

THE PARISH SCHOOL

Two little nuns are teaching school
Near by, on Coxy street;
I pass each morning, as a rule,
And now and then we meet.

The humble house is small and low;
Its walls are cold and bare;
And yet I loiter by, for oh,
It seems so peaceful there!

I never liked to go to school;
I always rather play;
I hated any kind of rule,
And sometimes ran away.

But when I pass that little door,
And breathe that holy air,
I want to be a boy once more,
And learn my lessons there.

Oh, little nuns, with wimples white,
And hearts of purest gold,
My soul is troubled sore to-night,
My heart is growing cold.

Oh, little nuns of sable dress,
And souls of drifting snow,
Teach me the way of righteousness,
And I can learn, I know.

—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Harper's Weekly.



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CHAPTER XVIII

Macd.:—Such welcome and welcome things at once
"Tis hard to reconcile.

—Macbeth.

It was early in the afternoon of election day that Allan North returned to X.

As he went up the steps of the Clement house, speculating with considerable anxiety as to what awkward complications might have arisen there during his brief absence, he was hailed by Col. Dayton with a jovial:

"I say, Mr. North, you do beat all for stealing a march on people! It isn't ten minutes since Warner was around here with a telegram from you, saying that we were to expect you on the 4:20 train; and here you are, walking in on us at three o'clock as if you had just dropped from the clouds! How did you manage it, anyway, man alive?" he added, with a blank look. "This three o'clock train comes from due south, and you telegraphed from up Vermont-way!"

North laughed as he hurried on to his room.

"I could reconcile that for you, colonel, if I had time," he said, "but just now I cannot stop. Be patient, and it will soon be explained."

Waiting only to make a careful toilet, North repaired to No. 83 Delaplaine street, anxious to get through with his coming interview with Mrs. Maynard before Olin, whose telegram had preceded him but a brief time, should appear upon the scene.

Allan North was a better spirit than he had been at any time since he began this investigation. Success had attended his efforts to trace and identify the long-missing heiress; and, though an undoubted source of anxiety yet remained, he believed that, with this accomplished, the danger that menaced the good name of the family could be averted. Further than this he scarcely dared allow himself to hope; and yet there was a hope down deep in his heart, so closely akin to despair that it sent the color from his face as swiftly as a summer cloud obscures the sunlight, when he entered Mrs. Maynard's drawing-room and found himself in Myra Hilary's presence.

His entrance was unexpected and unannounced, and he had advanced half way across the room before the two ladies, who were conversing together in low, earnest tones over their needle-work became aware that he was there.

Then, with a noticeable lack of cordiality, they both greeted him, and Mrs. Maynard coldly invited him to be seated. North was sufficiently annoyed by this reception to be quite thrown out of his usual suavity for the moment.

"I fear that I am interrupting an agreeable tete-a-tete, Mrs. Maynard," he said stiffly, "but I shall ask you in-



HIS ENTRANCE WAS UNEXPECTED.

dulgence long enough to communicate to you the results of my recent trip to Charleston. The fact that your own interests are so closely involved therein is my sole justification for intruding the matter upon you now."

"You have secured my eager attention in advance, Mr. North," said Mrs. Maynard, with quiet sarcasm, as she leaned back idly in her chair and folded her hands with an air of expectancy. "I cannot be indifferent to a communication that affects my own selfish interests. Pray allow me to ask, is it the mystery of Annie Dupont that you are about to clear away?"

"That is, indeed, the purpose that I have in mind," returned North, with an involuntary glance toward Miss Hilary. It was the merest idle glance, yet she fancied that it had a purpose, and she rose at once to withdraw from the room. Mrs. Maynard hastily interposed:

"Please remain, Miss Hilary," she said. "You are sufficiently familiar with the matter that I have mentioned to feel an interest in this promised solution of the mystery. Indeed," she added, in a significant tone, turning toward North with cold inquiry, "it is possible

that your forthcoming revelations will prove to have a deeper personal interest for Miss Hilary than for myself. How is this, Mr. North?"

North looked at her sharply for a moment, while a faintly perceptible shade of amusement blended with the grave, annoyed expression on his face; then he said, with faint satire:

"Your discernment astonishes me, Mrs. Maynard! But indeed, I had no intention of excluding Miss Hilary from this interview. I have every reason to believe that she will find the story of Annie Dupont interesting, and that she will rejoice as earnestly at the good fortune of that young lady as I do myself, or as you will, Mrs. Maynard, after a time."

