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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

Volume XIII. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1895. Number 12.

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The Song of Silver.

Osiris and Zeus and Odin, all gods of the land and the sea,
And Pan, so beloved of the ancients, could not "hold a candle" to me,
For I am acclaimed for vast worship in spite of my plebeian birth,
With the scepter I lift for your homage I propose to encircle the earth.

Is not Mexico blessed by my banner, and China my prophetess too?
Is there ever a lac(k) of white rupees held back from the heathen Hindoo?
The reason strong nations deride me and will not come into my fold,
Is because the cantankerous English "stuck" on the value of gold.

I hate that pernicious intruder of yellow Mongolian hue,
And "the deuce" I shall raise when my minions secure the joint standard of "two."
We call it a scheme of great promise, for the people delightfully planned,
But you'll notice when once it is going it is I who will govern the land.

If the public is anxious to prosper and revel in dollars galore,
Unless it be copper and iron, what metal can multiply more?
It is true the bright leaves of October, if backed by the government's word,
Might outdo me a little—but that would (perhaps) be a trifle absurd.

I think my apostles have shown what a glorious queen I should be
Had they not themselves taken a part in "the crime of the year '73,"
For if congress had sworn to my value and clung to the cult that was old
I shouldn't be kicked now from contracts my courtiers themselves write in gold.

Let my foes call me "it" if they wish to, like things that inanimate be,
My lackeys know better and bow to the lustrous, adorable "She."
I'm not in their eyes merely neuter, a part of the rocks and the ground,
I'm a being you mustn't "dishonor," a queen to be coddled and crowned.

—Joel Benton in Harper's Weekly.

WHY GOOD TIMES ARE COMING.

Concluding an editorial on "Why Good Times Are Coming," the New York Herald says: "There is never any doubt that good times inevitably follow hard times. The only question that makes people uncertain as to their course is: When do good times begin? When once a majority of business men believe that the tide is flowing steadily toward prosperity they act on that belief, and thereby greatly accelerate the movement. Enough has been shown to prove that that is the present condition of affairs in this country.

"Among the great factors tending to bring back good times the practical certainty of a great corn crop is one of the most potent. It is far more important than a great wheat crop could have been. Wheat is a debt payer. The farmer sells it generally at one time to clear off a mortgage or to pay for improvements or machinery. Corn trickles into market the whole year through, and the farmer spends its proceeds for the necessaries and luxuries of life. Consequently a large corn crop means study purchasing power all through the West and parts of the South. This alone will keep business active and profitable on a sure foundation.

"For the price of manufactures generally today is so low as to encourage buying. There never was a time in the history of this country when a dollar would buy more than it will to-day. The necessaries of life are food, clothes and shelter. Materials that go into buildings are not at their lowest point, but they are very cheap compared with averages in the past. Clothing is practically at bedrock figures.

"Meat is as low as it has been in thirty years. Breadstuffs are away down. Coffee and tea are no longer luxuries, because their low prices have brought people to consider them necessities. Sugar has never cost less. It is not so long ago that only eight or ten pounds could be had for a dollar. At that time a leading sugar refiner said that if he could make an eighth of a cent a pound on refined sugar he would be perfectly satisfied. Yet to-day, though the refiners are undoubtedly making a good deal more than that eighth, they are selling nearer twenty-five pounds for a dollar, and their output has been enormously increased. The course of sugar is illustrative of many other articles whose price has been reduced and whose consumption has been multiplied by ten.

"Finally, the United States has no serious difficulties in sight. At peace with all the world and likely to remain so, our people can hardly get up a quarrel among themselves. The silver question was a bugbear for a time, but the indications are that it has spent its force and will not again threaten the stability of our currency. Under all these circumstances, is it too much to say that the good times have actually arrived?"

The Cuban Revolution.

