

REPUBLICAN PARTY.

DEFENSE OF THE PLATFORM AND PARTY RECORD.

Various Kinds of Legal Tender - Free Silver a Gigantic Fraud - More About Demonstration - Silver Delusions - Campaign Notes.



Various Kinds of Legal Tender. The Fourth National bank in the city of New York has issued a leaflet, which gives the following concise and correct statement of the various kinds of legal tender under the present laws of the United States:

Gold coin is a legal tender in all payments, without any limit as to amount. The silver dollar of the acts of 1792, 1837 and 1878 is a full legal tender to any amount. The trade dollar was a legal tender to the amount of five dollars, but has no legal tender qualifications now.

All fractional silver coin now minted is a legal tender to the amount of ten dollars.

Minor coin is a legal tender to the amount of twenty-five cents. United States notes ("greenbacks") are a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, except for duties on imports and interest on the public debt.

Gold certificates are not a legal tender, but may be issued in payment of interest on the public debt and are receivable in payment for customs, taxes and all public dues.

Silver certificates are not a legal tender, but are receivable for customs, taxes and all public dues. Currency certificates are not a legal tender for any purpose, but may be received as part of the lawful money reserve of the banks and may be accepted in the settlement of clearing-house balances.

United States treasury notes of 1899 are a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, and are receivable for customs, taxes and all public dues. They may be counted as a part of the lawful reserves of the banks and are redeemable in gold or silver coin in the discretion of the secretary of the treasury.

National bank notes are not a legal tender except that they are receivable for all dues to the United States except duties on imports and for all debts and demands owing by the United States, except interest on the public debt and in redemption of the national currency. Each national bank is required to receive at par for any debt or liability to it, the notes of every other national bank.—Albany Argus.

Free Silver a Gigantic Fraud.

It is really awful the way silver has been misreated by the United States. Think of it! Prior to the "crime of 1873" only eight millions of silver dollars were coined by the government and there was free coinage then. But since that "notorious crime" the government coined \$430,000,000 in silver dollars and purchased \$150,000,000 in silver bullion and issued treasury notes thereupon. Of course that was contracting the currency.

The "crime" seems to have been due to the fact that the more silver the United States purchased the less its

God Bless Him for It.



"Every fibre of his being thoroughly American."

bullion value. If silver depreciated so rapidly in value when it was bought in comparatively small quantities, will it not necessarily follow that when the United States coins it free at the mints in enormous quantities it will be even more overproduced and its value constantly shrink? The fact is that there has been such a great production of silver, such competition among the miners themselves, that the supply exceeds the demand and silver is really no longer, unless international agreement can be secured for its coinage, a money metal. It has become a commercial commodity only and is now steadily decreasing in value except wherein speculative demand has artificially increased its market quotations. The United States has been exceed-

ingly friendly to silver and the time came when the increasing of the government's stock by the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces monthly became a menace. Silver was falling so rapidly in value and the wide divergence between it and gold, at the existing ratio, widened so constantly that the flooding of the nation with the depreciated coin was dangerous and the difficulty of maintaining it at a parity with gold was so great that congress repealed the law providing for the purchase of the bullion. The country was simply in danger of being swamped by silver. Now the silver bugs would have us undo the good work performed by the repeal in 1890—made necessary by the growing lack of confidence in the government's ability to continue all moneys at a parity—by coining all the bullion in the United States, that of France and China as well, and all old silver coffee pots and silver spoons into money which would be worth less, by reason of its excessive supply, than fifty-three cents to the dollar.

Thus free silver means giving the nation a currency depreciated at least 47 per cent and compelling the laboring man to accept a silver dollar whose purchasing value could not be more than 53 per cent of the dollars now in circulation in lieu of money worth the world over one hundred cents to the dollar. The demand for silver coinage now is a fraud, a bunco game, and the victims selected are the wage-earners, for they, less than any one else, can afford to have the purchasing power of their money reduced 47 per cent or more. The laboring man who wants a good dollar will vote for McKinley. That is necessary or he votes to destroy his ability to live as well as he does now. Eloquent periods and blasphemous metaphors cannot change the situation. Free silver is a gigantic fraud.—Springfield (O.) Union.

