

## LIVED ALONE IN THE ATTIC.

A woman of Orange, N. J., is the heroine of a story that any melodramatist in the world would discard as improbable, even impossible.

She has played the role of a suppliant wife, meekly and in silence for fifteen years.

She has lived in the attic of her own house while her rival occupied the parlor floor.

She has come into the house by the back door because it displeased the other woman to see her come in by the front.

She has eaten the left-over bits of meat and the vegetables that were not good enough for her husband and his new mate.

She was not allowed to carry a key and she must rap before she could enter her own home.

Her little attic rooms were despoiled to make her rival's rooms still more attractive.

She lived on \$2 a week, grudgingly given by her husband, and sometimes in the charity of friends.

Virtually a prisoner in her own home, Mrs. Holmes, wife of Dr. William J. Holmes, never spoke a word of complaint against her husband.

Why? It is interesting to note the intricate workings of this one woman's heart.

First, because she knew exposure would ruin him.

Second, because she hoped he would get over his infatuation.

Third, because she did not know how to support herself if she left them.

For these three reasons she submitted in silence to humiliation and degradation that have come to few women.

Mrs. Holmes is a slight, sweet-faced, silver-haired woman of sixty-eight.

Dr. William J. Holmes is a big, handsome man, who looks a score less than his seventy years.

Mrs. Frederick William Hahn is a dark, robust woman of less than forty. These three are the dramatic personae of this stranger than melodrama.

Fifteen years ago Dr. Holmes was one of the leading physicians of his state. He was rich and, which doesn't necessarily follow, respected. He had a large practice among the wealthy people of Essex county. He was for half his lifetime one of the medical staff of the Orange Memorial hospital. He was a member of the exclusive Orange Mountain society. He was companionable to all the better sorts and conditions of men and women. He had a stableful of fine horses and had a kennel of famous sporting dogs.

The home which Dr. Holmes bought and built forty years ago was a luxurious one. Peace reigned within and the sun of prosperity shone upon its roof.

One day a change came. It was contemporaneous with Dr. Holmes' professional call upon Mrs. Hahn. She was the wife of the buyer for a big department store in New York, and, with him and their young son, was living at the Central hotel, in Orange. She was a beautiful woman, with that indefinable charm of manner that for lack of a better word is called magnetism.

At the time of that visit Mrs. Holmes was in New York trying to ease the pain of her dying mother. When that was over Mrs. Holmes came back to a pain that was greater than that which killed her mother.

Satan came into Eden in the guise of a serpent. Mrs. Hahn came into the Holmes house in the guise of a housekeeper. Her son and husband had disappeared. Mrs. Hahn alone knew of their whereabouts and the cause of their disappearance, and upon these subjects she was mute.

Mrs. Holmes was surprised to find Mrs. Hahn thus installed. But she was a meek little woman, grieved to

submission by the loss of her mother. Her protest was a faint one.

"I don't think we need a housekeeper, William," she said.

"You will find Mrs. Hahn charming and her services valuable," replied the doctor, closing the discussion.

Far from being charming, Mrs. Holmes found Mrs. Hahn a woman of violent temper. In a little difference of opinion at the table one day Mrs. Hahn hurled a dish at Mrs. Holmes.

Mrs. Holmes appealed to her husband. "Will you allow her to treat me so?" she asked. "Is she not a servant?"

Dr. Holmes walked to the window and answered not a word. Mrs. Hahn laughed. That afternoon Mrs. Holmes' personal effects were moved to the attic, and there she has lived for fifteen years.

"My husband allowed me \$2 a week for my support. Often he failed to give that, and the neighbors, who guessed that there was trouble, but learned it through no word of mine, used to bring me food. Such giving is not systematic. I have known hunger and cold up there in the attic, but I never told my husband nor the woman in the luxurious quarters below. Perhaps the woman kept the money from me. I don't know. I always blamed her more than him. He was always kind to me until he met her.

"I was seldom allowed to leave the house. It all depended upon her whim. Sometimes she was afraid that I would talk to the neighbors about the way I was treated. She need not have feared. I would rather have torn out my tongue. I would not be telling it now but I could no longer keep the secret."

Mrs. Holmes had been allowed to go to New York one day to spend the night with her niece. When she returned the next day the house was empty. All the furniture of any value was gone. Three or four pieces, besides the wretched furniture of the attic, were left.

Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Hahn had bought tickets for Philadelphia. They were lost in the crowd at the Broad Street station.

A warrant had been issued for Dr. Holmes' arrest on the charge of abandonment. If he should wander back to the place that has been his home for fifty years this erstwhile society leader will be lodged in jail to answer for wife desertion.

It was not the gentle, silver-haired wife who was his Nemesis. It was a woman of stronger frame and face, one who resembled him, Annie Woodruff, his sister.

"It took me a good many years to find out how matters stood. My sister-in-law tried to hide their disgrace, and, of course, the guilty ones did. She was always allowed to receive me in the parlor, and it was only one day when I insisted upon going to her room and followed her to the attic that I guessed the truth. She stubbornly refused to tell me why she had moved up there and why she no longer ate at the table with my brother and the housekeeper.

But I put the facts together piece by piece. Then I talked with my brother. He would not be persuaded to say a word. I demanded that he send away the housekeeper. He refused.

"I told the story to the governors of the Memorial hospital. They dropped him from the staff. The story got out and he lost his practice.

"We will probably never see him again. I hope not. I could never forgive his treatment of his wife, or that he broke my father's and mother's hearts."

Many a woman is compelled to be a bread winner because her husband is a whisky winner.

## POPULISM IN NEBRASKA.

Since 1890 Nebraska has been in the very storm center of the reform movement. Taken all in all, it has been the most prominent state in that movement. True, Texas, Kantrater voting population from which populist vote, but they each had a greater voting population from which to draw. Judged by the moderation and good sense displayed, by the character of the leaders developed, and by the beneficial results accomplished, Nebraska is easily the foremost of them all.

Populism in Nebraska sprang from the Farmers' Alliance. This organization had been growing for nearly ten years, and had gathered unto itself a majority of the farmers of the state. Up to 1890 it had taken practically no part in politics. Nebraska had always been republican, and there were rumors of all sorts of corruption in the state government. Railroad rates had been excessive, and, while republican platforms promised reduction, republican legislatures ignored the promises. There had been a growing dissatisfaction among the people, which had shown itself in the anti-monopoly movement, the chief exponent of which was Senator Van Wyck. There were charges that the railroads dominated the republican party, that they had defeated Van Wyck's reelection to the senate, even after an overwhelming majority of the people had voted for his return; and that they had prevented the renomination of one or two anti-monopoly supreme judges.

All these forces of popular unrest and indignation were hidden for many years, but finally they culminated in an upheaval.

There are certain spontaneous movements that can never be explained. Men offer any number of superficial reasons, but the cause lies deeper. These movements sweep onward like psychic waves. Nothing can withstand their force. No man can exactly determine their source, or can see all of their meaning.

Why it was that in 1890, apparently without any previous understanding to that effect, the farmers of Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and other portions of the west and south, decided to take independent political action, will remain one of the unsolved problems of history.

In Nebraska this determination to form a new political organization made way in spite of the alliance leaders. It came from the people. It forced the calling of a state convention. Representatives of the alliance met with representatives of the Knights of Labor and the people's independent party was born. A state ticket was nominated and the fight began, which has spread throughout the nation, which formed one party organization, captured another and split two more, and which in this last year of the century will carry the country.

John H. Powers, the president of the state alliance, was named for governor and was in reality elected, but was counted out in favor of Boyd, a Cleveland democrat of Omaha. The republican candidate was third in the race, and the republicans assisted in counting Boyd in, preferring him to Powers. That the latter was really elected is now admitted by almost everyone in the state.

But the real revolution of '90 came in the election of congressmen. There were at that time but three districts in the state. In the First district General Charles H. Van Wyck was named by the populists, and a then unknown young attorney by the name of William J. Bryan was named by the democrats. Van Wyck secretly favored Bryan's election and withdrew from the race. Most of the populists then supported Bryan, who was elected in a district before considered hopelessly republican.

The Second district was also a storm center. William A. McKeighan was nominated by the populists and endorsed by the democrats. After a campaign against him of villainous personal abuse, he carried every county in his district and was elected by over 15,000 majority. In the Third district O. M. Kern, now a citizen of Colorado, was elected by 6,900 plurality.

In 1891 the populists lost the state by a small margin, but elected a large number of district judges. Among these were two, then, unknown men—William V. Allen and Silas A. Holcomb.

