



#### CHAPTER XXII.

The next morning she sent a note to Lawrence. He was punctual to the hour mentioned, and was shown at once, evidently by order, into a little morning room, rather away from the other inhabited portions of the house. There Anne came to him after a few moments' delay; and he found himself at last in the position which he had long coveted, of being able to say to her exactly what he chose.

He told her the story, from his point of view, of his engagement to Clare. He had yielded to Mrs. Seymour's expressed desire when there was a mere child of sixteen. She was nineteen now and had been engaged to him three years, certainly; but she was young enough to forget him with ease. He did not think she cared for him any more than he cared for her. Of course, her mother and family would be affronted by the slight that he wished to put upon her; but was he to ruin his whole life—and Anne's—because he did not want to affront Mrs. Seymour?

"You forget Clare," said Anne. "We are older than Clare. We have less of our lives before us. The ruin of our hopes is a far more serious thing than the downfall of hers."

"I cannot look upon it from that point of view," she said, gently.

Then he touched upon the circumstances under which he had made her acquaintance. He told her how, in giving his cousin's Christian name instead of his own, he had only meant to elude the gossip about his private affairs which he was vexed to find had followed him even to the Mediterranean. He had almost forgotten that he was known as Damer and not Denzil Lawrence, he said, until Anne's own questions, prompted by Mrs. Burton, had tempted him to deceive her. Because by that time he had fallen in love, desperately in love, with Anne Carteret; and although he had made an attempt to keep his word to Clare, by flying from Alexandria to Cairo, he could not bear to sever the tie between them by telling her once for all that he was engaged to his cousin, and had no right to win her love. He had once been near telling her, but had been interrupted. And then he found, he said, that Anne was more to him than his life, more than his honor and his pledged word; and he had come back to her again. When he left her, at her own request, to seek out his aunt and cousin at Venice, he had made up his mind to tell the real state of affairs to Mrs. Seymour, and to regulate his engagement to Clare altogether. His missing them at Venice, and their arrival at Alexandria, with the fortnight's start which they had of him there while he was ill at Venice, had ruined his plans.

"What you meant, then," said Anne, very gently, "was to come back to me—and—"

"And marry you," he said, gloomily. "And I wish to heaven I had never gone! I wish I had married you first." "Marry me," she repeated, with a slight dreamy hesitation, as if she had not heard the concluding sentences—"marry me, without saying a word about Clare? Was it so?"

"I know I have been wrong, Anne," he said. "You have good reason to despise me; but, oh, my darling, my last hope is in you! For God's sake, Anne, don't give me up. Don't leave me to myself. I think sometimes I shall go out of my senses if I lose all hope of you. Help me, Anne! You don't know how I have suffered. I can bear much for your sake, but not this—not this!" And then he bent his head, and kisses and hot tears fell upon her hands together. When he lifted his face she saw that the veins upon his forehead were swollen, his features distorted by the violence of his emotion, his eyes bloodshot and dim. "If you ever loved me, Anne," he pleaded, "do not forsake me now!"

"She uttered a faint cry of pain and grief. 'My love! my love!' she said, 'heaven only knows how I have loved you!'"

"How can I believe in heaven," he murmured, "if you forsake me, Anne?"

The words will haunt Anne Carteret to her dying day. She wrenched her hands away from him, and lifted them to her head with a gesture of passionate despair, then rose impulsively and stood at some little distance.

"How can I do anything but leave you? How can I turn traitor for your sake?" she said. "Clare trusts me. Heaven will help me not to be unfaithful to that trust!"

"You sacrifice me to Clare?" he questioned, bitterly.

"Forgive me, Damer," she said, pitifully. "Don't leave me in anger. You will tell me some day that I was right."

He did not seem to see or hear. With a look of blind rage and pain upon his face, he turned away from her. In another moment the door had closed upon him, and she was left to wrestle with her agony alone.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

"So Mr. Lawrence has gone?" said Eastlake, two or three days later, to Michelle.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I wonder why Mrs. Seymour did not go, too?"

"Don't you know? She is very ill. They say she ought not to be moved for ever so long. And Anne, who looks like a ghost herself, has gone to nurse her."

"She is a saint," said Eastlake devoutly.

