



CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

The end of September was approaching, and they were debating in their happy minds whether it would be more delightful to go on to Italy or to return home, a word possessing an equal charm for both now, when their movements were decided by a letter from Mrs. Ellesmere:

"My Dear Tom—I have this morning received news of the death of poor Tom Nevil, of typhoid fever. The shock has been so terrible to poor Sir Thomas that it is feared he will not recover from it. He has fallen into a state of apathy from which nothing can rouse him, and any day he may die. Under the circumstances, you being the next heir, do you not think you ought to return to England? Poor Tom leaves two little girls, and I have ascertained that there is no expectation of an heir. You will, I know, feel very much for poor Mrs. Nevil. I think you should write to her; of course it is rather a delicate position for you, but I am sure you will do the right thing. I shall not be able to receive you on your return unless you particularly desire it, as I think young people are best left to themselves just at first. Give my kindest love to dear June, and believe me

"Your affectionate mother,  
"VOLET ELLESMERE."  
This news caused Tom the deepest concern. No thought of the benefit likely to accrue to himself from the misfortune of his kinsfolk entered his brain as he read the letter; all he felt was sheer sorrow. And June, the tenderest hearted creature in the world, cried for pity of the poor bereaved wife whose anguish she was now fully able to comprehend. What could they do for her? They laid their heads together and made all sorts of plans by which ultimately her grief was to be lightened, and then, between them, they wrote her the kindest letter that two sympathizing young hearts could devise.

And so they retraced their steps slowly homeward. In Paris they received the news of Sir Thomas's death. The rejoicings and honors that had been planned for the young couple's return were, by Tom's especial request, foregone. He departed at once for the North, to attend Sir Thomas Nevil's funeral, and June cried all the evening and half the night, so heart-broken was she at being bereaved of her lord; and, like all tender, foolish women who love, she tormented herself with fears for his safety, and wrote him four sheets of paper covered principally by expressions of endearment which might have seemed notorious to another person, but were heavenly sweet to the recipient. On Tom's return June quite started at being addressed as "my lady" and hearing him called Sir Thomas.

It was rather bewildering to her to think of herself as Lady Nevil. It is not often that a person bears three names in less than six weeks. In that time she had been Miss Rivers—Mrs. Ellesmere—Lady Nevil.

Tom was tolerably indifferent to social honors himself, but it pleased him hugely to hear his darling called "my lady."

CHAPTER XIII.  
The months rolled on and Sir Thomas and Lady Nevil were as happy as united lovers in a story book. June is quite a great lady now, and by no means indifferent to the fact that she is so, although she bears her honors in the most modest and unassuming way. Agnes had gone with a friend to Italy for the winter, extremely thankful to escape from the sight of the happiness which was gall and wormwood to her.

Tom deserved to be happy, and he was happy. When, in September, the bells rang and the announcement was made that there was an heir to the houses of Ellesmere and Nevil, his happiness seemed almost too much for him. After Christmas they were to have a series of guests at the Hall, Dallas was to come for a couple of days, for Tom would have laughed to scorn the thought of being jealous of any living man now. Mrs. Trevanion and her son, an Eton boy of seventeen, were expected, and two or three other young people for Madge's especial benefit.

Madge adored June more than ever, and June had promised that if they took a house for the season in town, Madge should go to them for a whole month. Tom made a terribly dry face over the house in town, but he had no idea of thwarting June, who was rather bent upon it, and only stipulated that he should be there on and off, and that the baby should not be taken to Pandemonium. Her ladyship wanted the whole family to migrate, and the first time there had ever been the shadow of a tiff between them was when Tom offered serious opposition to her wishes on this score. Tom would not have that precious life endangered by the pestilential atmosphere of London. June was not used to hearing him say would and would not. And, as the young Sir Thomas was as robust as any infant in the world, she was rather incensed at what she chose to consider her husband's foolishness.

