

# Silhouettes of Yesterday.

By JESSIE LEWELLYN.

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The room wore an air of faded ambition, like the woman.

Irma Hecker was a vivified prototype of the room. She was no longer young, but in manner and even in her appearance she suggested ideals grown dingy with much lugging about—perhaps with difficulty. As it was necessary for her to earn the little she ate or wore, she painted saints for a living and quietly laughed at all religion to her cat and dog friends. A sense of humor had kept her from becoming entirely bitter.

One evening when the saints were at rest on the work table and she sat staring idly and stroking a great cat in her lap her imagery took a backward leap into the past. She was young again, vivid, in earnest! Before the fire sat two children, the room had suddenly taken on the tone of a perky little parlor. The little girl wore black stockings and a very short frock; her hair was "taken up" with a blue ribbon. The boy had bright eyes and the dreamer noted his velvet suit and a page's badge pinned on his youthful chest, which was evidently his pride.

"My father is a senator," he was saying. "I'm going to be a senator, too, and then I'll marry you and we'll go to Europe."

"My father is dead," said the little girl in a matter of fact way which is the bravery of children. "So is my mother, but auntie is doing a lot for me, oh, an awful lot! She tells me so every day. Just as soon as she gets through doing things, and I am eighteen, I am going to a big city. Bigger than Des Moines or Omaha. Maybe New York," she added with wide, excited eyes. "Then I'll do something great all by myself, and I won't marry even a senator."

"But you won't have anyone to kiss you good-night," he said.

"Who wants anyone to kiss her good-night when she is great?"

The fire was getting low. A chill crept over the room. Presently the boy arose and went over to her and took up her long red braid in a clumsy, boyish fashion.

"But you are not great yet, and I'm glad."

With a pretty smile she innocently put both arms around his neck and he slid down in the big rocker beside her.

"What are you crying about?" he asked, much surprised.

She laughed. "I don't quite know. You see I am not great yet, maybe I still want some one to care."

An ash dropped from the fire. The little boy and girl and the perky parlor vanished. A youth and a maiden sat on a mohair sofa in the chilly "best room." They looked shy and constrained.

"I just thought I'd come and say good-bye," he said. "Mother said your Aunt Joe told her you were going tomorrow instead of Friday. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid," she exclaimed, "to go out and seek my fortune like the knight in the fairy tales. To have a chance with all the world. I am afraid to stay out here, being passed around from one relation to another, like a croquet ball shoved through so many wires."

"As I was saying—I just come over—mother told me—say, Irma, please don't go. I'm half owner with father now—it's the biggest grocery store in town. New York is a terrible place. It isn't safe for a man to be out after ten o'clock there. And you, a girl, all alone. Stay here and go into the grocery business with me." He tried to laugh; she tried not to do so.

When he was gone the maiden sat on the mohair sofa a long time without changing her position and wondered why that old sob was in her throat when she was so happy.

A gust of wind belled down the chimney. She leaned forward to replenish the fire. When she settled back again the youth and the maiden had gone. The best room had widened and broadened into a spacious cafe. At a corner table sat a man somewhat

bore like women who are too obviously pretty."

She winced, but the remark was naturally not one she might appropriate.

"It isn't jealousy that causes me to speak to you this way," she began.

"Of course not," without looking at her.

"I tell you it is not." It was futile to waste words, and yet she must show him how little she cared. "I will miss you—I can't help missing your—your friendship. Five years is a long time, you know. I have almost given you 'lose five years. If it had not been for you I might have—well, amounted to something."

"It was always for you to say, you know." His tone was courteous, even kind. "I often asked you if you would be happier if I stayed away. You



"I am sorry," he replied. "I don't see why I can't come."

never seemed anxious to say the word. He opened and shut the lid of a stein thoughtfully, and then added with some abruptness: "I often wondered why you never married."

The woman gasped. "You—wondered—why—I—never—married!"

"To be sure, you always told me that you never meant to marry."

"I meant it, but—"

He seemed not to hear her. "Then you insisted on our never speaking of love or that sort of thing—"

"It was not necessary for you to speak things."

"And now that I am going to settle down into mediocre comfort you are the first one I come to—naturally. It's fair." He spoke in an even voice as though desiring to calm her.

