

sively (like the two feet of a man walking), this unaccountable skirmish-line in two halves came on—one firing while the other advanced. The church had been battered into silence, but from the buildings and the trenches the *Rurales* were keeping up a pretence of resistance. At two hundred yards the attackers did some fancy shooting through the windows and along the top of the trenches. About fifty of the defenders considered the time auspicious for escape to the rear, but at the same moment the real insurrectos opened fire and they ran frantically back to cover.

Colonel Vasquez denies knowledge of it, but the facts remain—a white flag fluttered from the church top. The firing ceased, but the first conical hat that raised above the battlements was withdrawn very quickly with a bullet through its crown, and a litter of adobe on its brim.

Some one rushed to the *carcel* door, shot the lock away and released the prisoners who were to have been shot next morning, and the mysterious column disappeared across the eastern hills more quickly than it had come.

Colonel Vasquez says nothing about this attack in his official report of the battle,

so of course it did not occur. Garcia mentions a demonstration, but he is very sketchy and indefinite. Sergeant Blaine knows that he stood in the door of a half-dark room and saw a sobbing boy, in dirty and bedraggled *chapeajos*, kneeling with his head in the lap of his mother, and that neither minded him as he closed the door and tiptoed away.

The men of the Alcodones patrol are bubbling over with a secret which would not last ten minutes if they dared to tell. They do not dream that their captain has an inkling, but Sergeant Blaine was a faithful soldier. He rode forty miles next day to report to his captain. He got no further than the peroration. The captain stopped him with a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Now, sergeant," he said, "don't be a gill-flitted, dunder-headed old fool. There was a *vacquero* in here this morning with some rumors. I know nothing definite, but I can guess a lot. There are reasons why Vasquez will never report this. You go back there to Alcodones and take command of your patrol. When I sent you there I said I trusted you—well, I still trust you—I trust you more than ever. Now go back and keep those blessed young fools from talking. That's all, sergeant."

STORNELLO

Rosamund Marriott Watson

FROM the dark wharf beside the long dull stream
We watched the winter sunset's fading fire
Illume tall towers and parapets of dream,
Gray bastions of the land of heart's desire.

Unto our ears the murmurous stillness bore,
Flung from some craft unseen that passed along
Wrapt in the sombre shadows of the shore,
A flute's frail voice, a vagrant waif of song.

And then a veil of sudden darkness fell—
The heavenly gates were gone—we knew not how—
Only the tolling of a distant bell
Swung slow athwart the water-way, and now

The dream enshrined in that strange sunset's glow,
The word that wistful air seemed fain to say,
I cannot tell you, though at last I know,
For you have wandered far, too far, away.

CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATIONS

By James Ford Rhodes

II



HE tariff act of 1894 belongs to the second year of Cleveland's second administration, but, in the first year, the President had to contend with a still more vital question, that of the purchase of silver. The brief history of our silver legislation resembles the long history of our tinkering with the tariff: as the more protection the manufacturing interests got, the more they demanded, so was it with the producers of silver. In 1878, Congress provided for the coinage of two to four million silver dollars per month, making them a full legal tender. The different Secretaries of the Treasury used their option to purchase silver for the coinage of the minimum amount, yet, when this act was superseded by that of 1890 there had been coined three hundred and seventy-eight million $412\frac{1}{2}$ grain silver dollars, popularly known as the "dollar of the daddies." The intrinsic value of this dollar as measured in gold was, in 1878, 89 cents; in 1890, 81 cents. This indicated, of course, that the supply of silver was in excess of the use for it, therefore the silver producers asked that their government furnish them a wider market. This was on their part an entirely natural demand and, had it been confined to the silver producing States, could not have led to mischievous consequences. But the silver propaganda working on men in debt, on men who had converted their liquid capital into land and manufactories, on others who from its history believed in silver as money, had constantly gained adherents, until in 1890 a majority in Congress and in the country believed that there should be "an increase of money to meet the increasing wants of our rapidly growing country and population" [John Sherman]. The sentimental affection which, in the decade succeeding the Civil War, had attached to greenbacks was transferred in 1877 to silver and had grown in warmth and intensity. The

movement was bolstered by the teaching of able economists and had gained the active support of the Secretary of the Treasury [Windom], and the passive sympathy of the President [Harrison]. The Senate by a vote of 42 to 25 had passed an act providing for the free coinage of silver. The House would not go that far, and the difference in sentiment between the two led to a compromise, effected by John Sherman, which resulted in the Act of 1890. This act provided for the purchase monthly of 4,500,000 ounces of silver, requiring a money investment of about fifty millions annually in bullion, for which treasury notes of full legal tender were issued: and these treasury notes were redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the holder. It was an excellent scheme for the silver producers, as the purchases virtually absorbed the product of the American silver mines, but it was bad policy for both government and people. The historian may well share the wonder indicated in the nearly contemporaneous expression of John Sherman, "I never could comprehend why any one not directly interested in the mining of silver, could favor a policy involving so heavy a loss to the people of the United States." The government purchased the silver on a declining market incurring an annual loss, according to Sherman's reckoning, of ten millions. When the act was passed, silver was worth \$1.09 per ounce, and when Cleveland addressed his special session of Congress [August 8, 1893], it had declined to 75 cents. The government belonged to the people and its loss was their loss. Moreover the mass of the people always lose by "cheap money" and a departure from the recognized standard of value of the civilized world. In 1893 we were in imminent danger of going on to a silver basis.

Thus a strong hand was needed when on March 4, 1893, Cleveland assumed the reins of government. He had to cope with a deficit, a drain of gold for the purchases of silver and the daily expenses of the government, and an imminent financial panic. It