BETRAYED;

—OR—

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER V.

IN PURSUIT.

The muffled figure that had disappeared in the darkness slowly returned and once more stood, with an air of irresolution, in front of the house.

A light in the basement attracted her attention.

After an instant's hesitation and a hasty glance about her she entered the gate and knocked on the window.

The servant girl came forward, and pressing her face against the glass, peered out at her curiously.

The woman made an eager gesture, indicating that she desired to speak with her.

Grumblingly the girl left the window, and a moment later opened the door.

The stranger stepped into the entry, and quietly removed the shawl in which she had been muffled. The servant gazed upon the face now fully revealed, with a look of unequalified astonishment.

The stranger's hand quickly sought her pocket and then was extended toward the guileless daughter of Erin.

"I am making you some little trouble," she said; "please oblige me by taking this."

"Bless ye for a perfect lady, as ye air," burst out Bridget. "Sure, thin, I can't find it in me heart to take—well, well, if you will have it so—an' phat can I do for ye now, darlint?"

"Do you know the gentleman who left this house only a moment ago? Please tell me that?"

"Know him, is it? I do, thin, an' phat's more, it's no good av him I know."

"There is a young lady here, whom he calls to see, is there not?"

"There is."

"Is—is she very pretty?"

"She's purty enough, sure." Then seeing an indescribable look of pain, or annoyance on the other's face, she hastened to add, in a soothing tone: "But, darlint, not half so purty as yer own swate self."

"Has he been coming here often to see her?" asked the stranger, hesitatingly.

"Often, is it? Sure, thin, it's wearin' out the carpets, he is, wid his comin's an' his goin's. Why, till widin a wake or so, he's been comin' almost ivery night, to say nothin' about Sundays."

"But the lady's brother is his friend. Might he not come to see him?"

"Och! I say friud to ye. Phat was he here to-night for, thin, wid niver a solitary soul in the house, barrin' the girl herself up there, an' me down here? It wasn't the brother he wanted to see, I'm thinkin'."

"And so she is all alone?"

"She is, an' she's hardly been out of her rooms these three days, but has kept by herself up there a-cryin' av her eyes out, so she has. But sure, miss, it's sick ye air. Och, hone, an' phat's the matter? God send the spalpeen av a man is nothin' to ye."

"No, no," gasped the poor creature, "he's nothing to me. He was my husband—for an hour, but—oh, God! that I might die."

"Yer husband! Luk at that now!" exclaimed Bridget, with an expression of blank amazement on her face. Then a feeling of pity seizing her, she quickly added:

"Sit down here, darlint, sit down, I say. Here, take this glass of wather. Phat in the wurruld can I do for ye, say?"

"If I might trouble you to get me a carriage," poor Mildred murmured.

"Throuble, is it? I'll have a carriage here for ye in less than no time," and snatching up a cheap but gaudy shawl, which she threw over her head, the girl hurried from the house, conscience-smitten not a little, yet not well seeing how she could retract any of the absurd statements she had made.

She was nearly as good as her word in the matter of time, however, for three minutes had scarcely elapsed when a carriage was in waiting before the door, and, after refusing a further offer from poor Mildred, the contrite girl helped her in, and saw it roll swiftly away.

"Luk at that now," she muttered to herself. "What divilment there is in the wurruld. Who cud belave that wid so swate a face she carried so sad a heart? Sure, I wish I hadn't thold her all I did; but the mane spurpeen av a man, he niver gave me ther worth av a cint, an' I as good as axin' him, too."

Thus quieting her conscience, Bridget returned to her kitchen, while the carriage containing the broken-hearted Mildred sped onward toward Forty-second street.

Meanwhile, Eugene Cleveland had returned to the Vernon house, and, after letting himself in by the same way he had made his exit, hastened upstairs, hoping to gain his wife's room unobserved.

