

## WHAT 16 TO 1 MEANS.

SILVER DOLLAR 16 TIMES AS HEAVY AS 1 GOLD DOLLAR.

Both Dollars Formerly Had the Same Purchasing Power, but for Many Years Silver Has Been Declining in Value.



(Official matter edited by the Republican National Campaign Committee.)

A silver dollar weighs sixteen times as much as a gold dollar. This is what is meant by the coinage of silver "at the ratio of 16 to 1."

"Free" coinage of silver means that silver bullion, when brought to the mint, shall be coined into dollars at the expense of the United States government, without cost to the owner.

By the "unlimited" coinage of silver is meant that all the silver, American or foreign, brought to any of our mints shall be so coined, at the owner's demand.

When the ratio of 16 to 1 was established by the government, sixteen ounces of silver bullion were worth, in the market, just as much as one ounce of gold bullion. A silver dollar and a gold dollar were then worth precisely the same, before they were coined, when they were coined, or after they were melted. The face value of a silver dollar was its actual value.

But of late years pure silver has declined in value, so that now the commercial ratio, instead of being 16 to 1, is about 31 to 1. That is to say, an ounce of gold bullion is exchangeable for thirty-one ounces of silver bullion, instead of being exchangeable for only sixteen ounces of silver bullion, as it

at the ratio of 16 to 1. The consequence would be that the silver dollar would soon decline in purchasing power to the commercial value of the bullion it contains, and would be worth little, if any, more than half-a-dollar in gold. As all private and public debts not explicitly payable in gold would then be payable in these half-rate dollars, our gold would disappear from circulation and would quickly be drawn out of the country in paying our obligations and purchases from gold-using countries where our silver coins would not be accepted. As a consequence we should in a few months lose all of our \$612,000,000 of gold, leaving us with a much contracted and greatly depreciated currency. A disastrous panic would ensue, followed by the suspension of thousands of factories and business houses, a general business collapse, and the loss of employment by hundreds of thousands of wage-earners and laborers.

Under our present monetary system, and until the agitation for the free coinage of silver became a dangerous menace to business and labor, we had the most prosperous years ever known in American history.

**Concerning Farm Mortgages.**  
One of the favorite assertions of the populists, both of the St. Louis and Chicago variety, is that the southern and western farmers are groaning under the burden of mortgages held by the people of New England and the east.

"Pitchfork" Tillman is particularly fond of expatiating upon this topic, and among the populists of Kansas and Nebraska the theme never grows threadbare. According to them, the east is living in idleness and fattening off the labor of the west and south.

Some interesting figures have been collected in regard to this subject. They are those of the census bureau and, although that institution is not always to be relied upon when the tariff is in question, there is no reason to doubt its substantial accuracy in mortgage statistics.

So far from showing that the farms of the west and south are more heavily mortgaged than those of the east, the figures indicate that the reverse is the case. The farms of New York, for example, are mortgaged to 43 per cent. of their value, while the Kansas percent-

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

**God Is Our Greatest Teacher—A Shepherd Boy's Prayer—Is God too Busy to See? The Deadly Cigarette—Even in Affliction.**



WHO taught the bees, when first they take Their flight through flow'ry fields in spring, To make their hives, and straight to make Their sure return, sweet stores to bring?

"Who taught the ant to bite the grains Of wheat, which, for her winter's store, She buries, with unwearied pains, So careful that they grow no more?"

"Who taught the spider's curious art, Stretching from twig to twig her line, Strengthening her web in every part, Sure and exact in her design?"

"The God whose work all nature's sign, Whose wisdom guides her va sign, Man sees but part; but what he tells Tells him this wisdom is divine." —Selected.

**A Shepherd Boy's Prayer.**  
The following story, as told in Our Sunday Afternoon, is an excellent illustration of faith:

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the field, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? He had never learned a prayer. So he knelt down and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z.

A gentleman happening to pass on the other side of the hedge heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?" The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?" "Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep; so I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

**Is God Too Busy to See?**  
The following is from the Christian Observer:

"Do you suppose," said Johnnie, as his little cousin laid away the largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we are? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head, and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from his crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely, God knows how to love as well as mother."

