(CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

When she returned Ellen was retailing little bits of news that she had heard from Colonel Severn the night before, and Mr. Bowyer was talking more brightly than he had done for some time. Afterward Ellen went over to the writing-table. She had determined to beg Colonel Severn to say nothing of what she had so thoughtlessly admitted the night before.

"Dear Colonel Severn," she wrote, "what I said last night was said impulsively and without thought. It might injure me irretrievably were it to become known that I had been an actress. May I rely upon your kindness to keep it secret? I wish I could tell you all; but that is impossible. I can only throw myself upon your generosity and trust you you will think as well as you possibly can of Yours sincerely, ELLEN WARDE."

She slipped the note into an envelope and directed it. An opportunity to send it came sooner than she expected. A man arrived from the Abbey with a basket of flowers and fruit; and, intercepting him, she emptied the contents herself and gave him the note to take back.

No answer came that day. On the following morning, about the time a messenger usually came from the Abbey, Ellen went down the road until she met the man.

"Have you a letter for me?" she asked, stopping short.

"No, miss"—touching his hat respectfully. "The Colonel went to London yesterday; but the butler said as how he'd send your letter on with some others."

Stopping, she buried her face among the sweet-smelling flowers. One magnificent white lily raised its head above the rest, and Ellen took it in her hand.

"What a beauty!" she said, admiringly.

"Stewart says it's the biggest he has ever reared. The master saw it the other day when 'twas only in bud, and he said, 'You must send that to the Dower House—the young lady there is fond of flowers.'"

"I will carry it myself," she said, and motioned to him to go on.

She sighed, and laid the lovely blossom softly against her cheek. Then whether startled by her own action or some sudden thought, she flung it from her, and, walking on rapidly, left it to wither on the ground.

CHAPTER XV.

A few mornings later, as Ellen came out of her bedroom, Mrs. Priolo emerged from hers also, and called her by name.

She was in a violet flannel dressing-gown, and capless, and her disordered gray hair gave her so unusual an appearance that for the moment Ellen scarcely recognized the prim housekeeper who was ordinarily seen only in the strictest and most conventional attire.

"What is the matter?" cried Ellen, in surprise.

"I've had a dreadful night. The rats never let me sleep a moment hardly. They're bad enough always, but last night they were beyond all bearing."

"I have never been troubled by them at all," said Ellen, adding, with a puzzled look, "I have never heard you complain before. Are you coming down to breakfast?"

"No, I'm too worn-out. I want you to tell Mr. Bowyer the reason why I could not come. I must have an hour's sleep before I dress."

Ellen took especial pains that everything should be as nice as, if not nicer than, usual that morning; but Mr. Bowyer came down in a cross humor, and was difficult to please. The housekeeper had been with him so long, and therefore had anything occurred to keep her from the morning meal. He fumed and fretted about it, and could talk of nothing else during the breakfast.

"I wish we were going to get rid of the pests!" he declared, impatiently, once or twice.

Then Mrs. Priolo came down, looking much as usual in spite of the air of invalidism that she had adopted, and the subject of the rats was resumed.

"I'm sure I don't know what is to be done," said Mr. Bowyer, hopelessly.

"A rat-trap is the only thing I can think of. That is a very slow way of getting rid of them; but what else can any one suggest?"

Mrs. Priolo looked at Ellen as she spoke, and, wearied of the discussion, the girl answered somewhat impatiently:

"Why not lay down poison?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Bowyer. "I will write a note to the chemist at Greathaven, and you shall go in yourself."

At the same moment the gate closed, and the postman came along the path.

There were two letters—one for Mrs. Priolo and one for Ellen Warde.

It was the first that had ever come to Ellen, but she felt no doubt whence it was, even if the large bold handwriting and the device of a London club on the thick square envelope had been absent. Blushing violently, she took it from the man, and proceeded to her room.

The fresh autumn air swept in and lifted her short curls, cooling her hot face as she opened the letter that had been so long in coming. Its first sentence disappointed her a little—without reason she confessed, with self-upbraiding—for why should she have expected more from him, or as much? It was a kindly letter, and a friendly one. Anything beyond would have been fruitless, and Elaine's eyes were bright with a touch of hauteur; then, raising it from the ground, to which it had fluttered from her hand, she read it through again.

