

HOW EDNA DECIDED.

A splendid June day, bright and breezy. Opposite the great square in its carpet of green, stands a large brown painted house with bow-windows and spacious piazzas, half shrouded in blossoming wisteria.

On one side is a croquet ground, and on the other a glimpse of a lovely old fashioned garden, green, cool, and shadowy, the mere sight of which is refreshing.

It is Sunday, and the people on their way to church. Most of those who pass this way are evidently of the elite, for the street is the fashionable one of the town.

As they pass the brown house, each looks up at the bow-windows, as if expecting to see there a face that they know.

But none is visible, though perhaps those whom they look for are nearer than they imagine; for at one end of the upper piazza, screened by the matted wisteria, are two young girls, dressed in thin slippers and white cool muslin sequas.

One of the girls is tall, fair, stately, and a trifle inclined to embonpoint. One can predict that at 40 she will make a very handsome and imposing woman.

The other is nearly as tall, but lithe and sylph-like, with a clear olive complexion, dark roguish eyes, and a face pretty and piquant.

"How pleasant this is!" she says. "I would not exchange with those people going to church."

"Nor I," says the other quietly. "I seldom go to church in summer."

"And Aunt Mary and Bernard—do they go regular?"

"As for Bernard, he seldom goes at any time—spends the day lying on the library sofa, reading. Mamma is generally an inveterate church-goer; but just now she is on bad terms with the new minister, and vows that if he don't resign she will join the other church. It is one of her whimsies."

"How odd!" says Edna, laughing.

"Oh, you don't know her! I forgot that you have not been here since you were a little thing of six years old. What a pity uncle should have his family so far away. We have been so out of touch with each other."

"He had to do it, you know, when he failed."

"Yes, dear, I know, and I have always felt very sorry for you. We, ourselves, live up to our income, and papa declares he will have nothing to leave Bernard and myself; but still we live in good style, and anything, in my opinion, is preferable to being a governess. How you must hate it!"

"Yes, indeed!" with a sigh. "and I dread the thought of going back to it. I have no aptitude for teaching. I like dress and gait, and should like of all things, to be rich, and the mistress of just such a house as those two handsome ones opposite. Whose are they?"

"One—that handsome of the two, with the greenhouse and fountain—is for sale. The other belongs to Mr. Derwent, one of our first lawyers. And by-the-by, Edna, there is a chance for the realization of your wishes for Mr. Derwent is a rich widower, and it is reported, on the lookout for a young wife. So don't fail to set your cap at him!" she added, in a tone half laughing and half earnest.

"Any children?" asked Edna, idly.

"One—soon to be married and go away. He must, of course, have a mistress for his establishment, for he is fond of entertaining and living in style, and—There!" she added suddenly, as the door of the opposite house opened, and a gentleman descended the steps, "that is Mr. Derwent! How do you like his looks?"

Edna bent a little forward for a sight of the rich lawyer.

He was about forty, and very good-looking, but stiff and precise.

Edna shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"I could never like a man who walks in that exorbitantly dignified manner," she said.

"Then I may congratulate myself in having never been remarkable for dignity of mien?" said a voice in the doorway behind them.

There stood a handsome young man, tall, dark, with a silky moustache, and steel-colored eyes under his dark eyebrows.

He snarled up leisurely, and stood leaning against the balustrade, with folded arms, looking down upon the two girls. Edna blushed slightly as she met his gaze.

"Have you been eavesdropping?" she enquired slyly.

"No indeed! I came upon you quite unawares, heard a chirping and chattering as of many magpies, and thought—"

"Don't be impertinent, Bernard," says his sister severely.

"I? Certainly not! And if my cousin Edna entertains the least idea of what you hint at, I am ready to go down upon my knees and ask pardon."

"Not here," said Edna, "on the piazza floor. I heard Aunt Mary complaining that it had not been swept for a century; and your immaculate white suit would suffer."

"Thank you for your solicitude on my account, but I have a soul above such low interests. Dress is nothing in my eyes."

"It is a good deal in mine. I love dress, and devote much of my time and thoughts to it. There, now I have told the truth," she added, laughing, "and will leave you to meditate upon the folly of womankind, while I go and write a letter home."

And she airily tripped away while his eyes followed her to the door.

"Bernard," said Laura, "I want you to say to Mr. Derwent and invite him to dinner."