"You are quite convinced then, Mr. North," said Mrs. Maynard, as she trifled nervously with her dainty lace handkerchief without looking at North, "that there is such a person as Annie Dupont, and that she is truly Mrs. Dunkirk's niece?"

"I am quite convinced of it, Mrs. Maynard. Just as sure as I am that you are in this room; just as sure as I am of my own presence here; just as sure as I am of any other established verity. Annie Dupont is no mere creation of fancy or rumor; she is a fact, an unqualified fact, and an established fact. And facts, you know, are stubborn things!"

"Of course," Mrs. Maynard resumed, in the same cold, constrained tone, "you have taken the precaution of satisfying yourself with indisputable proofs of her identity, before accepting her as the heiress?"

"Oh, most assuredly, I have taken every precaution of that nature. Within the last thirty-six hours the papers that establish her identity have all been in my possession."

"Do you know where she is at the present time?"

"I think I may confidently assert that I do." He smiled as he spoke, looking keenly at Mrs. Maynard, who, however, was unconscious of the glance.

"Have you brought those papers with you, Mr. North—the documentary evidence of which you spoke?"

"I have not brought them with me. They are not now in my possession."

"Indeed! May I inquire where they are?"

"They are probably now in the hands of Mrs. Dunkirk's attorneys and executors, Messrs. Hunter and Ketchum, of New York."

"Hunter and Ketchum?" She repeated the words involuntarily. She was for the moment startled out of her cold composure; she looked up at him with perplexed speculation.

"It's a perfectly regular proceeding, Mrs. Maynard, as you will presently understand," added North, answering the mute inquiry in her glance. "But we are losing valuable time. Allow me to proceed without further delay to the brief narrative of fact."

He drew out his watch as he spoke and laid it open on the small table at his elbow. He had the air of a man determined to accomplish a set task within a given time. The ladies waited, each composed in outward mien, for his recital.

"It was in Baltimore, you recollect, Mrs. Maynard," he began, addressing himself directly to that lady, "that Hamilton Dupont's death occurred. He was a perfect stranger in that city, having gone thither in search of employment, leaving his wife and child in Charleston. This latter fact, by the way, corrects a mistaken impression of mine. I had always supposed that Mrs. Dupont also died in Baltimore, and that in order to discover any trace of Annie the search must commence in that city. This same idea was doubtless what baffled Mrs. Dunkirk's detectives. They persistently sought in Baltimore for the child, following up one false clue after another, on the theory that if she were living at all that was the place to find her. As a matter of fact, neither Mrs. Dupont nor the child was in Baltimore at the time of Hamilton Dupont's death, although the published accounts of the affair gave the impression that they were there."

"As you yourself told me, Mrs. Maynard, the poor young wife died soon after of a broken heart; and little Annie, thus cast upon the cold charities of the world, found refuge and loving care in an orphan asylum in that city. She was received and registered there in her own name, as I discovered a few days since on searching the records of the institution. The date of this registry—I do not recall it at the moment, but I have a memorandum of it somewhere—corresponds exactly with the date furnished me through another source; and thus it affords a most satisfactory corroboration of my chief documentary evidence."

"Now, before the child had been in the asylum three weeks, a lady who was then a transient visitor in Charleston presented herself at the institution, inquiring for Annie Dupont. She soon became convinced that the child who was entered by that name upon the books was the Annie Dupont whom she was seeking; and, that question settled, she proceeded to declare her reasons for making this inquiry. She had known Hamilton Dupont and his wife intimately, and was greatly attached to them both; and for their sakes she felt an unusual interest in their infant daughter, who was, I am told, at that time a remarkably beautiful child—which I can very easily believe, having seen for myself what a charming woman she has become."

