

It's an elastic currency I have; and when I want money I call on my national banks to issue more notes; an' the bankin' boys they put up more money for the good of the country. Well, Shaw called, and the currency didn't stretch. The bankin' boys were in the saddle, and they could make more a loanin' money when it was scarce; and they were not doin' business for their health this year. I didn't think of that when I got up this elastic plan.

But the bankin' boys made this proposition to Shaw: "Tell you what we'll do, Shaw," says they, "the law is that the currency must be secured by 'government bonds and otherwise.' Now, we've got about two billions of bonds of the Irrawaddy, Shanghai and North China Railroad company. Let us put them in the treasury as 'otherwise,' and we'll draw out and issue the notes, and if anything goes wrong the treasury can realize on the railroad. We didn't care about passing the asset currency bill before the elections; but we can do a fine asset business under that 'otherwise.' What do you say?"

An' do you know, John, that man Shaw has the treasury door half-open, thinkin' whether he won't let 'em in. I've a notion to spell him with a P—spell him Pshaw.

I have a new Irish poet. He comes in off the bog with a story, hinting that Dave

BLEW UP THE SHIP.

Dave Hinderson he paced the deck
Whence all but him had fled,
And yelled high tariff loud and long,
High tariff though we bled.

But whin he saw that he was lone—
The rank, and file had skipped,
The Prisdint was tra-adin' him,
The cabinet had flipped—

Says Dave: "They don't consider me,
I'll show 'em how it feels,
Hinceforth each polittician skins
His own especial eels."

A rip, a roar, a tearing sound—
The Pa-arty—where were they?
Ask of the winds that all around
With fragmints strew the say.

UNCLE SAM.

A TARIFF ARGUMENT.

For The Public.

My respectable fellow-passenger seemed desirous of entering into colloquy with me, so I gave him the opportunity by plying my ever-ready little interrogation mark.

"Going far?" I asked.

"All the way to Washington."

"Political business?"

"Sure! And I'm not overly good at it, I'm afraid. We've an uphill fight ahead of us, I'm thinking; but the arguments are all on our side.

The trouble is that most people are so miserably selfish—no regard for the good of the country. Looks as though patriotism is dead."

"What side are you on?"

"Me!" Why, man! I'm an undertaker. I am on my own side of course. I'm against this new bill now pending before the Congress—that cowardly measure for the Abolition of Death."

"Why cowardly?" I ventured.

"How can you ask? Just as the human family was beginning to understand the text: O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? along comes this Prof. Dolthead with his scheme for abolishing death, which requires only congressional sanction to become the law of the land. What's to become of my industry if the bill becomes a law?"

My silence showed him he had scored a point, and he seemed willing to practice on me further, in preparation for the task of addressing the senatorial committee at the capitol next day.

"Think of the iniquity of it," he exclaimed. "That law would throw thousands out of employment. There are 80,000 undertakers in this country. We employ some 200,000 men. There are manufacturers of coffins and of coffin trimmings and all their hands. There are manufacturers of mourning goods, of hearses; there are hearse drivers, and carriage drivers, and tombstone makers, and lawyers who draw wills and contest 'em. Not less than seven millions of our population live on death! And all of these buy one thing and another from other people. Think of the customers they would lose, think—"

"Sounds just like a tariff argument," I ventured.

"Quite so, sir. In fact it's the same thing. In spite of the fact that the tariff is the best thing for the country, many people still hanker to buy cheap, just as the cowards want to avoid death, though millions live on death, and give employment to other millions. For the death of me, sir, I don't understand how people can be so shortsighted and so uncharitable."

"Is there a question of charity involved?" I asked.

"Well, I should say so! Look at the poor Widow Deathrate. This measure would deprive her of her means of earning a livelihood. She's doing pretty well now—runs four

hearsees and twenty-one carriages. And think of the thousands who—"

"But you forget the poor people who now have to pay so much for funerals."

"Not at all, sir. If the poor would save their money instead of spending it for drink, they'd not be poor. Anyway our national legislature should not be influenced by the clamors of an unthinking populace. They should be governed only by the most lofty purposes, like Senator Gravestone, who has large interests in the coffin trust, and who is adamant against the vaporings of the agitators on the abolition side. And see the noble attitude of Senator Casquette, the chairman of the committee that has the bill in charge. His quarry supplies the most suitable marble for tombstones. He is a tower of strength on the side of Right, Justice and Patriotism."

Had I not been awakened just then I might have dreamed the remainder of the argument against the abolition of death. But I console myself that I have heard its counterpart many times in discourses on the beneficence of the blessed protective tariff.

HERMAN KUEHN.

OLNEY AND TOM L. JOHNSON.

A letter from William Lloyd Garrison to the Editor of the Boston Herald, published in the Herald of September 11.

Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, whose independent and fair-minded contributions to the Herald are to many readers one of its most attractive features, recently contrasted in your columns the possible candidates for the next Democratic presidential nomination, Richard Olney and Tom L. Johnson. They are men of distinctly opposite types, perfectly representing the irrepressible conflict that divides the present Democratic organization. Clear-sighted as Mr. Loomis usually is, he fails to see the unbridgeable chasm which separates the followers of the two leaders. When the impending party alignment comes, sooner or later, it may be safely predicted that Olney and Johnson will find themselves in widely different camps.

Mr. Olney's high character and proved ability may be readily conceded, but he bears the stamp of the ante-bellum Democratic party, in which he was reared and to which his early political life was devoted. It misappropriated the title "Democratic" long after the spirit of democracy had left it and it had be-