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ARE THE FIGURES WRONG?

Secretary Gage's recent report estimated at \$634,650,733 the amount of gold coin in circulation in the United States on Nov. 1, 1899.

But these figures have been challenged by Professor Faulkner, and the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says "Mint Director Roberts seems to have been impressed by Professor Faulkner's statements, and is going to find out whether there has been a flaw in the customary manner of calculating the amount of gold in the country."

"What troubles the mint director," says the Tribune, "is that while he knows the whereabouts of the greater part of the gold coined in this country since 1879, as large a portion of it as \$300,000,000 has eluded his search." That is to say, the gold in circulation may be only about \$300,000,000, instead of the amount heretofore estimated by the treasury officials.

It develops that for more than twenty years the mint officials have been "guessing" at the quantity of gold coin annually melted down for use in the arts, and a deep suspicion exists that their guessing has been wide of the truth.

"Hence, 20,000 circulars are to be sent out to firms using gold in the arts, asking them to say how much gold coin they have melted down during the present year. If their replies indicate an annual consumption of, say, \$10,000,000, instead of \$1,500,000, then the director of the mint will know where a good part of his missing \$300,000,000 has gone, and he will have to revise and cut down his estimate of the amount of gold in circulation. But if the replies show that the million and one-half guess is about right, then the mystery as to the whereabouts of that \$300,000,000 of gold coin will be darker than ever."

Should this surmise prove true, and if it be found that little more than \$300,000,000 of gold coin is actually in circulation—or rather in the hands of the banks and the people—it would follow that the per capita circulation of gold would be little more than \$4. It should be remembered that this question is not raised by advocates of free silver, but by friends and supporters of the single gold standard.

A NOTABLE SPEECH.

Senator Beveridge has made his speech and it was just what was expected of him. He is a man who realizes, better than most young men elected to high office do, that "there is a time to speak and a time to keep silent." Senator Beveridge kept silent until the proper occasion presented itself to speak, and then he said something of importance to say, and said it. Senator Beveridge visited the Philippines last summer, and remained there several weeks. He has studied the Philippine problem on the ground, among the natives, with our troops, and in the harbors and on the up-lands. He is an intelligent, practical, progressive, patriotic young American, but old enough and with experience enough to form a good judgment. Hence it is of value to the American people. He wants the United States congress to declare, positively and unequivocally, in the plainest, simplest, clearest language possible, that our government is resolved to keep and govern those islands. His reasons he sets forth impressively and luminously in his speech. They are reasons that will appeal strongly to Americans, and should be productive of good results.—Telegram.

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

The president and his secretary of state deserve the congratulations and thanks of the country for their success in keeping the doors of China open to the commerce of the world

without indulging in any threats or becoming involved in the partitioning of China, says the Astorian. This is a victory of peace that means very much for our commerce, and when it comes to be understood will be regarded as one of the best works of the present administration.

The successful issue of diplomacy correspondence is a sufficient answer to those who have been fearful that because our administration did not bluster and bellow our commerce would be seriously injured by the facility and rapidity with which European nations have been carving China. Some think it might have been better for us to have joined in the division of China, but with the Philippines on our hands we will have enough to do to civilize the Filipinos and prepare the people for the enjoyment of our government.

We might have sent war-ships to China, and, joining with Great Britain, have declared that we would not permit Europe to despoil that country, but that would perhaps have involved us in embarrassing difficulties with the other nations of Europe and have caused us more anxiety and trouble than was worth while. Instead of doing any of these things, the administration, through the efficient secretary of state, has quietly negotiated with the great powers of Europe, and with that rising Asiatic power, Japan, and secured the consent of Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France and Japan to the continuation of the open door policy in China.

All the details of the agreements by which the doors of China are to be open to the commerce of the world have not been perfected, but the spirit of the answers from the great powers is such as to make it certain that no difficulty will be found in coming to a most satisfactory arrangement. Thus the United States in the most peaceful fashion possible has secured the basis for an arrangement that promises to be of the greatest benefit to the commerce of the world. It will place all nations on an equality in competing for the commerce of China, a field in which the United States has become increasingly active to the profit of our exporters and manufacturers.