As he spoke these last words with the same air of simple good faith that had characterized all his previous statements, Mr. Maynard glanced involuntarily at Miss Hilary, as if putting his verdict to the critical test of her own dispassionate judgment. Miss Hilary, with eyes downcast, was unconscious of the swift scrutiny. Smiling a little as he observed it, North continued:

"This lady furthermore stated that she was slightly acquainted with Mrs. Dunkirk, Hamilton Dupont's sister. Now—this is in effect what she said to the authorities at the asylum—'Mrs. Dunkirk is a wealthy widow, and Annie, as her only living relative, has a claim upon her which no one

can dispute. But Mrs. Dunkirk is a cold, stern woman, utterly unfit to be the guardian of a tender child like Annie. Let me adopt this little one and rear her lovingly for her own and her parents' sakes. Let Mrs. Dunkirk should discover her and try to take her from me, I will conceal her real name and call her by my own; not even the child herself shall ever know that I am not her own true mother until I shall deem that the proper time has come to disclose the secret. I will have all necessary proofs of her identity at hand, so that if her aunt should die leaving her fortune to the next of kin, Annie's claim can easily be established. All this I promise and will fulfill; only let me have the child to care for and love as my own."

"Well, to be brief about it, the lady carried her point. The adoption papers were duly made out, and before another day had elapsed Annie Dupont had left the orphan asylum, never to enter it again. She was taken to the home of her new mother and given the name of that lady—the name by which she was ever after called; and she has never known to this day, though I shall marvel very greatly if she doesn't begin to suspect it soon, that she ever was Annie Dupont."

Again Mrs. Maynard's glance sought Miss Hilary, this time to encounter Myra's eyes, full of eager speculation. If each had spoken the thought in his



SHE LISTENED WITH ALMOST BREATHLESS ATTENTION.

own mind in that instant, the denouement of North's story would have been materially hastened. But they both held their peace and waited for him to unfold the mystery in his own way.

"Beyond this point," he went on, catching up the narrative again after a meditative little pause, "I cannot in this necessarily brief outline follow her history step by step for the next fifteen or twenty years. It is essential, however, to note that the lady soon after embarked for Europe, where her husband held some official position under our government—consul in some remote foreign part. I may as well add in this connection that he died a year later, and his widow, now more than ever devoted to her adopted daughter and dreading a separation from her more than anything in the world, remained abroad for several years, drifting from one point of interest to another; thus Annie was nearly grown to womanhood before she revisited her native land. Owing to this fact, as well as to the entire lack of any definite information to work on, and the multiplicity of false clues that were given from time to time, the detectives whom Mrs. Dunkirk at different periods engaged in her search for her niece were baffled in all their attempts to find her. Swallowed up in another name and identity, Annie Dupont had practically ceased to exist."

"And now I must digress just for a moment in order to bring to your notice yet another person who plays an important part in the sequel. This person is at present living in Evansburg, a small place about ten miles from X—, and it was from her that I succeeded in obtaining my chief evidence in this case. Her name is of no consequence; or rather, it is of so much consequence that I shall withhold it for the present. Taken at an early age from a wretched tenement house in New York, and transferred to the different atmosphere of a wealthy lady's home, where for the first time in her life she was treated as a human being, where her hands were trained to deftness in all household duties, where she was given a sound rudimentary education and was fitted by kind and painstaking instruction for the humble walk in life for which nature and circumstances had evidently designed her, this girl knew no better than to misinterpret the intentions of her kind benefactress (who was, as you may have already shrewdly surmised, none other than Annie Dupont's adoptive mother), and upon this misinterpretation to build the most absurd and extravagant expectations. It may have been the girl's own preposterous vanity that conceived the notion, or it is possible that the thought was suggested to her by some older person. Be this as it may, she began to cherish the hope that she would some day receive a liberal share of the lady's small fortune, to which, as she knew, there were no immediate heirs. It was only when Annie Dupont was legally adopted that this absurd bubble burst. Learning accidentally at this time of the foolish expectation that the girl had been indulging, the lady told her to dismiss the idea at once. 'I should never have dreamed of making you heir, in any event,' she said, 'and now everything that I possess will go to Annie, my adopted daughter.'

"Instead of acquiescing in this decision without a murmur—which calm philosophy, by the way, would have prevented this story of mine from being told to my present select audience—the girl was angry, and she visited all her resentment upon the child who had innocently overthrown her ambitious air-castle. Anxious, however, that her daughter's education should be as broad and deep as possible, the lady decided to give her the advantage of a thorough collegiate training; and a few

weeks after their return to America found Annie Dupont at Vassar."

Mrs. Maynard's attention now appeared to be wholly withdrawn from Miss Hilary and concentrated upon North's story. Her hands, clasped together closely, lay motionless in her lap; her eyes were fixed upon North's face; she listened with almost breathless attention to every word that he spoke.