So she shed some tears of mixed anger, pain and humiliation, and said, being "very like a woman," that he did not care whether she was injured by going to London, to which he, after kissing away her tears, replied with sound good sense that it was not by his wish she was going, and he would gladly put down five hundred pounds there and then if she would relinquish the idea.

But this her ladyship was not disposed to do. Her mother-in-law had told her that this step was due to her position, and June, being young and keenly disposed for pleasure and enjoyment, had rather set her heart on a London season.

except about the baby. If she had known that Tom's obscurity was being fostered by Agnes, she would probably have set very vigorously to work to counterbalance that amiable young lady's influence. Agnes affected an unbounded devotion to Tom's son and heir; perhaps she felt it. She ingratiated herself with the nurse, waylaid her when she walked abroad, paid constant visits to the nursery at such times as June was likely to be out driving. This brought her into frequent contact with Sir Thomas, and he became quite grateful for her devotion to his child and entirely forgave and forgot the bad turn she had done him in trying to delay his marriage. She made little innuendoes, accentuated by sighs or notes of exclamation. "How could June leave that darling? How could anyone, surrounded by such blessings, with such a child, such a husband, want to quit them for a life such as people led in London—heartless, selfish, unsatisfying? What could compensate for home joys? For her part, it was utterly incomprehensible to her. Tom defended his wife—said she was young and beautiful and fond of pleasure; what more natural than that she should like to go into society? Besides, it was chiefly his mother's doing, who had persuaded her. But Agnes's words certainly stabbed him in a tender spot.

"But for both of you to go away and leave that darling!" cried Agnes, with a tear in her eye. "Suppose he should be seized with convulsions, or something worse to happen to him? Servants are never of any use in an emergency."

"Oh," said Tom, not without a sense of alarm at her words, "I shall be here most of the time."

"June will not let you. She will not stay in London without you. I wonder it does not occur to her how dreadful it is to leave that angel to hirelings!"

"June wants to take him with us; she is most anxious not to be parted from him."

"But it would be madness to take him to London. Here, you know, he has the purest milk from your own cows, and I have heard that hundreds and thousands of babies die in London of typhoid fever from impure milk."

Tom, only too ready to take alarm, vowed to himself that, whatever happened, that precious life should not be endangered by a visit to the metropolis.

"One thing," said Agnes, with fervor, "I shall go up to the Hall every day to see the darling, and I don't think anything will escape my eye. I suppose, hesitating, 'June will not consider me too officious, will she?'"

"Officious?" replied Tom, heartily: "she will be tremendously grateful to you."

"And—when you are in town, shall I write you about him? I could tell you a thousand particulars about your darling that servants would not think of writing. And writing is naturally a great effort to them."

"Will you?" cried Tom. "That will be awfully good of you."

"I shall write to you," proceeded Agnes, in a low voice. "I suppose June will not mind. We are cousins, you know."

CHAPTER XIV.  
June had got her own way in coming to London, but it did not make her very happy. She felt a sense of secret irritation against Tom for not being happy too, and she was vexed because he had been so obstinate about the baby. Until now she had not believed him capable of offering persistent opposition to any wish of hers. And his scruples were absurd! The house was large and airy; it looked on green trees; they were near both the parks. London was healthy, the child was thoroughly robust; if he were here Tom would never be able to tear himself away from the pair of them, and she would not have the irritation of seeing Agnes's daily bulletins, which frequently were not bulletins, but epistles, to the nurse, if her aunt had written, she would have been delighted; but she had that instinct of dislike and distrust toward her cousin which, after all, was a perfectly true and correct one. Just as, in their younger days, Agnes had always tried to appear additionally amiable by the hateful knack of showing sister and cousin to disadvantage, so now June felt that all this effusiveness over the baby was put on to make her seem wanting in a mother's devotion.