The color rose to Michelle's cheek. Eastlake's words recalled to her mind, what indeed was never long absent, the information which Lawrence had given her concerning Eastlake himself and Anne. The remembrance gave some coldness to the tone of her answer. "Anne likes nursing," she said, and turned her face to the sea.

Eastlake did not see how the muscles of her face were working, and how painfully her fingers were clasped together, or he would not have answered as he did. He looked out to the purple sea, no longer gilded by the rays of the setting sun, smiled, and said half playfully, half reproachfully:

"I have often told you, little Mische-

laine, that there are many things that you might learn from her."

"Of course, I know—" and there Michelle halted in her short, sharp speech. She felt suddenly ashamed. What business had she to know more of Paul's affairs than he told her? Ay, but there was the rub. Ought he not to have told her when he asked her to be his wife? And then he realized that this question must be set at rest once and for all, and he applied himself to the business like a wise man. "You have been hearing some gossip about me, Michelle, have you not?"

"I don't know whether it is gossip or not," Michelle faltered.

"You mean you do not know whether it is true or not? Well, dear child, listen to me for a moment. I simply did not tell you what I thought might give you some unnecessary pain. You know—I implied it to you—that I had loved some one else before I asked you to be my wife. That 'some one,' dear, was Anne Carteret. It was soon over. I am sorry you should have heard anything of it, for I did not think the matter would ever get wind; but since it has done so, it is better that you should know the truth. Is there anything more you wish to ask me?"

"No," said Michelle. She was hot and angry still. A word of real tenderness would have brought her to his feet in tears. But in spite of all his kindness, in spite of the caressing epithets which he applied to her, she felt conscious that the element of tenderness was the one thing wanting from his speech. Was it possible that he was contradicting her with Anne? Her heart throbbed and swelled at the very thought.

"And one thing I must say," Eastlake continued very gravely. "It would have been better, Michelle, to ask me frankly about it, rather than try to attain your end by innuendoes and a display of ill humor. My dear, I am very sorry to say this; but you are still so young—so much of a child to me in years—that I may surely venture to scold you a little now and then."

He often kissed her when he said good-night; often, not always. He did not do so this evening. He felt, oddly enough, as if he should be taking a liberty. A liberty? He had taken liberties with Michelle all her life. But then, this silent, shy, beautiful maiden, with the sweet, sad eyes, was not his little pet and playmate any more.

He had been alternately blaming and excusing her because she was such a child; and, lo, it was borne upon him all at once that she was a child no longer, but a woman grown. What view was he to take of her conduct and character now?

It must be confessed that Eastlake did not think much of her conduct and character. He knew all about them. He was considering how very sweet Michelle's eyes were, and what she meant by that beautiful rosy blush. These were subjects of reflection which had the advantage of being new.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

The evening passed quietly in Ramleh. It was not till Sunday morning that the Dumaresqs became aware of the tumultuous state of the city on Saturday night.

Michelle and her mother were just preparing to go by train to Alexandria for the morning service when a note was brought to Mr. Dumaresq by one of the clerks, who seemed to be bubbling over with news. After a little talk with him, he came out to his wife and daughter with rather a grave face.

"You had better not go this morning," he said. "We are behindhand with the news, it seems. Arabi resigned yesterday on account of the interference of the European consuls. His favorite regiment is in Alexandria; and the officers of the garrison here telegraphed to the Khedive last night that if Arabi were not restored by noon to-day they would fire on the English ships in the harbor." (This report turned out to be an exaggeration of the true state of the case; the officers had telegraphed that they would not be responsible for the maintenance of public order.)

"Oh, dear, how frightened the Seymours and Anne must have been!" ejaculated Mrs. Dumaresq.

"And things are worse at Cairo. The Khedive had a meeting of the Ministers and chief personages yesterday; and was insulted in his own palace by Toubek Fasha and others. They said they rejected the Joint Note and all the Anglo-French interference, and would await the decision of the Porte. Then they withdrew, and one of the colonels broke a window with the point of his sword as he went, as an insult to the Khedive."

"I must go into town," said Mr. Dumaresq. "There is a meeting of English residents at the Consulate, fixed for eleven o'clock. I shall only just have time to catch the train."