But he was not to be so fortunate. As he was passing through the main hall, Mrs. Vernon herself suddenly darted from the back parlor, and, seizing him eagerly by the arm, exclaimed, in a voice quite loud enough to attract the attention of all in the adjoining rooms:

"Where in the world have you been for the last half-hour or more, Mr. Cleveland, and, in mercy's name, what has taken your wife away?"

"My wife?"

"Yes, indeed. It seems to me you both left us very unceremoniously."

"Mildred is not here then? You mean to tell me that she is gone?"

"Certainly; that is exactly what I say. I missed her suddenly, and, having something I wished very much to speak to her about, I hunted for her high and low. But it was all of no use; she was gone; and at last I noticed that her hat and shawl were gone, too."

A feeling of unutterable dread—of terror—entered the bridegroom's heart, and he looked around him almost helplessly.

At this moment one of the gentlemen who had joined to form the group that had gathered about Eugene and his wife at the momant the forged note had been handed to him stepped forward, and said:

"It so happened, Mr. Cleveland, that I particularly noticed your wife after your own somewhat abrupt withdrawal, and I am able to tell you this much: She remained with her guests for about twenty minutes after you received the note which called you away, appearing all the time as though she were ill at ease. At length she stepped into the hall, and seemed to hesitate whether to go up-stairs or to return to the parlors. Just then the bell rang, and another note was handed in.

"It was for her. She took it, and almost immediately retired to her own chamber. A few moments later she hastily descended the stairs, with hat and shawl on, and quietly left the house."

"Why did you not tell me all this before, Mr. Henley?" asked Mrs. Vernon, somewhat severely.

"It was my impression that her husband had privately sent for her," answered the guest; "and I thought, therefore, under the circumstances, it was best to keep quiet. I see now I was in error."

"A persistent enemy is working against us," exclaimed Eugene, bitterly. "Not a moment is to be lost. She must be found at once, or it will be too late!"

He had a singular premonition that some one, he knew not who, was conspiring against his happiness; and he recalled for a second a strange scene of a few days ago.

"What mean you?" demanded Mildred's aunt, in a terrified voice.

"I mean," answered the unhappy bridegroom, "that the note which took me away from here half an hour since was a base and cruel forgery, and it was done in order to get me out of the way, so that my wife might be enticed from this house. Let me go to her room for a moment." And, taking three steps at a time, he bounded up the staircase.

On reaching Mildred's room, he looked eagerly about the floor. No note was there. Mildred had found it—he was satisfied of that now—and he shuddered to think what the result might be.

He sank heavily into a chair. He was almost discouraged. He could hardly control his thoughts for a moment.

At length the image of his young and broken-hearted wife, wandering about the almost deserted streets in the darkness of the night, rose up before him, and he started to his feet with the fixed purpose of finding her.

Where could she have gone?

He had hardly framed the question in his mind when the answer was suggested to him:

"Why, to Meta's, to be sure." And once more he rushed down the stairway.

The guests had been gradually dropping off. They had seen that their presence was becoming embarrassing, and so had the good sense to retire.

Now a few only remained.

"I think I know where she has gone, Mrs. Vernon," Eugene said, eagerly, "and I will go there at once and see if I am right. I shall be back very soon; so, if she should return in my absence, please keep her here. Tell her not to leave the house again on any account."

"You may be sure I shall do so," said the lady, emphatically.

"Have you a carriage, Mr. Cleveland?" asked Mr. Henley, who was one of the few remaining, now stepping forward.

"I have not," answered Eugene. "I dismissed the one I had at the door."

"Then take mine, by all means. It is waiting without."

"A thousand thanks. I will gladly avail myself of your kind permission."

"Do so; and if I can be of the slightest service——"

"No, no; I think not; and yet, my mind is in such a whirl, I ought to have some one with me; and you, being cooler, might be able to give me a word of advice when I most need it. Yes, if you are willing, I shall be glad to have your company."

"Then come;" and the two left the house together.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

As the carriage containing the unhappy bride whirled swiftly onward toward Forty-second street, Mildred sat bolt upright on the back seat, her hands clasped in her lap, her lips tightly compressed, and her eyes fixed and staring before her, but seeing nothing.