"My Dear Miss Warde: Your note was forwarded to me only this morning, and I hasten to assure you that you have nothing to fear from me. Anything you have ever told me I consider sacred, and will guard more jealously than any secret of my own. I only wish I might take the whole burden on myself, and leave you free.

"A telegram from Charlie, reminding me that it was his birthday and begging me to spend it with him, took me away quite unexpectedly. For the first time I had forgotten it—and this his coming of age too! We are too new to the country to celebrate it in the usual way, as I should have liked to do. A few days at most will see me back. Will you believe that I am already anxious to exchange the gayeties of town for the quietude of the Abbey and the privilege of an occasional visit to the Dower House? I should be glad if my boy could accompany me, but I feel it is too much to ask of him yet. I hope that Mr. Bowyer's health is improving, and that you yourself are well. Until we meet, which will be very soon, believe me, your sincere friend, GEORGE SEVERN.

"P. S.—I have become quite a frequenter of theaters, which for certain reasons I view now with different eyes. If anything, it has gone to an opposite extreme, and am inclined to fancy that every woman who has tried the stage is what I know one to be."

This time she read between the lines, and was conscious of an undercurrent of tenderness that sent the blood coursing through her veins and made her eyelids droop, though none could see what her eyes might have betrayed. Friendship was a pleasant thing and sweet; but love was far, far sweeter. She was a mere child in the ways of the world when—unwisely—she gave away her heart unasked, though not entirely unsought. Now she was a woman, and with a woman's unerring intuition knew that the man whose letter was in her hand—now pressed closely to her bosom, now to her lips—was her lover, and beloved.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Here's a letter from Severn, Ellen; he's back, and coming to see us this afternoon. Some Australian—a Mr. Wray, I read it—is with him; and he wants to bring him, too, if I am well enough to receive a stranger."

"And are you well enough?" asked the girl.

"I am about the same as usual; but a talk with some one from the old country will never harm me. It will be like a breath of Australian air, but exhilarating."

The little sitting-room looked its best when Mr. Bowyer entered about four o'clock, to enjoy the treat in store for him. It had been the subject of his conversation all day.

Voices were heard outside; the next moment Colonel Severn entered; and, having greeted Mr. Bowyer warmly, and Ellen with an involuntary empressement of which she could not be conscious, he turned to indicate his friend.

"Mr. Weare—a countryman of yours," he said.

A momentary pause, during which Mr. Bowyer was wondering where he had seen before the dark-looking face and tall slight figure of the young man introduced.

"We met about a year ago, when I was on my way back from India," continued Colonel Severn; "and I was lucky enough to come across him again while up in town this time."

The stranger interposed.

"I think the luck was all on my side," he said, in a voice that, pleasant as it was, struck two of the hearers with dismay. To Mr. Bowyer it was perfectly familiar, though he could not remember where he had heard it last. "The Colonel saved me from drowning when coming home; and really I believe he has saved me from something nearly as bad now. London, to a stranger who knows none of the celebrities or institutions, is one of the dreariest places in the world."

"Have you never heard," asked Mr. Bowyer, "that it is a dangerous thing to rescue a man from drowning? There is a superstitious idea that the act recoils on yourself, and is your own undoing."

"Oh, if we stayed to listen to the teachings of superstition!" smiled Colonel Severn.

"Perhaps it might be well if we did sometimes," returned Mr. Bowyer. "How often it seems as though a benefit conferred engendered a feeling of ill-will, rather than gratitude."

"I hope it is not so. Nay, I am sure it is not so," answered the young man, warmly.

Mr. Bowyer had spoken bitterly, yet even as the words fell from his lips he knew that the thoughts they clothed emanated from Mrs. Priolo's brain—not his own. He dared not glance in Ellen's direction, lest he should meet her reproachful gaze.

When the stranger had first spoken Ellen had shrunk back into the shadow of a dark curtain, clasping its heavy folds for support. Her brain was in a whirl, and each word of Mr. Bowyer's last speech stabbed her like the sharp incision of a knife; yet her very suffering gave her a sort of strength. Wearily she crept away, but unnoticed by anyone save George Severn.

"From what part of Australia do you come?" asked Mr. Bowyer abruptly, and received the brief reply:

"Sydney."

In a moment it flashed across the old man's mind he had seen his visitor before. He was none other than that Gerald Weare whose bride had been taken from him in so horrible a fashion a month before his wedding day, and for whose sake Elaine Warrington was supposed to have committed a crime.