It was on Nebraska soil that the national people's party was born. On July 4, 1892, at Omaha, assembled one of the most remarkable conventions that this nation has ever seen—remarkable from the causes which brought it into being, and even more remarkable in the effects it was to have on national politics.

It was an open secret that a Nebraska man could have been nominated for president at that convention. General Van Wyck might have secured the honor, had he not declined it to run for governor in his own state.

In the subsequent campaign Van Wyck was defeated for governor, but the populists and democrats succeeded in returning Bryan, McKeighan and Kern to congress and in organizing the legislature.

This, by the way, was the best legislature in the history of Nebraska. It enacted a large number of reform measures, among which was the famous maximum rate law; and, as the crowning triumph of it all, it elected William V. Allen to the United States senate.

In 1893 Silas A. Holcomb was the candidate for supreme judge, and although defeated by a small plurality, it was a defeat which turned into victory, for so favorable was the impression he made throughout the state that the next year he was nominated for governor.

Bryan had at last secured control of the democratic state organization, and himself made the speech proposing the endorsement of Judge Holcomb by the democrats.

Then followed the most hotly-contested political battle ever waged in Nebraska. As a result of that fight Holcomb was elected governor by 3,900 majority; although there was a republican landslide all over the remainder of the country and there was not another populist governor elected that year.

At last the republican reign was broken, and from that day to this Nebraska has remained the leading populist state of the union.

In 1896, when Bryan was nominated for president, the populists of Nebraska went to him enthusiastically and unanimously. They considered him, to a certain extent, as one of their own.

In the subsequent campaign they swept the state; and a little later put one republican defaulting official in the penitentiary and uncovered fraud and rottenness untold. They began a new era in the administration of state affairs.

Populism in Nebraska has been especially fortunate in its leadership. In this, perhaps, is the secret of its success. It helped to give to the world a Bryan; and it produced from its own ranks an Allen, a Holcomb, a Van Wyck, a McKeighan, a Stark and a Greene.

There is one other Nebraska populist who is worthy of mention because he has been a worker, and because he will bear a prominent part in this year's national fight. His name is J. H. Edmisten. It was his generalship which carried Holcomb through in 1894, and which has contributed to so many victories since. He is a fighter and an organizer. He is the new vice chairman of the populist national committee, and will have charge of the western campaign. You will hear of him before the battle is over.

What is there in a name? I never thought there was anything till I ran up against the William combination in Nebraska. The entire reform movement has Williams sticking out all over it, like protruberances. First there is the chief of all, William J. Bryan. Then there is Senator William V. Allen; there are ex-congressmen William A. McKeighan and William L. Greene; there are present congressmen William L. Stark and William Neville; there are Governor William A. Poynter, Secretary of State William F. Porter and State Superintendent William R. Jackson. There is Judge William H. Westover, prominent candidate for governor. There are William A. Jones, William F. Wright, William H. Ashby and William H. Dech, all mighty men in their day—not to mention Attorney General Willis D. Oldham and State Librarian Wilbur F. Bryant, both first cousins to all the other Williams. What chance has a John, or a Jim, or a Charlie up against a combination like that?—J. A. Edgerton, Secretary National People's Party, in Rocky Mountain News.

## CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

Chicago.—(Special)—That the precious sand strewn so thickly for scores of miles along the shore of Cape Nome will prove for the next few years to be the richest placer diggings discovered and will surpass the Australian gold fields or the Californian even in their palmy days, is the opinion of a lithe, erect young man, with bright blue eyes and a tannish but boyish face, who has taken a run down to Chicago from Alaska, where he manages several quartz gold mines and has registered with his wife as Mr. and Mrs. Wytche Denby of Juneau. But the gold-bearing life of Cape Nome, he thinks, will be short, though lavish. It is in the quartz mines that the golden future of Alaska lies, in his estimation.

"Down here in Chicago, and in fact all over the states you have been flooded with wild reports about Cape Nome discoveries," said Mr. Denby. "Of course, we get earlier and more accurate reports in Alaska of finds in that country than you get here and that is only natural, because we are right on the ground and all we have to do is to keep our ears open and listen.