She had merely said, in answer to the hackman's careless "Where to, miss?" "The Grand Central Depot," and then had sunk into a state of apathy, from which she was at length aroused by the stopping of the carriage, the opening of the door, and the waiting driver's business-like "Here you are, miss."

She accepted his proffered assistance, and, as she stood upon the sidewalk, hastily took out her portmonnaie and dismissed him with a liberal fee. Then, after a hasty glance around, she went into the waiting-room by the ladies' entrance.

The window of the ticket office was open. She hurried toward it.

"When does the next train that stops at Riverside leave here, if you please, sir?" she asked, in a low and trembling voice.

"Eleven thirty-five," answered the ticket agent, glibly.

"Oh! so late? Is there no one before that?"

The distress and bitter disappointment, made plainly manifest by the tone in which the words were uttered, fixed the agent's attention, and, being a man, he was affected.

"No, miss," he said, not unkindly, "the train you should have taken has been gone some little time.

"There is no other that stops at Riverside until eleven thirty-five, but the nine-thirty train, which will leave very soon now, stops at Cos Cob, and that, you know, is only just across the river."

"Oh, thank you, sir; I will take a ticket to Cos Cob," and having secured it she seated herself in an obscure corner to wait until the door should be opened and she should be permitted to take her seat in the cars.

From the very moment she had descended from the carriage, by that mysterious intuitive feeling which, in a greater or less degree we all possess, she had been made painfully aware, without seeing any one, that she was being closely watched.

Now, for the first time, she mustered courage and looked about her.

All at once her eyes rested upon a man at no great distance from her.

He was leaning, in a studied attitude, against one of the huge fluted columns, and his gaze—indeed, his whole attention—seemed fixed upon herself.

Mildred shuddered, why, she knew not. She had never seen this man before, and there was nothing about him to suggest that he was in any marked degree different from other men; and yet her pure womanly instincts made her shrink from his gaze.

Minute after minute passed, and still he stood there, with eyes, apparently, for nothing but her face.

At length the gong sounded, the door was thrown open, and a loud voice called out:

"Nine-thirty! New Haven way," and with a feeling of intense relief Mildred rose and hurried forward.

For one instant she was stopped at the door while she showed her ticket, and then, after being directed to her train, she hastened onward.

At last she had found the right car and secured a seat.

The one directly in front of her was not occupied.

In that next forward was a middle-aged lady and a beautiful young girl.

"About my own age," thought Mildred, "and, indeed looks very much like me.

"I wonder who she can be? Oh! I hope hers will be a far happier lot than mine."

Then, as she sank back into a corner by the window:

"She has her mother with her! Oh! if I can only reach my home and throw myself into my mother's arms, before Eugene finds me, I shall be so——"

And then she stopped short, and a thrill of terror shot through her being, and almost made her heart stand still.

There, directly opposite, sat the very man who had watched her persistently in the waiting-room, and now, as then, his eyes were fixed steadfastly upon her.

The sight of this person made her forget for a time that Eugene might surmise she would hasten at once to her mother; and it was not until after the train had started, that she wondered if he were aboard, and, curiously enough, if, in case this wretch continued to persecute her with his attentions and should offer her further insult, he would defend her.

On and on flew the train. Faster and faster it sped away in the darkness.

Station after station was passed so quickly that they seemed almost close together rather than miles apart. At length Port Chester was passed. The next station would be Greenwich, and then Cos Cob.

Mildred was thinking what she would do in case the obtrusive stranger should leave the train at the same time with herself, when all at once a shrill whistle broke on her ear, then came an appalling cry from far ahead, and the next moment the car she was in seemed to shrink up into nothingness.

For one moment she retained her faculties, and in that moment she saw a timber fall and crush in the head of the beautiful girl in front of her, she saw the mother sink prostrate by her dead daughter's side, she saw a horrible look of abject terror settle on the face of the stranger, and then she saw no more.

