

A Twentieth Century Romance.

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

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CHAPTER I.

It had been considered a fine house in 1892 when it was finished ready for occupancy. It was built of brownstone, it was large and commodious, it was strictly modern, and it was surrounded by handsome grounds. It was owned by Harlow Winthrop, the wealthiest man in the city. Winthrop was a man who always desired to be identified with everything new, hoping that it might prove to be the avenue down which his name would travel to posterity. He was not contented simply to be rich. He had a fine wife and as nice a family of children as man need wish for, and one of the children, his firstborn, was said to be as much like his father as a half grown English pea is like the matured specimen. This son was named Harold.

The family moved into the new house on the third day of October, 1892, and two weeks later a grand housewarming was given by their friends and neighbors. It was at this housewarming that Papa Winthrop decided to entertain his guests by an exhibition of his knowledge of hypnotism, which was at that time a subject beginning to attract attention among ordinary people.

Winthrop had taken to it with the eagerness and enthusiasm which he had always shown for speculative topics and for weeks had been practicing on every one whom he could coax, hire or command to submit themselves to his powers. His son Harold was proved to be the most satisfactory subject and therefore afforded his father more pleasure than he had since his birth, 28 years before the new house was built. On the evening of the housewarming he came forward obediently at the call of his father and seated himself in an armchair in full view of the assembled guests.

"Now," said Mr. Winthrop, who was pleased beyond measure to have so large an audience, "now I am going to put Harold to sleep for a certain length of time, at the expiration of which he will awaken without assistance, but previous to that time no one can arouse him."

Harold began to stare at the shining stopper of a glass bottle placed between himself and the light, while Mr. Winthrop pressed firmly on a certain spot on the top of his son's head.

"How long shall he sleep?" asked Mr. Winthrop when Harold began to appear drowsy.

"Until 11 o'clock," suggested the mischievous son of the wealthiest family present.

Harold stirred as if to protest, but was too sleepy to speak.

"Yes, make it 11," echoed the mother of the mischievous son, not because she cared, but because she always made it a point to insist on the gratification of her son's wishes so long as they did not conflict with her own. The son knew that Letty Mays must return to her home at half past 10, and that Harold Winthrop expected to accompany her. The recollection of that expectation stirred Harold's drowsy brain and prevented him from submitting to his father's hypnotic power with his usual passivity. It is possible that that is the reason why the exhibition did not terminate according to expectation. There were many reasons given during the years which followed, for at last Mr. Winthrop had succeeded in finding the coveted fame. It was said in those days and has been argued since that the operator in hypnotism must have full confidence in his own power in order to be entirely successful, and the elder Winthrop was certainly not lacking in that respect. He had put Harold to sleep too many times to have any doubts as to his awakening at the appointed time. It was afterward decided that in order to have a successful exhibition it was also necessary that the one who acted as the subject to be operated upon should be free from troubled thoughts when he sat

mentally styled her an unusually fine specimen of womanhood. "Have you slept so very late?" repeated Mrs. Winthrop. "Is it possible that you do not know that you have slept a hundred years?"

"A hundred years? Oh, land o' Gooshen!" Harold laughed heartily, then suddenly became serious, believing that his mother's new housekeeper was crazy. "You poor thing!" he said. "Don't mind my laughing. I always did laugh easily. Won't you tell me your name?"

"My name, sir, is Mrs. James Winthrop. I am the wife of your nephew's son. I do not wonder at your surprise. It must be strange to be suddenly confronted with those who were born and have grown up while you slept. We, however, are no less surprised. We had grown to believe that you would never awaken."

"Great thunder!" exclaimed Harold, who was beginning to be out of patience. "Bring my clothes, madam, or I'll know the reason why! Do you suppose I am going to lie here all day listening to your crazy talk?"

"I shall not compel you to listen to me unless you like," replied Mrs. Winthrop calmly, "but I really do not see but that you must lie here until a tailor can take your measurements and make you some clothes. You have nothing to put on which will hold together. The appearance of your nightgown should be enough to convince you that I am not telling you an untruth."