The situation in Cuba continues as perplexing as ever. It would seem to be an altogether one-sided contest. Cuba is a long, narrow island, about 700 miles from east to west, and 120 from north to south, containing a population of about 1,600,000. About one-third of this population is in revolt; but they have no artillery, no base of supplies, no pay for soldiers or officers, and only a skeleton of medical corps. Spain is a worn-out old monarchy, staggering along under a debt of a thousand millions of dollars, it is true; but it has a population of 17,000,000, a standing army of 115,735 men on a peace basis, capable of reaching 1,000,000 on a war footing, and some credit left. In addition Spain has a respectable navy, and is in entire possession of Cuba's excellent harbors. And yet, in spite of this vast disproportion of means and resources, the Spanish general in Cuba has just made an urgent call for re-enforcements from home, although he has 60,000 regular and 40,000 Cuban militia, recruited from the loyal classes—according to the Spanish Military Gazette. The war, it is said, has cost Spain already $20,000,000. The last contest between the island and the mother country lasted ten years, and was fought over the same territory that is now subjected to war's dreadful ravages.

Deep plowing where the soil admits of it, is a great protection against winter killing, the breaking up of the hard pan allowing the water to escape from contact with the roots, and avoids the danger of alternate thawing and freezing, and this work is now of paramount importance, to be gotten at and finished as soon as possible.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Last night while we were all quietly reading my wife looked up and remarked: "There is a bat in this room." A long time ago she used to jump up with alacrity and go into another room and wait till I got the little varmint out, but anno domini takes the scare out of a woman as well as a man, and so now she keeps her seat. The girls said: "Take the lamp in the hall and it will go out," but it wouldn't. My wife said: "You had better get the broom and knock it down, but don't knock it this way." I noticed that she had put The Sunnp South on her head saddle fashion, and the girls had covered up all but their eyes. Carefully I mounted a chair and began to sweep for the little creature as it skimmed around, but it takes a long time and I lost my perpendicular several times. "The bat is the missing link," said I as I gave another stroke. "Seems to be," said my wife, "you miss it every time." "It is not an amphibious animal," said It "But very ambiguous," said she. "It is chiropterous and vespertillo," said I as I made another lunge and the chair careened and let me down easy. Pausing a while to get breath, I remarked that those big words of Linneus meant having hands and fingers and coming out at twilight. "Well, do please get the thing out of here—and you can tell us about it afterward." said my wife. The next effort was an accidental success. The bat was knocked down and swept out. Then I got the cyclopedia and discovered from it how the bat was a bird that laid no eggs, but gave birth to its young and suckled them—how it had hands and feet and fingers and toes and even finger nails and toe nails; how it had teeth, canines and molars; how it was not blind but had little tiny eyes hid in the hair, eyes that cannot bear the light and are entirely closed when flying around a lighted room. Cuvier experimented with them and put their eyes out and they could still fly around and never touch a wall or the ceiling. He said it was owing to their exquisite sense of touch and of smell and hearing. The ancients said the bat had a sixth sense by which they could avoid collision with walls and so forth, but Cuvier did not think so. They are a very ancient little animal and I reckon had a place somewhere in Noah's ark, but we don't know whether he put them with the birds are the bugs. Moses declared them unclean and classed them with owls and vultures. It seems to us that it is a poor, miserable life they live, but I reckon they enjoy it, especially when they come in the house and alarm the women and children. They have a unique and lonely place in creation, there being but two or three kinds, and they never cross or mix and have no society. They have the miniature hands and feet of human beings, the teeth of a dog and wings to fly like a bird. Even Darwin could not tell whether they evoluted backward or forward.