Sir Thomas and Lady Nevil had been in town five days; this evening they were dining at home alone. An unusually gushing letter had arrived that morning, which had given the most evident pleasure to Tom and had roused June's ire. All day long it had been smoldering; she had made up her mind to assert herself that night. She would conquer. Her mind was master of Tom's, even though she could no longer quite turn him round her finger by a frown or a tear as in olden days. She was not quite sure what would be the best way to take him, but she would certainly begin by coaxing, even though it had failed once or twice before when tried on that particular subject.

After dinner, when they went upstairs, she pushed him gently into a chair, sat on his knee, laced her arms round his neck and laid her cheek against his. He received her attentions with the complacent calm of a two-year husband who loves his wife, the complacent calm that is so eminently provoking and unsatisfactory to wives of June's temperament.

"Tom," she says, ceasing to embrace him, and laying her head against the back of his chair, while an involuntary mist comes across her brown eyes, "Tom, I don't feel happy."

June desires, or what she has wished to lead up to.

"It isn't that," she says, feeling much depressed. "I like London, and should enjoy myself amazingly if I didn't see that you are not happy."

Tom heaves a still deeper sigh. "I must bear it as best I can," he utters, in a doleful tone. "It makes me feel selfish," says June, "to think I have dragged you here and that you are so wretched." Secretly she thinks he is a little bit selfish not to try to seem happier. "It takes away all my enjoyment."

Thereupon Tom kisses her kindly. "Never mind, dear," he remarks. "I must manage as best I can. And," brightening, "I shall run down and see the boy for a couple of days shortly."

"My darling!" cries June: "do, do let us have him up here! Do get over your ridiculous ideas about London hurting him, and then we should all be quite happy. There was a time, jealously, when I could make you happy, but now it seems I am not enough."

"Don't say that, child!" exclaims Tom, giving her slim waist a squeeze. "Why you surely wouldn't have me not love our boy?"

"Not more than me," says June, rebelliously. "No fear," he answers, heartily. "But it's a different sort of feeling. Why," with an accent of reproach which June feels keenly, "do you think that if you had him in your arms all day, and had hardly even a kiss or a look for me, I should feel a bit jealous? Why, I should know it was the right and natural thing."

Tom is not the least aware that he is planting a dagger in his wife's heart. She does love her child dearly, but he cannot be all in all to her. She can spare his presence a great deal better than she can Tom's; he would be an utterly inadequate consolation to her if anything happened to her husband.

"As if," she pleads, "there were not hundreds and thousands of healthy children in London, and here it is so airy and nice."

"Airy" echoes Tom: "why, I feel fit to be stifled myself; and think how much more his tender lungs would suffer."

"That is mere prejudice," answers June, a trifle shortly. "But, my dear," says Tom, "only think how well the little chap is at home, and how rosy he looks. And there is Agnes always looking after him."

June vacates her position on Tom's knees and walks to the window, on which she drums with her fingers. An angry swelling rises in her throat; it is a full minute before she can speak.

"I do not know what business it is of Agnes's," she observes, presently. "And, as she has never had any experience with children, her looking after him can hardly be of much value."

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SIGNS OF MORNING.

THE MONEY POWER MAY BE OVERTHROWN.

How Recent Events and Present Conditions May Be Interpreted—The Real Motive in the Dreyfus Case—Editors Getting Their Eyes Open.

The Worm Is Turning. "The darkest hour is just before the dawn," says an old proverb. If this be true, even if there were no other reason for believing that better times are at hand, the dense darkness that now shrouds the industrial condition in all civilized countries bids us believe that "the night is far spent, the day is at hand." Six thousand six hundred suicides last year in this Christian land, America, make nearly as black a record as could be found among "nations dwelling in heathen darkness."

But besides the awful blackness that covers the earth like a pall there are other signs of the morning. There are indications all around that "the money power" is making itself felt and known in some quarters where its existence has been scouted. The money power is the power of money to multiply itself by interest, and this power is utilized, personified and perpetuated by a class of men who devise schemes for keeping nations and individuals in debt so that they may draw wealth to themselves in the form of interest on those debts.