As if influenced by this change in her, North's manner altered; its lightness vanished and his tones grew earnest and sympathetic as he proceeded.

"For a few months all went well. Annie was happy in her college life, winning friends and popularity, and little dreaming of the blow that was soon to fall suddenly upon her. When at last, summoned by the telegram which, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, had startled her out of the routine of her busy school life, she reached her home on the Hudson, she was too late to receive the loving farewell of the one who had been her dearest earthly friend."

"The end had come almost without warning, but it seems that the lady had felt a presentiment of her impending fate, and had sent for her lawyer in order to make every provision for Annie's future. Unfortunately he was absent from home and could not respond to the summons in time to receive from her lips her last instructions. The only person who was with the lady at her death was the girl whom I have already mentioned. This girl, who had been with Annie and her mother during all their long wanderings in Europe, was the only one of the present household who knew the history of the adopted child; it was she who received the final directions of her mistress concerning Annie's welfare. How these instructions were treated, the sequel will show."

"With the full knowledge that it was the last message she should ever send her darling, the lady wrote a long letter to Annie, giving her a full history of her past, her parents' death, her brief sojourn in the orphan asylum, her subsequent adoption and every little incident relating thereto. Then, having told where all the papers containing the proofs of her identity were to be found, the writer closed with a most touching and affectionate farewell. Before the ink was dry on the paper the hand that had penned these loving lines was cold in death."

"Had Annie Dupont received this letter it would have changed the whole current of her life; but she was not destined thus to learn her romantic history. It chanced that the first person who approached the desk where the letter lay was this servant, now the housekeeper and a woman of thirty years. She read the letter and it increased her animosity toward Annie. I have thus represented to you, Mrs. Maynard, the peculiar attitude of this person toward Annie Dupont, that you may the more readily perceive a motive for the line of action that she subsequently pursued."

"After a lapse of several years, spent very happily abroad, the lady's health began to fail seriously, and she was warned by her attending physician that the insidious disease which had been developing for months, unsuspected by herself, might at any time prove fatal. The dread of dying in a foreign land and leaving Annie once more among strangers, alone and unprotected, induced the lady to return at once to her American home, a beautiful little villa on the Hudson, where for a few months her health seemed to be materially improved. Encouraged by this favorable change, she decided to wait a little longer before making known to her adopted daughter the secret of her true parentage, seeming to shrink with an instinctive dread from making the disclosure."

"Annie was now sixteen, and very finely accomplished, having been since the age of five years under the care of governesses and tutors who had taken great pride in fitting her pupil for the social position that she was destined to. She determined that her rival, as she still absurdly considered the girl, should never be known as Annie Dupont, never inherit her aunt's wealth; and she also determined, if possible, to prevent her from inheriting the smaller estate of her adoptive mother. In that desk, jealously guarded for years, were all the documents on which Annie Dupont's fortunes depended; the papers that declared her identity as Hamilton Dupont's daughter and Mrs. Dunkirk's niece; the adoption papers that made her the legal heir of her kind benefactress; the will of that lady in which everything of which she died possessed was bequeathed to her adopted daughter—all these precious papers lay within reach, and only one living person knew of their existence. And that one person, because she hated Annie Dupont and regarded her good fortune with a jealousy as implacable as it was unreasonable—that one person, unwearied by the presence of death, and too ignorant to fear the legal consequences should her deed be discovered, took possession of those papers, and also the letter to Annie, and hid them away, exulting in the belief that she was thus avenging her own wrong and disappointment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sham Violets.

"Even the violet, that flower typifying all that is modest, chaste and pure, sometimes proves to be a sham," remarked she to a friend, as she fastened an odorous purple bunch to her corsage. "I always get mine at a reliable place. Otherwise you are apt to be deceived. You select a bouquet, smell of it and it seems delicious, when after half an hour in the open air all the perfume has vanished. Why is this? Because its sweetness was not real, only borrowed from the extract bottle. Understand?"

WHALEBONES which have become bent and misshapen can be made "as good as new" by soaking them a few hours in water and then drying them.

In London the experiment is being tried of a robed choir of girls.

A NEW IDEA.

Preliminary Address of the Committee of the World's Fair Congress Auxiliary on a Congress of the Advocates and Friends of Proportional Representation.