When she once more woke to consciousness she was lying on the ground, surrounded on every hand by the dead and dying.

On the track above was a waiting train, evidently but just arrived.

At the foot of the embankment, down which they had plunged, was the wreck of the doomed cars, now burning fiercely.

Mildred raised herself on her left elbow and looked about her.

By the light of the burning cars she could readily distinguish objects, and at no great distance she saw a form which she at once knew to be that of the mother of the young girl who had sat in front of her

A little further away, horribly burned, was what she felt rather than knew to be all that was left of the girl herself.

Something moist trickling down her face and a terrible pain in her head, made her essay to raise her right hand.

The attempt was a failure, and then she knew that her right arm was broken.

At that moment she saw coming toward her, with conciliatory look and fawning manners, the detested stranger. He had something in his hand. It looked like her own hat, and, involuntarily, she attempted to put out her hand to take it.

The effort caused a spasm of pain; a faintness seized her, her head whirled, and she fell back unconscious.

"Good!" exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of satisfaction, and hastened to where the dead girl lay, after crushing the hat he carried a little more—it was pretty well crushed already.

In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by a strong-limbed man, evidently a farmer.

"This is my poor darling," he said, pointing to Mildred. "Take her up gently, I fear she is badly injured. Carry her to your house, and have the carriage ready as speedily as possible. I will join you presently. I wish to do what I can for one or two of these poor sufferers. Ah! how thankful I ought to be that God's great mercy spared me while so many were hurried into eternity."

The young farmer muttered something not overcomplimentary to the management of the railway, and raising Mildred as tenderly in his arms as a woman might, bore her away.

The fearful scene was alive with men, and even women, hastening from one group to another, and doing all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. Being thus occupied, these good Samaritans had little time for anything else, and so the scheming stranger passed unnoticed.

"Now, then," he muttered, as his late companion disappeared with his unconscious burden, "what I have to do must be done quickly," and once approaching the body of the young girl, he bent over it and scrutinized it closely.

"No, she could never be recognized in the world," he muttered half aloud. "Her hair, what little there is left, is the same color as the other's. Her dress and outer garments are all burned. Her hat I have disposed of, and this one shall take its place. Now, then, if, as I suspect, Mr. Eugene Cleveland was on that train that just came up, I'm ready for him," and raising himself, he was about to walk away, when he saw a group of three or four men, one of them carrying a lantern, coming toward him.

"Luck favors me!" he exclaimed in high glee. "Here comes the young husband, sure enough, and the conductor is with him."

"If she was aboard the train after our last stop, she must be off here somewhere," the conductor was saying. "We have looked everywhere else."

"Ah, here are a few," he suddenly added. "This poor woman, I remember her distinctly. She was seated near the young lady you described, she and——"

"Great God! can this be she—can this be Mildred?" suddenly broke in Eugene, as he stood before the remains of the unfortunate young girl, who, in life, had so closely resembled his bride.

"I think not—I hope not," hastily exclaimed his friend, at the same time endeavoring to turn him away.

But an object lying close by had caught Eugene's attention.

"That's her hat," he cried out. "I know it. Yes, this poor, disfigured body must be all that is left of my once beautiful Mildred. God help me; how can I ever bear it?"

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed the conductor, turning upon the stranger; "you were in the same car, and near these people. Do you know who this was?"

"Don't know her name," responded the man, glibly. "She was a young lady traveling by herself. Sat in the seat directly opposite the one I occupied. I noticed her in the waiting-room of the Grand Central Depot. She seemed to be in trouble; wanted to take a ticket to Riverside, had to take one to Cos Cob."

"Alas! all hope is now gone. It is, indeed, my poor Mildred," and Eugene bent over the form of his supposed wife.

The stranger having accomplished his object, hastened away. Soon he arrived at a farm house, and to his great relief saw a carriage waiting before the door.

He hurried in.