"From the best information we have been able to obtain in Juneau it seems probable that the gold-bearing sand extends along the Cape Nome beach for a distance of about 100 miles. This will accommodate about 5,000 miners. That number is probably already there, as hundreds of miners from Skagway, Juneau, Dawson and the Klondike region went out to the Cape Nome country last fall and spent the winter there or else went in early this spring. The crowd who are starting from Seattle this month and next should find pretty poor pickings there, as enough miners have already gone to take up all the claims that the beach can possibly furnish. Of course, I am speaking in a practical sense. As a matter of law, the beach belongs to the government and cannot be staked out into mining claims that will hold at law. But, as a matter of fact, the miners have before this undoubtedly adopted rules which they will enforce, allowing the first comers to claim specified portions of the beach, to be worked until it is empty of gold. By the time the law can get around to the subject the gold-bearing sand in these beach claims will long since have been exhausted, and the claims consequently valueless, for law is slow to act in Alaska, and the stratum of gold-bearing sand on the shore is thin.

"None but the miners already on the spot know the real extent of the Cape Nome fields. The gold was first discovered in the beach sand a few feet below the surface. Then the beds of the neighboring creeks were explored and quickly staked off into claims. It is also known that the gold-bearing sand stretches out under the ocean, and several companies have already been formed, mainly by Seattle people, to dredge in the comparatively shallow waters close to the shore. The beach sand extends only about a couple of hundred feet back from the water line. Then begins a stretch of turf, beach grass and swamp land that runs a mile or so further to the hills.

"This tundra, as it is called, had not been explored for gold when the last news came down to us in the fall. At that time there was more than enough of the creek and beach claims to go around among the miners then at Cape Nome, and naturally they preferred to work locations where they knew there was gold and where they were taking out all the way from \$20 to \$100 a day by hand in the simplest kind of placer mining. Of course if the tundra is as full of gold as the beach sand then Cape Nome will accommodate tens of thousands more of miners, though the tundra will be more difficult to dig into than the sand on the beach, because the thick and tangled grass is frozen hard as a rock eight months of the year. But the opinion of the majority of experts agree that the strata of gold-bearing sand do not extend under the tundra.

"If that theory proves to be the true one, the government may have to send ships in the fall to bring thousands of the would-be miners, who are bound to meet with nothing but disappointment and to become stranded there. Provisions and supplies of all sorts were frightfully high at Cape Nome last year, though they probably will be much cheaper this summer. Still, they are likely to be much more costly than in other parts of Alaska, and people who have not the price will have to get out or be gotten out of the country somehow. It looks as if the government will have to do the job."

A little bird in the bush is worth two that tell tales.

## HANS, THE CRIPPLE BOY.

He lived in a little village in Italy, at the foot of the Alps. His mother was a widow and he, her only child, was a poor little cripple. When he thought of his sad condition—that he could not play like other boys, and that if he grew up he would not be able to work like other men—he felt very unhappy.

One day he was going through the village and stood to rest under the open window of a room in which some children were playing. One of them chanced to break a plaything, when another took hold of it, and, throwing it out of the window, said: "I'll throw it away; it's no more use than Hans, the cripple." Oh! how sad the words made poor Hans feel. He crept back home and told his mother, while the hot tears ran down his pinched little face very hard. Indeed, his mother took him upon her knee and sang a little song to him that she had often sung before. It ended with this little chorus: "God has his plan for every man."

And, although Hans felt very happy while listening to the sweet tune and voice, yet he could not believe that God had any plan for him. But he was mistaken. Just at this time the Austrians were at war with the Italians, and trying to take their country. In order that the Italians might know when the Austrian soldiers were coming they had built large piles of dry wood on the tops of the hills and put men to watch them night and day. When any of these men saw the Austrians coming it was his duty to set fire to the pile. Then the man upon the next hilltop would see it and set fire to his, and so on, until all the valleys were made aware that the enemy was approaching.

Ing and the Italians were aroused to meet them. The piles were called beacons and the men that watched them sentinels.

Now one night a festival had been kept up in Hans' village. All the villagers except Hans and his mother were there; and, although Hans had gone to bed, he could not sleep. So after a while he arose up silently and crept up the hill to stay a while with the sentinel. But no sentinel was there. Thinking there would be no danger that night, and being tempted to join the people in the village, he had left his post. Hans now thought he could be of some use, for he could watch the beacon on the hill until the sentinel returned.

He had not watched long before he saw the dark form of an Austrian soldier coming upon his hands and knees very stealthily; along toward the pile. Yes, so it was; and now he could hear distinctly the measured tread of a number of armed men. Quick as a thought he set fire to the pile. Now the country was warned and the people would be saved.

