GRETCHEN'S GRIT.

BY OZIAN MIDSUMMER.

He'd wandered about amid vales of disaster,
And climbed the high mountains of woe,
And now he sat perched on a stump in the pasture,
And did not know whither to go.
Oh, why, sang his heart, has the earth in its make up
No place where a tramp may find rest?
I'll go to yon house and will ask them to shake up
Some kind of a wanderer's nest.

He went to the window, and saw within, sitting,
Some son of the Rhine, on a chair,
While close by his side a wee fraulein sat knitting
Some beautiful striped foot-wear.
He smelt the sweet Limburger cheese through the keyhole,
Mixed with the rare flavor of kraut,
And mingled with these was the smell of the beer-bowl
Coming through the keyhole without.

His heart went up into his mouth in an instant,
When fell his hard fist on the door;
When, instead of coming unto his assistance,
They left him stand just as before;
And, furthermore, then and there all became darkness,
And not the least sound could he hear,
Except now and then, as they blamed their remissness,
And then again sampled the beer.

Thus forevermore might these things have continued,
So far as the tramp was concerned,
Had not a man then and there, bony and sinewed,
Him in the deep darkness discerned.
The words of the man came, in deep thunder languaged,
And said, "You Dutch son of a gun;"
But ere he said more the poor, poor tramp languished,
And for his life could not have run.

The man quit the tramp when he thought he was dying,
Might very soon give up the ghost;
When the tramp heard the dear little Dutch lady crying,
And learned that the man was his host.
He learned, furthermore, that though he was the victim,
He'd just got what was the girl's beau's;
Her father'd designed and intended to fix him,
And give him a lesson to go.

The tramp soon arranged a plan whereby they put him
To bed in the tidy spare room,
And there he made love to the little Dutch fraulein,
The tramp, indeed, had struck a boom.
He stayed through the cold stormy days of the winter,
And lingered along into May,
Declaring, on honor, he was a great sinner,
If able to go on his way.

But time brought a change. "You must go, or be put out,"
The father said; "now do you hear!"
When Gretchen's arms folded the tramp's form about,
She told the old man to stand clear.
The father beheld in his daughter the mettle
Which came to them from his good sire.
He thought the pan should not say black to the kettle,
So put his foot down on his ire.

They sat by the kitchen stove calmly discussing
The ills of the tramp and his woes;
The little Dutch fraulein the meantime kept fussing
To tickle the old father's nose;
And soon was delighted to see him smell gently,
Then fill his lungs with the perfume
As came out the kraut, beer, and Limburger scently,
Their odors pervading the room.

"The hope of the woman lies in her lord's stomach,"
Thought wise little Gretchen, with smile;
"If father will eat and drink all I see him take,
The will of her lord's is his child's."
The plan was successful, and worked in a minute,
As Gretchen had hoped that it would;
So winked to her lover again to begin it,
And settle the matter for good.

The lover began, but, before he could finish,
A lawyer drove up to the door;
Who said: "My dear sir, if your name is Jay Winnish,
You're worth forty thousand or more.
Your uncle is dead and has left his whole estate
To you on condition you wed.
So go about quickly and hunt up a good mate,
Or be a poor tramp till you're dead."

He said: "I am Mayor of Centerville town here;
As such have the right and the will
To tie a knot snugly, and do it up brown, dear—
Just now, if you two will stand still."
So while the old father was taking a long pull,
To settle Limburger and kraut,
The dainty wee knot was tied quickly, for fearful
Of kicking should he find it out.

CHICAGO, Ill.

BETRAYED;

—OR.—

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTT

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

"Well, I interpret it thus: I imagine two beings, equally free and strong, loving and valuing each other beyond all else, having no affection, no loyalty, no devotion, no honor, except toward each other; but possessing all for each other in a supreme degree.

"I give and consecrate absolutely to you my person, all that I can be, or may be to come, on condition of an equal return, still preserving the same social conventionalities, without which we should both be miserable.

