agreed upon by the caucuses, and asked immediate consideration. Agreed to.

Ingalls offered a resolution calling upon the president for information in regard to the occupation of Oklahoma, and what action was being taken in that regard. Under an objection from Cockrell it went over until to-morrow.

After a short executive session the senate adjourned until Monday.

The king of Wurtemberg indignantly denies the rumor that he has joined the Roman Catholic communion.

God made the woman for the man. The milliner added the expense.

"GREENVILLE."

Something haunting, sweet and tender,
Borne upon the evening air.
Subtle thoughts no words could render,
Half a sign and half a prayer.
South winds blowing, stars are showing,
And the summer moon is low,
Faintly growing, fainter going,
Breathes thy song, Jean Jaques Rousseau!

Lulling, soothing, magic singing,
How the shadows fly away
At thy sound, thy low notes bringing
Back again life's opening day!
South winds blowing, stars are showing,
And the summer moon is low,
Years are going—grass is growing
On thy grave—Jean Jaques Rousseau!

Couldst thou dream of all thy numbers
This the world wou'd love the best!
Sung to lull the children's slumbers,
Message to the tired of rest.
South winds blowing, stars are showing,
And the summer moon is low,
Thy life knowing, tears are flowing
Yet for thee, Jean Jaques Rousseau!

Surely on their weary spirit
Fell an hour of rare content,
Long ago, and still we hear it
Sung, thy mood, in music pent.
South winds blowing, stars are showing,
And the summer moon is low,
One flower growing, of thy sowing,
"Blossoms in the dust," Rousseau!

So God rules it, makes undying,
Peace, and faster every hour
Fades all hatred, wrong, and crying,
Good alone has lasting power.
South winds blowing, stars are showing,
And the summer moon is low,
Faintly growing, fainter going,
Breathes thy song, Jean Jaques Rousseau.

—*Ada C. Sweet, in The Current.*

JULIANA KEZIAH SKIGGS.

"Annie," said Mr. Somers, as he entered his cozy parlor one afternoon in midsummer, "why, in the halcyon days of our courtship, did you never mention your cousin, Juliana Keziah Skiggs?"

Supposing her lord and master jocularly inclined, Mrs. Somers replied in Yankee fashion:

"My dear John, why did not you make your Uncle Obadiah the subject of your conversation at that never to be forgotten period?"

"Because," promptly, "I have no such relative."

"Neither," serenely, "am I the fortunate possessor of a cousin J. K. S."

"Perhaps this," laying an open letter on the table beside her, "will convince you to the contrary."

SPYNSTERVILLE, Aug. 12, 188–.

"MR. JOHN SOMERS: Having lately heard that a few blissfully distracted moons ago, you were disunited in the hollow bonds of matter of money to Miss Annie Harding, second cousin twice removed of my maternal derivative, with whom in childhood's happy hour I often sported on the glade, like the young rams so brisk and gay, I hasten to offer you my personal condolences, and prognosticating that a visit to your celestial mansium might rejuvenate the amatory pneumatics with which I am inflicted, I take the liberty of denouncing the datum of my intended visitation, the 16th of August, Anno Dynous 188–. Tenaciously yours,

"JULIANA KEZIAH SKIGGS."

"John," gasped Mrs. Somers, with horrified countenance. "This woman is crazy. I never heard of her before," tenaciously. "She is coming to stay, I presume, and to-morrow is the 16th. What shall we do?"

"Dismiss all care, my dear," said John solemnly. "We can scarcely refuse to receive her; but I will invite Dr. Peter Columbus Hackemup to prescribe for the fair Juliana Keziah."

With many forebodings Mrs. Somers watched John depart for the train the next afternoon. She was an orphan, with no near relatives, dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood. While teaching school in a country place, she met John, who at once fell in love with her winning face and amiable disposition. The little schoolmistress, although obliged to fight her own way through the "world's broad field of battle," was not easily won. John, however, was an undaunted and perseverving wooer. Miss Harding finally consented to resign her "delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot," and was transformed into Mrs. John Somers. To confess the truth she liked the change. Now the mistress of the pretty home to which her husband had brought her, she was free from worldly care. "But," she soliloquized indignantly, "am I to be invaded by a host of people whom I have never known, and probably would never have sought to know me had I not become the wife of the prosperous young lawyer?"