I wish that I was a naturalist. It is an everliving mystery to study these little creatures all around us. How a fly can so swiftly glide upon the window pane, what language the ants use as they pass and repass one another as they go and come from their hidden nests. I watch them on the poles in the trellis and they never fail to pause for an instant and say something and quickly pass on. Maybe it is "Howdy," or "Are all well?" or "I am glad to see you—give my love to the children." That they say something there is no doubt. Then there are the lightening bugs that would be a great wonder if they were not so common. Did you ever observe that they never lighten except to rise higher in the air? They make no descending light, and so it is evident that the light they make is not to see by, but to propel them upwards. It is an electric power—a force without heat—and our scientists might study it and analyze the wonderful little chemical machine that lies hidden in its tail. It is a power as well as a light. My friend Bussey the bee man, of Marietta, says he tried diligently to cross lightning bugs with his bees so that the cross could see how to work in the dark but failed. I have great respect for Linneus and Cuvier and Audobon and Agassiz, who have left us such a treasury of kdowledge that they gathered from nature. It does seem that Providence raises up such men with a kind purpose and gives them a key to unlock His storehouse. Every once in a great while a great man comes up to minister to our pleasure, our comfort or our learning. Thus knowledge becomes diffused and the world becomes wiser and better. If man is the best finder woman is the best diffuser of knowledge. I contemplated them yesterday as they worked on a crazy quilt at my house. A good lady, who is always at work for the church, or the poor, or the heathen, brought over the patchwork of a quilt to be made up. She got her many friends to made each a square and yesterday it was all stitched together and embroidered and the seams pressed down and a rich border put on, and it is about as lovely as a crazy quilt can be, for they are the most distracted things in the world and nobody but crazy people admire them. General Young liked to have taken a fit over this one before it was put together, and he has bought it for $25 and is going to take it to Guatemala when he goes back and will make an official spread of it on his couch of state. Perhaps he may wear it on reception days like a Roman toga or a spanish mantilla. At any rate, these good women have been as crazy as the quilt, and all for the sake of the heathen Chinese, who are killing up our missionaries. I hope it will be invested in powder. I never saw the like. The harder the times the harder do the women beg for money for some charitable or church work. Almost every mail brings an urgent, pleading letter from somewhere wanting a little help for mercy's sake. What would the churches do without them? What would the prayer meetings do or the weddings or the funerals?

BILL ARP.

Plant a good man anywhere in this world, and the devil will immediatly begin walking up and down in tnat neighborhood.

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

Opens on the 18th of September—A Mammoth Affair.

The natural fertility of the soil, vast mineral resources, abundant water power, salubrious climate, and above all the industry, enterprise and National spirit of her people, richly entitle Georgia to be termed the Empire State of the South, and her capital, the city of Atlanta, from its geographical position and the fact that it is a center from which railroads radiate to every section of the country, is aptly named the Gate City of the South.

Atlanta is a beautiful, thriving city of more than 110,000 population, rich in factories, mills, large wholesale and retail stores, electric street railways, electric lights, splendid water works system, fine hotels, elegant residences, spacious, well kept and beautiful parks, paved streets and unsurpassed school and sanitary systems, grand public buildings, everything, in fact, necessary to constitute an ideal city and indicative of that thrift, vim, and enterprise of her citizens, which has won for their city the cognomen of the "Chicago of the South," and from present indications, in a very few years it may properly and rightly be designated its metropolis.

Such is the Atlanta of to-day, risen from its ashes, brushed off the scars and thrown aside the hates and prejudices engendered by the terrible conflict of arms that raged in and around her and left her desolote indeed, which holds out her hospitable arms to all the world and invites it to the Cotton States and International Exposition to be opened on September 18 next and continue until the last day of the present year, a period of 105 days.

This great undertaking has received the indorsement of the General Government, Congress having appropriated $200,000 for a building and exhibit. The building was designed by a Government architect and will have a floor space of 65,000 square feet. The Government exhibit will represent all its departments and will be in charge of gentlemen selected because of their special qualifications and valuable experience acquired at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and these gentlemen have severally promised that the Atlanta exhibit shall in every respect equal if not excel that of the United States at Chicago.

Besides that of the United States and the several State and other buildings, there will be twelve principal structures, as follows; Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Fine Arts, Agriculture, Auditorium, Administration, Fire, Machinery, Mineral and Forestry, Negro, Transportation, Electricity and Woman's. The general style will be Romanesque, and architectural effects will be produced by outline and proportion rather than by ornamentation, and they are well calculated to impress the beholder with their simplicity, stability and adaptability.

In regard to transportation, particularly by rail, in no respect has the South shown her recuperation from the devastations of war and the general prostration incident to a sudden and complete revolution in her labor system, by the abolition of slavery, than in the improvement in her railways, not only in roadbed, motive power, equipment and speed, but in the combination of independent roads into a great trunk system under a single management, which affords facilities for travel and traffic of a character equal to the best in the country. Such is the great system now operated under the name of the Southern Railway, which, like the branches of a great tree, reaches every part of the South and Southwest, with connections to every part of the East, West and Northwest, which is to the entire southern section of the country what the Pennsylvania and New York Central, for instance, are to other sections.

The Southern Railway, therefore, will afford the fullest and best facilities to visitors to the fair, whether from any part of the South, from the East, West or Northwest, without change of cars, and without the annoyances incidental thereto, and will land them either in Atlanta or in the fair grounds, at their option, and at the lowest rates that may be established.