At that moment a shrill cry was heard outside, and Mrs. Priolo threw open the door.

"Here's Miss Ellen lying on the ground in a dead faint!" she cried. "Whatever can have happened?"

It was Severn who made the first move to cross over to her side. She had fallen senseless across the doorway. He knelt down and raised her head on his arm. Mr. Bowyer appeared helpless with dismay, but Gerald Weare came near and looked down at her with an expression of somewhat stereotyped pity. Then an involuntary exclamation broke from his lips.

It was only the ejaculation of a name, as though he had suddenly recognized the senseless woman. Mr. Bowyer jumped up from his seat as though electrified. Mrs. Priolo retained possession of all her faculties.

"You've known the poor young lady before," she observed to Mr. Weare. "Don't you think we had better place her on the sofa?"

But Mr. Bowyer interfered. He was determined that Ellen should not return to consciousness before them all, and perhaps betray herself in her first bewilderment. Violently agitated as he was, he managed to express clearly his desire that the girl should be taken to her own room at once.

Obediently the Colonel gathered her in his arms and bore her up the narrow stairs, wishing the distance greater still in spite of her dead weight—indeed the wild elation that filled him at the close contact precluded all idea of fatigue.

CHAPTER XVII.

Returned to the Abbey, George Severn and his guest, after dinner, smoked their cigars in almost absolute silence, each being too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice the abstraction of the other. Of the two the Colonel seemed the more perturbed. He was wondering where and how Miss Warde and Mr. Weare had known each other, and what would be the result of their chance meeting. Another thing puzzled him. It was certainly not a surname that had escaped Weare's lips on first recognition, but it also was not "Ellen;" it had a longer, softer sound. He thought it must have been "Elaine."

The subject of that afternoon's incident was not broached until Mr. Weare said, as they stood up to say good night:

"By the bye, what was the name of the old gentleman we visited to-day?"

"Mr. Bowyer. He practiced as a lawyer in Australia, I believe."

"And—and the young lady?"

"She was Miss Ellen Warde, his niece."

"Have they been here any time?"

"About six months. Good night," said the Colonel, curtly, closing the conversation.

The next morning Colonel Severn looked older and more sallow than usual, after a sleepless night. He found his visitor down before him, and pacing the terrace in front of the house, apparently having passed as restless a night as the Colonel himself.

They were in the middle of a conversation which they endeavored in vain to render animated when the under-gardener returned with his empty basket from the Dower House.

Colonel Severn's quick sight immediately detected a letter in the man's hand—indeed he had half expected that Ellen would write to him. He made a hasty movement forward, and had snatched it impatiently before the man had time to explain that it was not for him, but Mr. Weare. Relinquishing it at once, a sharp pang of jealousy made him unable to do more than stammer out an apology. Then he turned abruptly on his heel and went indoors.

Gerald Weare, however, showed no elation—indeed the anxious expression on his face became intensified as he broke the seal and read the letter. When he came to the end of it he tore the paper into shreds and followed his host into the house.

No allusion was made to the letter during breakfast; and when the meal was over Colonel Severn asked his companion what he would like to do.

"Would you mind," asked Gerald Weare, deprecatingly, "if I went somewhere on my own account this morning? There is something I ought to do—something that has turned up rather unexpectedly, in fact."

"My dear fellow, don't explain," interrupted the Colonel, hastily; "I wish you to do exactly as you please."

"It is more than good of you to allow me to come and go unquestioned like this!" exclaimed Weare. "The fact is, Miss Warde and I are not strangers; we have met before, and——"

"And you naturally wish to see her again?"

"Yes—that is just it. I will walk over there now, if you will excuse me."

He rose, and with a nod and smile of farewell, left the room. George Severn remained alone, moodily smoking. He understood at last. This was the man Elaine loved—he called her "Elaine" in his thoughts already—the name suited her so well, it became familiar at once. With a half-smothered groan Severn rose and flung away the cigar. Maddened by the thought that already probably they were together, he snatched up his hat and went out, with no destination in view.

He walked on rapidly, his eyes fixed on the ground, scarcely knowing in which direction he was going, when suddenly, passing through a narrow lane, he stumbled, and, instinctively looking up, saw a little way in front of him the flutter of a petticoat. A second glance showed him that the woman was Mrs. Priolo. She was bent nearly double, creeping on slowly in the shelter of a hedge, evidently playing the spy. But on whom?