ENGLAND'S MISTAKEN COURSE

It ought to be apparent to the British government that the repeated seizure of German vessels in South African waters is bad policy. A German historian, in an article in one of the American magazines recently, said there was only one man in Germany who did not hate England, and that was the Kaiser. The story now is that the Kaiser himself is beginning to get angry at England. This may or may not be true, but the folly of England's course is pretty apparent to most persons by this time, says the Globe-Democrat.

Probably there is considerable truth in the report that there is an understanding between England and Germany in regard to the Boer war, and the distribution of territory in South Africa which will take place after the conflict ends. The story has been repeated with great circumstantiality recently, and it has never been formally denied by either the British or the German government, although there were some cautious disclaimers on the part of German officials in regard to one or two of the things which Germany was said to have agreed to. The story in its broad features, that there is an understanding between the two governments, and that each is going to have more territory in South Africa after the war ends than it has now, is probably correct.

Nevertheless, the activity of the British war-ships in overhauling and searching German merchant vessels and seizing their cargoes, or part of them, is calculated to disturb the arrangement which has been entered into between the heads of the two countries. The leading German newspapers, with a few exceptions, are bitterly hostile to England. The populace, or the Prussian part of it, has had a grudge against England dating back from the days, a century and a third ago, during the seven years' war, when George III., in his enmity to Pitt, forced that statesman to resign from the cabinet, and then

withdrew the British support from Frederick the Great which Pitt had given him. National antipathies are sometimes long-lived. Whether this deed of George III. was bad or good, it certainly lives after him. It is decidedly unwise for the British authorities to be done which will needlessly intensify German prejudices. Another German writer in an American periodical a few months ago declared that William II. was so popular with the masses of the people of Germany that, contrary to the American notion, he would be chosen president if Germany were a republic. Some of the British naval officers in the neighborhood of Delagoa Bay, however, are proceeding very diligently to weaken the influence of the Kaiser with his people and abolish the British alliance.

A literary society up at The Dalles has debated the sixteen-to-one question, resulting in a decision against free silver coinage. There has been a good change up in the bunch grass section of Oregon. In 1892 the sheep owners up there voted the Democratic ticket, because Bryan and his confederates had informed them that free trade in wool would be good for them. They got free trade in wool, and got their fill of it. For four years they were ashamed to look a sheep in the face. Now they are extremely wary of any promise made to them by Bryan and his friends. They then soured even on free silver. Eastern Oregon is prosperous. The calamity howlers have nearly all left or been cured; the goose hangs high, and the sheep grow fat on the succulent bunchgrass. So there is no longer any hope for Democracy up there; at least not for the Bryan kind of Democracy.—Salem Statesman.

The reduction in the public debt during December is a very encouraging piece of financiering. It amounted to \$5,791,824. The increase in the army up to the 100,000 mark has necessarily made expenditures high, but the revenue is also growing. Income exceeds outgo at the present time, and this is likely to be the general condition through the whole of the year. The period of deficits is ended and that of surpluses is at hand. This is creditable to the present administration of federal affairs.

If Mrs. Filloin's suppositions are correct in last week's Agriculturist, that the disease at Moro is not small-pox but chicken pox, what is the reason everyone up at Moro has been vaccinated lately?—Wasco News.

A Thousand Tongues
Could not express the rapture of Annie M. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at Blakeley & Houghton's drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequalled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. N. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. In early use prevents consumption.

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THE NEW YEAR GREENHORN.

He is Not Concerned About the Ninety and Nine, but the One.

THE GREENHORN, Jan. 6, 1900.