"We'll start at once," he said, addressing the farmer, whom he met in the hall. And then he entered the room where Mildred was lying upon the lounge.

"Mister," said a woman, coming in just as he was raising the unconscious girl in his arms, "I tell you a doctor ought to see that poor child at once; her head is badly injured, and her right arm broken."

"A surgeon, and as good a one as there is in this country, will see her in less than half an hour, of that you may be sure," said the man, warmly, and as the somewhat mollified housewife stepped out of the way, he carried Mildred to the carriage.

He had taken his seat by the side of his unconscious companion, and the horses had just started, when two men slowly approached bearing a body between them, while two more followed after.

One of these last looked up for an instant, and his eyes rested on the form of the unconscious young woman.

The next moment the carriage had passed and was gone, and Eugene Cleveland knew not how very near he had been to thwarting the black scheme of those whose purpose it was to wreck his life's happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

The night of the horrible accident had passed. The new day had come, with its heavy burden of cares and sorrows and pains.

The day, too, wore away, the shadows of another night fell, and deepened more and more the gloom that pervaded the rich but spirit-depressing library of the Hon. Sherwood Elliston.

Presently the door opened, and a woman stood upon the threshold of the room.

A glance into the apartment caused a frown to settle on her glorious brow. The servant had neglected to light the study lamp.

She took a step forward and touched the bell. A foot-man appeared with surprising celerity.

"A light," she said, pointing to the argand burner, and then sank wearily into the great easy chair that some time before had been occupied by her husband's nephew.

The lamp was lighted, the porcelain shade properly adjusted, and the servant retired. Then Cora Elliston turned eagerly to the evening paper she held in her hand.

It did not take her long to find the heading she was in search of.

"ANOTHER HORRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT!

"A REGULAR TRAIN RUNS INTO A SPECIAL, IS TELESCOPED, THROWN DOWN AN EMBANKMENT AND TAKES FIRE!

"*Twenty-three Passengers Killed and Burned! As Many More Wounded!*

"A Complete List of the Victims."

It was this list that fixed the lady's attention, and eagerly she scanned the names.

Yes, it was there!

"Mildred L. Cleveland, wife of Eugene Cleveland."

Dead! Ah! that was more than she had hoped for. That was almost too good to be true. Where was Oscar Slyme? How dare he stay away so long, when he must know she was dying to learn exactly what had happened?

Once more she looked at the heading, and then slowly and carefully read the article through from beginning to end.

"If there is no mistake—if the girl is really dead, nothing could have happened better," she murmured. "Luck will have played into my hands wonderfully; but——"

A discreet knock at the door attracted attention.

"Come in," she called eagerly, and the stranger of the Grand Central depot, of the train, and of the scene of the accident, slid, rather than walked, into the room.

Oscar Slyme was the private secretary of the Hon. Sherwood Elliston. He was a man of, it may be, thirty-five years of age. He had been called handsome, and by some even distinguished-looking, and, perhaps, in a certain degree, he was so.

He, at least, believed in his own good looks, and secretly flattered himself on a certain resemblance to the august personage whose secretary he was. Partly from nature, and partly from the constant imitation to which he submitted himself, this idea had some foundation, for he resembled the stately Mr. Elliston as much as a vulgar man can resemble one of high polish.

He was the son of a small manufacturer in Connecticut; had received from his father an honestly acquired fortune, and had dissipated it in the various enterprises of his adventurous life.

The influence of his college, however, obtained for him a place in the Department of State at Washington. He left it to come to New York and study law; placed himself with an attorney; attempted literature without success; gambled at one of the most fashionable dens, and lost there.

He had successfully knocked with feverish hand at all the doors of fortune, and none had opened to him, because, though his ambition was great, his capacity was limited.

The subordinate positions, for which alone he was fit, he did not want. He would have made a very good schoolmaster. He sighed to be a poet.

He would have been a respectable village rector. He pined to be a bishop.