Silverite Delusions. The fomenters of hatred among the people pretend that the silver agitation

It consists of impudence and wile. Before 1873 there had been no silver dollars in circulation in this country for thirty years. This was because the silver in the silver dollar would sell for more money as bullion, to be used in the arts, than the gold in the gold dollar. The gold dollar being the cheaper had driven the silver dollar out of circulation, so that in 1873 few men under forty years of age had ever seen one. For this reason when a law was enacted in 1873 codifying all previous acts in relation to coinage so as to simplify them and adapt them to modern conditions, then obsolete silver dollar was dropped from the list of coins provided for in the act. Subsequently to this—in consequence chiefly of the great relative increase in the production of silver and of the closing of the mints of Germany and other countries to its free coinage—silver began to decline rapidly in value. So that in a short time it became cheaper than gold. Then the owners of silver mines began to clamor for reopening our mints to the free coinage of silver dollars. As silver was then cheaper than gold, if this had been done the cheaper silver would have driven out the gold. Congress, therefore, refused to yield to the demand of the silver miners; but in 1878 it reopened the mints to the coinage of all the silver that could be maintained at par with gold. Since that time we have coined 430,000,000 dollars and have authorized the coinage of about 150,000,000 more, which is over seventy times more silver dollars than had been coined in our mints during the entire history of the nation before 1878. These silver dollars are a full legal tender for all debts. Silver had been practically demonetized by the coinage act of 1834, which raised the ratio from 15 to 1 to 16 to 1, with the result of driving all silver from circulation. By the acts of 1878 and 1890 we have remonetized silver to the enormous extent mentioned, and then having reached the farthest limit where it was possible to maintain our silver dol-

AND LABOR WILL AGREE WITH HIM.



"I believe it is a good deal better to open up the mints of the United States to the labor of America than to open up the mints of the United States to the silver of the world."—Major McKinley to His Old Comrades.

is for the benefit of the many against the few, for the poor against the rich. Should the country descend to the depreciated standard of silver the dupes of this belief would discover, when too late, that the fatal tendency of the Cheap Money policy would be to strengthen and increase the possession of wealth among the few. While multitudes of thrifty and prosperous people would undoubtedly be ruined by the desperate experiment, not a dollar of their wealth would find its way to the possession of the many; it would make the few who control and command large amounts of money only the richer in affording them opportunities for profitably speculating on the general distress. Such has been the universal experience in all epochs of depressed currency and financial panic. So far from being widened, the circle of the prosperous and rich would be only narrowed by the reckless policy of the silverites. The power of the "gold bugs" and "money sharks," against whom the silverite warfare is foolishly waged, would be greater than ever, and would be more unscrupulously exercised than ever before. The gleam of factitious prosperity under a system of debased and inflated money would soon pass away, and would be followed by a long night of industrial and social gloom.

There is, in short, no form of economical, social or political development which the free silver scheme is not calculated to arrest more violently than if a disastrous war, a famine or an Egyptian plague should strike the land. Yet the illusory prospect of creating wealth and prosperity out of nothing by deeply debasing the nation's standard of value seems to have a strange and unaccountable fascination for multitudes of people—something like the attraction of the lighthouse lamp on the seacoast, which lures innumerable flocks of migratory birds to their certain destruction. But the simile badly limps. It would, perhaps, not matter so much if these persons should shatter their own wings only, if their course did not threaten so many millions of innocent people.—Philadelphia Record.

More About Demonstration.

Nashville Center, Martin County, Minn., Aug. 2.—To the Editor: I notice in your column of Notes and Queries in your paper of July 23, in answer to the question whether a person is obliged to receive silver dollars in payment of a debt, you answer that he is, silver dollars being legal tender to any amount. Now, this being so, in what or of what does the demonetization of silver consist? George Bolor.

lars on a par with gold, we stopped the further coinage of silver, just as it had been stopped in all the great silver using countries of Europe for the same reason.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

The way in which some free silver democrats nowadays refer to the doctrines of Jefferson is absurd. Thomas Jefferson was as strong a sound money man as Alexander Hamilton. He favored the use of both silver and gold as money, as do most sound money men now; but only on the basis of a ratio that would maintain the parity between them. In other words, he contended that the ratio should be the commercial ratio existing between the two metals. That is heaven wide from the doctrine of the free silver men. They nowhere propose to make the silver dollar equal in commercial value to the gold dollar. It is an essential point in their platform that the silver dollar must be a cheap dollar.—Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

It is impossible to make sale of pig iron because of the agitation for free silver. The use of iron is so general in nearly all forms of industrial undertaking that the demand for it, or the lack of demand, is a sure indication of the condition of the business pulse. The stoppage of the sales of pig iron has led to the stoppage of the production of ore in the Rockefeller mines at Bessemer, Mich., throwing 7,000 men out of work. The continuance of the silver agitation will, no doubt, further aggravate and intensify the conditions of doubt and insecurity which compel prudent men to a wise inactivity until the storm shall have blown over.—Philadelphia Record.

