

POLITICS OF THE DAY

DEMOCRATIC DUTY.

Day by day it is becoming evident that the rank and file of the Republican party are prepared, complacently and blindly, to follow their leaders in the support of trusts.

Here is one of their recent utterances: "Those who oppose trusts are simply getting in the way of the car of progress." Trusts are the natural outgrowth of our advanced civilization. They lessen the cost of production and put the necessities of life within reach of the poor. The trusts are big, but this is the era of big things. The day of small things has passed. The men who are whining because they are about to be driven out of business by the trusts will make more money and have an easier time working for these trusts than ever before."

When men drift into the condition of mind to voice such sentiments or to approve of them they are ripe for serfdom. They already have passed the prerequisite of pusillanimous servility and there only remains to be branded on their backs the ownership mark of some trust to make them full-fledged and contented serfs.

The claims made by the Republicans in favor of trusts are brazenly false. It is hardly possible to name a single article that has fallen under trust control the price of which has not been "marked up" from 25 to 200 per cent.

That some of the trusts will be forced temporarily to advance wages as part of the general scheme to crush out competition is almost inevitable. When competition shall have been effectively strangled, and the trusts have full control of the industries, the prediction that they will voluntarily pay "generous wages" to their employees is supremely absurd.

The trusts are always ready to spend money lavishly in crushing out competition. It may be set down as certain that they do not do this with the desire and intention of enjoying a monopoly of paying "generous wages" or of selling merchandise to the poor at low prices.

When the trust system is more fully established, and the compact between the trusts shall be in good working order, there need be no hope of high rates of wages. On the contrary, it can be predicted with a fair degree of certainty that the rate of wages generally paid will very nearly represent the very lowest amount, scientifically ascertained, upon which a man can keep alive and work from twelve to fifteen hours a day.

With McKinley's protective tariff shutting out foreign competition, and the trusts cutting off domestic competition, the question is not whether the people will have to pray for mercy. The only open question is: What can the people do to save themselves?

The Republican party promised the people "big things," and they have given them in the shape of trusts. After taking a good look at these "big things" the chances are the people will turn to the Democratic party and ask for some old-fashioned "Jeffersonian simplicity."

Leaders of Democracy, get together and redeem the nation from the pawnbrokers of Wall street.—Chicago Democrat.

A Warning from Wall Street.
The present speculative Wall street boom, which affords occasion for a great showing of prosperity, on paper, has not conferred any benefits upon farmers, laborers and small business men. One reading the metropolitan dailies would be led to believe that the building of monopoly stocks and the organization of huge industrial trusts is a great boon to the tiller of the soil, but investigation fails to show this to be the truth. Now, the best authorities predict a Wall street collapse, and what will the plutocratic newspapers base their prosperity claims upon then? The United States Investor warns the people to get ready for the next panic, which, it says, is inevitable at any moment now. The New York financier, which stands close to all of the big moneyed interests, says that the government is depositing in the banks, without interest, public funds to the extent of ninety millions, and that the banks, in order to make this profitable, are urging on the most wonderful speculative era ever known, in the formation of trusts, with inflated capital, and that there is no question that the panic is near. Whether or not these financial authorities know their business well enough to accurately foretell panics a non-financier cannot say. But if it is not a panic, it will be at least a disappearance of the outward trappings of prosperity that have for some months been on exhibition in Wall street, leaving us nothing but our actual case of gold standard hard times to contemplate; in which case we shall not really be any worse off, but it may hurt some people's feelings and other people's political chances.

Carlisle in 1878.
I shall not enter into an examination of the causes which have combined to depreciate the relative value of silver and to appreciate the value of gold since 1873, but I am one of those who believe that they are transient and temporary in their nature, and that when they have passed away or have been removed by the separate or united actions of the nations most deeply interested in the subject, the old ratio of actual and relative value will be re-established on a firmer foundation than ever. I know that the world's stock

of precious metals is none too large, and I see no reason to apprehend that it will ever become so. Mankind will be fortunate, indeed, if the annual production of gold and silver coin shall keep pace with the annual increase of population, commerce and industry. According to my view of the subject, the conspiracy which seems to have been formed here and in Europe to destroy by legislation and otherwise from three-sevenths to one-half the metallic money of the world is the most gigantic crime of this or any other age. The consummation of such a scheme would ultimately entail more misery upon the human race than all the wars, pestilence and famine that ever occurred in the history of the world. The absolute and instantaneous destruction of half the movable property of the world, including horses, ships, railroads and all other appliances for carrying on commerce, while it would be felt more sensibly at the moment, would not produce anything like the prolonged distress and disorganization of society that must inevitably result from the permanent annihilation of one-half of the metallic money of the world.—John G. Carlisle, Feb. 21, 1878.