**Even in Affliction.**

A girl, belonging to a church society, went to call upon a cripple, says Young People's Weekly, taking some sweet spring flowers to the invalid. After a little conversation the visitor asked:

"Don't you get tired of being tied to that bed day and night, Miss Grey, week after week?"

"Yes, I think I do sometimes; that is, I grow bodily tired," was the response. "But I try not to think of that. I only want to remember that God is good and merciful. In his love he spared me, even though I am a cripple, to live that I might learn to know him here. You see, before I was hurt I never thought about him as being a real friend and helper. But since I have been compelled to lie here quiet and helpless I can find joy and thankfulness in my affliction; I live to serve him, and that crowds almost every other thought out."

And the one who had come to minister went away feeling that she had received more than she had given during that brief visit. "Joy and thankfulness in affliction." Truly, only those who know him for the loving Savior that he is can say this.

**A Good Man's Wish.**

"I freely confess to you," said Dr. Sharp, "that I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, some one in his manhood would stand over me and say: 'There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers to the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need. I owe what I am to him.' Or I would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children: 'There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family.' I say I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave,

are more valuable in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared."

**God Is Here.**

An infidel was one day troubled in his mind as he sat in his room alone while his little Nellie was away at Sunday school. He had often said, "There is no God," but could not satisfy himself with his skepticism, and at this time he felt especially troubled as thoughts of the Sunday school and of the wonderful works of creation would push their way into his mind. To quiet these troublesome thoughts he took some large cards and printed on each of them, "God is nowhere," and hung them up in his study. Nellie soon came home and began to talk about God; but her father pointed her to one of the cards, and said, "Can you read that?" She climbed a chair and began eagerly to spell it out: "G-o-d-G-o-d, i-s, i-s, n-o-w, h-e-r-e, h-e-r-e; God is now here. Isn't that right, papa? I know it is right—God is now here." The man's heart was touched, and his infidelity banished by the faith of Nellie, and again the prophecy was fulfilled, "A little child shall lead them."—Ex.

**They Knew His Place.**

A saloonist innocently reveals one of the principal difficulties in the way of enforcing laws against liquor dealers in a trial before Justice's court, according to The Templar.

On being sworn one of the attorneys in the case said:

"Mr. —, where is your place of business?"

"What for you ask me such things? You drinks at my place more as a hundred times!"

"That has nothing to do with the case, Mr. —. State to the jury where your place of business is."

"De shury! de shury? O, my shiminy! Every shentleman on dis shury has a sdring of marks on my cellar door just like a rail fence!"

His honor here interceded in behalf of the counsel, and in a calm, dignified manner requested witness to state the place of his business.

"O, excuse me, you honor; you drinks at my place so many times. I dinks you knows very well vere I keeps mine place."

**The Deadly Cigarette.**

A Philadelphia physician, writing to the press a few days ago about a young man taken to the hospital, ruined in health from excessive cigarette smoking, said:

"Were it unique of its kind, were it the only case on record, we might bewail it with passing expression of pity. Within the last ten days, however, there have come to my notice twelve cases of boys and young men dying from diseases directly related to a habit of smoking paper cigarettes. The physical derangements engendered by this habit, that are not infrequently consummated by death, are as nothing when compared with the moral contamination. It permeates society, and admits no discrimination of age, sex or position. It blights and demoralizes the boys, it sullies the purity of fair women, and it deteriorates manhood."

**Mistress of the Robes.**

Of all the official banquets in London that are organized each year on the occasion of the birthday of Queen Victoria, there is none more curious than that given by the mistress of the robes to her majesty. The mistress of the robes is the feminine head of the royal household, and has under her orders all the ladies in waiting, the maids of honor, the bedchamber women and the readers. She receives a large salary and perquisites, and is regarded as possessing such an amount of influence that, since the days of Sir Robert Peel, fifty years ago, her tenure of office has invariably been co-existent with that of the cabinet.