When Harold stopped to think of it, he was obliged to admit that it was proof that he must have slept longer than he had thought, or that he was the victim of a joke over which he had no control. He concluded to humor the lady and see if he might not find a key to the solution.

"Could you not," he said, "send out and buy me a ready made suit?"

"It would be impossible to find anything large enough," replied Mrs. Winthrop. "We have no men so large as you. Really you will have to be patient a little while. I have sent for a tailor, who will be here very soon."

A little more conversation followed, which tended to mystify Harold more and more. Then Mrs. Winthrop left the room, and soon afterward her husband appeared in the doorway. Harold recognized him at once as the man who had fainted. He was yet pale, but the excitement of beholding the man who had awakened after a nap of a hundred years had brought a faint color to his lips and a becoming brightness to his eyes.

"He is a dear little thing," thought Harold, "but how much more attractive he would be in skirts!"

The little man came slowly into the room, looking as if he were doubtful as to the wisdom of such a procedure, and Harold hoped that he might prove to be more helpful than his crazy wife had been.

"Good morning, sir," he said pleasantly. "Can you tell me how long I have slept?"

"One hundred years today," was the unexpected and highly exasperating reply.

"Another lunatic!" groaned Harold.

"What can mother be thinking of?"

"How do you feel?" inquired the little man. "Are you stiff? Will your joints work? My, but you have slept! The scientific world has made you a study for generations."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," replied Harold in default of a more brilliant reply. It was somewhat amusing to a man who knew himself to be just 28 years of age to be told that he had been an object of curiosity for generations.

"What has the scientific world thought to do about you?" it suddenly occurred to him to inquire.

"They say this is man's century," replied the little fellow, "but I don't know that I understand the meaning of that. There are many men who are dissatisfied with things in general, but I don't know why they should be, I'm sure. I'm comfortable enough, and I don't believe a change would make things any better."

This was all Greek to Harold, and when he was in college he declined to study Greek.

"I wonder if you are really a man?" he asked. "You are pretty enough for a doll."

"Do you think me pretty?" The little man blushed beautifully. "Wife says I am," he added. "She is awfully jealous, don't you know. But you are a man too. She doesn't like to have another woman look at me, but she ought not to mind because a man thinks me pretty, ought she?"

Harold was disgusted. He wanted to take the little fellow between his thumb and finger and crush him, but restrained himself with the thought that the man was a lunatic.

"You—get—my—clothes," he said, with great sternness. He hoped to frighten his guest into obedience. "Get them this minute or I'll—"

"But, sir," faltered the little man, "your clothes were moth eaten years ago."

"Oh, heavens! See here, you chattering monkey, if you don't do as I tell you I'll drop you out the window!" Harold arose as if to execute his threat, and the little man fled, screaming, into the hall. Harold wrapped his tattered bedding around him and followed, determined to find something to wear. He was just in time to see Mrs. Winthrop caressing her little husband and to hear her telling him not to be afraid, for nothing should hurt him as long as she lived to protect him.

"Go back to your room," she said sternly when she saw Harold. It is exactly what he would have been most anxious to do under ordinary circumstances, but now he felt that he was in a place where desperate measures must be employed. He was convinced that his garments had been taken from his own room by some one whose intentions were not of the friendliest, and he determined to go down stairs and find some member of his family, even though he must appear in tattered nightgown

and bedding much the worse from wear. So when Mrs. Winthrop ordered him back to his room he simply told her to go to thunder, nor did he feel at all ashamed for speaking so rudely to a lady, as he would have done had she seemed to him less like a man and more like a woman.

Mrs. Winthrop gently pushed her husband toward a door leading to another room.

"Go in there, dear," she said, "and do not be afraid. I'll get him back to bed in a moment."

"I don't want to strike a lady," Harold remarked, with great earnestness, "but if you touch me you'll be sorry."

Mrs. Winthrop showed no nervousness.