Advocates of free silver argue that the increased demand—which would be a forced and not a real demand—would raise the price of silver bullion so that the make-believe ratio of one to sixteen would become the commercial ratio. That is a guess based on a fallacy. The experiment has been tried and found a dismal failure. Under the Bland law the government coined \$2,000,000 worth of silver a month; but the price of silver bullion kept dropping. Under the Sherman bill the government bought 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month; but silver kept dropping. The "boy orator" pledges himself to do what no nation on earth has ever been able to do—keep gold and silver on a parity at a ratio other than the real or commercial ratio.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Republican.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A SHADOW ON THE HARVEST FIELD," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And When the Child Was Grown, It Fell on a Day That He Went Out to His Father to the Reapers"—Second Stage 4:12, 19, 20.



HERE is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the luxuriance and splendor of a great house had been given the advent of a child. Even when the Angel of Life brings a new soul to the poor man's but a star of joy shines over the manger. Infancy, with its helplessness and innocence, had passed away. Days of boyhood had come—days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of strange questions and curiosity and quick development. I suppose among all the treasures of that house, the brightest was the boy. One day there is the shout of reapers heard afar. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of sickle or scythe. No sooner have the harvesters cut a swath across the field than the lad joins them, and the swarthy reapers feel young again as they look down at that lad, as bright and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem gleaming after the reapers. But the sun was too hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him. I see the swarthy laborers drop their sickles; and they rush out to see what is the matter, and they fan him as they try to cool his brow; but all is of no avail. In the instant of consciousness, he puts his hands against his temples and cries out: "My head! my head!" And the father said: "Carry him to his mother," just as any father would have said; for our hand is too rough, and our voice is too harsh, and our foot is too loud to doctor a sick child, if there be in our home a gentler voice and a gentler hand and a stiller footstep. But all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field, there came a stronger reaper that way, with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one sheaf, but O what a golden sheaf was that! I do not want to know any more about that heart-breaking scene than what I see in just this one pathetic sentence: "He sat on her knees till noon and then died." Though hundreds of years have passed away since that boy skipped to the harvest-field and then was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed, childhood has a charm always and everywhere. I shall now speak to you of childhood; its beauty, its susceptibility to impression, its power over the parental heart, and its blissful transition from earth to heaven.

The child's beauty does not depend upon form or feature or complexion or apparel. That destitute one that you saw on the street, bruised with unkindness and in rags, has a charm about her, even under her destitution. You have forgotten a great many persons whom you have met, of finely-cut features and with erect posture and with faultless complexion, while you will always remember the poor girl who, on a cold, moonlight night, as you were passing late home, in her thin shawl and barefoot on the pavement, put out her hand and said: "Please give me a penny." Ah! how often we have walked on and said: "Oh, that is nothing but street vagabondism;" but after we got a block or two on, we stopped and said: "Ah, that is not right;" and we passed up that same way and dropped a mite into that suffering hand, as though it were not a matter of second thought, so ashamed were we of our hard-heartedness. With what admiration we all look upon a group of children on the playground or in the school, and we clap our hands almost involuntarily and say: "How beautiful!" All stiffness and dignity are gone, and your shout is heard with theirs and you trundle their hoop, and fly their kite, and strike their ball, and all your weariness and anxiety are gone as when a child you bounded over the playground yourself. That father who stands rigid and unsympathetic amid the sportfulness of children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. The waters leap down the rocks, but they have not the graceful step of childhood. The morning comes out of the gates of the east, throwing its silver on the lake and its gold on the towers and its fire on the cloud; but it is not so bright and beautiful as the morning of life! There is no light like that which is kindled in a child's eye, no color like that which blooms on a child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice. Its face in the poorest picture redeems any imperfection in art. When we are weary with toil, their little hands pull the burdens off our back. Oh, what a dull, stale mean world this would be without the sportfulness of children. When I find people that do not like children, I immediately doubt their moral and Christian character. But when the grace of God comes upon a child, how unpeepably attractive. When Samuel begins to pray, and Timothy begins to read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows himself invulnerable to temptation—how beautiful the scene! I know that parents sometimes get nervous when their children become pious, because have the idea that good children always die. The strange questions about God and eternity and the dead, excite apprehension in the parental mind rather than congratulation. Indeed, there are some people that seem mark-