They sent a message to Anne, asking whether she would like to come out to them at Ramleh, but received the reply that she preferred staying with Mrs. Seymour. She was not alarmed, and she thought Clare felt less timid when she was with her. The Dumaresqs sat down to dinner next day with gloomy faces. The outlook was a dark one for the people whose interests in the country were as large as theirs. Rolleston and Harold burst out with some rash denunciation of a government which did not sufficiently protect its subjects, but were hushed by Mr. Dumaresq.

"I think we had better not talk so before the servants," he said, when Hussein and Mohammed were out of the room.

"They listen eagerly to anything of the kind that we may say. All the same, if negotiations fail, I shall feel inclined to leave the country altogether. Egypt will not be safe for Englishmen. They grab us at us and our ships." And then he relapsed into silence as the men came back.

It was hard to think that these gentlemanly, soft-spoken, brown-faced men could by any possibility be transformed into monsters such as murdered and burned and pillaged in India during the Mutiny; and yet upon that evening—the 28th of May, 1882—the thought of these terrible massacres passed through the minds of many people resident in Alexandria.

At the Dumaresq's the gentlemen of the party were evidently more depressed and disheartened than the ladies. Mrs. Dumaresq was curious and excited; Michelle brighter than she had been for some days; but Mr. Dumaresq and Eastlake were silent and concerned. Rolleston was in a thoroughly bad temper and an aggrieved state of mind; Harold was restless and uneasy. They talked in fits and starts, trying to keep away from the subject upon which they were all now and then reverting to some freshly remembered detail of the news.

About half-past eight Mr. Leighton called. "It is intolerable," said Mr. Dumaresq, re-entering the dining room, which the ladies had occupied alone for some few minutes while all the men, with some hasty excuse, had gathered on the stone steps in the moonlight outside for a parley with the news-bearer. "The Khedive has yielded. Arabi is reinstated."

A cry of impatience from the ladies; a groan of disgust from the Englishmen.

"There was strong pressure brought to bear. The people assembled in front of the palace, and implored the Khedive to reinstate Arabi. If not, they said that their lives would be sacrificed. The emissaries of Arabi have been busy in all the bazars, telling the people they should be massacred if he were not placed in power. The Ulemas headed the people in demanding the reinstatement. It is given out to be only a temporary measure—until the arrival of a messenger from the Porte."

"There must be Turkish intervention, then?"

"Much good it will do," grumbled Rolleston.

"And Arabi has sent a telegram to the garrison here to keep quiet and respect European lives and property, but to be ready to fire on the fleet if necessary."

"Like his impudence!" said Harold.

"Leighton says you ought all to be prepared to go at an hour's notice," said Mr. Dumaresq, looking at his wife.

"I hope we shall not have to do that," she answered.

"I hope not. We must get you off soon, however," said her husband, smiling.

"The ships will be overboarded. There is a regular stampede from Cairo. Everyone who can get away is coming up to-night."

"Yes, they've turned away hundreds at the railway station already," said Rolleston. "The train wouldn't hold them."

Mrs. Dumaresq went into the drawing room. A little later her husband came in, and began to talk to her in a low voice. He thought it would be unwise for her to delay her departure longer than was necessary. There was a vessel starting for Venice on Wednesday or Thursday. It would be better to take passage in this one rather than wait until even the following week, if matters remained unsettled.

Matters did remain unsettled, and the passages were taken on board the steamer that was to start for Venice on Thursday, the first of June.

(To be continued.)

#### NO USE FOR A DEAD TOWN.

Not the Place It Once Was According to a Former Resident.

He walked into the car at Punkinville, and after carefully placing his black valise sat down at the window with a sigh.

The spruce old gent in the next seat looked up and said pleasantly: "Nice looking town you have here."

"Used to be purty fair town, stranger, but she's no good now."

"Why, what is the matter? I see many new buildings, the streets are clean and well kept and everything looks bright and prosperous."

"Well, pardner, to tell ye the truth, the life is all dun gone clean outen the place. Hit's jest the same as a water-million with all the juice squeez outen it."

"Indeed?"

"Jest that away, pardner, though fifteen year ago Punkinville were one of the most stirrinst places in Georgy. But bad luck struck her when Pomp Allen, who had a bar over thar by the square, got into a row with Tobe Hardin 'at owned the prize race hoss of the country. Pomp plugged Tobe with a Winchester, an' got swung for it, an' from that very day Punkinville started down hill."