Fitted for an excellent private secretary, he aspired to be a member of the President's Cabinet. In fine, he wished to be a great man, and consequently was a failure as a little one.

But he made himself a hypocrite; and that he found much easier. He fortified himself on the one hand by fraternizing with the free-thinkers of the Ingersoll school: on the other, by joining the orthodox people of a certain very religious community.

By these influences he contrived to secure the secretaryship to the Hon. Sherwood Elliston, who, in his efforts to bring about his election to the United States Senate, needed the services of a person possessing certain qualifications, and in his general contempt of the human species he judged Slyme would answer his purpose quite as well as another.

Now, as doubtless the reader understands, Sherwood Elliston was anything but what is called a really good man; hence, familiarity with him was morally, fearfully prejudicial to the secretary. It had, it is true, the effect of stripping off his devout mask, which he seldom put on before his employer, but it terribly increased in venom the depravity which disappointment and wounded pride had secreted in his ulcerated heart.

Of course Mr. Elliston never took the trouble to demoralize his secretary; but contact, intimacy and example sufficed to do this.

A secretary is always more or less a confidant. He divines that which is not revealed to him, and Slyme could not be long in discovering that his employer's success in life did not arise, in morals, from too much principle—in politics, from excess of conviction—in business, from a mania for scruples!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Was Original.

"Don't you think," said an author to an acquaintance, "that I have written an original book?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You will acknowledge, then, that you have never seen any book just like it?"

"Yes, I'll do that."

"Ah, I'm glad that I have compelled you to give me even a wormed-out acknowledgment of my ability. You actually hate to compliment a man, but will you please tell me in what way my book is strictly original?"

"Oh, yes; it is original in this way: It is the poorest book that has ever been published."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE CLANS ARE MOVING

THE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE RISING IN THEIR MIGHT.

Shoulder to Shoulder the Army of Liberty Marches—State Conventions Called in Kansas and South Dakota—Nebraska Is Moving, Too.

Iowa is preparing for a great Industrial State Convention. The Farmers' Alliance will name a candidate for Congress in the Ninth District on July 12, and all other industrial organizations will support him.

This or similar work will be done in other Iowa districts to purify Congress of Wall street attorneys and secure legislation for the people.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

The great Farmers' Alliance and K. of L. Convention at Huron decided by a vote of 413 to 83, amid the wildest enthusiasm, to organize a new Industrial party, to be called the Independent Party.

A platform was adopted, which included the State and national and international declaration of principles of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union and Knights of Labor, and demands currency to be issued by the general government to be full legal tender, to increase in volume with the increase in business, and to be issued directly to productive industries without the intervention of banks of issue.

Railway transportation, telegraph and telephone service at actual cost, and that the government shall own and operate the same.

The free and unlimited coinage of silver.

The adoption of an absolutely secret voting system, State and national.

For rigid economy, against alien ownership of land, besides woman suffrage and prohibition.

The committee on a manifesto reported an address to the people of South Dakota setting forth the grievances and demands of the new party, the motto of which shall be: "In the Spirit of Love and Justice, the People Rule."

A State Central Committee was appointed, and a State convention for the nomination of officers called to meet at Huron, July 9.

NEBRASKA.

Nebraska is moving too. U. L. Chairman I. D. Chamberlain, of Stormsburg, has put out a ringing call to action. He says, among other things.

This call appeals to every citizen whose patriotism is stronger than partyism. The great land syndicates still hold their stolen empires. The administration has carried on a mimic controversy with the great telegraph monopoly, to blind the public. No honest effort has been made by the dominant party to throttle the great trusts, require obedience from great corporation officials, secure transportation rates, or collect what Pacific railroads owe the Government.

The national bank combine still dictates national legislation, to cunningly deceive the people, although the impoverished farmers of these prairies are quietly deeding their farms to the mortgage holders, to save cost. While Senator Ingalls and associates are still fighting the battles of the war in South Carolina, trusts, pools and English capital are fast gathering up the land and absorbing the industries of the nation. Appropriations of the public money are dealt out to our Congressmen for public buildings and frog-pond ,improvements, in grim mockery of the starving millions.