In the center of a large meadow full of grazing cattle, under the shadow of an old oak, stood Ellen Warde and Mr. Weare. There was nothing lover-like in their attitude, he could see; but they were talking earnestly. Was the housekeeper trying to discover their secret? Quickly yet quietly he walked on, and laid his hand firmly on her shoulder.

"What are you doing here?"

There was a suppressed scream as the woman, rising from her bent position, twisted her neck round to see who was her assailant. When she found it was the Colonel, her face cleared a little. What she had been watching so intently would surely be no pleasant sight to him.

"Sweethearting," she whispered, meaningly. "They have made rapid strides in their acquaintance, if they met for the first time yesterday."

"Whether they have known each other before or not is no business of ours!" declared the Colonel, sternly. "You will come with me to the Dower House at once. I intend to ask Mr. Bowyer if he allows his housekeeper to act the spy upon his niece."

"She's no more his niece than I am! She's——"

But her communicativeness was stopped at once by a gesture, and Severn's uplifted hand pointed out the way that she was to take.

"Very well, I'm ready enough to go if you like; but are you sure"—maliciously—"you're doing her a good turn? I don't want to make mischief; but, if I'm forced to speak, I'll say out all I know."

An expression of doubt on her hearer's face encouraged her to proceed.

"Why, you don't think," she went on, boldly, "that Mr. Bowyer would keep her another moment in his house if he heard all I could tell?"

"I think you are a very wicked woman!" exclaimed Severn.

"What—for watching those two just now? Why, all women are interested in a bit of love-making; curiosity is no sin! Miss Warde and I are good friends enough if you will only leave us alone."

Severn bit his lip and tugged at his dark mustache in deep perplexity. She might be speaking the truth—it might injure Ellen were he to insist upon bringing this before Mr. Bowyer.

"After all, they're doing no harm," went on Mrs. Priolo. "She's fond of him, no doubt, for she has kept some flowers he gave her years ago, and has painted a picture of him, too."

"Silence, woman! Go!" thundered out the Colonel; then, as she turned obediently, he walked away in the opposite direction.

Would it have comforted him could he have been an unobserved spectator of what took place at the meeting which circumstances had prevented from being so secret as had been intended?

Elaine had arrived first, and stood leaning against the gnarled trunk of the old oak, waiting for the other. She was as white as a sheet and trembling in every limb when at last Gerald Weare arrived. He spoke first:

"To neither of us can this unexpected meeting be anything but painful."

"It is very strange that the whole world is not big enough to hide in"—dreamily.

"What made you choose this place?" asked he.

"It was Mr. Bowyer's idea. He said that I should be safer in an English village than traveling about and meeting different people every day."

"He was right—quite right. It was the merest chance—or would you call it destiny?—that brought me here."

"You won't betray me?"—eagerly.

"I? No. Do you think me such a cur? Heaven knows I have no desire to revive the past—I only want to forget! Do you know"—in awed, low tones—"when I saw you lying there senseless in that dimly-lighted passage, I thought for a moment you were Ada."

"Risen from the dead?"

"Yes, risen from the dead to comfort and console me—the Ada who loved me, telling me so in artless, childish fashion every hour; not the Ada who loved another, and was marrying me only for my money."

A low cry escaped the girl's pale lips; she sprung forward and caught hold of his arm.

"You know all that? Who told you?"

"I discovered it for myself. You may be sure no one else had the common honesty to open my eyes."

"But when—when—and how?"

"What does it matter?" he asked, roughly shaking off her hand. "Soon enough to prevent my breaking my heart when—when she died."

Elaine shuddered. The subject was too terrible a one to be pursued.

"I begged her so often to be true to herself and you!" she whispered at last.

He stood over her and looked down straight into her eyes.

"Do you know they used to tell me that if—if I had not sought Ada I might have won Elaine? I wonder if that was true?"

(To be concluded.)

The Lady of the Woods.