One cent put at interest at 6 per cent., compounded annually, will gather to itself \$1,000,000 in 335 years, while a man laying up \$1 a day for each working day must live 2,738 years to accomplish the same. What hope is there for an honest worker in competition with this thief formerly called "usury," but now going under the less obnoxious name of interest.

The Dreyfus case, about which so much has been written, brings out the fact that the French people are waking up to the knowledge that they are becoming the slaves of the money power. A recent number of the Review of Reviews contains a most interesting account of the case in the form of interviews with men on both sides of the question. An interviewer of Count Esterhazy says:

"The Dreyfus case is but as a dead dog tossed hither and thither by the surging billows of a great ground swell arising no one knows how or where or why."

This statement agrees with the opening sentence in the interview with Mr. Drumont, as follows:

"By this time it must have become clear even to the least observant or the most skeptical that the Dreyfus-Esterhazy affair was but an acute symptom of a condition in France which has been a long while assuming form and consistency."

But the "how or whence or why" of which the Esterhazy interview expresses ignorance, is told in the Drumont interview in words which cannot be mistaken. M. Drumont's statements on this head are to the effect that the Jews are the money power in France and that the hatred of M. Dreyfus is actuated and accentuated because of the people's growing anger at that power. While the figures given by M. Drumont have since been contradicted by quotations from governmental statistics and the disproportion he claims has been shown to be by far too great it is a fact that the prejudice he refers to exists. M. Zola, who took up the cudgels in the cause of M. Dreyfus, says on this head:

"Jew now means to the unthinking proletariat, capitalist, monopolist, sweeter, bloodsucker." Only perhaps the proletariat is not the unthinking mass M. Zola would have us believe. John Swinton once said, "The gutter-snipe has learned to read," a fact which may mean something some day.

It is not simply the proletarians who are getting their eyes open to the work of the money power. A paper in New York City which has been on the side of the capitalist mass for the last thirteen years and cannot now be credited with wishing to destroy the money power nevertheless had this to say in March of the Spanish-American situation:

Now, the present complication has put at stake a large stock of interest—namely, the Spanish exterior debt, amounting to some \$700,000,000, held mostly in Paris. Spanish policy in the whole of its detail is dictated by this group of money lenders and has no object but to save as much as they can of their money. With this object they are putting up a little more and more will doubtless be forthcoming to enable Spain to put up a stronger bluff against the United States. The policy clearly is, by alarming this country with the prospective cost of a war to induce it to come forward with an offer to take up \$300,000,000 or \$400,000,000 of Spain's foreign debt as an equivalent for the independence of Cuba. The United States may then get the money out of Cuba as they can or how they can. That will be their lookout. \*\*

Paris lent to the Turk because she knew that not the worthless and insolvent Turk but the defeated and industrious Greek would have to pay, and this in effect is what has happened, and the operation has turned out a distinctly brilliant one.

In the same way Paris lent the money which has been expended in effecting the depopulation of Cuba, first in the belief that the tragedy of Turk and Greek would be enacted over again and that the money could be collected from the island. As that chance vanished, the whole object of the money lenders' policy has been to cajole or force the United States into assuming a part of the debt.

What worse could the most rabid opponent of the money power say of it? A "group of money lenders" coolly watching and helping on "the depopulation of Cuba." Shakespeare's Shylock was not overdrawn.

Let the peace societies study the causes of war and they will find the money lender thinly disguised in almost every case. Another New York paper told, on

March 6, 1898, under the caption of "Bonds and Bondage," the following momentous truths:

"It is clear," says \* \* \*, one of the best equipped English writers on international relations, "that if our immense interests in China are to be adequately protected we must not allow the empire to be the exclusive vassal of any foreign power or group of powers, and this is what must occur in a thinly disguised form if we abstain from competing with the state guaranteed loan mongering of Russia and France at Peking. \* \* \* We can safely and even profitably lend the money without rendering an increase of the burdens on trade necessary, and since the loan would be calculated to strengthen our interests at Peking, and thus advance our interests in the far East, it was manifestly our duty to undertake it."