"I wonder?"

"Yep; Pomp's bar wuz closed up an' the race track wuz sold to a cranky ole feller what had hit plowed up an' put on cotton. Then, to make bad matters wuss, the revenue officers got so bad all the peddlers quit comin' about our town, an' bizness fell off to nuthin'. Everybody jest seemed to lose spirit, somehow, an' you couldn't fit up a crowd fer a rooster fight nor a foot race, an' the only pool room in town had to close up fer want of patronage. Then they commenced a-changin' things around, puttin' up street lights, pavin' the sidewalks, an' buildin' new churches, an' one of these ere new-fangled colleges an' a whole lot of foolishness like that. Then me an' the other old citizens who had worked fer the place in its infancy begin to see Punkinville wuz no place fer us any more. I sorter thought a while that mebby the depression would let up an' the good times come back, but this thing hex bin a-goin' on five year now, an' when I seed um pull down Pomp's old place an' commence to build a dry goods store a month ago, I knowed the thing wuz gone up. You may walk all over the place now and you can't find a house nuthin' left standin' to remind you of the old times, an', pardner, I jest could not stan' hit no longer. I had to move out fer some place whar the dull times ain't struck um whar the full times don't feel so blamed lonesome, and he looked sorrowfully back at the tall spires and white houses of Punkinville fading in the distance.—Atlanta Constitution.

#### To Keep the Antiquities.

The authorities in Cairo have decided to begin the building of a new fireproof museum for Egyptian antiquities at once, and have ordered the architect to leave France for Egypt immediately.

If we are unsympathetic and selfish, we exclude ourselves from many of the greatest and purest joys of life.

#### WAIL OF THE DAMNED.

##### POLITICAL "STIFFS" AT THE REFORM CLUB PERFORMANCE.

Grover Cleveland Opens His Campaign for 1900—Assumes to Be the Democratic Moses—Falls to See that the People Are Done with Him.

Represents the Money Trust. At the dinner of the Reform Club in New York Grover Cleveland posed as a sage, philosopher, lecturer and—Democrat. The self-sufficiency of the ex-President is one of the unaccountable things in the politics of these times. He does not seem to be able to catch the drift of things. The mutual mugwump admiration society to which he belongs has placed a narrow limit on his vision and understanding. His remarks at the banquet were in the line of the dream he has for a good while entertained of being the candidate of the gold party for President in 1900.

The measure of Mr. Cleveland and the handful of his worshippers has been taken. The people will always be curious to know what an ex-President of the United States has to say, but what Grover Cleveland utters will no longer be influential. He is not a factor in politics, except as an example of ingratitude and treachery to be avoided.

His entrapment of the Venezuelans and his abject position toward Great Britain in that and other matters will make our patriotic descendants angry when they read his biography. The collusion with the speculators of the world in the management of the country's finance and the scandalous sale of United States bonds at a figure far below the market price are circumstances that ought to make Grover Cleveland hesitate to confront an American audience, even if it is largely composed of the beneficiaries of a policy that was death to the masses of the people.

Mr. Cleveland's mental grasp of the situation is not comprehensive. He will never again be the nominee of any party for anything. The people are done with him. All he can do is to prevent the repentance and regeneration of those Democrats who made the mistake of attaching themselves to his schemes and fortunes and who have gone so far in association with his iniquity that they cannot retrace their steps. Mr. Cleveland will have these and the sycophants who have no principles. The Republicans have accepted his treacherous aid, but they despise him heartily. Some men may have been deceived. Some may have attached themselves to the Cleveland party through a mistaken idea of personal fidelity. Some are truly sorry that they joined the bolters. The lamp holds out to burn for them. But those who still choose to make their beds with the man who, after being elevated to the highest rank by the Democratic party, has maligned it and deserted it have no right to complain if they are excommunicated. They are the victims of the inordinate selfishness of Mr. Cleveland, who would not release them from their bondage in time for them to get into good company in either party.