"Very well, why?"

"Because I've a plan concerning Edna. I saw him on Friday evening at the concert, gazing very admiringly at her, and I've thought—"

"None—use! If that's all I won't invite him."

"Then I'll get papa to do it," said Laura, rising and serenely walking off. So Mr. Derwent came to dinner, and he talked very sensibly and cleverly, and paid formal and polite attentions to both Miss Laura Warden and her cousin.

And when, after dinner, the party adjourned to the drawing room, and Mr. Derwent, after a brief chat with Mrs. Warden, leaves the lady's side, and seats himself on the opposite end of the sofa occupied by Edna. Bernard takes up a book and studies the effect of the letters in an inverted position, refusing utterly to glance in their direction.

Edna, on the contrary, finds it difficult to not watch Bernard. She tries in vain to confine her attention to what Mr. Derwent is saying, and more than once answers absently, and hopes that Bernard will pity her and come to the rescue. And she finds it a great relief when at last the guest takes his departure.

"Well," says Laura as her father escorts the visitor to the front door, "how do you like him?"

"He's very nice," Edna answers with a sharp glance across the room, "and, pointedly, "very agreeable!"

Bernard shrugs his shoulders and forces a smile of compassion.

"I should think, Bernard," his sister remarks, "that you might have paid more attention to Mr. Derwent, considering he was our guest."

Bernard flushes at this.

"What could I do with an old Methusalem like that?" he demanded indignantly.

"Old? He's only about 40," avers Laura.

"And so fine looking!" says Edna. Whereupon Bernard throws down his book, taking his hat, thinks he will step over to the Ogilvies and ask Miss Bella to go to church in the evening.

And Edna declares that she has a headache, and retires to her room for a nap, and lies awake for a full hour, thinking.

She likes Bernard—likes him more and more every day; but Mr. Derwent is rich, and she knows by this time that she can, if she will, be mistress of that elegant establishment opposite. Oh, if I had never seen Bernard, how much easier for me it would be!

In the two weeks following, Edna sees a great deal of Mr. Derwent. The town in summer is gay with strangers, for whom parties and picnics, and entertainments of all sorts are got up; and at these Mr. Derwent and "that charming little brunette, Miss Edna Porter," are about the most conspicuous.

"Edna," says Bernard, stepping through the French window on the piazza; and taking a seat on the front steps beside his cousin, "have you promised to go to the party with the patriarch?"

The term he now generally applies to Mr. Derwent, who in the cool of the evening has stopped for a few moments to exchange some pleasant remarks with the young ladies, and has just left them.

Now Edna has been all day expecting Bernard to offer his escort to this party, and she feels vexed that he has not done so.

"If I have," she says sharply, "I don't see why you should want to know about it."

"It is none of my business now, certainly. I can only leave you to your chosen escort, and hope that you may have a nice time, and be benefited by his society and conversation."

"I don't see why I should not have a nice time in Mr. Derwent's society," says Edna still more sharply.

"Certainly, if it were a scientific lecture, for instance, or a funeral, or a murder trial; but for a pleasure party and dancing, don't you think a little—eh—incongruous?"

Edna gives him a severe look, and maintains a dignified silence. Laura comes hastily to the rescue.

"What will you wear?" she enquires.

"Blue, I hope," says Bernard quickly, and with an earnest glance at his cousin who looks up.

"Why," she asks softly. "Is it your favorite color? or do I look better in blue?"

"Oh, neither exactly; only—he appears the least bit embarrassed—"only the idea occurred to me that I prefer to see ladies dressed in blue."

"Don't tell stories, Bernard," says his sister reprovingly. "You know perfectly well that you want Edna to wear blue because Mr. Derwent remarked just now that he admired white. You've been eavesdropping at the window."

Bernard scowls at his irrepressible sister, and Edna colors.

"Of course, dear, you will wear white," Laura continues coaxingly. "Mr. Derwent will expect it, you know."

"Indeed, I don't see what right he has to expect it," Edna answers with sudden asperity.

And Bernard's contracted brow clears again. He looks gratefully and almost tenderly down at the still blushing face beside him. But the girl plays with her fan, and will not look up.

On the evening of the party, in her own room, Edna spreads out her two dresses side by side, and surveys them long and meditatively.