"Secretly united, and secretly isolated, though in the midst of the human herd, governing and despising it; uniting our gifts, our faculties, and our powers—yours which cannot be greater, and mine which shall become greater if you love me—and living thus, one for the other, until death.

"You have dreamed, you told me, of strange and almost sacrilegious love. Here it is: only before accepting it reflect well, for I assure you it is a serious thing.

"My love for you is boundless. I love you enough to disdain and trample under foot that which the meanest human being still respects. I love you enough to find in you alone, in your single esteem, and in your sole tenderness, in the pride and madness of being yours, oblivion and consolation for friendship outraged, faith betrayed, and honor lost.

"But, mark you, this is a sentiment which you will do well not to trifle with. You should thoroughly understand this.

"Well, if you desire my love, if you consent to this alliance, opposed to all human laws, deign to tell me so, and I shall fall at your feet. If you do not wish it, if it terrifies you, if you are not prepared for the double obligation it involves, tell me so, and fear not a word of reproach. Whatever it might cost me, I would ruin my life, I would leave you forever, and that which passed last night should be eternally forgotten."

He ceased, and remained with his eyes fixed on the beautiful woman, with a burning anxiety. As he went on speaking, her air became more grave. She listened to him, her head a little inclined towards him in an attitude of overpowering interest, throwing upon him at intervals a glance full of gloomy fire. A slight but rapid palpitation of the bosom, a scarcely perceptible quivering of the nostrils, alone betrayed the storm raging within her.

"This," she said, after a moment's silence, "becomes really interesting. You said something about leaving me forever; but you intend, in no event, to leave this evening, I suppose?"

"No," said Eugene.

"Very well," she replied, bowing her head in sign of dismissal, without offering her hand; "we shall see each other again."

"But when?"

"At an early day."

He thought, notwithstanding the past, she required time for reflection, a little terrified doubtless by the monster she evoked; he gravely saluted her and departed.

The next day, and on the three succeeding ones, he vainly presented himself at her door.

Mrs. Elliston was dining out or dressing.

It was for Eugene a whole century of torture. One thought, which often disquieted him, revisited him with double poignancy. Cora did not love him. She only wished to revenge herself for the past, and after disgracing would laugh at him. She had made him sign the contract, and then escaped him. In the midst of these tortures of his pride, his passion, instead of weakening, increased.

The fifth day after their interview he did not go to her house. He hoped to meet her in the evening at the residence of a mutual friend, on Madison avenue, where he usually saw her every Thursday.

This friend, Mrs. Louisa Morgan, was a connection of his mother's family, and from his earliest boyhood had been very kind to Eugene. She was a widow and no longer young, but being wealthy, she had no difficulty in rendering herself and her home attractive.

She had no taste or inclination for religion, but affected a great liking for literature and art, and every week received many distinguished authors and artists, who piqued themselves on being free-thinkers

Cora Elliston had permitted herself to be introduced by her husband, because she knew Eugene frequented the house.

On this particular evening the gathering was small. Eugene had only arrived a few moments, when he had the satisfaction of seeing his uncle, who had returned from Washington, and Mrs. Elliston enter.

She tranquilly expressed to him her regret at not having been at home the preceding day, but it was impossible to hope for a more decided explanation in a circle so small and under the vigilant eyes of certain ladies present.

Eugene vainly interrogated her face. It was as beautiful and cold as usual.

His anxiety increased; he would have given his life at that moment for her to say one word of love.

Mrs. Morgan liked the play of wit, as she had but little herself.

They played at her house such little games as were then fashionable. Those little games are not always innocent, as we shall see.

They had distributed pencils, pens, and little packages of paper—some of the players sitting around large tables, and some in separate chairs—and scratched mysteriously, in turn, questions and answers.

During this time Mr. Elliston played whist with an elderly lady for partner. Cora did not usually take part in these games which fatigued her.

Eugene was therefore astonished to see her accept the pencil and paper offered her.

This singularity awakened his attention and put him on his guard.

He himself joined in the game, contrary to his usual custom, and even took charge of the basket to collect the small notes as they were written.