At this moment Mr. Somers and the expected visitor appeared at the gate. Mrs. Somers started in dismay, and could have lifted up her voice and wept. John was a tall man, but Miss Skriggs' bonnet feathers waved proudly over his head. Her forehead and chin seemed running backward from her nose, of which (although somewhat askew) the noblest Roman of them all would not have been ashamed in point of size. Inquisitive, beadlike eyes, nondescript in color, peeped from beneath whitish yellow brows, while on her prim mouth was a perpetual smirk, the nose ghastly, as four false teeth which ornamented her upper jaw occasionally dropped therefrom.

This beautiful nymph, whose figure was a personification of length without breadth or thickness, was attired, from her soaring feathers to her No. 6 gaiters, in brilliant green.

Mrs. Somers looked at John. His face, to her loving eyes an open book, wore the imperturbably innocent expression she knew betokened inward delight.

"This, my dear, is your cousin Juliana Keziah Skiggs," said he, sweetly, leading the giraffe, as Mrs. Somers mentally called the stranger, up to his wife. Words of welcome were not needed. Swooping upon poor Mrs. Somers, and clasping the shrinking little woman in her bony arms, she pressed affectionate kisses upon her averted cheek. The recipient of these unwelcome favors, disengaged herself as quickly as possible, hurriedly showed Miss Skiggs to her room, and informing her that tea would be ready in half an hour, flew down stairs to pour out her soul to John.

"Never mind, little woman," said that gentleman, anticipating her intention, "I'll engage that Dr. Hackemup shall take her off your hands at once."

Dr. Hackemup was a widower who lived opposite. Pomposity, gluttony, and parsimoniousness were his leading characteristics. Mrs. Grundy declared that he was on the lookout for a wife. That is, a rich wife. Venus, without golden charms, would not have attracted him. Medusa, well supplied with cash, would have been irresistible to him. Miss Skiggs' apparel, although gorgeous in color, was of cheap material. Her luggage consisted of one dejected-looking hair trunk in which Eve might have stored her finery, had she possessed any. Mrs. Somers scarcely thought her husband's charitable plan would succeed.

Juliana Keziah would not captivate Dr. Hackemup. But, to her suprise, in whatever terms John's invitation was couched, it proved effective.

The very next morning the Doctor called, evidently prepared for conquest. He acknowledged the introduction with a profound bow, restoring Juliana's teeth, which unfortunately dropped at the moment, with a delighted smile as though the accident was intended as a special compliment to him, and at once proceded to air his most captivating smiles and graces. Juliana received his attentions with dove-like humility and youthful diffidence, but in a few moments Mrs. Somers concluded that Juliana might have come in search of health, should Providence kindly include a husband, she would not scorn the blessing.

John's exquisite delight in the scene, apparently only to his wife, finally produced in her a somewhat similar frame of mind; at any rate, like a good wife, she resolved to rejoice in his joy and accept the inevitable with resignation.

"Miss Juliana," said the Doctor, as they sat on the porch together about a week after her arrival, during which time he had been most devoted, "did you—ah, ever observe, when looking out upon the western sky, that as the sun goes down in the solitudes of the night, it—ah, becomes much darker than at midday?"

"Ah, Doctor," murmured the lady thus addressed, "few are gifted with such powers of mendacity and voracity as yourself,"

"Fairest of your sex," with an approving smile, "your views coincide with mine to an iota. The entire forenoon, secluded in the privacy of my own domicile, I have watched thee flitting to and fro like a sunbeam about this favored mansion; this afternoon, however, I determined to ignore my own pleasure, so behold me at your side. Now, alas! the day waneth; I have already procrastinated my delay much longer than I anticipated to stay. I must bid thee farewell," striking a still more imposing attitude, in unconscious imitation of the Colossus of Rhodes.

"Farewell is a word to be uttered with sighs,
While lachrymals drop on the nose from the eyes,
But who, save and excepting the most swinish of pigs,
Could enduah the thought, gazing on thee, lovely Skiggs?"

"Have you noticed," dropping the declamatory and speaking quite confidentially, "that when I am away I am not here?"