Standing in Piedment Park and looking up to the crest of the hill at the grand Auditorium, with its great seating capacity and lofty tower, holding the largest chime of bells ever set up in this country, surrounded by evidences of a new and brighter era of progress and development for the South, remembering that the ground upon which we stand is hallowed by the blood of the thousands who here fell battling for and against the Union, where the arts of war, illustrated by intrenchments, breastworks and rifle pits, have happily been replaced by those of peace and progress, one instinctively turns to the emblem of his country's greatness and sovereignty, gracefully and proudly floating over the picturesque and beautiful scene, feels a thrill of enthusiastic patriotism and rejoices that all sectional lines and prejudices are obliterated, and that the South is henceforth to be a potent factor in the progress in agriculture, the arts, sciences and literature of this great republic, a progress that has been the marvel of the civilized world.

Imagination can then well picture the exposition in full progress, and people from every section of our own and other countries happily commingling in the beautiful enclosure. He can hear the strains of sweet music from Sousa's and Innes' and from the renowned United States Marine Band, led by its incomparable conductor, Fanciulli, in the Auditorium, feel the air vibrating with the harmony of the chimes that, but awhile ago, trembled with the thunder of hostile artillery, hear the hum of labor-saving machinery, the roar of railroad trains, and see on minarets, towers and gables the flags of all nations paying homage to the glorious Stars and Stripes proudly floating from yonder high staff. T. E. C.

The best is what you want when you are in need of a medicine. This is why you should insist upon Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The devil has some very good friends who belong to church.

BITS OF FUN.

"Are you aware, sir," said an irate noble-man in Yorkshire to a farmer whom he thought wanting in proper respect, "are you aware, sir, that my ancestors came over with the Conqueror?" "And if they did," replied the farmer, "I reckon they found mine 'ere when they comed."

She Silenced Him.—"Matilda," said the Boston man, "you are passing a good deal of time on the bicyle." "What of it?" "Nothing in particular—only—er—that is to say—do you think that the wheel is properly woman's sphere?" "Of course I don't," was the decided answer; "it isn't a sphere at all; it's a circumference."

Nobody can deny that postage-stamps collecting is a great help in teaching boys geography. Jack showed this at school when his teacher asked him where Nicaragua was and what it produced chiefly. "It's on page 98," said Jack, "and it produces more sets o' stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

"Fellows do get a little lazy in the Goverment service," said the lean man with the yellow vest; "but I do think that the man who complained when pay-day was changed from once every quarter to once every month rather overdid the thing." "What was he kicking about?" asked the fat man. "Said it made him tired to draw his salary so often."

"I guess," said the man with a political boom, "that it's time for me to attract some attention; to show some originality and bring myself into the popular mind on a conspicuous footing." "How are you going to do it?" inquired his wife. "I'll go away from home and admit to the newspaper men that my visit has some political significance."

Knew What He was About.—"I didn't think your sermon this morning was up to your usual standard, Alfred," said his wife, as the two were on their way home from church. "I know it wasn't, Caroline," replied the Rev. Dr. Fourthly. "It was not intended to be. I expect to make a special effort next Sunday morning, and I want it to seem brilliant by contrast."

Mr. Binks—"I met a woman to-day that I thought a good deal of once." Mrs. Binks—"Oh, you did?" "Yes. I used to do my very best to please her." "Humph!" "I did everything I could to win her affection." "My goodness!" "And at last I succeeded." "Wha—" "She granted all that I asked, and by so doing made me the happiest man alive." "Merciful—" "I asked her to come right up to the house with me to-day, but she had some shopping to do, and cannot get here until supper-time." "Mr. Binks, I am going right home to my mother." "She isn't at home, my dear. It was your mother that I met. She gave me you."

There is a youngster who condescends to dwell with his parents in Brighton. He is a peculiar boy, and has in him the making of a man. The other day he met with a painful accident in which his thumb was seriously jammed. A doctor was sent for. "I am sorry for you, Thomas," said the kind-hearted surgeon, "but the thumb will have to come off." "My hand won't be of much use, will it, doctor?" inquired the youngster, tearfully. "You will have your four fingers left, but you won't be able to grasp anything firmly." "I can't weed the garden for mama, can I?" "I'm afraid not, my boy." "Take her off doctor."