Alger Opposes Beef Investigation.
Some months ago, at the time when the beef scandals first sent a shock throughout the country, General Miles, who nominally commands the armies of the United States, directed Inspector General Breckinridge to visit the various posts and camps in this country and in the West Indies to investigate the facts as to the kind of beef furnished to the army during and since the Spanish war; also Colonel Garlington, under orders, made a tour of the Western packing cities to obtain information about the methods of refrigerating and packing beef for army use. These officers have been very diligent and thorough in the service on which they were detailed. It is understood that they have a mass of testimony more than to sustain the charges made by General Miles regarding the beef scandal issued as rations.

Year's Momentous Changes.
A year ago the United States were the world's greatest republic and freest country and occupying a position that was independent of the other countries, but bound to them by the friendly ties of trade interchange. To-day we are a member of the family of nations and a participant in the broils and quarrels of the other members. And too we have become meanwhile the most grasping of the powers for foreign territorial conquest, including a purpose to join in the spoliation of China. The future historian will be obliged to quote Senator Hoar: "The downfall of the American republic commenced with the administration of William McKinley."—Kansas City Times.

Pitiful Echo of a Scandal.
There is a painful echo of the canned beef scandal in the reports from the national insane hospital at Washington. It appears that 147 soldiers of the Cuban war have been sent there on account of derangement arising during their service, and Dr. Godding, the superintendent, in describing their condition, says: "They were suspicious of their food, especially meats, but ate when told to do so." Considering the revelations that have been made it is not surprising that they were suspicious of their meats.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Still Paying Off His Debts.
The way the President has cleaved unto the saw-millionaire at the head of the War Department, refusing to be separated from him at the demand of Democrats and anti-Algerine Republicans, has had few parallels in the examples of unquenchable friendship with which history furnishes us. The President has had enough sworn proof of Alger's utter incompetency and criminal mismanagement to convince a deaf, dumb and blind skeptic. But he owes to Alger political debts and will not let him go.—St. Louis Republic.

Bribery in Senatorial Elections.
When a man once accepts his first bribe to support a man he would otherwise oppose he becomes a rapacious scoundrel, seeking opportunities to sell his vote for any purpose. Having flung away the scruples that most men have in their early public life, he is under no restraint except the fear of exposure. So out of the present system of senatorial elections grows the utter rottenness of some public men, who will do what they can to tempt others.—Washington Times.

Republicans Are Learning.
Can there be any question that it is the duty of the Republican party to abolish the protection which has fully accomplished all its legitimate purposes and which is now used only as a shelter for an audacious scheme of public robbery? The only way to put bounds upon the tyrannical rapacity of trusts is to abolish the tariff protection which they have combined to fleece consumers.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Still Looking for Trouble.
With wars, rumors of wars and Algerism turning his hair gray, President McKinley appears to be still hunting trouble. He has announced to his cabinet that he will soon issue a civil service order placing 6,500 offices at the disposal of Republican spoilsmen.—Philadelphia Press.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.



T was a year or two before the war that an Illinois boy sought and was given a lower-round position in a Chicago railway office. He didn't remain on that round so very long. His superior detected good metal in him and promotion followed quite rapidly. The fife and drum beats of 1861 caught his ear, heart and mind, but the enlisting officer said: "You will have to stay with your mother a while longer; you are too small and too young for a soldier." The answer of the enlisting officer was the signal for an outbreak of the young railroader; but he held his peace. He would try another officer at the first opportunity. The next trial was more successful, but the officer was more considerate. He told the boy to wait for the next war.

In August, 1862, the young railroader was as proud a man as there was in Company A, Seventy-second Illinois infantry, as he raised his hand and swore to serve his country as a soldier for three years or during the war. That day he was made a corporal. Soon after going South the colonel, who had been watching the young fellow, called him to headquarters and said: "Young man, I want you for commissary sergeant." The bashful boy said he was ready for any duty he could perform, and the next day he wore the stripes of a member of the regimental staff, third in rank on that staff.

The Seventy-second Illinois had been sent into a bad part of Mississippi on an important mission. In passing I may be permitted to say that during those four years of war there were not many parts of Mississippi that it was good for Yankee soldiers to appear in unless they had their guns with them. No State at the South plunged more heartily into the rebellion than Mississippi, the State from which President Jefferson Davis had been sent to the Mexican war as colonel of the Second infantry, to the United States Senate and to President Pierce's cabinet as Secretary of War. The Seventy-second had gone in light marching order, with scant rations, and no wagon train was allowed. It was expected that results would follow the raid so that the trains could soon follow with necessary supplies. But, as was often the case, results were lacking. Rations ran out. The men were hungry, the wagon train more than twenty miles away, and it must encounter much danger of capture if an attempt is made to reach the troops. Our railroad boy, with the train, where he belonged, knew that something was wrong when orders did not come for him the second day to join the regiment with rations. The regimental quartermaster was absent, so he called upon the brigade quartermaster and told him that the Seventy-second was out of rations and that he wanted to load some wagons and go to its relief.

