

A BRILLIANT ORATION.

CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.

ty men ninety gold dollars and ninety silver dollars. Ten years passed and ten men had gotten twenty of the gold dollars and fifteen of the silver dollars, and ninety men had eighty gold dollars and eighty five silver dollars. Fifty years after and ten men have got hold of fifty of the gold and twenty of the silver dollars; ninety men have one hundred and thirty dollars in all. Twenty five years later ten men have got ninety of the gold and forty of the silver dollars; the ninety men left have ten gold and sixty silver dollars. Now ten men have ninety-nine gold dollars and half of the silver; ninety men have to do on one dollar in gold and fifty in silver. Ten years hence ten men will have gotten hold of the other gold dollar and three-quarters of all the silver there is in the world; but they cannot hope to get hold of the remaining quarter of the silver, for that quarter will be in the hands of the poor, the little might left to them, and they will have learned by that time to trust it neither to banks nor stocks, and the rich, therefore, will not be able to get hold of it.

Now in order to be able to own everything in the world, you remember it was necessary to get hold of all the tags. As long as any of the tags are out, you know, circulating around among the people, no one man or one class of men or corporation, syndicate or trust can dictate the prices of everything in the world. There will still be left that leverage to the people, represented by the little money left in their hands. Now, then, the few who have already got ninety-nine per cent and can get the other one per cent, but cant get all the silver, how natural it is for them to want to demonetize silver. Then, if the only money, if the only thing that bears that fictitious value, that gives its possessor power over everything else, if that only thing is gold, when the barons have all the gold, then, indeed, will they exchange escutcheons for crowns, then indeed will the money barons become the money kings.

The evil has been growing with our growth as a nation. No wonder hard times have come at last. It is ripe for hard times when they have taken the people's money and locked up the money of the rich in banks and vaults and all the productions of mankind have shrunk in value to meet the shrunken quantity of what they represent. It is because this shrinkage of the quantity of money has reached the middle classes, because the disease that has been gathering for a hundred years is beginning to make itself felt in the vital parts—the industrious well-to-do portions of the community, that is hard times. When the bulk of the people are poor in a country capable of supporting three times their number, you had better believe something is rotten. Things have come to extremes. Look abroad and tell me what you think of a man who, a century ago was a poor Jewish peddler in Germany, having become a

colossal syndicate that hold today more than one-half of the world's nations as debtors! Think of it! What are nations? Why, wealth and flesh and blood. Therefore the wealth and flesh and blood, the muscle, brains and skill of half the world are mortgaged and pledged to one thing, a syndicate composed of the house of Rothschilds, the peddler of the last century Great God! What will become of the world? Suppose their mortgage is foreclosed, their pledge forfeited, then half the world, with its blood and treasure, will be the property of one monopoly.

And right here on ground consecrated to liberty, upon which was poured the libations of blood, drawn in its cause, through three wars waged upon it against slavery, one for the freedom of the American colonist, one for the freedom of the American sailor and one for the freedom of the American negro—here is where this horrible tree has flourished, too, and the same upgrowth of the money power, the uncrowned king of wealth, is fast pouring the night shade of plutocracy over the cradle of Washington. Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it, heaven, that a plutocracy, the most detestable form of oligarchy, should ever take root and flourish in a soil plowed by cannon balls, where

“When the loud artillery drave Its Iron wedges through the ranks of brave, And doomed battalions storming the redoubt,”

to place the flag of human freedom upon a temple built in this land of human rights and dedicated to human labor.

Alas, my countrymen, the money-changers have indeed defiled that temple. Our prosperity as a nation in a hundred years has proved too much for us. Slaves to our own avarice, we have fallen into slavery to the avarice of a few of our fellow creatures. And what slavery! Go back to the building of the pyramids of Egypt, and see the wretched creatures who lived on radishes, onions and garlic, who slept on the desert's burning soil without shelter from the night, who toiled on the great piles under the scorching and blinding heat and shimmer of African suns, day after day, from youth's vigorous hour, till aged limbs would support them no more forever—slaves dedicated to man's ambitious hope to build a monument to his own fame that would stand as long as the world shall last; but is it not inscribed upon that monument that the God-like king who built it fed these creatures? They did not also have to provide for themselves the viands mentioned on the massive structure. They were fed by Khufu, to the building of whose mausoleum they were sacrificed. They did not, at least, starve.

But it is no Khufu, no scion drawn from the line of a thousand kings; no conjurer; no chief who has borne away the glories of his time from crimson fields or monu-

ments of lordly memories; no hero-leader, to die for a smile from whose lips has been the wish of many a brave soldier, whose love and admiration he had won. No, but a soulless, pitiless machine, run by irresponsible, narrow minded, base and sordid men, possessed of the devil of avarice, who have known but one human passion, that of getting, and no human emotion; the soul end and aim and feeling of whose lives being that of the cold, selfish, passionless monotonous routine of business; such will be our masters.

“They and their brainless heirs, the guilded dullards native born, Who stare at their fellows with leaden scorn.”

Good Lord deliver us! If you will read of the condition of the poor in the great cities of the east and of Europe; if you will picture to yourselves the unmistakable meaning of those horrible harvests of the dead, yielded each spring by the waters of the Seine, the Thames and the Hudson; if you will investigate the sweating houses, the employment of infancy in the factories, and the white slavery of young girls in fashionable shops and stores; if you will realize what it is for society to allow such an awful power as money wields; give money a limit in quantity but none in power; graduate to that quantity the values of all man can produce by hand or brain, and then put the whole into the possession of the few, and deliver over to them, to slave or starve, or both, as they shall indicate, every man, woman and child, the art of whose necessities is hard, I think you will witness the slavery witnessed so many thousands of years ago under the shadows of the pyramids.

And now, my friends, I am done. I have been long-winded and wearisome, but there is so much to say on this subject that I could not tell you all if I talked through the day. I am not half done with it, nor have I opened up that portion of it which refers to the depth and extent to which we are into this trouble. But the time permits no more. Before closing, however, I wish to remark one thing, and that is that some misguided and ignorant men in this country and throughout the world are resorting to violence, and I just wish to point out that additional source of danger against which we, as good citizens, have got to guard the republic.

This evil, nor any other which grows out of any of the institutions of the present times, can never be eradicated by cutting off the heads of men. We are governed, not by men, but by principles. Not the force of all the concentrated armies of the world landing on our shores could establish a plutocracy in these United States. It is the gradual, imperceptible growth of a disease, unchecked, that will do it, if it is to be done. That disease I have been trying to point out to you. If we kill off men we only

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