"Will you walk back to your room," she asked, "or must I carry you?"

Harold made no reply. He thought it scarcely worth while. He started to pass her that he might go down stairs, when he suddenly felt her arms around his waist. He endeavored to free himself, but could not.

"If you don't release me, I'll knock you down!" he thundered. The little man screamed in terror and begged his

trothed. She was a rattle brained!" "Look out!" thundered Harold, raising himself in bed. He looked fierce enough to frighten a man of his own size, and the tailor rushed from the room, his face white with fear.

Mrs. Winthrop came in at that moment to bring a history for Harold, and for fully two minutes they looked at each other without flinching.

"You are very strong for a man," said she at last.

"You are as strong as a man," replied Harold.

"Strong as a man!" Mrs. Winthrop smiled contemptuously. "We will not pursue that subject," she said. "I simply want to say that unless you show yourself a little more tractable I shall be obliged to have you examined for insanity."

With that remark she left the room, and Harold spent the time in which his suit was being made in reading of the events of his day as recorded in the history and in alternately laughing and swearing at the untruthfulness of the pictures presented. He finished the book, convinced that he had really slept a hundred years.

(To be continued.)

The Opelt hotel is headquarters of W. H. Dech, Division Commander of the Ancient Order of Loyal American Room 5. W. H. DECH.

We declare that this republic can only endure as a free government while built upon the love of the whole people for each other and for the nation; that it cannot be planned together by lawmakers; that the civil war is over and that every passion and resentment which grew out of it must die with it, and that we must be in fact as we are in name, the united brotherhood of free men.

Our country finds itself confronted by conditions for which there is no precedent in the history of the world; our annual agricultural production amounts to billions of dollars in value, which must within a few weeks or months be exchanged for billions of dollars of commodities consumed in their production; the existing currency supply is wholly inadequate to make this exchange; the results are falling prices, the formation of combines and trusts and the impoverishment of the producing class. We pledge ourselves that, if given power, we will labor to correct these evils by wise and reasonable legislation in accordance with the terms of our platform. We believe that the power of government—in other words, of the people—should be expanded (as in the case of the postal service) as rapidly and as far as the good sense of an intelligent people and the teachings of experience shall justify, to the end that oppression, injustice and poverty shall eventually cease in the land.

While our sympathies as a party of reform are naturally upon the side of every proposition which will tend to make men intelligent, virtuous and temperate, we nevertheless regard these questions important as they are, as secondary to the great issues now pressing for solution, and upon which not only our individual prosperity, but the very existence of free institutions depend; and we ask all men to first help us to determine whether we are to have a republic to administer, before we differ as to the conditions upon which it is to be administered. Believing that the forces of reform this day organized will never cease to move forward until every wrong is remedied, and equal rights and equal privileges securely established for all men and women of the country, therefore:

OUR NATIONAL PLATFORM.

The People's Party Platform Adopted at Omaha July 4, 1892.

Assembled upon the 116th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the People's party of America, in their first national convention, invoking upon their action the blessings of Almighty God, puts forth in the name and on behalf of the people of this country the following preamble and declaration of principles:

PREAMBLE.

The conditions which surround us best justify our co-operation. We meet in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political and material ruin. Corruption dominates the ballot box, the legislatures, the congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench. The people are demoralized; most of the states have been compelled to isolate the voters at the polling places to prevent universal intimidation or bribery. The newspapers are largely subsidized or muzzled, public opinion silenced; business prostrated; our homes covered with mortgages; labor impoverished and the land concentrating in the hands of capitalists. The urban workmen are denied the right of organization for self-protection; imported pauperized labor beats down their wages, a hireling standing army, unrecognized by our laws, is established to shoot them down; and they are rapidly being generated into European conditions. The fruits of the toil of millions are boldly stolen to build up colossal fortunes for a few, unprecedented in the history of mankind; and the possessors of these, in turn, despite the republic and endanger liberty. From the same prolific womb of governmental injustice we breed the two great classes—tramps and millionaires. The national power to create money is appropriated to enrich bondholders. A vast public debt, payable in legal tender currency, has been funded into gold-bearing bonds, thereby adding millions to the burdens of the people. Silver, which has been accepted as coin since the dawn of history has been demonetized to add to the purchasing power of gold by decreasing the value of all forms of property as well as human labor, and the supply of currency is purposely abridged to fatten usurers, bankrupt enterprise and enslave industries. A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on two continents and it is rapidly taking possession of the world. If not met and overthrown at once, it forebodes terrible social convulsions, the destruction of civilization or the establishment of an absolute despotism.