Because of the grace, slightness, and elegance of its figure, the birch tree has been well named the Lady of the Woods. Though not much used in the timber trade, it is nevertheless employed in a variety of other ways. The birch bark canoe of the Red Indian has never been surpassed in boats of this class. Its silver stem has been tapped for its sugary sap, from which a wine has been made; beer has been brewed from its tender shoots, and tea has been prepared from its leaves. There is starch enough in its bark to form a rude kind of bread for the semi-savage folk in the icy North. It yields an oil, which gives to Russian leather its agreeable odor. In Russia they use the wood for roofing, boxes, jars, shoes, carriages, furniture and spoons, of which last named article as many as thirty millions are made annually of its branches. Excellent brooms are made of its twigs, as many a boy can tell, having often figured in what has been called "a bad quarter of an hour." Indeed, does not "to birch" mean "to chastise?"

Taxation in London.

The way the London tax rates have increased in the last century is illustrated by these figures: Warren Hastings, while his trial was going on, lived in the house at the corner of Park lane and Oxford street, now known as 40 Park lane. Warren Hastings bought the house from Lord Bateman for $40,000 and subsequently sold it to Lord Rosebery, great-grandfather of the late premier, for $56,245. In 1797 Warren Hastings paid "duty on windows, commutation tax, duty on houses, servants, horses and carriages at 10 per cent., $225; land tax, $90; parochial rates for St. George's, Hanover square, $201.25; parochial rates for Marylebone, $8.10; total, $524.35. The present owner of the house is Murray Smith, a partner in Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and he has informed Sir Charles Lawson that he pays: Parochial rates, $1,281.60; inhabited house duty, $248.75; income tax, $189.58; total, $1,714.93.

It is a very wise woman who knows her own husband at a masquerade ball.

SHALL WE TAKE THE PLUNGE?

["Coin at School In Finance" by George E. Roberts.]

Alarmed Passenger on the United States (to the pilot, Coin): "Aren't you taking us into a frightful abyss?"

Coin: "Don't be alarmed. There is just as good boating below as above."

A NATURAL RATIO.

Is There One Between the Value of Silver and Gold?—If So, Is It 16 to 1?

Mr. J. J. Mott, chairman of the free silver party, recently organized at Washington, inflicts on a much abused public a long appeal for votes for free coinage. This latest official utterance of the silverites is not much worse than their former wails over the terrible suffering caused by an imaginary scarcity of cart wheel dollars, and is only notable in that it boldly asserts that gold and silver exist in the earth in almost certain fixed proportions, and that the natural ratio between the two metals is therefore 16 to 1. "This ratio," says Mr. Mott, "has continued as arranged by man under the natural order as he found it." It was accepted by mankind as a part of the grand plan upon which the world was to move, and approved by the philosophy and common sense of all ages.

If it were true that when the earth was created the amount of silver found in it was 16 times greater than the gold, this would be no reason why one metal should be worth 16 times as much as the other. The labor cost of producing anything and the demand for it is what regulates its value. There is no natural measure of values, and no fixed ratio between two metals or any other products, so that there is no ground for the claim that the value of an ounce of gold was designed by nature to be the same as that of 16 ounces of silver.

Mr. Mott must have been using the newly discovered X ray to peer into the innermost depths of the earth, if he has really found that gold and silver exist in "almost certain proportions." It is a pity that he does not inform the public just where all those hidden metals are and how many tons there are of each. Perhaps he is waiting until congress passes a free coinage law, when he will uncover the masses of silver which he knows so much about. And perhaps, great and wise as a chairman of a silver party must be, he doesn't know anything more about the metals in the earth than he does of the currency question.

"The grand plan upon which the world was to move" seems to have got badly out of joint in these days. If a natural law can be set aside by worldly minded business men, who say that as the commercial value of silver is 30 times less than that of gold they will give no more for it, nature must feel slighted. But there is a bare possibility that even Mr. Mott hasn't been told all of the world's plans for moving.

As for the "philosophy and common sense of all ages," it is a little curious that in some of the ages silver was valued at eight to one of gold. If the yield of the South African, Australian and American gold mines should prove to be as large as is confidently predicted by eminent geologists and mining engineers, the ratio might go down to those figures. Would the "philosophers," of whom Mr. Mott is one, stick to the magic 16 to 1, or would they adopt the commercial ratio, whatever it might be?

The silver party may get a few votes in November, but its following will certainly not be increased because of the practical wisdom and arguments of its national chairman.

Evils of Rising Prices.