"Has your colonel sent back for rations—has he ordered you to take rations to the men?" asked the captain and A. Q. M.

"No, sir."
"Hadin't you better wait for orders?"
"I think not, sir. I know that the boys have no rations. Maybe the reason why no orders have reached us is because the enemy has captured the messenger."

"Do you suppose that the enemy is between here and where your regiment is?"

"I think he is, sir."
"Do you think you can break through his lines with a wagon-train charge?"
"I would like to try, sir. I am ready to risk almost anything rather than have the boys go hungry much longer."

"All right. Load four days' rations and go to your regiment. Start early to-morrow morning."

"Can't I start to-night, sir? I can reach the regiment by morning, if nothing happens."

"Have your own way."

Within half an hour the young commissary sergeant had called upon the commissary captain, or captain and A. Q. S.—assistant commissary of subsistence—secured a stock of hardtack, pork, fresh beef, coffee, sugar, beans, vinegar and salt, and just as it was growing dark he started on his dangerous mission—"a fool's errand," as the quartermaster remarked. The sergeant, full of anxiety for his hungry comrades, rode ahead of the wagons with a navy revolver by his side, expecting any moment that he would be challenged. Fortune smiled, "fairly laughed," to use his own words, and the night ride was without exciting events; and just as the sun was rising he swept into camp with wagon-loads of uncooked breakfast. He had driven about twenty-five miles, nearly the whole distance through the enemy's country.

"Who gave you orders to bring rations?" asked the colonel.
"Nobody; I got permission."
"Report to me when we get to camp." The sergeant reported and the colonel said: "Well, I guess we can get along without you for commissary sergeant any longer. Here is your discharge from that position."

The poor boy was pretty nearly broken-hearted until he opened the envelope and found a warrant as sergeant major. It was not long before he was made adjutant of the regiment, and when the war was over they told him he was a

brevet major. He was one of the best soldiers in the regiment, was Major George H. Heafford, now well known as the St. Paul's general passenger agent.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Drummer Boy Was a Hero.

One of the most pathetic incidents of the civil war, says a veteran, was the killing of the little drummer boy of our regiment at Wilson's Creek.

It was only a few days before we received orders to join Gen. Lyon on his march to what was then called Oak Hill that the drummer of one of our companies was taken sick. The night before we started a negro came within our lines, was arrested and taken to headquarters. He had come for the commendable purpose of telling us of a drummer boy who was willing to enlist. The offer was accepted, and the darky was told to send the drummer on to camp the next morning.

At reveille the lad, who was only 12 years old, appeared. A drum was brought in and the boy was set to manipulate it. The fife, an unusually tall, stalwart fellow, was also sent for, and he was astonished at the small mite of humanity calling itself a drummer boy. But the youngster insisted that he could drum after any tune the fife might strike up, saying that he had drummed for Captain Hill of Tennessee.

So the two set to work and never better or more martial music was made in the company.

An hour afterward we were on the march, and before the day was over Eddie was the favorite of every man in the company. The juiciest melons and the sweetest peaches that the foragers brought in on the way went to Eddie, and during that long march from Rolla to Springfield, Little Eddie's legs dangled more than once over the shoulders of the tall, good-natured fifer.

Part of our company during the fight at Wilson's Creek was stationed with Totten's battery, while the rest marched down into a deep ravine with an Illinois regiment. The enemy was hidden in this ravine, and the battery soon drove him to the hillsides with the loss, however, of Gen. Lyon. The main force of our army fell back upon Springfield, and the First Iowa and two Missouri companies remained in the spot to cover the retreat at daybreak. One of our guards was placed on a high eminence, from which a good look-out over the entire ravine could be had. The spot was one of the dreariest in the whole surrounding country. With the first streaks of dawn chasing away the hideous noises of the night the guard heard the beating of a drum. The man on the eminence was astonished, fearing that it was the reveille of the enemy, who was nearer than he suspected. But as he listened the sounds grew familiar and he little doubted that it was Eddie beating his drum. The guard was about to desert his post to hunt up the drum, when the officer of the guard with two soldiers approached. One of the men rushed down the ravine and soon found the little fellow with his head leaning against the trunk of an old tree, his little form almost entirely covered by thick underbrush. The drum hung on the limb of a blackberry bush within his reach, and the little lad was belaboring the top with sticks.