**Naturalized at 90.**

Ned Riordan, 90 years of age, was granted his first naturalization papers by United States Commissioner Nichols at Kansas City. Riordan has lived in this country seventy years, having come from Ireland when twenty years old. In the civil war he served in the Seventh Missouri volunteers under Colonel John F. Phillips, now United States district judge. He is over six feet tall and is remarkably well preserved for one of his advanced age. At present he is living at the soldiers' home in Leavenworth.

**Cycling in the Desert.**

I journeyed along some main camel tracks, for example the Palestine road, and noted that often a soft rock lies but an inch or two below the sand, and that where many spongy-footed beasts have passed the path is at least as hard and as even as a close-cropped English lawn. Nor is the desert by any means all sand. It has broad tracks of overlying shingle, and much-overlapping rock, and vast salt pans whose beds are incrustated with a hard deposit of glittering flakes.

**Experienced Teachers.**

You can only teach what you know or can do. For example, a guinea hen can teach other birds how to cackle, but she can not teach them how to sing. So the self-righteous professor can not tell others what true religion is; for he has never experienced it in his own soul. He can only teach them how to strut and brag about how good he is—the same as did the Pharisee, who prayed in company with the publican.

A golf course has been opened in Switzerland at a spot 5,000 feet up in the mountains.

## WHY JOHN BULL IS WORRYING.



formerly was. Silver bullion is thus worth in gold only about half as much as it was when the coinage ratio was made 16 to 1.

A silver dollar, with the stamp of the government upon it, passes for more than it is worth, just as a paper dollar passes for more than the paper upon which it is printed is worth. The credit of the government is behind the paper dollar, and the credit of the government is behind the silver dollar. The United States government lends its credit to every man with an American silver dollar in his pocket, so that he can pay 100 cents of debt with 53 cents' worth of silver. But the credit of the government is not behind the uncoined silver, in the form of bullion. Therefore the bullion is exchangeable for other commodities only to the amount of its actual or intrinsic value.

The "free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1" means, therefore, that the government of the United States, instead of pledging its credit for the maintenance of a limited amount of coined silver at parity with gold, shall pledge its credit for the maintenance of an unlimited amount of silver, now worth only 31 to 1, at a parity with gold, at a ratio of 16 to 1. By this the United States would undertake to double the value of every ounce of silver, coined or uncoined, in the world, and extend an invitation to all the nations to send their surplus silver here to be coined into silver dollars at a ratio of 16 to 1.

These silver dollars, if coined in an unlimited quantity, would not be worth as much as gold dollars, because it is the credit of the government which makes those we now have equal in purchasing power to a gold dollar, and the credit of the government is not without limit. "Unlimited" coinage of silver would exhaust its credit, by exhausting its power to redeem its pledge to maintain silver at a parity with gold,

age is but 35. In Pennsylvania the amount of incumbrance is 40.65 per cent of the total valuation, as against only 33 per cent in Iowa. New Jersey farms carry a burden of nearly 50 per cent, while Candidate Bryan's state—Nebraska—is down to 32 per cent. In Delaware the percentage is 44, while in Illinois it is 34 and in Indiana but 30.

So much for the claim that a majority of the western farmers are mortgage-ridden. But when the average incumbrances upon mortgaged farms are investigated the difference is even more pronounced. In New York this average is \$1,749; in Pennsylvania, \$1,716; in Rhode Island, \$1,525, and in Delaware \$2,147; while in Nebraska it is only \$,084; in Tennessee, \$667; in Missouri, \$853, and in South Carolina, the home of Senator Tillman, it is \$830. These, of course, are only simple states, but the average holds good for them all. The west and south are, as a matter of fact, better off as to farm mortgages than is the east. In Missouri, for example, there are more unincumbered farms than in the whole six New England states.

The facts cited do not require any comment. It is only necessary that they should be borne in mind when the calamity-shrieking sectionalists begin—as they surely will—to repeat their stock misrepresentations during the campaign.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**A Champ.**

First Summer Girl—I haven't any use for that young Mr. Atherton that you introduced to me. Second Summer Girl—Why not? First Summer Girl—Oh, nothing; only he asked me to take a walk with him down the beach last evening and when he came after me he was carrying a cane.—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Arasima Fleming of Waterloo, N. Y., will be 102 in September. She has always lived in this state.

**The Ladies.**  
The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

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## PLUG

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