"I believe," confessed Juliana Keziah modestly, "that my meditations have approached that climactery. Take care Doctor," as that gentleman in bowing his adieus leaned sentimentally on the gate; "that gate is very delaborated."

The warning came too late. Gate and doctor came down together with a crash.

"Resurgam!" exclaimed the heroic gentleman, superbly, as, extricating himself from the debris of the gate, he arose, solemnly rubbing himself.

"Have you observed," his features gradually regaining their customary expression of dignified calm, "that when you fall your equilibrium is apt to be destroyed?"

And still rubbing himself carefully, he strode majestically away.

Juliana remained, for a few moments after the engaging doctor's departure, almost overcome by emotion.

Full forty-five times had the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.
For many years she had sought
one thing in life, and but one—

a husband, heretofore with mortifying lack of success. "Now," she whispered to herself, "I see land at last," the doctor's portly form appearing to her wishful eyes a sort of Canaan, of which she was already part proprietor.

"Oh, Annie," she simpered, as, entering the house, she sank into a chair near Mrs. Somers, "I really feel quite dilute. The doctor's remarks are so flatulent, it is almost impossible for me to moderate my sympathies to compete with the situation. He is coming to tea to-morrow evening. I thought I had better reform the cook, so that she might be prepared for him."

"I am glad you mentioned it, Juliana," said Mrs. Somers, pleasantly. "The doctor is famous for his gastronomic powers."

"How delightful!" cried Juliana, with animation. "Is he provided with a microscope, or does he trust his own visionary debilities? Do you think it would be delecate for me to mention the bull to him? If not, I could refine my remarks to the bear or the scorpion."

"I do not exactly understand you!" said Mrs. Somers, with much gravity, "he will find neither bulls, bears, nor scorpions on my table, I assure you."

Without condescending to enlighten her cousin's ignorance, Juliana sailed away to the retirement of her own room, there to lay the foundation of a brilliant appearance on the morrow. Many and strange were the devices employed. Could Dr. Hackemup but have seen her when her preparations were completed!

Morning came and went. Afternoon shadows had begun to lengthen. Juliana was about to begin her toilet for the expected guest, when a rap was heard at the door. "Oh, Annie, you respond to the door. I should sink with effusion if the Doctor were to see me with my habilimentations in such disshovelled condition."

Instead of Dr. Hackemup, however, a small boy stood grinning at the door, holding several dejected-looking snipes, which, together with a primly folded note, he handed to Mrs. Somers, saying, "Them's for her," pointing to Juliana's paper-bedecked head peeping over Mrs. S's shoulder. The note was duly dated, and was as follows:

Fascinatingly Amiably and Weirdly Ethereal Miss Juliana Keziah (if I may be permitted thus to address you):

I herewith present you a brace of birds (sweets to the sweet), the result of a day's wandering and reverie. May I not hope to have the pleasure of partaking of them with you? thus exemplifying the beautiful lines:

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two mouths that eat as one.

Yours with high respects,
DR. P. C. H.

Every paper on Juliana Keziah's head rustled with delight.

"That poetical centennials!" she cried, as she looked at the letter. "What majestic animals!" as her gaze rested on the birds. "Let me relieve you of their ponderosity, Annie. I will request cook to frisco them with trifles."

"Trifles, indeed," murmured Mrs. Somers, "light as air."

When the Doctor arrived, Juliana welcomed him with the sweetest smiles and thanks. He, not to be outdone, was all wit and poetical outburst. Still, it was not until seated at the supper-table that the true greatness of this engaging man showed itself.

As Juliana sank languidly into her chair, she pointed to the Doctor's delicate contribution to the feast, which, prostrate on their backs, with their long, shinny legs reaching skyward, seemed thus mutely expressing their indignation at the violence offered them.

"Behold, Dr. Hackemup, the troches of your valorosity. As the immortal Byrium so touchingly sings:

"Barbecued to make Rome howl a day."

"Ah, yes," absently replied Dr. H——, eyeing the table with beaming orbs and smacking his lips. "Draw your chair nearer, Miss Juliana, and you will not be so far off. Thank you, Mr. Somers"—to that gentleman, who, with preternaturally solemn countenance, bestowed a snipe apiece upon Juliana and himself. "This is truly elevating"—helping himself liberally to everything within his reach. "I enjoy partaking of these delicious esculents in moderation," as mouthful after mouthful disappeared with marvelous rapidity, while his face became a beautiful purplish red from his mighty efforts.