"Give me a drink," was the first thing Eddie said. The man hurried to the creek to fill his canteen. When he returned he discovered that the boy's legs had been shot off by a shell.

"I feel pretty bad," but I don't think I'm going to die," said the brave lad. "That fellow yonder told me I needn't"

Near him in the tall grass the soldier discovered another figure. He wore a sergeant's uniform—the gray cloth of the Confederacy. A shot through the body had mortally wounded him. Soon after he had fallen the little Tennessee drummer boy dropped under the tree. The hero in gray knew that he must die, and seeing the condition of the drummer lad he took off his buckskin suspenders, crawled up to the battered youngster and corded his legs below the knee. The soldier who found him loaded the boy on his shoulders and tenderly carried him back to the camp. When he laid his small burden down, little Eddie was dead.

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"THE BEST-LAID PLANS."

An American Torpedo-Boat Kept in England During the War.

Lieut. Henry La Motte, under the racy title "How We Helped Uncle Sam Prepare for War," tells, in the St. Nicholas, how he and the American naval attaché, Lieut. Niblack, labored last March and April to get to America in time for use the German torpedo-boat, which had been christened the Somers. After all preparations had been made I hastened to Hamburg, hoping to catch the Somers somewhere in the North Sea Canal; but on my arrival at Hamburg I found that she had passed through the canal early that morning, and was now on the North Sea on her way to England. It was not until more than a week later, when I sailed into the port of Weymouth, England, on board the U. S. S. Topeka, that I succeeded in getting her signal-flags aboard her. Captain Knapp told me that from the mouth of the Elbe to Weymouth he had had a very rough trip, but he had made it in three days, averaging twelve knots an hour, which was as much as any torpedo-boat of her size could have made under similar circumstances.

When he arrived in Weymouth he caused an inspection to be made, which showed that the Somers had not leaked a drop, in spite of her rough handling, and, considering the weather she was out in, he believed her to be a very comfortable boat.

At Weymouth an English crew was put aboard the Somers, and Captain Poust and the Germans were paid off and sent home.

The Englishmen were evidently afraid of her, for every time they put to sea in her they declared that she was leaking. Twice she was put back into port on account of these reports, and each time little or nothing was found to be the matter. The third attempt to get her to sea, in company with the Topeka, succeeded in getting her as far as Falmouth, where we put in because the Somers had made a signal that she was sinking. The report was found to be as groundless as the two previous ones. There was, however, a very slight leak about the submerged torpedo-tube; and her crew, now thoroughly demoralized, absolutely refused to go to sea unless she was dry-docked and inspected by an agent of Lloyd's.

It being utterly impossible to engage a new crew for her at Falmouth, Captain Knapp was obliged to yield to their demands, and arranged to have her dry-docked.

As she was being put into the docks—whether by accident or design cannot be proved—her sailing-master ran her, head on, into a stone pier, which caused such serious damage as, without doubt, to require her to remain in dry-dock for repairs at least ten days.

This was on April 19, and as we were sure that war would be declared in a few days at the furthest we were obliged to sail away in the Topeka without her. The day after war was declared the English captain of the port called upon the officer in command of the Somers, and told him that Great Britain, under her proclamation of neutrality, must request him to go to sea in twenty-four hours; and if he were unable to do so the English Government would be obliged to detain the Somers in port during the continuance of the war.

And so, after all our trouble and expense, one of our torpedo-boats was left in Falmouth harbor, of no more use to us in our war with Spain than if she had remained No. 420 at the Schichau works in Ellbing.

HAMADRYAD.

Not Nymph, but Reptile, Follows to the Death.

There is only one beast that will track you down to avenge the death of its mate, no matter how far you go, and that is a snake. Moreover, it is the most terrible of all snakes, and the largest of the poisonous variety. Its name is the hamadryad. A bite from this reptile will kill the strongest man in two minutes, and, of course, there is no remedy. No one bitten by a hamadryad has ever survived. It chiefly belongs to the Far East.

There are generally two hamadryads if there is one, and if you kill one of them the other will be on your track before long in all probability. Short of taking ship across the sea, there is no way of escaping unless you watch for the snake and shoot it. It will follow you for miles for the chance of a stealthy stroke, and you may climb trees or mountains or ford rivers, but there is no way of evading the hamadryad. It is a sort of nightmare hunt to be chased by one, and when the chase begins either one or the other will have to die within a day or so. The mate of the slain snake never makes a mistake, but always kills the slayer of its companion, and him alone. This reptile grows to length of fifteen feet sometimes, and is fairly common in Malay and New Guinea. One scratch from its fangs is certain and instant death.