ED. CHRONICLE:

Chronos has again turned his old clepsydra loose to count off the days of the year 1900. So far as I am concerned I am not worrying over the ninety and nine that have passed back into the abyss of eternity, but I do find myself wondering what the one year that has not yet gone astray is to bring me. I confess also to a superstitious dread that the last half of the 1900 is suggestive of what the results will be when added at the close of the century. However, we shall all of us have to put up with what we get, and we may be lucky enough to get off with one cipher instead of two. I really hope so. The Greenhorn is quite lively this winter, much more so than usual, and the indications are that the coming summer will see such activity in the mines as was never known in Oregon before. It is undoubtedly a great mining region—the greatest known to the world today—but mining here, as everywhere else, requires patience, persistence and determination. The Bonanza mine, now producing \$50,000 a month, was twelve years in process of development before it began to pay more than expenses. The famous Red Boy, producing \$65,000 monthly, was mined ten years before it began to pay dividends. And the Golconda, now yielding nobody-knows-how-much, flitted with its owners for eight years before it "promised to be good." These are exceptions to the general rule, and in each of them the mine could have been developed in a year, had the owners been able to see into the ground. The Bonanza ledge had a tunnel run parallel to it for 1200 feet, and the ledge was only thirty feet distant all the time. The Golden Eagle has flitted the same way, but I was in talking to her this morning and she promises to quit coquetting and unite her fortunes with mine—for life. I believe her.

Sumpter, our supply town, is putting on more airs and less style than any town of its size I ever saw. It is crowded with people of all sorts and degrees, the mining expert, the prospector, and the promoter being most in evidence. There are seventeen saloons and a brewery, five hotels, and restaurants innumerable; two newspapers and a "Club," all for patting Sumpter on the back. There are stores, too, where you can get part of almost anything you want, and a postoffice where the clerks haven't time to read the postal cards. The sound of the new-gag is heard both day and night coming from the back of some of the saloons, where (I am told) the fair and syphilis-like forms of the hand-painted representatives of the gentler sex are whirled in the giddy and (in this case) intoxicating waltz for four-bits a whirl, drinks included. On these several accounts real estate has "gone up" and is still going. Why? Well, Sumpter is going to be the Denver of Oregon. The Blue Mountain American says so, the Sumpter Club says so, "General" Warren, head of the townsie syndicate, says so; the property owners say so, and, of course, it must be so. Nevertheless, I would advise my host of wealthy friends to leave their \$9.50 in the old store for the present, for directly some of the property owners are going to find values go so high that they will be and remain "out of sight."

I can hardly wind up a letter to the old Chronos without going back to those old Robinsonville letters. They have a fascination for me, partly because they show what some other poor devil felt when sentenced to indefinite service in the Greenhorn. And so I give you a brief little sample of what he thought thirty years ago:

ROBINSONVILLE, Or., Feb. 14, 1869.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART:

Yesterday I received your letter and too little Christmas card. How delighted I was you will never know, unless you are banished from the world and all your love, and just when you have concluded that you are forgotten, receive, as I did, assurance that not only you are remembered, but that someone still believes in and loves you.

And yet I can hardly read your letter for tears. It may be unmanly, but I cannot help it. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and surely I have reason to be heart sick. The breaking down of every fabric I have erected, the vanishing of one fond hope after the other, simply because the gravel would not pay, has made me calms, excited and sore. I felt almost like abandoning the fight, and drifting with the tide of reckless and hopeless humanity, of which mining camps are made. Your letter has changed my thoughts into other channels, and surely, if you can be patient and wait for me, I cannot be coward enough to refuse another tassel with Fate. Heaven grant I may not again be thrown.

Dear little girl, what would I not give to see you, to read in the pellucid depths of your frank eyes the story they have so often told me; to hold you again in my arms, and to know that the past, which seems now but a dream, was a blissful reality. I wonder if that time will ever come; if Fate will make amends for her cruelties, and let me taste at last of the cup of happiness she has so often dashed from my parched lips?

That is part of what he said, but your readers' time and your space forbids further quoting. I wish I knew that the fondest hopes of both were realized, but I don't. In fact I don't know much of anything, for I am only

A GREENHORN.



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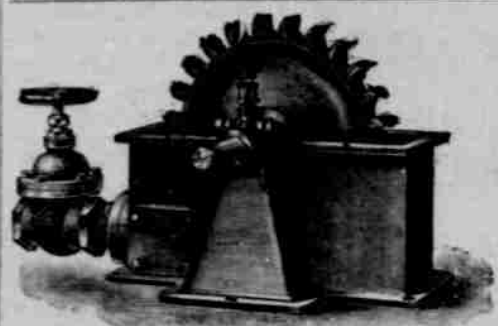
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