That is the way I feel. I want nothing to do with Satan in any form. I believe it is the duty of all of us, as the children of God, to be in this condition, and then, as far as we are concerned, Satan will be bound.

My brethren and sisters, I beseech the Lord to bless you all. I ask Him to open all our eyes, that we may see; open all our hearts, that we may comprehend, and that we may profit by the experience He gives to us, and grow and increase in faith and power until the heavens themselves will draw near unto us, and we will draw near unto them, and they will be open to us to behold the things of our Father and God in their true light. This is my prayer for the entire Zion of God, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Written for this Paper.

FROM MINE TO MINT.

PHILADELPHIA, October 21, 1896.

IN MY LETters from the Rocky Mountains I have described how the atoms of gold and silver are dragged forth from the rocks and by means of chemical and fire are turned into bullion. I have come to Philadelphia to tell you how the bullion is turned into dollars. The Philadelphia mint is the largest and oldest of the United States. It is said to be one of the finest mints of the world. It coins millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver every year. It has, since its beginning, during the presidency of George Washington, purchased more than a billion and a half dollars' worth of gold. Its vaults now contain almost $200,000,000 in gold and silver, and its wonderful machinery is turning golden bricks into golden eagles. It is coining silver at the rate of thousands of dollars a day, a walk through its treasure chambers would lead you to think that the United States has a vast surplus of coin, rather than being, as our stump speakers say, in the midst of a money famine.

Let us take a walk through this great money factory and see how Uncle Sam buys gold and silver bullion and turns it into coin. The mint, you know, is in the heart of Philadelphia. It is only a block or so from the city hall, and not more than a stone's throw from John Wanamaker's big store. Thousands of hungry-eyed, empty-stomached people go by it every day. Fortunes are being carried in and out of it continually, and a few blocks of stone and plate or two of steel are all that separates its treasures from the hungry mob. It has a single vault which contains more than fifty million standard silver dollars. The money is tied up in bags and stacked against the wall like so much corn, and yet the precious metal is so near the hungry crowd about that, as you stand in the vault, you can almost hear the tread of the passersby upon the pavement. Another vault which I visited had great piles of golden bricks. In one corner of it there was a cord of golden cakes, each of about the size of the ordinary cake of soap, and this pile was big enough to fill the largest dry goods box I lifted one gold brick, which weighed about fifty pounds, and which the melter and refiner told me was worth $50,000. It was not bigger than the average clay brick used in house building, and under it there were a score of boxes filled with bricks of the same metal some of which were almost twice as large. I was taken into a silver vault, where great quantities of silver bullion were stored, the white metal, it seemed to me, being thrown about like so much lead. I walked through room after room, in which these two precious metals were being cut and shaped in various ways, now boiling like water amid the fire of the furnaces, now fashioned like steel under the enormous weight of the rolling mills, until at last they came fourth in the shape of the wonderfully beautiful coins of the United States. And, with it all, not an atom of gold or silver was lost. These are the processes we shall see in our trip through the mint.

Our first visit is to the cashier's office We shall go to the deposit or weighing room, where all the gold and silver first comes, and where it is weighed and actually tested before it is paid for. The room is only a few steps from the front door of the mint. We follow an express messenger, who is carrying a gold brick from the mines of Montana. There he stands at the door. He lifts the brick with his two hands and passes it through a little window like a teller's window at the bank. We can see through the grating into the room where it goes. The deposit clerk takes it and lays it on one side of a pair of heavy brass scales. The scales do not seem to be delicate, but they will weigh down to the thousandth part of an ounce, and the weight of the brick, to the one-hundredth part of an ounce, is ascertained. The deposit clerk now writes out a receipt stating the weight, and hands the brick to the expressman. The gold brick is now in the hands of the officials of the mint. It will not be paid for, however, until it is known just how fine is the gold of which it is made. Gold is never found pure in the state of nature; it always contains more or less silver, and it is sometimes mixed with copper and lead. Before Uncle Sam buys it he has to know to a cent just how fine it is, and the deposit clerk sends the brick off to be melted. He puts it in an iron box and locks the same with two keys and it is carried to the deposit melting room. We have letters from the director of the mint at Washington to Major Kretz, the superintendent, and through these the officials admit us, and we follow the brick We enter the room which looks like an immense kitchen. Into its sides are built four great ranges, the top of which slope upward at the back at an angle of about forty five degrees until they reach the walls. In the center of each top there is a square hole covered by an iron lid which slides back and forth. Some of the holes are open and we see the coal fire blazing below them. Sunk deep into the coals of each range is a pot as large as a four-gallon crock, and of much the same shape. These are the vessels in which the gold are melted. They are made of black lead, but when not in use they are the color of clay, and they look not unlike immense flower pots. In the fire they soon become red, and the one in which our brick is placed is already at a white heat. A cover is put upon it, the coals are backed about it and the lid of the furnace is pulled to, in a short time the metal of the brick has become one liquid mass, which the furnace man stirs to and fro until the metal within is thoroughly mixed. He then lifts the pot out of the fire with a pair of iron pinchers, and runs the flaming metal into iron molds. As soon as it is cooled it is weighed, and a small piece is cut from each bar and sent to the assayer. The assayer tests the sample and tells Uncle Sam just how much gold, silver and copper the brick contains, and upon this estimate the depositor is paid.

The gold brick is now turned over to the melter and refiner. This man is one of the most important of the officials of the mint. He must separate the silver and gold, and must see that the gold and silver are of the requisite fineness for coin. It is he who manages the 16 to 1 business, and if the political parties could agree upon a method of controlling him there would be no room for discussion. According to our law our gold coin must be 900 parts fine; that is, in every coin 900 out of the 1,000 parts of which it is made must be pure gold. In order to accomplish this result the melter and refiner must have the pure gold to begin with. He must take all the gold out of the brick, but in such a way as to leave no silver or other metals connected with it. His method is an odd one. He takes the gold brick and melts it with a lot of silver. He does this because the acid which is to take the silver out of the gold will not work well without there is plenty of silver in the mixture. He knows just how much silver is necessary for the right combination, and he adds this amount to our gold brick. The combined metals are next thrown into a vessel containing nitric acid. This acid has a peculiar affinity for silver and for the baser metals. It has no effect upon gold, but it sucks all of the other metals out of the mixture and combines with them, turning them into a liquid which looks not unlike water. The pure gold drops to the bottom of the vessel, while the silver and other metals are left in the solution. The liquor is now drawn off, and the melter and refiner has a lot of pure gold, out of which he makes another brick or bar. This metal, however, is too pure for our coins. We find it so soft that we can scratch it with our finger nails, and we are told that coins made of pure gold would not hold their own for a year, and that a wedding ring made of pure gold would hardly outlast the honeymoon. It is therefore necessary that the metal be one-tenth alloyed with silver and copper. The alloy hardens the coins and makes them wear. The melter and refiner knows just how much is needed, and he puts this amount with our gold. He takes more gold and more copper in the same proportions, and weighs out enough for what is known as a melt or the amount to be melted at one time.

We follow the mass of gold and alloy to the melting room, and soon find ourselves in a vast factory-like place, which is walled with small furnaces, and in which dozens of soot-covered men are busily working. Some are banking up coals about clay pots like those we saw in the furnaces of the deposit melting room. Others are lifting out what seem