Explan 10n.

A little boy from the slums had been taken for the first time out into the country, and was discovered sitting apart on a high bank and looking toward the hills, to which he was a stranger.

One of the friends who had made the trip possible for him approached, and quietly seated himself at the boy's side. The boy turned a radiant face upon him, and said:

"Teacher, is this purty thing ours? Is this all in the United States?"—Youth's Companion.

The courtship of Romeo and Juliet discloses a spark of Shakspearean genius.

The man who itches for a thing may get it by lively scratching.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.

Money.

It seems to me that in describing money and the functions of money we use too many terms that apply with more force to credit tokens than they do to money. We speak of money as the "circulating medium" and the "medium of exchange," while the fact is that 95 per cent. of the business is done with credit tokens—checks, drafts, notes of hand, etc., etc., which are in no sense money, but must be canceled with money. Neither are "currency" and "money" synonymous terms. Congress coins money under one law, and issues currency under another. Currency is a credit token, and always bears a promise to pay money (dollars). Money is created by the law of a nation for a special purpose, and will recognize nothing else as lawful tender of settlement between its citizens in their business transactions. Money, therefore, has a nationality—has to do only with its own people, and loses its identity as money and becomes a commodity when it crosses its own frontier. There is no such thing as "international money," and never has been, and, from the very nature of money, never can be.

The intrinsic value of money is vested in the law that always recognizes the power of so much money to cancel so much debt, and never asking if the money is made of gold, silver or paper. There is no "intrinsic" value in gold, as distinguished from its market value. If anyone thinks there is, ask him please to define the difference. Now, it seems to me that with these facts before the people it will be easy to understand some of the evils of the gold standard, which limits the material of which money can be made to the limited and high priced product—gold—thereby depriving money, by its scarcity, of its legitimate function as a medium of exchange, and driving it to the vaults of banks to be held as a reserve, and forcing the use of "credit tokens" in all business transactions, thus giving the people a circulating medium of "credit tokens" and the banks a reserve of the token of final settlement. As the ultimate end of all credit tokens (including currency) is cancellation by final settlement, and the banks holding all the tokens of final settlement, it can only be drawn from them in exchange for interest-bearing bonds, mortgages, notes of hand, etc., creating a stream of interest and discounts, that carries to the banks hundreds of millions of dollars annually, and creating a demand for money outside of the channels of trade that forces the price of money higher and higher and the price of products of industry, with which money is bought, lower and lower—money becoming concentrated in the hands of a few and industries languishing for want of its general distribution.—John H. Graham, in Mississippi Valley Democrat.

Greed and Ignorance.

The people of the West and South are not disposed to adopt New York suggestions that the fight against the gold standard is dropped. In New York, as in London, the newspapers and political bosses are controlled by the money and the holders of the bonds. The amount of wealth congested in New York through the interest tribute paid by the West and South is something too enormous to be realized, and its power is great. The money of Wall street usurers has recently turned the political scale in several Western States against the interests of the people of those States, but that will be impossible two years hence. The selfish interests of the holders of bonds and mortgages upon all the communities and individuals in the West and South, directly or indirectly, will no longer be served by the voters of these sections to the injuries of themselves and their children. It is evident to all that the gradual adoption of the single gold standard throughout the world is resulting in a general reduction in price of the products of labor, to the injury of the producers of those products, and to the advantage of the hoarders of money and the extortioners of interest, whose dollars are, year by year, given an increased purchasing power. This scheme is beginning to be understood. And it may be pertinent to the discussion to call the attention of our New York friends to the fact that it was very well understood in 1896 by a large majority of the intelligent voters. The intelligent voters of the West and South are opposed to goldism because it is wrong and because it is ruinous to our interests. They will never give up the fight until a complete victory is gained.—Exchange.

Currency of Banks.

In 1862 gold and silver left us with a war on our hands. The Government smote the rock of national sovereignty and brought forth paper money. In spite of the fact that the gold combination had sufficient power to secure special legislation for gold, and thus enable a traitorous gold board to gamble on the nation's life, moving gold up or down as the reports from our arms in the field were favorable or unfavorable, the nation prospered and brought the war to a successful termination. Greenbacks, the paper money of the war, have always been good. All the legal tender money of the Government is good and has never failed us.

A man one day turned a wire so as to hold a cork more securely in a bottle, and forthwith somebody saw a brilliant idea and patented the modern wire-stopper-holder, which is now used annually on several million bottles.