The debtor is the abject vassal of the world over. Man or nation, it is the same. He who owes the debt is the serf of its holder. Interest has added almost as much territory to the British empire as was ever won by the British sword. Egypt is the "exclusive vassal" of Britain because Egypt fell into the hands of Lombard street money lenders. China will go the same way unless her rulers make the unimportant choice of preferring the Rothschilds that dominate French finance to the branch of the same family which rules Lombard street.

By the way, how great a proportion of United States bonds—national, state or corporation—are held in England? And how far is discernible the purpose of Great Britain to use her rights as a creditor to strengthen her influence at Washington, as she hopes to at Peking, to control our currency system and to dominate our politics?

How many, many wars have been waged because the blood money ex- ed by bondholders must be paid at any cost to human life and human freedom.

The foregoing important pieces of evidence show that the money power is coming to be understood in ways that bode it no good. Here is testimony from another witness: Mary D. Hull writes in the Union Signal as follows: "To ever close the saloons is an impossibility during the present commercial estimate of men's souls and bodies, for the whole commercial system is calculated only for the enslavement of men, and what hope is there while money rules?"

Ten years ago the Union Signal, which is the official organ of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was so conservative on the labor question that such sentiments would probably have been excluded from its columns. What could the most radical socialist say about our business methods more denunciatory than that "the whole commercial system is calculated only for the enslavement of men?" Well may the writer ask, "What hope is there while money rules?" and well may we answer, "Not any; not any at all; therefore the money power must be dethroned. And when the world really does wake up to a knowledge of its merciless cruelty and tyranny, its overthrow will be speedy and final. Then shall the Son of Man have where to lay his head. Welcome the day when humanity and not money shall rule the world; when a human being shall not only be counted worth more than a cent, but 'of more value than many sparrows.'"—Celia B. Whitehead in Chicago Express.

Gold in India. Circumstances alter cases. When Lombard street was given a shock of terror by the entirely friendly visit of the American bimetallic commission the situation in India was alleged by the gold clique to be exceedingly satisfactory. In fact, the London National Review spoke cheerfully as follows: "India is leaping and bounding with prosperity and reveling in all the glories of the gold standard." But in what direction is India leaping and bounding at present? Perhaps there is no better authority on this subject than the London Times. That journal has just made the following statement: "The situation (in India) is extremely critical, and the banking and commercial communities view with distrust any attempt to uphold a system based on a closure of the mints that should be the outcome solely of a confidential interchange of opinion between the government of India and the Indian office." This is a marked and specific contradiction of the boastful words uttered by the Review. But the Times goes still further, and concludes its editorial by saying: "How acute was that agony may be judged from the statement that in Calcutta loans were negotiated at as high as 14 per cent. interest, while in Bombay, according to the Times of India, even 24 per cent. would not bring out an advance upon the most solid of all securities—namely, gold bars." In confirmation of the statements of the London Times it may be noted that the Times of India says: "India ought not to tolerate for a day longer than is absolutely necessary an currency system under which it is possible to have money at 12 per cent. here and yet impossible to attract capital from a country where the rate of interest is 3 per cent. and under." India is evidently suffering deplorably from the effects of the gold standard. As is the case in the United States, the officials claim that the gold standard is all right, but the people are desperately protesting and at no distant day their protests may result in the opening of the India mints.—The New Road.

Freedom in a Direct Vote. The people will not know what real freedom is until they elect every officer by a direct vote, until by ballot they accept or reject the laws offered them to live under, until by imperative mandate they can discharge any unsatisfactory official. At the present day the United States has no such thing as "a government of, by and for the people." A party that is not unmistakably in favor of the initiative, referendum and imperative mandate is a party not worth voting for.—Grander Age.



Honest Dollars.