An hour passed without any special incident.

The treasures of wit were dispensed. The most delicate and unexpected questions—such as "What is love?" "Do you think that friendship can exist between the sexes?" "Is it sweeter to love or be loved?" succeeded each other with corresponding replies.

All at once Cora gave a slight scream, and they saw a drop of blood trickle down her forehead.

She commenced laughing, and showed her little gold pencil-case, which had a pen at one end, with which she had scratched her forehead in her abstraction.

The attention of Eugene was redoubled from this moment—the more so from a rapid and significant glance from Cora, which seemed to warn him of an approaching event.

She was sitting a little in shadow in one corner, in order to meditate more at ease on questions and answers.

An instant later Eugene was passing around the room collecting notes.

She deposited one in the basket, slipping another into his hand with the catlike dexterity of her sex.

In the midst of these papers, which each person amused himself with reading, Eugene found no difficulty in retaining without remark the clandestine note.

It was written in red ink, a little pale, but very legible, and contained these words:

"I belong, soul, body, honor, riches, to my best beloved, Eugene Cleveland, from this moment and forever.

"Written and signed with the pure blood of my veins, this 18th November, 188—. CORA ELLISTON."

All the blood of Eugene Cleveland surged to his brain, a cloud came over his eyes, he rested his hand on the marble table, then suddenly his face was covered with a moral paleness. These symptoms did not arise from remorse or fear; his passion overshadowed all. He felt boundless joy. He saw the world at his feet.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY REPORTS.

But what of that paragon of excellence, honor and integrity—to say nothing of the other virtues—Mr. Oscar Slyme?

How was he conducting himself during all this time?

Was he watching the growing intimacy between Cora Elliston and Eugene Cleveland with indifference? or did he not notice this growing intimacy at all?

From what has already been said of Mr. Slyme, we think the reader will give him credit for more acuteness than to suppose him wholly ignorant of what had passed since that interview in the library, of which he was an unseen and unsuspected witness.

Just how much he knew it is not at this time worth while to inquire; but what he did know, for reasons of his own, he kept jealously to himself.

He promptly waited upon Mrs. Elliston whenever she summoned him to her presence, and carried out all her instructions to the very letter, showing her, in every word and action, that he was, as he professed himself, her humble and willing slave.

It was some months after the little episode in Mrs. Morgan's drawing-rooms—indeed, winter had passed and spring had come. Mr. Elliston had been duly elected to the United States Senate, and had taken his seat more than a month before. Cora was in the library waiting to receive Slyme, whom she never admitted to her boudoir.

There was a faint knock at the door.

"Come in," she called, somewhat impatiently, and the private secretary sidled into the room.

"You wanted to see me, Mrs. Elliston?" he said, in his low, fawning voice.

"Yes; I understand my husband has sent for you, and that you will be obliged to start for Washington almost immediately."

"It is true. The Senator writes that he can no longer do without me, and so I am to join him at the earliest possible moment."

"And when will the earliest possible moment be?"

"I think I can get matters into order here so as to be able to leave in a week's time."

"So soon? I shall be very sorry to part with you, Slyme. I shall miss you very much."

He raised his eyes a little, and gave her a quick, searching glance.

"But you, Mrs. Elliston, you will soon join your husband in Washington?"

"Yes, but not before the latter part of May."

"The last of May! I am sure he expects you before that."

"I dare say," she rejoined carelessly, "but I can not leave New York for a month yet."

A black look settled on the private secretary's face, and in a somewhat different voice he said:

"I am very sorry to hear it. But you did not call me here merely to say this. What information—what new service do you require of me before I go away?"

Cora paid no attention to his altered looks and tone, but promptly replied:

"In the first place, I want to know about that girl at Roxbury. Is she being well cared for?"

"Treated like a queen."

"She still lives in the cottage you hired for her?"

"No, she is with the family of Mr. Nathan Metcalf, the owner of the cottage."

"What kind of people are they?"

"Very agreeable, I assure you. Mr. Metcalf is an elderly man, well informed—in fact, the oracle of the town. Then there are his daughter and granddaughter, and several servants."