"Yes, assented Juliana, admiringly, "I perceive you are a regular ipecac."

Dr. Hackemup's fork paused a moment on its way to his expectant mouth, while he gazed somewhat suspiciously upon his fair neighbor, but that damsel was placidly nibbling away at her snipe, unconscious of evil.

"How very lubricating it would be," she continued, "to meander in the umberifousness of those lovely turpentine walks in the grove. Cousin John says, he, he, they were deranged expressly for pedestinarians, but he is such a tease I cannot say his aspersions are always directed to the bright deist, Truth," with an arch glance at Mr. Somers, whose face rivaled the busy Doctor's in color as he replied:

"Really, Cousin Juliana, you do me injustice."

"Ah, no," cried Dr. Hackemup, who, unlike the boa-constrictor, grew more and more lively as he approached repletion. "I am convinced that Miss Juliana's cardiac organ never expands save with sentiments of justice and mercy."

"I scarcely flatterate myself that I am sufficient either upon the accordium or the organ," was the deprecating reply. "But I agree with the designing Shakspeare, that the qualifications of mercy are not to be strangulated. Indeed, so far as my personal animosities are concerned, I have always been perfectly willing to give the devil his Jews."

"I am sure," gravely remarked Mrs. Somers as they all rose from the table, "no one, not even Judge Hilton, could say more than that."

Early the next morning Juliana started out for a walk. As she told Mrs. Somers, "It is only by effervescing with Nature that my aggravated equanimity can regain its customary fomentation."

Scarcely had she reached the grove and seated herself beneath a large oak tree, when she was startled by a sonorous "Ahem!" close beside her. Springing to her feet, what was her agitation at beholding the object of her thoughts, Dr. Hackemup, at her elbow.

"Dr. Hackemup," she cried, in much confusion, "what a disagreeable surprise!"

"Ah, Miss Juliana, transcendently, brilliant aurora! The early bird, ah—catches the worm. Behold an exemplification: "I—the bird, you—the worm. Strange, is it not, but true, the herbage when, dew-bespangled, is generally quite humid?"

"Quite true," minced Juliana. "What a store of knowledge you do profess. The icinerations of your wit are as bilious as a sky-rocket, and elucidate a conversation like a piratical display. I should opinionate that you would misapprehend that the fichus of your brain might collapse or become explosive through constant inflation."

"Your opinion, fair maiden, is but an additional evidence of your perspicuity, I readily and without effort perceive, from the extraordinary similarity of our convictions, that your gentle nature is a component part of mine; a softening and completing, so to say, as the emollient butter is to the more solidified buckwheat cake."

Seizing her long hand and looking as sentimental as a sun-struck bullfrog, he continued passionately:

"Oh, Juliana Keziah, load-star of my existence, who could gaze upon thy charms unmoved? The few short days which I have known thee, although not as long as though they had been longer, have been ages of happiness to me. Bewildering, captivating, and overpoweringly saccharine damsel, my spirit yearns for thee. Does not thy pericardium throb in sympathetic harmony with mine? Place thy tapering digits in my outstretched palm, and hear me swear to dedicate my life to thee.

"Juliana Keziah, my soul is on fiah.
Sweet creature divine—be mine!"

Twenty-five years had Juliana waited for just such words. With an ecstatic gurgle, she threw herself on the Doctor's shoulder.

"Peter Columbius, who could listen unmoved to your delicious misconstructions? Our lives shall be blundered forever, both on this mendacious spear and after Sharon and Fair have conveyed our disemboweled spisits over the inked Sticks!"

"Ah," sighed the enamored Doctor, imprinting a cautious kiss upon her cheek, on which perennial roses bloomed. "Happiness shall be our portion. Mutual love our daily bread. The filthy lucre of this corrupt world I scorn as naught. Your investments, sweetest love, are, I confidently presume, perfectly safe."