She twice takes up the white robe, but hesitates; and then she glances at Bernard's portrait which hangs beside Laura's over the little writing-desk in a corner.

From this she turns to the window and looks across at the handsome house opposite.

Oh, if only that house were Bernard's instead of Mr. Derwent's! But had not Laura told her that her father had declared he would have nothing to leave herself and Bernard?

Down stairs in the parlor, the gentlemen are waiting.

A light step is heard on the stair, and both the gentlemen turn.

A graceful, sylph-like figure stands in the doorway, her eyes rather downcast as she pretends to arrange a refractory bracelet. There are crimson roses in her dark hair, and her dress is white.

Ogilvie—a handsome, intelligent-looking girl, and Laura's special friend.

"I had hoped," Laura had said to her cousin, "that Bernard would marry Bell Ogilvie. I know she likes him, and just before you came I thought he was just beginning to pay her some attention; but one never knows how to take Bernard."

After this affair of the white and blue dresses, Bernard is for some days rather cool and distant to his cousin.

Edna does not like it—her conscience perhaps reproaches her—and one day, standing in the low window, she places her hand lightly on his coat-sleeve, and says coaxingly:

"What is the matter, Bernard? have I offended you?"

He turns his dark eyes upon her without a word.

"I am sure I never intended it," says Edna.

He takes the little hand lying on his coat-sleeve.

"If you never intended it, Edna I'll forgive it."

"Forgive what?" in innocent surprise.

But her color betrays her, and Bernard smiles as he says still holding her hand:

"You are no actress, little cousin, you know to what I allude."

"But, Bernard, that blue dress—well, was really shabby, and you would not at all have liked to see me in it. And besides you know—Mr. Derwent had offered to escort me to the party."

"He's decidedly officious and frisky for his age," says Bernard disapprovingly.

"Frisky! Oh, Bernard!" says Edna, laughing.

"Has he asked you to go to the picnic?" enquired her cousin suspiciously.

"Not exactly. He—merely alluded to—"

"Merely took it for granted that you were bound to go with him, and so he needn't be in a hurry to ask you!" says Bernard wrathfully.

"Then he will find himself mistaken," Edna says with emphasis.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure? Of course! And to prove it, I'll go with you, Bernard," this very sweetly, "if you will let me, and aren't engaged to Miss Ogilvie."

"Miss Ogilvie is nothing to me. She's a nice sensible girl, but I'm not in love with her, as Laura, and mother, and all of them seem to think."

"They say you liked her once," says Edna, glancing up askance, and half-shading her face with her fan.

"I like her well enough, and, perhaps, might have liked her better in time. But since you came, Edna—"

At that critical moment, Laura innocently entered the room.

It was a charming picnic, as everybody said. Laura had plenty of partners, but as for Edna, the beaux generally, though reluctantly, seemed inclined to respect the pretensions of Mr. Derwent.

Bernard, from remote corners, watched that gentleman's attentions to his cousin, and pulled his moustache with inward wrath and resentment.

He began, too, to look with doubt upon Edna, for had she not that evening encouraged him in the sweetest manner, and was she not now, to all appearances, equally encouraging his rival?

A sudden thought sent the blood to his brow. Could it be that this charming cousin of his was a coquette, and was making a fool of him?

At this moment the couples began to take their places for a quadrille, and Bernard sees Mr. Derwent, in his usual stately and deliberate manner, making his way to Edna across the crowded floor.

Slipping past the row of wall flowers, he reached his cousin's side in advance of his rival.

"Are you engaged for this set?" he whispered.

"Yes, to—Mr. Derwent," glancing at her card.

He takes the card from her hastily, and thrust it into his pocket, just as a tall head and shoulders loom up near them.

"Dance this set with me, Edna: I ask it as a favor—as something more than a favor!" he said earnestly.

She knows what he means. He is pressing her hand. This is the decisive turning-point, which she feels that she cannot evade.

"Our dance, I believe, Miss Edna," says Mr. Derwent, offering his arm.

Edna hesitates, and casts a glance at Bernard, wistful and appealing.

Edna, Laura says quietly; "and I'm so glad dear!"

And then, after some moment's excited talk on Aunt Mary's part, the latter says suddenly:

"And I have a piece of news, also, though not so important as yours, Edna. Bernard—"

"Where is Bernard?" said Laura, "and why did he leave the picnic so suddenly. He heard—let me see, it was the day before yesterday—that Judge Taylor wanted the house, and he just rushed up to the agents office and secured it on the spot," said Aunt Mary triumphantly.