Under federal patronage the States are taxed to maintain a standing army; vigorous and severe tramp laws are enacted; the higher courts become engines of oppression and the tools of corporations. Missouri leads in the disfranchisement of thousands, and then fines them for refusing to vote with the robbers; and the old landmarks of defense, the Supreme Court decisions, fade before the demand of these modern vandals. We see the corn crop of Nebraska pass into the hands of the moneyed classes at ten or twelve cents per bushel, and then, as if by magic, the price jumps to nearly double, while the speculators unload upon the poverty-stricken miners and laborers of the East. During all this no effort is being made to provide the people with money, and the farms are passing from the toilers to the syndicates; and the mortgage is destroying the honor, independence, and patriotism of the citizen.

Will we remain silent while our children are branded as slaves?

KANSAS.

Eighty-four delegates, representing 145,000 voters, met in convention at Representative Hall in Topeka recently, and organized the "People's Party." A straight ticket will be placed in the field in each of the seven Congressional districts.

Every independent party in the State, with the exception of the two old parties, was represented.

The old St. Louis platform of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union was declared to be the platform and hope of the new party.

The election of United States Senator was considered, and it was decided to have each county vote for its choice, and the member of the Legislature must consider himself pledged to vote for the candidate so decided upon. Both of the old parties were eschewed, and the members elected on the people's ticket will not be permitted to participate in the caucus of either party.

President Clover, of the Farmers' Alliance, called the convention to order, and Mr. W. S. Hanna, of Ottawa, one of the best-known stock farmers in the State, was elected Secretary.

The Committee on Organization reported in favor of placing a ticket in the field for all the elective offices in the State, and organizing a new party to be known as "the People's party."

The speeches were all along the same line. The farmers and the laboring men had not received proper consideration at the hands of either of the old parties, and it was time for them to act for themselves.

They resolved to demand such legislation as will seat members of Congress as soon as elected.

Resolutions to have all candidates for the Legislature pledge themselves not to go into any other party caucus were adopted.

Following this was a resolution declaring in favor of the election of United States Senators by popular vote.

A Central Committee was appointed and decided to call a State convention on the second Tuesday in August at Topeka.

What Is the Matter?

The Patrons of Industry of Lenawee county, Mich., recently held a grand mass meeting at Adrian, which was addressed by A. S. Partridge, President of the State Association of Patrons of Industry. Following is a resume of Mr. Partridge's remarks: He said there were several questions to be answered: 1. What is the matter? 2. What is the remedy? Another is: What are you a going to do with our thriving villages and cities? He proposed to answer these. The latter was of interest to business men, and he would ask them some questions which, if they would answer honestly, would be settled and he would abide the decision.

He cited the glories of Michigan and her progress, her factories and her schools, and then asked: "What is the matter?" He proceeded to note the various trusts that existed, and said that combines and trusts controlled nearly everything consumed. He said the Patrons made war on trusts; that the grange said the business of the country was all managed by trusts; that the Patrons were a trust. The Patrons took issue, and in two States have forced suits to nullify the charters of big trusts, and had succeeded.

Reforms were secured through organization and legislation. Politics is the science of government. Every economic question for control, even in a school district, is political.

You say "You are running the matter right into politics." Well, we are simply talking for our interests. What have our eminent statesmen done to help our condition? These Congressmen and legislators are such as we make; they are our servants.

The speaker then hit the foreign capitalists who own immense landed interests in the great West, and said that it was not fair for our farmers to be made to compete with these foreigners.

To elect as Senator a man who is a millionaire is to elect a man whose interests are with his money; and as his money is in trusts, he would legislate for trusts. The only way is to keep that class of people out. He attacked the foreign syndicate that is buying up all the breweries of the country. He said Mr. McCreery sat on the Agricultural College Board of Michigan one day and the next was at Saginaw negotiating for the breweries for the syndicate. He criticised it. These British beer syndicates are buying the breweries; the breweries control the saloons, the saloons control the caucuses, and anyone can see the danger that confronts us; and it may become necessary for us to declare against this course, even if it were at the point of the sword or bayonet.