But the quantity of gold and silver in the national coins corresponding with a given sum cannot be made less than heretofore without disturbing the balance of intrinsic value and making every acre of land as well as every bushel of wheat of actual less worth than in time past. A general revolution in prices, though only nominally and in appearance, could not fail to distract the ideas of the community and would be apt to breed discontent as well among those who live on the income of their money as among poorer classes of the people, to whom the necessaries of life would become dearer.

Among the evils attendant on such an operation are these: Creditors both of the public and of individuals would lose a part of their property. Public and private debt would receive a wound. The effective revenues of the government would be diminished. There is scarcely any point in the economy of national affairs of greater moment than the uniform preservation of the intrinsic value of the money unit. On this the security and steady value of property essentially depend.—Alexander Hamilton.

Won't Come Out In the Open.

If the free silverites are so confident that they represent the people, why do they dodge the issue and claim to be bimetallists? If they dare to go before the people on a platform calling for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1—why don't they stand by their colors?—Atlanta Journal.

The "Parity" Delusion.

Four years ago silverites, Democrats or Republicans, joined with the goldites of their respective parties in accepting declarations in favor of "legislation which shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals." The quotation is found in both Democratic and Republican national platforms. This will-o'-the-wisp of a promise worked, even on the broad stage of national politics, for it cannot be expected to work again. Silverites and goldites, Democrats or Republicans, have shown that they are equally tired of further juggling with the subject, and the next time each party will insist that the truth as to its beliefs and intentions shall be squarely told.

The hollowness of these promises of legislation to put gold and silver on a parity has been proved by the complete failure of either party to attempt it. Since the promulgation of the national platforms of 1892 the silver men's scheme for free coinage, or silver monometallism, has been the single legislative proposition put forward anywhere, and with free silver coinage not a dollar in gold would circulate on a par with silver.

The gold men, who believe in maintaining the gold standard of our currency and in saying so, have offered and will offer no legislation whatever to insure or to create a parity between gold and silver other than the makeshift parity existing, under which nearly $600,000,000 of silver are maintained on a parity with gold. None the less they offer a change, from what we have, of priceless value. They offer the prosperity which springs from a sure and stable monetary standard, the indispensable foundation of industrial confidence and enterprise. They constitute the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States, and if either the Democratic or the Republican party fails to pronounce their sentiment in its platform this summer it will be despised for a coward and beaten for its folly.—New York Sun.

Why Do Anything For Silver?

"The government must do something for our silver" is an expression heard even among those who are opposed to free coinage at 16 to 1. But they give no reasons why the government should be called on to favor a particular metal. Why should the men who are engaged in digging silver have any claim upon the public aid than the men who dig clay for bricks? One product of labor is just as useful as the other, or if there is any difference it is in favor of the bricks. Yet we never hear of an agitation to get the government to help the brickmakers.

The value of the eggs produced annually in this country is far greater than that of all the silver mined. But any one who would propose that a bounty should be given to the owners of hens would be laughed at. Why should a scheme for giving bounties to the owners of silver mines be more seriously considered? Is it because the latter contribute funds to keep a lot of cheap money spouters in the political arena?

Chairman Harrity's Opinion.

As is probably pretty well known, I am in favor of sound money and opposed to the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver as proposed by the free silver people. Furthermore, I believe that those who favor sound money will constitute a majority of the next Democratic national convention. To make the majority decisive, however, it will be necessary for the friends of sound money to go to work. It will not do to let matters drift and to let the issue take care of itself. They ought to be prepared to discuss the matter intelligently and in good temper with those who hold conflicting or opposite views. It is a question that is to be reasoned out. Nothing will be gained by making faces at those who differ with us. I do not fear a bolt from the convention, but the right course will prevail.—William F. Harrity, Chairman National Democratic Committee.

Manufacturers and Silver Mine Owners' Alliance.

It will pay laborers and farmers who are favorably inclined toward free coinage to study the reasons for the alliance between the free silver people of the west and certain manufacturers of the east. One of the reasons mentioned by the manufacturers is that our manufacturers cannot, with present prices for labor and raw materials, compete successfully with free silver countries. Put into plain English, wages and prices of raw materials—largely farm products—are higher in the gold than in the silver standard countries. In order to secure the advantage of our manufacturers, therefore, if this country should drop to a silver basis. Supposing that this drop came, where would our wage earners and farmers say?