"But," said Edna vaguely, "I did not know—I mean, how could he afford it?"

"Afford it? Why, child, he's rich enough?"

"Rich?" questioned Edna wonderingly.

"You don't mean to say, Edna, that you didn't know that Bernard's grandfather died years ago and left him the whole of his handsome fortune? Why, I should think, of course, Laura would have told you."

"I thought she knew," said Laura.

"How strange that we never spoke of it in her presence! But mother doesn't think her as though Bernard were thinking of getting married?"

"Indeed it does. Why, I declare it's perfectly delightful to think of Mr. Derwent and Edna owning one of those beautiful houses just opposite us, and Bernard and Bella the other. For of course—But what's the matter, Edna, child? Ah, these picnics, and late hours, and courting are too much for you. Go upstairs, dear, and lie down."

She obeys white and trembling; and no one guesses the wild regret, the bitter pain and remorse, and the vain longing that lie deep down in her heart as she murmurs:

"Had I known it yesterday."

NERVOUS ORATORS.

Men Who Always Shake and Tremble Before Making a Great Speech.

Great orators are almost invariably nervous with apprehension when about to make an important speech. Luther, to his last years, trembled when he entered the pulpit; the same is true of Robert Hall. Mr. Gough confesses that he is always in a tremor when coming before an audience. Many of the leaders of the House of Commons have given similar testimony. Canning said he could always tell in advance when he was about to make one of his best speeches by a chill running through him, caused by a fear of failure.

Lord Derby, father of the present Earl, when a young man, was one of the best speakers in Parliament. He was known as the "Prince Rupert of debate," and seemed so self-possessed as to be incapable of embarrassment. But he said: "When I am going to speak, my throat and lips are as dry as those of a man who is going to be hanged."

He also told the late Sir A. Allison that "he never rose to speak, even in an afternoon dinner assembly without experiencing a certain degree of nervous tremor, which did not go off till he warmed to the subject."

It is recorded of Cicero that he shuddered visibly over his whole body when he first began to speak.

In the "Life of Lord Lyndhurst," by Sir Theodore Martin, we are told that he did not prepare his speeches. "Though like all great orators, he never rose to speak without nervous emotion, this is no way interfered with his power of thinking as he spoke, and calling into play the fittest language to express what he thought. The intensity with which his intellect worked became contagious. He got his hearers' minds within his grasp, he made them think with him, he saw things with the same clearness he himself saw them, and so led them insensibly up to his own conclusions."

Terney, whom Lord Macaulay calls one of the most fluent debaters ever known, said he never rose in Parliament without feeling his knees knock together. It is one of the compensations of nature that the nervous temperament which occasions the trembling is also one of the causes of oratorical success. In fact, it may almost be said that no one can be a great orator, or a really effective speaker, who does not experience the feeling.

It Didn't Hurt Him, but He Thought It Did.

A very matter-of-fact young dentist, who stands high in his profession and deals as tenderly with his patients as the nature of his work and the instruments of torture which he wields will permit, had a long discussion at the club one evening with a friend, who is a convert to the mind cure theory and defends it on all occasions.

The dentist was unsparring in his ridicule of this new "ism," but his friend remained unconvinced, and at a late hour they parted, agreeing to disagree.

A few days later the dentist had a call from his friend, who had a particularly painful tooth. "It needs filling," said the dentist, after the usual leisurely examination with a miniature pitchfork. "Of course," he added, "there is no real pain and no real cavity, but, as you think that both exist, I have got to act on that theory. I shall not really hurt you although you may think I do. Just sit still, and I'll have it all over in a few minutes."

"I—I have something to tell you, Aunt Mary."

Aunt Mary, glancing at her, nearly sprang from her chair.

"Bless my soul, child! you don't mean that Mr. Derwent proposed to you last night?"

Edna smiled as she nodded assent, and Aunt Mary at once turned up the girl's face and kissed her.

"I'm perfectly delighted. Why, it's the very best match in town, and almost in the whole country. Your father and mother will be so pleased."

"I knew he would propose last night."

The story that the Canadian Pacific Railway was to be taken on a guarantee of 3 per cent was given an emphatic denial by Messrs. Van Horn and Sir Donald Smith, of the Canadian Pacific directors.