But the enraged Austrian soldier saw and fired his rifle at him. Hans fell mortally wounded. Hours afterward he was found by some of the villagers and carried, bleeding and dying, to his mother. She took him upon her knees and wept over him as though her heart would break. But Hans looked into her face with his loving eyes and faintly whispered: "Dear mother, God has His plan for every man," and expired.

If party lines this fall are drawn at campaign verse and glee songs, the suffering public will be properly grateful.

## DOCTOR USES HOMING PIGEONS.

New York.—Dr. F. S. Morris of McCool, the originator of homing pigeons in the practice of medicine, has proved to his own satisfaction that the use of homing pigeons in country practice of medicine is not only practical but very necessary in the successful practice of medicine in the country.

His practice is principally in southern York county, a thickly settled, prosperous farming community, and owing to the long drives he has to make and where the condition of the patient demands it, he leaves carrier pigeons with instructions if symptoms of the case do not show improvement, they are to write on a sheet of tissue paper, enclosed in an aluminum tube attached to the bird's leg and turn it loose. By an electrical arrangement the minute the bird arrives and opens the door of the pigeon house the doctor or office attendant learns of the arrival and at once secures the message. The doctor either visits the patient or sends medicines, and in this way the patient has

much better medical treatment.

Owing to the success the doctor has had in the use of pigeons he has arranged to leave several pigeons at Blue Vale, a country postoffice and store, the only village in West Blue township, eight miles distant from McCool. This is done to save the farmers of West Blue township a trip in the night or daytime to McCool to secure the services of the doctor. Those who want medical services will call at the Blue Vale store, write on tissue paper a message, insert it in an aluminum tube and release the bird, which flies at a rapid rate to its home at McCool. A two-story pigeon house has been recently built with modern conveniences for the raising, breeding and training of homing pigeons.

Yes, Maudie, bear parrots generally talk in polysyllables.

Some men are born with black eyes and some have to fight for them.

## SOME FACTS ABOUT HANDS.

The hand, in the light of comparative anatomy, most significantly marks the distinction between man and brute. Its complex apparatus and the relation between its performances and the mind are so remarkable that familiarity alone prevents their being observed with wonder.

In aristocratic portraits the shape of the hand is remarkably elegant, and Byron was undoubtedly correct in regarding the beauty of this feature as an indication of gentle blood. One of the most common signs of want of breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them.

In southern countries, kissing the hand is a loyal salutation. The practice is recognized in several of Shakespeare's dramas—"Why, this is he who kissed away his hand in courtesy." "You kiss your hand," says Collin to Touchstone, "that courtesy would be unclean at court if courtiers were shepherds."

And what picture of a troubled conscience has ever been imagined equal to the nightwalking scene in "Lady Macbeth"? She had used to "lave her dainty hands" from childhood; but, having once stained them with human blood, it seemed to her reproachful hands that the spot would never wash out.

There is something irresistibly pathetic in the moaning whisper, "All the perfumes of Araby will not sweeten this little hand." It is the glorious boast of the patriot to cast "With unpurchased hand

The vote that shakes the turrets of the land."

The hands are, by the very instinct of humanity, raised in prayer, clasped in affection, wrung in despair, pressed upon the forehead when the soul is "perplexed in the extreme," drawn inward to invite, thrust forth objectively to repel, the fingers point to indicate, and are snapped in disdain, the palm is laid on the heart in invocation of subdued feeling, and on the brow in benediction.

The mere offer of the hand is the readiest sign of voluntary courtesy or forgiveness and its non-acceptance the most civil and yet meaning of repulses. Shaking hands is a mode of greeting the origin of which is lost in obscurity, and individuals display character in their manner of doing it.

Who cannot at once feel the antagonism between the touch of a rude and the cordial grasp of a friend? Who knows not the sailor's grip of candid heartiness from the conventional "passive giving of hands"? How perfectly does the graduated or lingering pressure cause the mercury in love's barometer to rise or fall by the scale of hope! What sympathies and antipathies are demonstrated by the various degrees of kindly, irresolute, vivacious, careless, fond or earnest manner of shaking hands! It is this relation between temperament, feeling, consideration, and the instinctive action of the hand which have given rise to palmistry.

A financier is a person who makes his fortune with other people's money.

In the bright lexicon of love there is no such word as peace.