The World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian exposition, having called a series of international congresses on political, social and economic reform, to meet in Chicago during the summer of 1893, has in this connection provided for the holding of a conference of the advocates of proportional representation, assigning therefor the use of ample rooms and meeting halls, and proposing to arrange for the printing of the proceedings. The local committee of arrangements for the holding of this international proportional representation congress, desires to urge upon the advocates of this reform throughout the world, the importance of the opportunity thus presented, and the advisability of taking advantage of it by a gathering which will indicate the progress and strength of the cause. The conference on proportional representation will constitute a section of the congress on suffrage, in republic, kingdom and empire.

In all countries in which representative government obtains, there is a growing conviction in the minds of the more intelligent citizens that the present method of electing representatives must be changed. They are coming to see that a system by which a political unit, whether it be a city, state or nation, is divided into a number of arbitrary districts, from each of which one representative is chosen by a majority or plurality of votes, though seemingly fair upon its face is really destructive of the very end sought—government by the people. The successful candidates necessarily represent only the citizens who voted for them, and, as a majority of the members of legislative bodies control their action, laws may be passed by the representatives of a small minority of the people. A careful analysis of city councils, state legislatures and the United States congress, shows that a majority of their members represent but from one-fifth to one-fourth of the voters who participated in the election. For a government by the representatives of a majority of the people there has been substituted a government by a majority of the representatives of a minority of the people.

Such a state of affairs necessarily begets a multitude of evils. The members of a party which has a decided majority in a district, conscious of their power, become intolerant and tyrannical; while those of the minority parties in their hopelessness become apathetic and take little interest in political affairs. The withdrawal of the better classes of citizens from active participation in practical politics leaves public affairs in the hands of professional politicians, to the scandal of popular government.

In place of this unnatural and unjust system the proportional representationists are prepared to present a method based upon the principle of perfect equality of the voters, a method which secures the rule of the real majority, and at the same time gives the minority the full representation to which its numbers entitle it, a method which is simple, just and exact. By abolishing the districts and apportioning the representatives among the various parties or bodies of voters according to their voting strength, representative government will be in fact what it is now in theory—a government of the people, for the people and by the people. There will be no hopeless minorities and wasted majorities penned up in arbitrary districts; every vote will bear directly upon the final result; and every candidate will be voted for or against by every voter. Gerrymandering will be done away with, the balance of power held by bands of citizens voting as a unit destroyed and a premium put upon the nomination of fit men for office. Every independent voter will be free to join hands with his fellows and secure the representation to which their numbers entitle them. The election of the representatives of new ideas will be facilitated; and the very ease with which these representatives can be elected will be as a spur to the dominant parties in their endeavor to present the best men and ideas for the approval of the voters. Men will be represented instead of territory.

It is manifest that some form of proportional representation should take the place of the present system, and it is of the greatest importance that the advocates of the various forms should meet and discuss their relative merits. The time and circumstances of the proposed meeting are peculiarly propitious. In addition to the great exposition which will gather people from all parts of the earth, there will come the representatives of all schools and phases of political, economic and social reform, and the conferences here held will arrest the attention of thinking men and women throughout the world. Here the practical working of proportional representation in Denmark and Switzerland may be laid before the world, in demonstration of the fact that it is not an idle theory still in the realm of speculative philosophy. Representatives of the societies in England, France, Italy, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland can unfold their plans of propaganda, to the encouragement of the advocates in America and Australia.

During this conference it is hoped not only that an American society of proportional representation may be formed, but that an international association may also be organized. This, apart from any other consideration, should secure the attendance of the many friends and advocates of the reform, scattered throughout all countries. It is the purpose of this address to elicit from persons interested, in all parts of the world, such suggestions as will promote the highest utility and success of the proposed proportional representation congress. All persons to whom this address shall be sent, and others interested to whom knowledge of it shall come, are therefore cordially invited, at their earliest convenience, to favor the undersigned committee

with subjects to be considered in the proposed congress, the names of persons especially well qualified to present such subjects, and any other recommendations which may be deemed conducive to the end in view.

The proportional representation congress will meet under the auspices of the world's congress auxiliary of the world's Columbian exposition, in the city of Chicago, in the week commencing on Monday, August 7, 1893. The programme will be announced in ample time. Persons who expect to attend this congress will confer a favor upon the committee by advising it of the fact. Address all communications to: STROUGHTON COOLEY, Secretary, 23 Fifth ave., Chicago.