ed for heaven. This world is too poor a garden for them to bloom in. The hues of heaven are in the petals. There is something about their forehead that makes you think that the hand of Christ has been on it, saying: "Let this one come to Me, and let it come to Me soon." While that one tarried in the house, you felt there was an angel in the room, and you thought that every sickness would be the last; and when, finally, the winds of death did scatter the leaves, you were no more surprised than to see a star come out above the cloud on a dark night; for you had often said to your companion: "My dear, we shall never raise that child." But I scout the idea that good children always die. Samuel the pious boy, became Samuel the great prophet. Christian Timothy became a minister at Ephesus. Youg Daniel, consecrated to God, became prime minister of all the realm, and there are in hundreds of the schools and families of this country to-day, children who love God and keep his commandments, and who are to be foremost among the Christians and the philanthropists and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills any one. A child will be more apt to grow up with religion than it will be apt to grow up without it. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Christ does not cramp the chest or curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malarials floating up from the river of life. The religion of Christ throws over the heart and life of a child a supernal beauty. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I pass on to consider the susceptibility of childhood. Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. They will make an elaborate argument to prove that they think now just as they did twenty years ago. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion, and it is this determination of soul that so often drives back the Gospel from a man's heart. It is so hard to make avarice charitable, and fraud honest, and pride humble, and scepticism Christian. The sword of God's truth seems to glance off from those mailed warriors, and the helmet seems battle-proof against God's battle-ax. But childhood; how susceptible to example and to instruction! You are not surprised at the record: "Abraham begat Isaac and Isaac begat Jacob;" for when religion starts in a family, it is apt to go all through. Jezebel a murderer, you are not surprised to find her son Jehoram attempting assassination. Oh, what a responsibility upon the parent and the teacher! The musician touches the keys, and the response of those keys is away off amid the pipes and the chords, and you wonder at the distance between the key and the chord. And so it is in life; if you touch a child, the results will come back from manhood or old age, telling just the tune played, whether the dirge of a great sorrow or the anthem of a great joy. The word that the Sabbath School teacher will this afternoon whisper in the ear of the class, will be echoed back from everlasting ages of light or darkness. The home and the school decide the republic or the despotism; the barbarism or the civilization; the upbuilding of an empire, or the overthrowing it. Higher than parliament or congress are the school and the family, and the sound of a child's foot may mean more than the tramp of a host. What, then, are you doing for the purpose of bringing your children into the kingdom of God? If they are so susceptible, and if this is the very best time to act upon their eternal interests, what are you doing by way of right impulse? There were some harvesters in the fields of Scotland one hot day; and Hannah Lemond was helping them to gather the hay. She laid her babe under a tree. While she was busy in the field, there was a flutter of wings in the air, and a golden eagle clutched the swaddling band of the babe, and flew away with it to the mountain crags. All the harvesters and Hannah Lemond started for the cliffs. It was two miles before they came to the foot of the cliffs. Getting there, who dared to mount the cliff? No human foot had ever trod it. There were sailors there who had gone up the mast in the day of terrible tempest; they did not dare risk it. Hannah Lemond sat there for awhile and looked up and saw the eagle in the air, and then she leaped to her feet, and she started up where no human foot had ever trod, crag above crag, catching hold of this root or that root, until she reached the crag and caught her babe, the eagle swooping in ferocious all around about her. Fastening the child to her back, she started for her friends and for home. O, what a dizzy descent! sliding from this crag to that crag, catching by that vine and by that root, coming down further and further, to the most dangerous pass, where she found a goat and some kids. She said: "Now I'll follow the goat; the goat will know just which is the safest way down;" and she was led by the animal down to the plain. When she got there, all the people cried: "Thank God, thank God!" her strength not giving way until the rescue was effected. And they cried: "Stand back, now. Give her air!" O, if a woman will do that for the physical life of her child, what will you do for the eternal life of your boy and your girl? Let it not be told in the great day of eternity that Hannah Lemond put forth more exertion for the saving of the physical life of her child than you, O parent, have ever put forth for the eternal life of your little one. God help you!