"His daughter and granddaughter, you say?"

"Yes, his daughter, Mrs. Clara Denton, is a young widow, and, out of pure compassion, acts as companion to Mrs. Cleveland."

"Mrs. Cleveland? I thought that name had been dropped?"

"True; in Roxbury she is only known as Mildred Lester."

"Lester! Why did you give her her own maiden name?"

"It was a risk, I admit; but there was no help for it. Mrs. Denton found the name on her linen, and besides, strangely enough, she remembered that when she had forgotten all else."

"But will not the people around her find out who she really is?"

"Little fear of that, the people of Roxbury are not likely to run upon any one from Riverside."

"I hope you are right. Has she quite recovered from the effects of that fever?"

"In a way—yes."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that she is well—as well as she will ever be, and yet she is not what she was before that accident."

"I suppose you have reference to her mind. You have already mentioned that her memory has become impaired; to what extent has she lost it?"

"She has lost all recollection of what happened before that fearful night. Her life, as I may say, dates from the hour when she recovered consciousness after the fever."

"Strange, but very fortunate."

"Yes—for you."

Cora gave him a quick, searching glance.

"Is there any hidden meaning in your words, my friend?" she asked.

"None whatever, I assure you."

"It seems to me that it is fortunate for you as well as for myself."

"Oh, certainly."

"Is she happy?"

"Who? Mrs. Cleveland?"

"Miss Lester."

"Beg pardon. Yes, very happy."

"Very happy," repeated Cora, musingly.

"Yes, and why shouldn't she be? She has no cares to trouble her, and remembers no sorrows."

"Remembers no sorrows!" Then quickly: "But isn't she curious about the past?"

"Naturally, somewhat; but I have made up a past for her, which Mrs. Denton communicates to her from time to time, as occasion calls for."

"You are a remarkable man, Mr. Slyme."

"Thank you."

"And now about those Fieldings, what do you know of them?"

"They are still at their old quarters in West Forty-seventh street. The young man is getting on at the bank, and the sister is slowly recovering her health."

"Does Mr. Cleveland visit there often?"

Again came that strange black look.

"You ought to know as to that better than I, Mrs. Elliston.

"What do you mean, sir? I know nothing about it."

But Slyme had already repented his hasty speech.

"I believe," he said, rapidly, "that he goes there not oftener than once a week—Sundays usually."

"Does he see the sister alone then?"

"Never alone."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

A pause followed this assertion.

Slyme broke the silence by asking:

"Is there anything further at this time, Mrs. Elliston?"

"One question more: you will go to Roxbury before you start for Washington?"

"I shall be obliged to do so."

"And you will see that every provision is made for that—that unfortunate's comfort while you are away?"

"I will see to everything."

"That is all, then, just now."

Slyme, who had been standing all through the interview, moved noiselessly toward the door. With his hand on the knob he paused.

"What is it, Slyme?" asked Cora, looking up.

"Were you aware that the Lelands owned property in Roxbury?" he inquired, in a peculiar tone.

"The Lelands! I knew that some member of the family owned property in Connecticut, but had no idea it was there."

"It's an immense farm, and belongs to the young man, Warren Leland; he inherited it from his mother's father."

"Well, you are going to say something unpleasant, I think. What is it?"

"He has taken a strange notion into his head. He is having the house thoroughly remodeled and is going to live there."

"What! Warren Leland?"

"Yes; says he is going to turn farmer, but I fancy, after gaining a residence in Connecticut, he intends to run for Congress; indeed, I have heard several hints to that effect, and from those who ought to know, too."

Cora became very grave and thoughtful.

"This is very disagreeable news," she said at length. "I wish I had known it before."

"I would have told you, but for some months past, you know, you would not even let me mention Roxbury or Mrs. Cleve—Miss Lester."

Cora made an impatient gesture.

"Let me think," she said. Then half aloud:

"What can possess Warren Leland to bury himself in that out of the way place? Even if he is ambitious to go to Congress that seems a roundabout way to get there."