The "reform" performance in New York was the wail of the politically damned.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why Banks Fail. Aside from minor sources of revenue, a bank makes its profits by loaning money. When a bank, say, of \$200,000 capital, engages in business and secures deposits of, we will say, \$300,000, it proceeds on the theory that it can loan out its capital and deposits except about 25 per cent. Of its \$200,000 capital it loans all but \$50,000; and of its \$300,000 deposits it loans all but \$75,000. The theory is that with an established line of deposits of about \$300,000, the current deposits will equal the current depletion of deposits by those checking their money out.

Hence the officials go on doing business by loaning their own money and the money of others; approaching the 25 per cent. reserve with caution. A time sometimes comes, however, when a scare comes, and all the depositors want their money at once. In such a case the bank is forced to close its doors or succeed in borrowing money on the securities it holds. This may happen to a solvent bank and resumption follow, with no other damage than the bad reputation of having once suspended, though even for a day.

The more serious failure comes in this way: A banker becomes avaricious and wants to make as nearly as possible all of the money under his control do service—draw interest; and in this case he trespasses on the legitimate or proper reserve. We will say, also, as is the case now, that he is deceived as to a national financial policy, and where he is looking for prosperity to come to the business men whose paper he holds, instead, they are unable to repay their loans at maturity. He renews their paper and things thus drag along till most of his collateral is of this class—renewals. He must either sue at the risk of lessening his line of depositors or let matters drag along awaiting developments.

If prices continue to fall and the spectacle of seeing the press bribed, the religious journals degraded, the pulpit prostituted and the American flag debauched, all in the name of an honest dollar. That grand old American flag, that has commanded the respect of nations and has been looked to by the oppressed of all lands, was dragged in the mud and reduced to a mere advertising sheet. Every form of deception, every form of coercion, moral, financial and otherwise, was practiced, all for the sake of turning the government over to a class of men who wanted to use it for their private ends at the expense of the people and who wanted to perpetuate a financial policy that is ruining our country; who wanted to perpetuate a theory of government that

exalts the dollar and destroys the man. It was the most gigantic confidence game ever practiced upon the American people.

Slaves Seeking for Masters. Conditions everywhere appear to be much the same. Periods of so-called prosperity such as Japan and Mexico are now enjoying are only the occasional bright spots between the black cloud of oppression, ignorance and superstition which enshrouds the world. A dispatch from Madrid, Spain, a few days ago, said: "Widespread distress continues among the thousands of unemployed men and women in the South of Spain. A large gathering of idle workmen, with their wives and children, assembled at Lucena, clamored for bread."

All over the world there is the same crying demand of deluded humanity. Idle men and women hunting for a master—an employer who will give them board and clothes for their labor. Forty years ago masters hunted runaway slaves with bloodhounds and United States Marshals. To-day he can buy the idle millions for less money than it cost then to feed the poor wretches.

When labor unites in demanding a right to a place on earth and a right to earn a living thereon, we will have free men and women, but while every law is in the interests of speculating landlords there will be a world of slaves, and a widening gulf, between the homeless millions and the pampered few.—Chicago Express.

Postal Savings Banks. For over twenty years each successive Postmaster General has recommended the adoption of postal savings banks by the Government, but, as one has stated in his recommendation, as his opinion, that the accumulations would be so great that the Government could make no legitimate use of it without infringing upon or coming into competition with the business of her citizens, the recommendations have been of no value.

I am of the opinion that a system of postal savings banks could be adopted and all the funds accumulated safely loaned to citizens for the purpose of buying, building or paying for a home on the monthly installment plan.

The rate of interest could be made very low, as there would be millions of dollars deposited in sums of less than \$5, which would draw no interest, and the balance would probably not draw over 3 per cent., provided it was subject to no taxes.—Dr. Reeder, in the New Race.

Road Building by Convicts. Convict labor in road building is being put to the test in Florida and in North Carolina. It is claimed that in the latter case the cost per day per head favors the employment of convicts on the public roads. In the Florida instance, it is suggested, and not without apparently sound reasons, that short-term convicts engaged in road work have a better chance of personal reform than they would have if penned up with hardened criminals in a prison. This in itself is an aspect of the convict question that deserves more consideration than it has yet had. If the punishment of crime is a stern and unavoidable necessity for the protection of society, the reform of the criminal is equally essential. One thing is sure, that in many ways the employment of convict labor on work that does not compete with free labor and at work so much needed for public convenience and betterment deserves the closest attention of all interested, not only in the prevention of crime, but the public good.