EXPORTS OF SILVER.

Where Is All the Silver That It Is Said Free Cointage Will Cause to Be Dumped Upon Us?

During the year ended May 31, 1893, we exported \$40,136,578 of silver and imported \$23,764,549 of the same metal; excess of exports, \$16,372,029. The imports mostly came from Mexico and the exports mainly went to Europe.

The question arises why Europe should have taken this large amount of silver from us, if, as some people would make us believe, all Europe is so anxious to dump her vast but imaginary hoards of unused silver upon this country. The truth is, as these figures prove, that there is no surplus of silver anywhere. The vast stores of that metal form part of the circulation of the different nations, and none of it can be spared. More is needed right along, as the figures we have quoted prove. Nearly every steamer takes out some of the white metal.

It plainly follows that if silver were once more raised to a fixed legal value in the same way that the coinage value of gold is established by law, it would become stable at that value the world over.—Kansas City Journal.

Politics in Alabama.

The above caption is the title to a pamphlet recently published by J. C. Manning, of Birmingham, Ala. Mr. Manning is an earnest, enthusiastic and aggressive populist and one of the leaders of the reform forces in Alabama. He will be remembered as the "boy orator" who put Gen. Weaver in nomination at Omaha. Not only is he a powerful debater and eloquent orator, but he is a caustic and logical writer. His pamphlet is an exhaustive and truthful account of the Kolb-Jones campaign in Alabama last fall, and faithfully portrays the methods by which the bourgeois of that state defeated the will of the people. Not only is this pamphlet worth reading, per se, but the proceeds of its sale are to be devoted to campaign purposes in the contest to be decided in Alabama this fall. Send twenty-five cents to Mr. Manning and help along the people's cause.

GEORGE C. WARD.

No Change.

While we do not believe as Gov. McKinley, of Ohio, does, we have always given him credit for honesty in his belief, and a man of fine ability. But when he makes the statement, lately made by him in a speech in Ohio, charging President Cleveland with being responsible for our present deplorable financial condition, he is either lacking in information or he does not have much regard for the truth. He ought to know, if he knows anything, that Cleveland has not changed the Harrison policy by as much as the crossing of a "t" or the dotting of an "i." He is just going right along in the same path followed by Harrison, and we are on the brink of bankruptcy, from the policy of the republican party, that is being so faithfully carried out by Mr. Cleveland and his crew, who are ruining things now.—Industrial Union.

Stop and Think.

Try and think when and where and how you became possessed of the idea that money has or should have an intrinsic value. Then stop and think over it. Out of your inner thoughts you will discover the error. If I gave you an order on a grocer who owed me for a dollar's worth of sugar, it would not be necessary to write it on gold or silver, would it? Any slip of cheap paper would do, would it not? It is not the gold or silver you want, but what it buys. Money is simply a government order which all the people agree to accept for what they have to sell. Can't you get that through your head? The monopolists are doing their best to prevent you from understanding it.—Coming Nation.

Who Owns the Land?

The railroad companies own 211,000,000 acres, or enough to make six states as large as Iowa.

The Vanderbilts own over 2,000,000 acres; Mr. Disston, of Pennsylvania, owns over 4,000,000, the Standard Oil Co., 1,000,000, and Murphy, of California, an area equal to the state of Massachusetts.

The Shonely estate owns land from which the heirs have received annually \$1,000,000. Twenty-one million acres are owned by foreigners, who owe no allegiance to our government, and are no friends to a republic. What will our children own?—A right to pay rent.—Labor World.

Shame.

Immigrant Inspector Conklin, in a report to the treasury department as to the violation of the alien contract law, says: "The padrone system is the most damnable, outrageous and injurious to American workingmen of any system that was ever practiced in the United States, and there is no denying the fact that it exists in almost every city of this country where there is an Italian colony."

What Gladstone Said.

Gladstone lately told a deputation of rich merchants and bankers that the liberal party had arrived at a period when it found that the property class was in conflict with the national sentiment. The question arises, is Gladstone an anarchist for uttering such a radical sentiment?

The bankers are having congress convened to help them out of their difficulties. The people are not in the coming nation.