"I can't enlighten you on the subject," said Slyme. "I only know he hasn't acted like the same man since his bosom friend's misfortune and disappearance.

"His bosom friend? To whom do you refer?"

"Brownell, the civil engineer. He was his classmate in college, you know."

"Ah! the young man whose wife died so strangely some two or three months ago."

"Yes; and who, directly afterward, disposed of everything and disappeared—went off to Mexico, some say."

"And Warren Leland hasn't been himself since! I didn't suppose him capable of so much affection for his friend."

"Some say the affection was for his friend's wife," remarked the private secretary, dryly.

"I fear you are disposed to be cynical, Slyme."

"Oh, not at all—quite the contrary."

"At any rate, I hope you have never run across Warren Leland in Roxbury."

"I have taken good care not to do so, and shall use the same caution in future."

"That is well; but sooner or later he will form the acquaintance of your friend, Mr. Metcalf, if he has not already done so."

"I fear that is inevitable."

"And then is he not likely to learn something of you and your visits to the Metcalf farm?"

"What can he learn? Merely that I am Miss Lester's brother, that I am connected with a large commercial house in New York, that I am constantly on the road; and when I can snatch an hour or so from my multitudinous cares I run up to Roxbury to pay a visit to my most unfortunate sister."

"Very good, indeed, Slyme; but he will see her, and may become interested in her."

"Aye," exclaimed Slyme, with a perplexed look, "there's the rub."

"You had thought of that?"

"I have thought of little else of late."

"Well, we must endeavor to concert some plan to head him off—to turn him from his purpose—if he develops such a purpose."

"Unfortunately, I shall not be here to aid you in carrying out a plan, even if we can mature one."

"But there must be some way out of the difficulty. Do think, my good Slyme, and come to me here to-morrow."

"I will do my best, as ever, to serve you," and with a low bow he withdrew, softly closing the door behind him.

For some time Cora remained seated as he had left her, but her head was bent forward, her hands were tightly clasped in her lap, and her whole attitude denoted deep and earnest meditation.

Presently the heavy portiere was drawn aside, and Eugene Cleveland entered.

In an instant the cloud fled from her brow, and a radiant smile appeared upon her face.

He hastily crossed the room, knelt by the divan, raised her shapely head, and imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips.

"At last you have come!" she murmured, returning the kiss and clasping her beautiful arms about his neck.

Again the curtain in the doorway was drawn aside, and the eager eyes of the private secretary were fixed upon the pair, and there was malignant, mortal hatred in the glance.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHAPING DESTINY.

Oscar Slyme, the private secretary, had told Cora Elliston no more than the exact and dreadful truth.

Amy Brownell, the wife of the civil engineer, was dead, and her husband was a wanderer.

Warren Leland was indeed changed; but perhaps not wholly for the better.

The shock had been a sudden and terrible one for him, and he had not recovered from it.

He had not again visited the attractive home at Bedford Park, thinking, for the lady's sake, he would not do so until he was sure the master of the house had returned.

It was three weeks after Brownell's hurried and unfortunate departure; Leland had had another "night of it" with Charley Raymond and friends of that ilk, and awoke with a splitting headache and a remorseful heart, when his valet noiselessly entered the room with several notes and letters on a salver.

"Set it down here, and draw back the curtain," ordered the master.

The valet obeyed, placing the salver on a stand by the side of the bed.

One note instantly attracted Leland's attention.

The handwriting he well knew, and the envelope was bordered with black.

He snatched it up, and opened it with trembling hands. And this is what he read:

"My wife is dead. I am in no fit condition to see you now. I have disposed of everything and am going away—no matter where.

"You will hear from me later.

"HOBART BROWNELL."

"Great God!" exclaimed Leland, letting the note fall from his hands, and turning ghastly pale.

And it is but just to say that it was the knowledge of her death, and that alone, that affected him; he did not even think of the seeming threat in the note.

"Great God! Dead! Can it be possible?"

The valet turned, and regarded him with a look of astonishment.