A little girl, five years old, who has just been down at Kennebunkport on a visit, returned nicely browned by the sun and wind. This little girl has a firm friend, to whom she is greatly devoted, in a coal-black woman named Martha, long a faithful servitor in the family of a neighbor. She went to see Martha after her return, and called Martha's attention proudly to her tan. "Yes I see, honey," said Martha, "you're gittin' pretty black. If you keep on, pretty soon you gwine ter get black as me." The little girl looked at her with wide-open eyes. "Marfa," said she, "you must have tanned awful fast when you was a little dirl!"

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

General Grant and Jefferson Davis Second Cousins.

It will be news to many persons, even to such as are pretty well read in the genealogies of great men, to hear that Gen. U. S. Grant and Jefferson Davis were relatives, having a common ancestors in the third generation back, in William Simpson, of Bucks county, Pa., who was grandfather to both General Grant's mother and Jefferson Davis's father. So says Mr. Washington Davis, of New York, in The Herald of August 15, who backs his assertion with documental proof. Mr. Davis says that he had always regarded the rumor of the Grant-Davis relationship as mere fiction until very recently, when he had occasion to turn the leaves of some old family records which gave him some definite statements.

The Horse's Feet and Legs.

Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Much time is spent in rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known that the feet of a horse require more attention than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done will not avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will become disordered and the legs will get badly out of order, and with bad feet and bad legs, there is not much else of the horse fit for anything.

INGERSOLL'S LATEST ELOQUENCE.

News and Observer.

One of the most eloquent speeches that has been delivered in a long time is the address of Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, to his old command, at Elmwood, Ill., last Thursday. It is remarkable, not only for its broad and patriotic spirit, but also for the hopeful view he takes of the future of the United States. Of course there are portions of it that southern men will not approve, but there is very little that would not find a cordial commendation here. We never read anything Col. Ingersoll says without regret that a man of his splendid endowment should be wanting in that faith which is chiefest of all endowments.

In this speech he was talking to his old comrades in arms as they were preparing to go to the great G. A. R, gathering. Small men use such occasions to revive bitter feelings and to wave the bloody spirt. We make room for two extracts to day to show how eloquent, board and patriotic were the utterances of Col. Ingersoll. It will be difficult to find a sweeter and more elegant exordium to an address than this:

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to meet again those with whom I became acquainted in the morning of my life. It is now afternoon. The sun of life is slowly sinking in the west, and before evening comes, nothing can be more delightful than to see again the faces that I knew in my youth. When I knew you the hair was brown; it is now white. The marks were not quite so deep and the eyes were not quite so dim; and mingled with this pleasure is sadness, sadness for those who have passed away—for the dead. And yet I am not sure that we ought to mourn for the dead. I do not know which is better—life or death. And it may be that death is the greatest gift that ever came from nature's open hands; we do not know. There is one thing of which I am certain, and that is, that if we could live forever here, we would care nothing for each other. The fact that we must die, the fact that the feast must end, brings our hearts together, and treads out the weeds between the paths. And so it may be after all, that love is a little flower that grows on the crumbling edge of the grave. So it may be that were it not for death there would be no love, and without love all life would be a curse. I say it gives me great pleasure to meet you once again; great pleasure to congratulate you on your good fortune—the good fortune of being a citizen of the first and grandest republic ever established upon the face of the earth."

In all the G. A. R. addresses delivered we doubt if any ex-Federal soldier has viewed the true situation more wisely and philosophically than Col. Ingersoll in these words;

"And let me tell you here to-day I am somewhat older than I used to be; I have a little philosophy now that I had not at the 9 o'clock in the morning portion of my life—and I do not blame anybody. I do not blame the South; I do not blame the Confederate soldier. She—the South—was the fruit of conditions. She was born to circumstances stronger than herself, and, do you know, according to my philosophy, which is not quite orthodox, every man and woman in the whole world is what conditions have made them. So let us have some sense. The South said, "We will not submit; this is not a nation, but a partnership of States." I am willing to go so far as to admit that the South expressed the original idea of the government.