"Really, Peter Columbius," answered Juliana, bridling, "you are rather amphibious in your expressions. My vestments, of course, are always in perfect order, although, why you hould make such an inquisition——"

"Pardon me, I implore," interrupted Dr. Hackemup, convinced that the inference he had drawn, from an apparently careless remark of Mr. Somers, was correct. "Smile again ere I wilt. Name the propitious day when Hymen's torch, with glittering ray, shall light our honeymoonish way o'er this terrestrial sphere."

"Dear Peter Columbius, I'm all in a combustible of a confusion enveloped in a whirl. You and Cousin John can make the necessitous derangements. Your wishes in this, and all other respects, shall be my loss."

Mr. and Mrs. Somers were informed of the happy termination of the brief courtship by the loving appearance of the couple as, at the sound of the dinner bell, they emerged from their retreat arm in arm; Dr. Hackemup all condescending majesty and protecting tenderness Juliana Keziah the personification of confiding innocence and appealing artlessness. The effect was somewhat marred, it is true, by the Doctor's four feet eleven and Juliana's five feet ten; but who could suggest an invidious comparison at such a sacred moment?

"I introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. Somers," said the Doctor grandiloquently, "Mrs. Hackemup in futuris. As time writes his wrinkles on on her azure brow, may she renew her old age each day."

Mr. Somers, extending a hand to each exclaimed: "Let me, for my wife and myself, congratulate both the Doctor and the Doctor's wife that is to be upon having secured a rara avis."

"Oh, Cousin John," giggled Juliana, silencing her companion, whose mouth opened wide to respond, but shut spasmodically as her shrill "he he" smote his ear. "You are equal to Peter Columbius in rotundity and gullibility."

Poor John! Dr. Hackemup's appetite, far from being impaired, seemed rather sharpened by the tender scene in which he had so lately been chief actor. Dinner, however, being over at last, he and his charming financee wandered again to the grove.

"John," said Mrs. Somers, as soon as they disappeared. "I would never have believed Dr. Hackemup capable of disinterested affection. Still he certainly must be aware that Juliana is not rich in this world's goods."

John answered not a word, but his twinkling eye spoke volumes.

"Now, John," with asperity, "what have you said to Dr. Hackemup?"

"I said, my dear," meekly answered John, "when interrogated as to the lady's financial condition, that I could not state the exact amount of her property at present, but that I was positive there was a fat prize awaiting her in the near future. I am sure," in an injured tone, "I told the truth. Doesn't the Doctor fill the bill? Ask Juliana's opinion."

"Stem the tide of your eloquence, my prevaricating husband. Dr. Hackemup will open the vials of his wrath upon her devoted head when he finds too late he is deceived."

"Oh!" said incorrigible John, "to give the devil his Jew, I strongly suspect the fair Juliana has a temper of her own and can fight the Doctor if need be with his own weapons. At any rate, it is a case of diamond cut diamond; for, in my opinion, if he attempts the Bombastes Furioso as a husband he will find that he has caught a Tartar for a wife."—*Chicago Ledger.*

How Pages Turn a Penny.

That lively and saucy little biped known as the "page" in Congress is an indefatigable autograph seeker. But it is not for the gratification of retaining the signatures of the members, who keep them continually skipping about the floor, that he bores them for autographs. There is a far more material satisfaction for him in it than that. He turns autograph fiend for money. Therein consists his principal perquisite. The grave and dignified Senator who enters the Chamber before that body is called to order or remains after adjournment is a ready victim of the page. The latter is provided with an album which he first carefully covers with paper to protect it from injury. On the outside of the cover is pasted a roll call of the Senate and as each signature is secured, the name corresponding is scratched off the list. To the page, who was flitting from Senator to Senator, as a bee sipping honey from flower to flower, a *Star* reporter put the question, "Who employs you to get these autographs?"

"Oh, lots o' 'em," he replied. "Mostly ladies; but sum men's jes' as anxious as women."

"How much do you get for it?"

"Six cents a name."

"Is there sharp competition in the business?"

"All the boys take a hand in it, and we trades all round. If any boys hasn't got albums to fill, us who has, hires them to help. Most boys don't fill more'n one in a session. But I do, and there's one boy made nearly $50 last session. There's two or three Senators that dont like to be bothered, but we manage generally to git 'em. We watches our chances and catches 'em in a good humor.—*Washington Star.*