"Get out!" he cried. "But say! bring me some brandy and a bottle of soda."

The valet disappeared.

Then, in spite of his aching head, he gave himself up to serious reflection.

"I wish I knew more about it," he muttered, at last.

And later in the day he set himself the task of finding out something.

His efforts were rewarded with some degree of success. He found the dead woman's mother, and was received graciously by her.

Her daughter, she said, had not been herself since his visit and her husband's departure that evening. She had drooped; she was dispirited; she was crying all the time.

The morning of her husband's return, he was with her alone for some time. Directly after that she was seized with congestion——

"Congestion!" repeated Leland, inquiringly.

"Yes, of the lungs—of the brain. Really I don't know! but she is dead! and Hobart is gone, and I, alas! am alone in the world!"

"But—excuse the question—not unprovided for, I hope?"

"Oh! no, no! Hobart was very kind and thoughtful. My future is secure."

Leland questioned her further, but could learn nothing more.

She was as ignorant as himself with regard to the widower's movements. He was gone, that was all she knew. Where he had gone, she had no idea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

AN ORGANIZATION THAT IS A POWER IN THE LAND.

What It Proposes to Do, and How It Proposes to Do It—An Interesting Account of Its Origin and Aims, and a Suggestive Statement of Its Numbers.

[Washington Cor. New York World.]

What is the "Farmer's Alliance?" This question has been asked of late by nearly every Representative in Congress who hails from an agricultural district, and to the majority of them a comprehensive and more or less satisfactory reply has come. The general public, however, has been but meagerly enlightened by the stray paragraphs that have from time to time appeared in the newspapers of the country reciting the threats of the Alliance against some statesmen who could not be induced to look at a particular public question through the eyes of the farmers of his constituency.

In a tumble-down three-story building on Ninth street, in this city, is located the office of J. H. Turner, the National Secretary of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union. Mr. Turner is a native of Georgia, the State in which the Alliance has a stronger representation in political and industrial circles than in any other in the United States. In this unpretentious building may also be found the office of the Executive Board of the Alliance and of the Legislative Committee. C. W. Macune is Chairman both of the Board and of the Committee. Macune is a typical Texan, tall and strongly built, with a sharp black eye and a heavy shock of dark hair that tumbles over his broad, low forehead. He is a ready talker, and when he discusses the aims and purposes of the organization for which he is engaged in laboring betore Congress he grows enthusiastic. In addition to his other duties, Mr. Macune edits the *National Economist*, the official organ of the Alliance. In answer to a query of the *World's* correspondent as to the objects and aims of the order, Mr. Macune launched forth upon his subject in a style curiously combining the practical with the sentimental. Said he:

"The objects of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, as expressed in its declaration of purposes, are: First, to labor for the Government in a strictly non-partisan spirit and to bring about a more perfect union of those classes; second, to demand equal rights for all and special privileges for none; third, to indorse the motto, 'In Things Essential, Unity, Charity;' fourth, to develop a better state, mentally, morally, socially and financially; fifth, to constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good-will to all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves; sixth, to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry and all selfish ambition; seventh, to visit the homes where lacerated hearts are bleeding, to assuage the sufferings of a brother or sister, to bury the dead, care for the widow, educate the orphans, exercise charity towards offenders, construe words and deeds in their most favorable light, grant honesty of purpose and good intentions to others, and to protect the principles of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union until death. Its laws are reason and equity, its cardinal doctrines inspire purity of thought and life, its intention is 'on earth, peace and good will to man.'

"These are the expressed purposes of the order. They have been in the declaration of purposes from the beginning. I firmly believe it to be an evolution in modern material progress, and that the highest duty its officers can perform is to simply read the indications of the times sufficiently well to do such things as seem imperatively demanded by the people under the surrounding circumstances."

"What is the strength of the Farmers' Alliance in the different States?"

IT NUMBERS MILLIONS.