But now the question was, to whom did the newly acquired property belong? New States had been carved out of that territory; the soil of these States has been purchased with the money of the republic, and had the South the right to take these States out of the Republic? That was the question. The great West had another interest, and that was that no enemy, no other nation, should control the mouth of the Mississippi. I regard the Mississippi River as Nature's protest against secession. The old Mississippi River says, and swears to it, that this country shall be one, now and forever. What was to be done? The South said: "We will never remain," and the North said: "You shall not go." It was a little slow about saying it, it is true. Some of the best Republicans in the North said, "Let it go." But the second, sober thought of the great North said; "No, this is our country, and we are going to keep it on the map of the world."

If the Mississippi river had reached the ocean any other way than through the South, it is doubtful if the West would have furnished so many men for the war. Their prosperity depended too largely on the Mississippi river for them to permit its mouth to be closed to their commerce. Col. Ingersoll has emphasized what the wisest men of the South foresaw, to-wit: That the Mississippi river was the great "protest against secession."

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Cailouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Fetzer's Drug Store.

Many a man will fight for his creed, why never has a word of encouragement for his wife.

Common Sense.

Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. As catarrh originates in the blood, local applications can do no permanent good. The common sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hoods' Pills cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action in the alimentary canal.

The man who lives for Christ knows that Christ died for him.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT.

In his recent sound money speech at Hillsboro, Tex., Judge Rufus Hardy cited the following historical facts:

The United States today has a larger circulation per capita than any free coinage country ever did have.

It has more gold dollars per capita than any free coinage country on earth today has of all kinds of money.

It has more silver dollars per capita than any free silver country today.

It has more gold than silver, and the volume of its silver circulation is greater per capita than the entire circulation—of gold, silver and paper reduced to silver—of any free coinage nation.

The United States under a gold standard—since 1873—has maintained a greater circulation per capita than it ever did before.

There has been five times more silver coined under the gold standard, from 1873 till now, 22 years, than there was under free coinage from 1792 to 1873, 81 years.

Every nation that has adopted the gold standard, except one or two who are on depreciated paper bases, has increased its circulation.

No nation of first class civilization has the silver standard.

Mexico is the highest type of free silver nation on earth on double standard, so called, and its per capita circulation is $4.71.

Our per capita circulation has increased since 1873 more than the entire circulation of Mexico.

The wages of no free silver country on earth average a third of those in the United States.

No country on earth has in practice a double (gold and silver) standard.

No country for 200 years (since commerce became international) ever has in practice had a double standard.

The proposition that there can be but one standard is in fact self evident. (Carlisle and Mr. Ingham, secretary of treasury in 1830 under Jackson.)

Both metals under free coinage have never circulated concurrently and indiscriminately in any country where there are banks and money dealers. (Select committee of house under Jackson in 1832.)

The overvalued metal under free coinage drives out the other. (Benton. 1834.)

Eloquently Sentenced.

North Dakota's Colonel Plummer was in St. Paul the other day telling stories.

He tells one about a Judge that was shaken from North Dakota to Mexico, and the people down there, who tired of conducting their own hangings, gave him a welcome and filled him up seven times a week. One night, after playing poker all night on the losing side of the table, he walked into the court with his hair pulling. He made up his mind to surprise the Mexico boys. There was a poor Greaser to sentence for murder, and he let him have all he knew right and left for an hour, and wound up by by saying:

"But hope is not for you. For you the zephyrs will not successfully combat the ice king; the prairie will not endue its carpet of glory and the little brook will never go sighing aud bounding on its way to the sea for the delectation of your soul; never again will the mountains assume their green crowns, and blossom for you, Jose Marie Jararo, for——"

He looked about him and saw the crowd in court was staring at him wild-eyed; they had never heard him in that strain before. Most of them thought he had gone mad.

"This won't do," he thought to himself. "These people will think I am crazy. I'll let 'em down easy." He fixed his eye again on the prisoner.

"These things aro not for you, I say; for Jose Marie Jararo, you will not be in it. It is the sentence of this court that on next Friday you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead—cuss your Mexican hide!"

There was a sigh of relief from the crowd. The Judge had saved himself by a timely return to the vernacular.

The Washington Post is of the opinion that "if the Atlanta Constitution were sincere in its advocacy of free coinage it would support the candidacy of Tom Watson. Tom's party is the only one that would give the country free coinage if it had the power."

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Sept. 20, '94.—1y.

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