

arranged it so that women from every region felt a high degree of personal responsibility for the success of each undertaking. Mrs. Palmer is the only woman appointed among the seventeen United States commissioners to the exposition. President McKinley has made the appointment in the face of the opposition of the French government to the appointment of women on the commission.

Mrs. Daniel Manning, president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has been appointed by President McKinley to represent the United States at the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette at the Paris exposition. This commission, however, is only a small part of the work which Mrs. Manning is planning to accomplish in France this summer. She hopes to organize a trans-Atlantic D. A. R., which shall comprise the lineal descendants in that country of the soldiers who fought in the American Revolution.

Mrs. Frederick Hanger, president of the Arkansas state federation says on the question of reorganization in the club department of a Little Rock paper, of which she is the able editor: "The consuming interest awakened in some people by the supposed bulkiness of the G. F. W. C. and biennial meetings is very touching, especially when the officers, chairmen of committees and those workers on whom the burden, if any, would fall, declare that the general federation is in nowise unwieldy or burdensome, but is manageable to a woman. When the general federation becomes a close corporation with triennial meetings the harp on the willow will become its symbol."

The COURIER
And any One Dollar
Club Magazine \$1.50

Dublin Howard.

"The wheel of fate forever turns its slow, relentless round,
And some cling laughing to its upper sun-washed bound,
While others grovel 'neath its ponderous weight upon the ground.

But those who laugh must some time feel its crushing, ruthless weight
And take their places writhing on the ground; but soon or late
The wheel brings uppermost the broken ones - for such is fate."

This is not a tramp story.

It is the plain, untinted life history of a man who saw more ups and downs than most of his fellow beings, who climbed higher than many men dare aspire and who descended far below the plane on which the average man would care to continue living.

It is not hard to believe in Providence. Conversely, it is hard not to believe in fatality. And there must have been something beyond the ordinary course of events that reduced "Dublin" Howard, Oxford graduate, British army officer, linguist, globe-trotter, journalist, and man of means to the humble lot of a picker of cranberries in a West Jersey bog.

So reasoned his friends of the marshes; and one day he broke through the wall of will with which he had barred the path of memory, and, gazing back through the mist of years, saw standing at the turning point in his career—a woman.

"Some day I shall write the history of my life," he said.

Then he repaired the breach with the cement of fresh determination, and remained until death a man unfathomable, a man with a mysterious past, a man who drank much to wash away ever recurring phantoms of the half-for-

gotten, but withal—a man.

Far down amid the pine woods of Ocean county, New Jersey, where shrieks of locomotives never break the peace of nature and man in his solitude draws close to the God of his fathers, there stands a rain-washed house in the middle of a wild, uncultivated tract known as "The Birches." Venture a few rods into the underbrush in any direction from the house and you plunge to your knees in the black mire of a swamp.

Hither every year comes the owner of The Birches, Captain Martin Haines of Vincentown, with a large force of workmen. At the height of the cranberry season the place is full of life and activity. When the last crate of plump, tart fruit is carted away over the heavy, sandy trail to the nearest shipping point, the men return to their winter quarters and the lodge is left alone to face, untenanted, the storms of another year.

In the season of 1892 a strange man knocked at the door of the house and asked for work. Tall, straight, with an open countenance and a clear eye, he attracted the attention of Captain Haines.

"My name is Howard," said the stranger. "I am not a criminal. I drink rum—that's all. I want a shelter for the winter. May I take care of this place for you?"

Although the man wore the attire of a tramp, his appearance spoke in his favor. And when the berry-pickers went away that year the house had a tenant.

From that time the people of the countryside came to know of the "Hermit of the Birches," a sad, disconsolate man whose yearning for a lodge in some wilderness seemed unaccountable, and whose sole pleasure lay in stalking abroad amid the desolation of bog and forest.

For eight years he lived alone, performing little errands for neighboring farmers, carrying an empty mail pouch once a week from one small hamlet to another, avoiding contact with his fellowmen. For eight years he kept the secret of his life sacred from all save the man who gave him shelter; and he met an unpoetic death a week ago in a hospital in this city. His soulless cadaver has since furnished valuable laboratory material for soulless students of structural anatomy, who wouldn't have cared, even if they could have known, that their subject was an Oxford graduate, an ex-British army officer, linguist, globe-trotter, journalist and man of means.

One night last autumn the Hermit and Captain Haines sat together about the open fire place at the Birches.

"Dublin," said the captain, "you must have seen better days. A man of your intellect doesn't drift down into the bogs through choice."

"Don't call me 'Dublin,'" said the Hermit. "The men here call me by that name because they know I was born in Ireland."

"Ireland, eh?" said the captain. "That's a long way from New Jersey."

"I've been farther," replied the hermit.

Then he cast aside his reserve and unburdened his soul to his friend and protector.

"There was a time," he said, "when I might have had everything a man could ask. Fame, military advancement, wealth were mine. But a woman crossed my path, and rum did the rest. I was born in Waterford. My family was one of the pretentious of Munster. It was wealthy, and the greater part of the wealth was to come to me when I reached the age of twenty-five. I was sent to Eton and Oxford. When I went to England I left a girl cousin in Ire-

(Continued on Page 9.)

Some of the
New Things
Now on Our
Counters.

Golf Suits and Skirts.
Tailor-Made Suits.
Fine Hand-Made Laces.
Cambric, Swiss and Nainsook Embroideries.
Printed Foulard and other Fancy Silks.
"New Finish" Black Silk Crepons.
Beaded and Spangled Robes and Trimmings.
Not for many years has there been a season when it was so necessary for those who want choice fabrics to make their selections early.

MILLER & PAINE

Notable
Victory . .

Easily and Hon-
estly Won by
the



WEBER PIANO CO.

The Maurice Grau Opera Co., of New York, have recently made arrangements whereby the WEBER GRAND PIANOS will be used exclusively by them at the Metropolitan opera house in New York City, and in all their concerts throughout the United States. This marked recognition of the merits of the WEBER PIANO easily places it above all other pianos in the most cultured musical circles.

The general agency for this renowned instrument is held by

Matthews Piano Co.
1120 O street, Lincoln, Nebr.

Burlington
Route

LINCOLN TO DENVER
ALL DAYLIGHT.

LEAVE LINCOLN 8:07 A. M.
ARRIVE DENVER 8:30 P. M.

Pullman Library Cars on this train. This is the fastest service ever inaugurated, Lincoln to Denver by any line. The Burlington's motto is "To Lead in Speed."

City Ticket Office
Cor. 10th and O Streets.
Telephone 235.

Burlington Depot
7th St., Between P and Q.
Telephone 25.

Furrier . . .
G. Steele.
Repairing Done in the Neatest Manner
All Work Guaranteed.
143 So. 12th str - - Lincoln, Nebr.

ARTISTIG PRINTING
Of every description.
It will pay you to consult
C. L. LEMMON, at the
LEGAL NEWS PRINTING . .
Excellent Work. Satisfactory Prices.
1101 N street.