"I cannot give you the exact strength of membership in each of the States. In reality there are in existence two National Farmers' Alliances. H. L. Loucks, of Dakota, is President of one and L. L. Polk, of North Carolina, is President of the other. There is no plain line of division or demarkation between them, and I cannot therefore give the exact territory of each nor the exact numerical strength of each, but together they embrace a membership of something in excess of two and a half millions, according to the best estimates I have been able to get. They have organizations in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Colorado, New Mexico, Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California, Washington, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware. The largest membership in any one State is, perhaps, in the State of Texas. West Virginia has no State Alliance yet, but will soon be ready to organize one.

"I have never seen any positive statement as to the exact time the Alliance movement was first started or by whom it was inaugurated. The best I have been able to learn in that regard is that it was instituted about the same time both in Texas and in the State of New York, somewhere about the year 1873. But from all accounts the movement did not make much stir until the year 1880, when it was organized in Texas on the present basis and chartered by the Legislature. A man by the name of Baggett, in Parker County, that State, organized the first Alliance in 1880, and it was chartered in October of that year."

"What means have been adopted by the Farmers' Alliance to influence legislation in behalf of the objects of the order?"

"The order has no method of influencing legislation. The last national meeting, held in St. Louis, in December, 1889, provided for a legislative committee, the Chairman of which is located at the National Capitol, and it was made his duty to formulate and present the demands of the order to Congress. It has also been made his duty to receive petitions from the membership at large and present them to the members of Congress. The order depends upon the justness of its demands, and the influence of its great numbers, to secure by perfectly open, fair and legitimate means the end it seeks to achieve. We have many newspapers entirely devoted to this cause. The *National Economist*, which is the national organ, is located in Washington, D. C., and we have State organs as follows: *Rural Messenger*, Petersburg, Va.; *Progressive Farmer*, Raleigh, N. C.; *Cotton Plant*, Greenville, S. C.; *Southern Alliance Farmer*, Atlanta, Ga.; *Alliance Farmer*, Montgomery, Ala.; *New Farmer*, Winona, Miss.; *Southern Mercury*, Dallas, Texas; *Economist*, Searcy, Ark.; *Toiler*, Nashville, Tenn.; *Labor Journal*, Fulton, Ky.; *Ruralist*, Huron, S. Dak.; *Great West*, Minneapolis, Minn.; *Progressive Farmer*, Mount Vernon, Ill.; *Alliance Sentinel*, Lansing, Mich. There is also a large number of other papers not acting as State organs but as county and district organs, numbering several hundred, all devoted to this cause.

Robbed of all sentiment, the Farmers' Alliance is a gigantic organization, brought together for the purpose of effecting, by force of numbers and the strength of combination, such objects as seem to the farmers of certain sections of the country to be best worth attaining. "In union there is strength," might well be the motto of the Alliance.

For several months past the Farmers' Alliance has devoted itself almost exclusively to urging upon Congress the necessity of passing a comprehensive measure of relief to the agriculturist. Agitation of the subject in different sections of the country finally crystallized, and a bill known as the "sub-treasury bill" was formulated by the Executive Committee of the Alliance and indorsed by every branch of the order. The bill is one of the most radical measures ever brought before Congress. It was introduced by Representative Pickler, of South Dakota.

OTHER FAVORED BILLS.

The Farmers' Alliance has [illegible] the sub-treasury bill as the basis of [illegible] form, and by it proposes to stand or fall. But it has other convictions. Those convictions, however, appear to be regulated by the enactment of the Legislative Committee. Under date of March 15, 1890, the organs of the Alliance published the following notice:

The order is hereby notified that the National Legislative Committee has given its indorsement to the following bills:

H. R. 7. 162. To establish a system of sub-treasuries, and for other purposes (or S. 2806, to the same effect).

H. R. 838. To repeal the restriction upon the coinage of the silver dollar.

S. 3213. To make the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries an officer of the Department of Agriculture, and for other purposes.