George IV.'s Queer Cloak. The timepiece ordered of Boucher by the Dus d'Anmale's grandfather, Egalite, for George, Prince of Wales, afterward fourth king of England of his name, was recently sold in Paris along with other curios of the late M. Leopold Double. Bauchamont, in his memoirs, devotes a paragraph to this timepiece.

"Every one," he says, "goes to see an odd clock at Furet's, of the Palais Royal. It is a negro's head, modeled admirably; jewels are incrustated in the bronze round the neck to form a necklace, in the woolly hair, and in the bust as a clasp for the handkerchief. A pair of openwork gold earrings, long and delicately carved, hang from the ears. On pulling one of them the hour is shown on the right eye and the minute on the left. If the other earring is drawn, a set of musical bells, lodged where the brains should be, chimes out the time of day."

Tunneling Snow Drifts. In some Northwestern localities, where the snow fell unusually deep, it is reported that tunnels under drifts and into stables and other outbuildings were quite common. The Late George N. D., Chronicle says that even the bronchos took up tunneling of their own hook, and pawed out great paths in the drifts along neighboring creeks, eating the grass on the bottom. They let the snow on the sides and top stand to protect them from the wind. North Dakotans fall back very gracefully on the fact that winters of very heavy snowfall, in that State especially, are few and far between.

A Strange Bet. The fools are not all dead yet. Thos. Leadbeater, a pugilist of local fame, whose home is in Owosso, Mich., has been sent to the penitentiary for a year for the malicious destruction of property. He made a wager with a friend last fall, the terms of which were that if McKinley were elected Leadbeater and in the event of Bryan's winning the friend was to do the work of destruction. The bet was paid a few weeks ago by Leadbeater, who smashed the windows of Bartell's place of business and destroyed a \$100 mirror.

Under continually falling values and stagnation of business—the inevitable result of demonetization and the diverting of money from its legitimate function, the circulating blood of civilization—bank failures will continue. The bankers, as a class, are responsible for our present condition. In their blind frenzy to do that which was seemingly to their self-interest, they have brought on a condition in which they are numbered among the victims.

There are two classes of bankers. One class is composed of those who loan money only on Government securities—municipal, county, school, State and National bonds. In this case the taxpayers are all indorsers on the bonds, and such securities are good so long as the taxing power continues. Panics may come and go, but they do not affect the banks that deal in these securities.

Rothschildds & Co., who have banking houses and agencies in about all the nations, principally compose this class. They are not to be broken except by a revolution or revolution that substantially overturns the present governments of the earth.

The other class of bankers loan principally on the class of securities first described. There is what might be termed an intermediate class, that loan largely with stocks as collateral security, such stocks as have a market value and which, in case of a panic, may be thrown on the market and sold for cash before they decline below the amount of the loan. But aside from this class of securities, the banks in the second class referred to, may be easily made the victims of conditions produced by falling prices.

The class to which the Rothschilds belong is responsible for the gold standard; and the members of the other class have fallen into the error of believing that that which comes from the lips of money magnates, greater in wealth than they are, is wisdom. The fact is that while the first class is making the world pay tribute to it, most of those in the second class will be destroyed along with the other business men and producers.

Any one familiar with the banking business, and free from prejudice, will admit the truth of what is here said.—Patriots' Bulletin.

Bob Brier and the Bank. Bob was a business man, before the Cleveland panic came. He owned two farms. He sold one for \$6,000. Not having a safe place to keep his money he took it to a bank for deposit. When he appeared at the "receiving window" he presented his money and it was taken. He was given a slip of paper, which was to certify that Bob Brier had deposited \$6,000 with the National bank. Any security? No. Any proof he could ever get the amount? No.

Does the bank use this money? Yes, they loan it to the people who pay interest to the banker for the use of it. Does Bob get interest on his money? No. What does he get? Nothing.

When the McKinley prosperity came this bank was a victim and it "failed." Failed to—what? To fool the people any longer. The president is serving a sentence in the penitentiary for fraudulent banking and the cashier committed suicide.

