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TEN minutes after the conference was over the telegraph was in full play with New Jersey, France, Spain, Bermuda, and the Azores. An hour later Allan's agents had bought up land to the extent of 25,000,000 dollars.

The land in question was of course at the points most favourable for the openings of the Tunnel ; Allan had chosen the spots years before. For the most part it was land of the poorest and cheapest kind—heath-land, sand-dunes, morasses, ridges, barren islands. Considering the immense aggregate extent of the land—amounting to the territory of a Dukedom—the price was not large. A deep and extensive “ complex ” in Hoboken, with a front of 250 yards along the Hudson, was also secured. All the districts were at a distance from large towns, for Allan had no use for towns. The heath-land and sand-dunes would serve all right as building ground for the new cities which would be called into existence.

While America still slept, Allan's cablegrams flew all over the world, agitating the money markets of every nation. And in the morning every city in the world was thrilled by the announcement of the Atlantic Tunnel Syndicate.

There had been wild excitement in the newspaper offices all night. Their rotary presses were doing double work. Many additional millions of the daily papers were sold next morning. Men pushed and struggled for the still damp sheets all over the city from the Battery to Two Hundredth Street—in lifts, on moving platforms, on the stairways to the stations, in the subways, everywhere. New streams of new editions kept gushing out all the morning.

The news beat all records !

Mac Allan !—Who was he ? What had he done ? This man whose name had been brought so sensationally before the