You find a farmer that favors bimetalism, and you ask him why. He says: "It is good for me." The farmer is not worrying about somebody else—he has troubles enough of his own.

Find a laboring man who favors bimetalism, and he says he is for it because it is good for himself. Find a business man who favors bimetalism, and he tells you it is because it is good for himself. They all believe it is good for themselves. The farmer tells you he has found that under the rising dollar and falling prices his income is diminished, but that his taxes and fixed charges do not fall.

The laboring man tells you that when dollars are rising in value it is more profitable to hoard money and get the rise in value than it is to invest it and run the risk of falling prices. And the business man tells you that he makes his money not out of those from whom he borrows, but out of those to whom he sells, and he tells you that if they cannot buy, he cannot sell; he tells you that when he has good trade he has no trouble in borrowing money, but when he has no trade, then nothing will keep the sheriff from coming and turning him out of doors to protect the depositors in the bank.

He understands that prosperity comes up to him from his customers, and he believes that bimetalism is good because it will restore prices and thus give to the producers of wealth remuneration for their toil and give them something to spend at the stores in the purchase of other things which they desire. These men all know how bimetalism helps them, and they believe that it helps others also.

But you ask the advocate of the gold standard why he wants the gold standard. Does he tell you because it will be good for him? You never heard one of them say it.

I know if you take one of the New York financiers and ask him why he wants the gold standard he will tell you he wants it because it is good for others. He will tell you he wants it because it is good for the laboring man. That is the man in whom he feels an interest. Why, it is so universal, that feeling of solicitude among the financiers for the laboring man, that if one of those New York financiers is troubled with lack of sleep or loss of sleep he goes to his doctor; the doctor never asks any questions, but just says "Stop worrying about the laboring man, and go to work."—W. J. Bryan.

Done in the Dark. In the United States in 1873 our currency was paper money. Gold and silver were not used as a medium of exchange. In 1875 an act was passed by Congress entitled "An act revising and amending the laws relative to the mint, assay office and coinage of the United States."

It is charged that this act, which demonetized silver in the United States, was corrupted passed through both houses of Congress. Whether British gold was used to corrupt certain members of Congress is not, and probably never will be, positively known.

But certain it is that not to exceed half a dozen members of Congress knew at the time of the passage of the act that it demonetized silver, and they said nothing about it in public. Certain it is that President Grant, when he signed the act, did not know that it demonetized silver.

Certain it is that the press of the country, which was represented in both houses of Congress by their special reporters, knew nothing about it. Certain it is that the people had never petitioned Congress for any such legislation, and did not know that there had been any such until nearly two years after the passage of the act.

The act demonetizing silver in the United States was the most important and far-reaching in its consequences of any act ever passed by Congress, and yet no paper published anywhere in the United States at or near the time of its passage contained any reference to it whatever.

Silver Coinage. During the greater portion of the time from 1792 to 1834, silver predominated in our currency, because upon our ratio of 1 to 15, fifteen pounds of silver were equivalent to one pound of gold, while upon the French or European ratio of 1 to 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ , fifteen and a half pounds of silver were equivalent to one pound of gold.

Silver therefore came to this country, and gold went to Europe. In 1834 we changed our ratio to 1 to 16, one-half a point on the other side of the French or European ratio, and as a given quantity of silver would exchange for more gold upon the French ratio than upon our ratio, it went to Europe and gold came to this country and predominated in our currency down to 1873, when the coinage of silver was suspended. Yet during the whole of this time, from 1792 to 1873, our monetary system was bimetallic.

A Strange Language. Probably the queerest form of language is that employed by the natives of the Cameroons, by means of which they are enabled to send messages quickly from one village to another. It is what may be called the "drum" language. A peculiarly-shaped drum is used. The surface of the head being divided into unequal parts. In this way the instrument is made to yield two distinctive notes. By varying the intervals between the notes a complex code of signals for every syllable in the language is produced.