S. 2716. To provide for the completion of the improvement of the entrance to Galveston harbor, Texas.

S. 1 (substitute). To protect [illegible] and commerce against unlawful [illegible] and monoplies.

H. R. 8051. Permitting farmers and producers of tobacco to sell leaf tobacco in any quantity to unlicensed dealers, or to any person, without restriction, and repealing all laws inconsistent herewith.

H. R. 7641. To provide for the establishment of a postal telegraph system.

These bills are presented with the request that all who concur with the committee in favoring their passage so notify their members of Congress, both by letter and petition.

The National Legislative Committee further present the following bills as having received their disapproval, and, believing their passage is not to the best interest of the nation, present to the public and order at large, requesting that all such as agree with the Committee in opposing the passage of these bills will so notify their members of Congress, both by letter and petition.

H. R. 8242. To regulate elections of Representatives in Congress.

H. R. 4668. To promote the efficiency of the militia. (A most dangerous bill and should be defeated.)

There have been over 10,000 bills introduced, and as fast as they are examined those which are directly [illegible] interest of agriculture will be [illegible] and those opposed to these interests receive attention. These will be added from time to time.

THEY FEAR THE ALLIANCE.

Though there would appear to be very little prospect of the passage of the sub-treasury bill, but few Representatives in Congress have had the temerity to attack its provisions. Col. Oates, of Alabama, is one of these. He has a strong personal following and could be returned to the House, it is said, no matter what his expressed sentiments might be. But it is believed by those whose judgment may be trusted in the premises that at least four of his colleagues from Alabama will be retired at the close of the present Congress in favor of Farmers' Alliance candidates.

Here You Have It Again.

On July 1st there were sent out from the United States Treasury 32,786 checks for interest upon the 4 per cent. bonds and the Pacific Railroad bonds. These checks enabled 32,786 persons to buy the labor of their neighbors, or the products of labor, so they themselves were relieved from the necessity of producing or earning their own bread "in the sweat of their brows;" neither did the purchase money with which they had obtained these bonds, sweat or work to produce the drafts upon the United States Treasury.

These checks were all sent out under a vicious, a wicked, a cruel law, designed to compel the people who have no money for the purchase of bonds to raise bread and raiment for those who happen to have the money. In other words, the United States bond laws undertake to set aside the decree of the Almighty, which makes it incumbent on every able-bodied person to earn the bread to feed himself.

Infernal class laws! Accursed injustice! Creating kid-gloved aristocrats on one hand, horny-handed and stoop-shouldered, ragged, ignorant, stupid, brutal slaves on the other hand.

We will repeal those laws; we will break the bond chain; we will free our children from the curse of the United States Republican (?) Congress! We will do it, or we'll die in the attempt! Voters, how will you vote?—*Iowa Tribune.*

Wily John Sherman.

When you catch a weazle asleep, you may expect to find the wily John Sherman napping. If there is ever any emergency in Wall street, any danger to money monopolies, John's eyes dilate until he takes in the whole situation, and his long finger points the way out. His skill in defeating popular demands and bringing the money barons out whole, has become proverbial. Allison is good, but in a great emergency John Sherman is the standby. Who but John Sherman could have defeated the popular demand for free coinage with a majority of both Houses in favor of it, and at the same time choked down the throats of the mortgaged people a bill absolutely demonetizing silver and compelling the payment of bonds in gold. Wall street will yet insist that John Sherman go to the top round of the ladder.—*Gen. Weaver.*

Shoulder to Shoulder.

The farmers are now organizing as never before. They see the necessity of standing together, shoulder to shoulder, in self defense. They have tried both old political parties, and both have failed to give relief, and now the impending crisis comes. It is good statesmanship to guide and direct the movement in the way that the greatest number may be promoted thereby.—*A. J. Streeter.*

Where the Money Goes.

The Director of the Mint estimates the number of those Americans who went abroad last year at 204,839, and the amount of gold or its equivalent in letters of credit that they took with them at $92,000,000, or an average of nearly $450 each.

NO RELIABLE data upon mortgages need be looked for from the census report. The whole matter seems to have been dished up to defeat the object. A man is not asked for how much his farm is mortgaged, but simply is it mortgaged.