There is not a large family, or hardly a large family that has not, but ever such a treasure and lost it. In the family told in there no dead lamb? I have seen many such cases of sorrow.

There is one pre-eminent in my memory as pastor—Coville Hayes in Col. lum. The story of his death has brought hundreds unto God. He belonged to the parish in the west. A thorough workman or ten years of age. Nothing morbid, nothing dull about him. His voice loudest and his foot swiftest on the playground. Often he has come into my house and thrown himself down on the floor in an exhaustion of boisterous mirth; and yet he was a Christian, consecrated to God, keeping his commandments. That is the kind of childish piety I believe in. When the days of sickness came suddenly and he was told that he could not get well, he said: "Jesus alone can save me. Jesus will save me. He has saved me. Don't cry, mamma. I shall go right straight up to heaven." And then they gave him a glass of water to cool his hot lips and he said: "Mamma, I shall take a draught from the water of life after awhile, of which if one drink he shall never get thirsty again. I lay myself at Jesus' feet and I want him to do just what he thinks best to do with me." In those days, "Rest for the Weary" was a new hymn, and he had learned it; and in a perfect ecstasy of soul, in his last hour, he cried out:

In the Christian's home is glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Savior's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's request;
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
About your triumphs as you go!
Ere the gates are open for you,
You shall find an entrance through
There is rest for the weary.

The brightest light that can be kindled, Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those there who speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we tarry. If I could count up the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day to mention their names. A great multitude before the throne. You loved them once; you love them now; and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling you upward. Ah, yes, they have gone out from all these families, and you want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it; it has been whispered in your ear, O father, O mother, O brother, O sister. Toward that good land all Christians are bearing. This snapping of heart-strings, this flight of years, this tread of the heart reminds us that we are passing away. Under spring blossoms, and through summer harvests, and across autumnal leaves, and through the wintry snow-banks, we are passing on. O, rejoice at it, children of God, rejoice at it! How we shall gather them up, the loved and the lost! Before we mount our thrones, before we drink of the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration, we will cry out: "Where are our loved and lost?" And then, how we shall gather them up! O, how we shall gather them up!

In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.

The love that we shall see on that day
Should cheer our present griefs away;
When these short years of pain are past
We'll meet before the throne at last.

Queer Wife.

A Russian who died in Odessa last year left 4,000,000 rubles to his four nieces but demanded that, previous to receiving the money, they should work for fifteen months either as chambermaids, washerwomen or farm servants; this in his opinion being a salutary discipline likely to chasten any foolish pride they might be tempted to foster in their minds. A Sussex publican took an odd revenge on a nagging wife whose sharp tongue had given him many a bad quarter of an hour while he lived. On his death she found that to receive any benefit from his will she must walk barefooted to the market place each time the anniversary of his death repeated itself. Holding a candle in her hand, she was there to read a paper confessing her unseemly behavior to her husband during his life and stating that had her tongue been shorter her husband's days would in all probability have been longer. By refusing to comply with these terms she had to be satisfied with £20 a year to keep her off the parish. The restrictions imposed on widows and other legatees with regard to matrimony are often arbitrary and sometimes smack of cruelty. A husband, in one case reported recently, left his widow an annual income of £1,000, which was to be reduced to £800 in the event of the lady marrying again. Another reduction of £200 was to be made on the birth of the first child of the second marriage, and every additional child was to involve the further loss of £100 a year.—Chambers' Journal.

Roman Patience Charities.

Great Roman families take as much pride in their private charities as in their picture galleries or chapeais. Prince Doria, in the Istituto Doria, which is under the care of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, supports a hundred old men and women. The Torlonia family's institute is a home and training school for thirty orphan girls, girl and infant schools for 650 pupils, an eye and ear hospital with a dispensary and large out-patient department, and an old woman's home. The Ospedale del Bambino Gesù, the most perfect of children's hospitals, is maintained by the Duchesse Salviati of the Borghese family.

Coffee Plantations at High Levels. The coffee plantations of Guatemala occupy the high mountain ranges and are now being planted in large areas.