Good Hot Weather Reading.

Frederick Schwatka in New York Times. Seventy-one degrees below zero means 100 deg. below freezing point.

It was in the Arctic regions, not far from Back's Great Fish River, when the author was conducting a homeward sledge journey to Hudson's Bay in the depth of an Arctic winter—November, December, January, February and March—that he experienced it.

Severe weather—that is, intensely cold—had set in just before Christmas, in 1879, the thermometer sinking down to 65 deg. and 68 deg. below zero, and never getting above 60 deg. below, and we were having a hard time with our sleighing along the river, our camps at night almost in sight of those we had left in the morning, so close were they together, and so slowly did we labor along.

Reindeer, on which we were relying for our daily supply of food, were not found near the river, and being seen some ten or fifteen miles back from it, I determined to leave its bed and strike straight for home in Hudson's Bay.

We had been gone three or four days, when, as we ascended the higher levels, the thermometer commenced lowering, and on the 3d of January, 1880, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, reached 71 deg. below zero, the coldest we experienced on our sledge journey of nearly a year in length, and the coldest ever encountered by white men traveling out of doors, for that day we moved camp some ten or twelve miles to the south-eastward. The day was not at all disagreeable, I must say, until along toward the early night, when a slight zephyr, the merest kind of motion of the wind that would hardly ruffle the leaves on a tree, or even suffice to cool the face on a warm day, sprang up from the southward, and, slight and insignificant as it was, it cut to the bone every part of the body that was exposed, and which, fortunately, was only the face from the eyebrows to the chin and about half of the cheeks.

We turned our backs toward it as much as possible, and especially after we had gotten into camp and got to work building our snow-houses and digging through the thick ice of the lake for fresh water, and so lazily did our breath, that congealed into miniature clouds, float away to the northward, like the little, light cirrus clouds of a summer sky, that we knew well enough how terribly cold it must be without looking at the thermometer that stood 71 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit.

It is not so much the intensity of the cold, expressed in degrees on the thermometer, that determines the disagreeableness of Arctic winter weather as it is the force and relative direction of the wind. I have found it far pleasanter with the thermometer at 50 deg., 60 deg. or even 70 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit, with little or no wind blowing at the time, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little tell tale showed 20 deg. warmer temperature. Even an Arctic acclimated white man facing a good strong wind at 20 deg. or 25 deg. below zero is almost sure to find the wind freeze the nose and cheeks, and the thermometer does not have to sink over 4 deg. or 5 deg. to induce the Esquimaux themselves to keep within their snug snow houses under the same circumstances, unless want or famine demands their presence in the storm. With plenty in the larder for all the mouths, brute and human, none of them venture out in such weather.

An African Queen.

Among the notables along the River Congo not the least in importance was Queen Gankabi, who is thus described by Stanley:

"About an hour after we left our camp we were met by two well-manned canoes, in the foremost of which there was a female paddling vigorously for a few strokes and, then, with a peculiar style, bringing her right arm to her waist. Ankoli recognized her and cried out: 'There is Gankabi! Naturally, to meet such a celebrity, the principal person on the river, we halted very quickly, and without the slightest sign of timidity she steered her 45-foot canoe alongside. This very action on her part showed a person of character. She probably was listening to Ankoli, who, like all other natives, began at the very beginning of a story and continued to the end. Her attentive survey of myself was returned with interest. Excepting her hair and color, she had nothing negro about her. Draw a figure with the Martha Washington style of face, color it a rich bronze, put the short, frizzly hair of the negro above, and one has a striking likeness of the Queen Gankabi. Among negro women this face of the Washington type is very unusual. Probably I have seen 200,000 African women in my travels, and I cannot remember to have seen more than half a dozen such women. A certain feminine softness was apparent; they were narrow-browed, with narrow, receding chins, but the best of this formidable type were governing women, great in their own way, such as the Queen mother of Uganda, and Gankabi, Queen of Musye. That the latter was not greater was due solely to a lack of opportunity. Perhaps Candace of Ethiopia, and Cornelia, the mother of the Gracii, may have been women of the same type. Her people were a wild-looking set. Their women affect heavy collars, of brass, from ten to sixty pounds in weight, while their leglets and armlets were also very heavy."