Where is Bob? He has been working on his farm and trying to make an honest living. His crops have failed and he needs money. He goes to another National bank to borrow some. He asks for money. Although they know his reputation for honesty for twenty years, they ask him for security and nothing but a first mortgage on his land will be acceptable. They get it. He gets money. Where does this money come from that is loaned to him? Some is placed in the banks by depositors; on this the depositors receive nothing for the use of the money by the bank. The balance is borrowed from the government. What do they pay the government? One per cent. While the notes (bonds) issued by the government and which are bought by the bank and deposited with the government draw a rate from 6 1/2 to 5 per cent. This rate is paid to the banks by the government. Then, in other words, the government pays interest to the banker on the notes it furnishes, and the banker loans this same money to other parties who pay interest on it. In other words, the bank gets interest twice on the same money at the same time.—Nonconformist.

Goldbugs Debauched the Flag. We seem to have hit upon an era of corruption, hypocrisy and false pretense, says ex-Governor Altgeld. In the early history of the Republican party it stood for principle. There was no false pretense about Lincoln and his supporters, but to-day it stands for everything that is destructive of manhood and destructive of republican institutions. Nothing is sacred in its eyes. It stands for personal advantage and for public plunder. All of its policies and all of its actions are shaped solely with reference to enabling a few to eat the substance of the many.

Last fall this nation witnessed the spectacle of seeing the press bribed, the religious journals degraded, the pulpit prostituted and the American flag debauched, all in the name of an honest dollar. That grand old American flag, that has commanded the respect of nations and has been looked to by the oppressed of all lands, was dragged in the mud and reduced to a mere advertising sheet. Every form of deception, every form of coercion, moral, financial and otherwise, was practiced, all for the sake of turning the government over to a class of men who wanted to use it for their private ends at the expense of the people and who wanted to perpetuate a financial policy that is ruining our country; who wanted to perpetuate a theory of government that

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When labor unites in demanding a right to a place on earth and a right to earn a living thereon, we will have free men and women, but while every law is in the interests of speculating landlords there will be a world of slaves, and a widening gulf, between the homeless millions and the pampered few.—Chicago Express.

Postal Savings Banks. For over twenty years each successive Postmaster General has recommended the adoption of postal savings banks by the Government, but, as one has stated in his recommendation, as his opinion, that the accumulations would be so great that the Government could make no legitimate use of it without infringing upon or coming into competition with the business of her citizens, the recommendations have been of no value.

I am of the opinion that a system of postal savings banks could be adopted and all the funds accumulated safely loaned to citizens for the purpose of buying, building or paying for a home on the monthly installment plan.

The rate of interest could be made very low, as there would be millions of dollars deposited in sums of less than \$5, which would draw no interest, and the balance would probably not draw over 3 per cent., provided it was subject to no taxes.—Dr. Reeder, in the New Race.

Road Building by Convicts. Convict labor in road building is being put to the test in Florida and in North Carolina. It is claimed that in the latter case the cost per day per head favors the employment of convicts on the public roads. In the Florida instance, it is suggested, and not without apparently sound reasons, that short-term convicts engaged in road work have a better chance of personal reform than they would have if penned up with hardened criminals in a prison. This in itself is an aspect of the convict question that deserves more consideration than it has yet had. If the punishment of crime is a stern and unavoidable necessity for the protection of society, the reform of the criminal is equally essential. One thing is sure, that in many ways the employment of convict labor on work that does not compete with free labor and at work so much needed for public convenience and betterment deserves the closest attention of all interested, not only in the prevention of crime, but the public good.

George IV.'s Queer Cloak. The timepiece ordered of Boucher by the Dus d'Anmale's grandfather, Egalite, for George, Prince of Wales, afterward fourth king of England of his name, was recently sold in Paris along with other curios of the late M. Leopold Double. Bauchamont, in his memoirs, devotes a paragraph to this timepiece.

"Every one," he says, "goes to see an odd clock at Furet's, of the Palais Royal. It is a negro's head, modeled admirably; jewels are incrustated in the bronze round the neck to form a necklace, in the woolly hair, and in the bust as a clasp for the handkerchief. A pair of openwork gold earrings, long and delicately carved, hang from the ears. On pulling one of them the hour is shown on the right eye and the minute on the left. If the other earring is drawn, a set of musical bells, lodged where the brains should be, chimes out the time of day."

Tunneling Snow Drifts. In some Northwestern localities, where the snow fell unusually deep