The Patrons are banded together for one purpose, and that is to uphold their declaration of principles. They are going to stand together. They will not be pulled apart. They are a class that are figuring up the cost of their farm work and figuring up their expenses.

There are eighty-eight business men's associations in Michigan, and we understand the objects thereof.

Farmers ought not to go in debt to the merchant, who must in turn go in debt to others. This leads to collectors, and collectors have to be paid; and the consumer pays it.

There's a swarm of "drummers" or traveling agents who have to be paid, and the consumers have to pay them.

Now, we say, "we want to trade with your business men. We do not want grass to grow in your streets. We propose to pay you double percentage." You say you don't want this. Then we will put in double the amount of business in the town, if you will call a convention of business men and petition Congress to buy the mines and bullion of the country, and then issue us a surplus of money according to our resources, for we must have more money to do our business with. We cannot longer let that class which has money to buy up papers and politicians rule the country. If this is politics we must be going into politics.

The story of Saul's assault upon the Ammonite was then told, and the coming of the Patrons under some Saul to wage battle against the corporations and trusts.

THE PATRONS ARE A POWER.

Farmers of Michigan Will Play an Important Part in Politics.

[Lansing (Mich.) special to Chicago Tribune.]

The Patrons of Industry, the new farmers' organization which now has a membership of nearly 130,000 in Michigan alone, is being slowly but surely and irresistibly drawn into politics. Organized at first for commercial and protective purposes, its members are now beginning to realize that their vast organization can control the political destinies of the State if a united front is presented. For months the more radical element in order has sought to launch the organization on some one of the political currents now flowing tolerably swiftly in Michigan. The demand that it should be decided once for all whether the order is to take a stand in practical politics has become so urgent that the Executive Board has decided to issue a call for a State conference of the order, to be held in Lansing the last week in July. As it is impossible that all the 2,000 local associations in the State should have delegates, the board has decided that each county shall be allowed one representative for each 1,000. As at this conference it will be decided whether the patrons shall branch out as an independent party or force recognition from the old parties by agreeing to support only such nominees as will indorse Patrons of Industry principles and pledge themselves to aid the order in its desired legislation, it is likely that the latter course will be decided upon, although it is alleged that A. S. Partridge, of Flushing, Grand President of the Order in Michigan, yearns to be nominated as a straight Patrons of Industry candidate for Governor and will endeavor to cajole the patrons into putting up a State ticket. If left to themselves the patrons would be about equally divided in the support of James M. Turner and E. B. Winans, both of whom are farmers and are the leading candidates for gubernatorial honors on the Republican and Democratic tickets respectively. The fight at the coming State conference to gain control of the order will be the most picturesque feature in Michigan politics this summer. The man who can swing this organization is pretty certain of being elected.

ALLIANCE NOTES.

[From the Iowa Tribune.]

THE Farmers' Alliance of the Sixth Kansas District has nominated Mr. Baker for Congress, and with the U. L. vote he will be elected.

A UNITED STATES SENATOR worth $30,000,000 could not get a vote on a proposition to loan money to farmers at twice the interest the bankers now pay. The committee sat down upon him.

THE independent movement in Nebraska promises the most flattering results. Over 6,000 signatures have already been sent in favoring a call for independent action throughout. This petition has only been out for two weeks. The chances are that from 60,000 to 75,000 signatures will be affixed before the first day of July, and that it will become simply irresistible. The old ringsters are beside themselves and have completely lost control of the people. This is conclusively shown by the recent proclamation of Governor Thayer convening the Legislature in extraordinary session and its speedy revocation before the call was a week old. The producers, laborers, and taxpayers of the State are terribly in earnest and will never stop short of victory. Success to them.