High McCalmont, the London banker, who died recently, left a fortune of £4,000,000, made chiefly in Reading and other American securities. In his lifetime he gave Lord Cairns £1,000,000 on his becoming Lord Chancellor. Baron Herman de Stern, another banker who has just died worth several millions, made his fortune in foreign loans, and got his title from Portugal for his services in financial matters. He gave large sums to Jewish charities.

The new fast train over the Union Pacific road will make the run between Omaha and the Pacific coast in seventy hours.

HOW A CIRCUS IS RUN.

The "General" of the Show—Studying the Route—The Army of Employees. From the New York Herald.

Each circus has its general. Talk to him of any city or town in the country, and the thought immediately occurs to him: "Ah, yes; a town of \$2,000, \$5,000, \$10,000 or \$12,000, as the case may be, profit." He knows almost to a unit the population and how much can be made out of it. He knows also the character of the inhabitants, and he is acquainted thoroughly with the railroad and other facilities for getting into the place. Homespun the route at the beginning of the season, of course changing it as much as possible every year. There are twenty-four advance agents, who follow each other in regular rotation. They look after the advertising, the provender for the animals, the lodgings, and contracts of various kinds. These agents are provided with checks. They give checks on the show for the amounts contracted for. The treasurer takes up and pays the checks so that when the show arrives it has no trouble in any direction. It has happened a few times that the firm has been swindled, but it never refuses to honor a check, "to keep up the credit of the circus."

Not one of the great exchanges in New York is better posted as to the monetary condition of any town or city than the managers of the circus. The circus managers well know it is useless going into a place where there is much commercial depression. The characteristics of a town are studied before going into it. For instance, it is known when the miners of Pittsburgh are paid off, and right on top of the event, comes the "show." It very rarely happens that a miscalculation is made, but if money is lost anywhere that place is given a wide berth next season.

The weather too, is watched almost as carefully as it is by the signal-service bureau. The circus never goes farther south than Omaha, Kansas City and St. Louis, or farther north than St. Paul, Minn. There is no money outside of those limits. The great aim of the circus is to strike fair weather everywhere. When it is extremely cold in the north the circus is enjoying the warmth of the south and the dollars of the genial southerners. When it becomes too hot in the south then it wends its way in the opposite direction. Moreover, it never attempts to compete with a cheaper entertainment. If Barnum is billed for Maryville, Miss., and a 25 cent show gets ahead of it the big circus passes on. The general knows, too, how long it is profitable to stay in town.

The army of employes is divided into five divisions—the performers, the ring attendants, the stable and menagerie attendants, the trappers (in circus parlance "razor-backs"), and the canvasmen. The canvasmen number 200 out of 700—a large number, but not too many to cope with the huge tent which is put up in the country. On the trains there is a special place for everything and everybody. Indeed, the trappers could load the train almost blindfolded, the arrangements are so precise, and have been so long in smooth working order. The canvasmen are the first to be packed off. They touch nothing until the teamsters have arrived on the ground with the canvas, and then, when the tent is up, they sit down and just watch the others "doing their bit." So it is with the trappers when they have loaded or unloaded the cars they will not put a hand to anything else, and perhaps if they did they would be only in the way. Every employe has a special duty to perform and does not consider himself engaged for anything outside of that.

A Crisis in Denmark.

From the New York Evening Post.

Denmark, being a small country, is trying to be revolutionary on a small scale. The folkething, or lower house, has always had a great animosity to the army, and has repeatedly refused to vote the money required for its support. Now, it has resolved upon still more radical course, and in order to emphasize its disapproval of the ministry Estrup, has down the official budget by some 000,000 kroner. The government endeavored to persuade the house to pass a provisional budget, but the quest has naturally been refused. A complete deadlock is the result. King is afraid of the leaders of the Liberal party, and does not entrust the reins of government to one who questions the divine right of monarchs. So he prefers to keep power a ministry which has but a few followers in the folkething, some of these being uncertain, which is defested by the great majority of the people. To account for this singular situation, it may be remembered that the Danish language is in common cause with the extreme socialists, with Socialistic proclivities, has lost the confidence of the more conservative middle class; and it is possibly this consciousness on the part of the party leaders (Berg and Boisen) that they have lost more than they have gained by the coalition, which has occasioned the recent split of the Left in two camps, the Danish