We have witnessed for more than a quarter of a century the struggles of the two great political parties for power and plunder, while grievous wrongs have been inflicted upon a suffering people. We charge that the controlling influences dominating both these parties have permitted the existing dreadful conditions to develop, without serious efforts to prevent or restrain them. Neither do they now promise us any substantial reform. They have agreed together to ignore, in the coming campaign, every issue but one. They propose to drown the outcries of a plundered people with the uproar of a sham battle over the tariff, so that capitalists, corporations, national banks, trusts, watered stock, the demoralization of silver and the oppression of the usurers may all be lost sight of. They propose to sacrifice our homes, lives and children on the altar of mammon; to destroy the millions in order to secure corruption funds from the millionaires.

Assembled on the anniversary of the birthday of the nation and filled with the spirit of the grand generation which established our independence, we seek to restore the government of the republic to the hands of "the plain people," with whom it originated.

We assert our purposes to be identical with the purposes of the national constitution: "To form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

First—That the union of the labor forces of the United States, this day consummated, shall be permanent and perpetual. May its spirit enter into all hearts for the salvation of the republic and the uplifting of mankind.

Second—Wealth belongs to him who creates it, and every dollar taken from industry without an equivalent is robbery. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their enemies identical.

Third—We believe that the time has come when the railroad corporations will either own the people or the people must own the railroads, and should the government enter upon the work of owning and managing any of our railroads, we should favor an amendment to the constitution by which all persons engaged in the government service shall be placed under a civil service regulation of the most rigid character; so as to prevent the increase of the power of the national administration by the use of such additional government employees.

Fourth—We demand a national currency, safe, sound and flexible, issued by the general government only, a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and that without the use of banking corporations; that a just, equitable and efficient means of distribution direct to the people, at a tax not to exceed two per cent. per annum, to be provided, as set forth in the subsidiary plan of the Farmers' Alliance, or some better system; also by payments in discharge of its obligations for public improvements.

We demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.

We demand that the amount of circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than 850 per capita.

We demand a graduated income tax. We believe that the moneys of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all state and national revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government, economically and honestly administered.

We demand that postal savings banks be established by the government, for the safe deposit of the earnings of the people, and to facilitate exchange.

Transportation being a means of exchange and a public necessity, the government should own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people.

The telegraph and telephone, like the postoffice system being a necessity for transmission of news, should be owned and operated by the government in the interest of the people.

The land, including all the natural resources of wealth, is the heritage of all the people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited. All lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs, and all lands now owned by aliens, should be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.



The little man screamed in terror.



Harold remained motionless.

down. Every one said that such a conclusion was proved by the result of Mr. Winthrop's experiment and gave so many reasons why this should be thus that any one who dared acknowledge not having thought of it long before the night of the housewarming was looked upon as an ignoramus. The rich young man was severely condemned for having suggested the hour of 11 as that on which the awakening was to take place, and there were many who went so far as to say that he hoped thereby to win Letty Mays himself.

Harold slept well, and the guests amused themselves by trying in various ways to arouse him, but all their efforts were in vain. Pretty Letty Mays, who did not believe he really slept, but thought he had learned to control his features wonderfully well, crept to his side when the attention of the guests was drawn to another part of the room and whispered in his ear that it was nearly time for her to go. Harold did not stir.

"This is nonsense, Harold," she then whispered petulantly. "I know you are feigning just as well as you know it.