The monotonous modulation had the opposite effect. She was the incarnation of repressed fury. Leaning across the table as she was, her words poured forth like a torrent. "It was for me to say during all those years whether we should separate. Mine was the responsibility. You had none. Your wealth, education, station, freed you. You were not to blame for the suffering you sowed. You were put in the world only to pray for your comfort, your peace. You came to me holding out bait for my ambition. That talent tickled your thirst for something new in life, and so you proceeded to appropriate it as your own. You never spoke of love, oh, no. You only lived and breathed it in my presence—and I, poor fool, lived in paradise until—until—I tell you I forbid this marriage."

The words ended in a futile, foolish laugh. She put her hands to her face; touched her front hair, laughing more softly all the time until the mirthless tones seemed to trail themselves in her next words: "How perfectly frightened you look. Can't you take a joke—I'm joking—can't you see it was a joke? I am laughing—laughing because it is so very, very funny that you cannot take a joke."

The clock struck eight. Just then a tap came at the door. Hastily she lighted a gas jet and threw open the door.

"I told you I would come again, and here I am," said a cheery masculine voice at the threshold.

"And I told you not to come except on business, but I am glad to see you," she replied.

"Why shouldn't I come to see you?"

"Why should you?"

"Because I like you. I'm coming just as often as I can. Don't you want me to call often?" He spoke over his shoulder as he reached for a match to relight the fire. "I would rather talk to you than to a girl of my own age anyway, and then—well, why not—there isn't much in this old world at best." He had dropped the kindling and lay one hand on her shoulder. Their eyes met and she turned hurriedly away from him.

"And if we drift on like this—you know I am very much alone—some day I might miss you, and then—"

"Ah, wouldn't I be lucky if you missed me! It would be too good," he talked on, still standing directly under the gas jet. In the strong light she noticed the wave in his hair just where his hat came down, and that his mouth was particularly sensitive and boyish. His hand rested on her shoulder again.

"Why should I not call, dear?" he was whispering, with his lips upon hers.

Presently he was saying good-night.

"Good-bye," she answered.

"You mean it?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry," he replied. "I don't see why I can't come."

As the door closed Irma stooped and tenderly gathered the old gray cat in her arms, murmuring, as she choked back the old unreasonable sob, "Just one more yesterday for us, my friend; that is all it means."

## WAS NOT THE SNAP HE EXPECTED

Tramp Finds Region Where Snow Shoveling Was Continuous.

"Speaking about snow," said the tramp, who was hunting for a job with a shovel on his shoulder, "puts me in mind of three years ago when I hired out to a farmer up in Vermont—that is, I was to have my board during the winter for shoveling snow during the winter, and I thought I had struck a soft snap."

"I had nothing to do but eat and loaf around during the first two weeks, but one morning the farmer roused me up and said there was a trifle of work for me. I stepped out to find the snow four feet deep on the level and still falling but I tackled the job with proper ambition."

"I believe I lifted fifty tons of snow that day, but when night came I was not much ahead of the storm. It was the same the next day and the next, and after five days of it, with no signs of letting up and every rail fence buried out of sight, I stopped work long enough to ask the farmer, 'Is this thing going to keep right on for a week longer?'"

"A week longer?" he replied, with a broad grin on his face. "Why, man, this is only Dec. 3, and we never figure on stopping work before April 10. Just buckle right into it and keep up your appetite."

"I thought the matter over that night," said the tramp, "and in the morning I dug a tunnel to the nearest village and escaped and asked to be sent to jail. They didn't turn me out till July 1, and the first man I met was my old farmer."

"How's snow up your way?" says I.

"Nothing to brag of," says he. "The late rains and warm suns have taken it off till I don't believe we've got two feet left."

## WHY, OF COURSE HE WAS INNOCENT

Jury Decided Unanimously that Jim O'Dell Was a Fool.

"The first time I was ever in the far west," said a Philadelphian, "they got me on a jury in Montana. It was a case of shooting with fatal results, and there was no doubt in my mind that the defendant was guilty."

"A man named Brower had ridden up to the cabin of a man named O'Dell and called him out and shot him down, and there were three witnesses to the fact."

"The case occupied three days, and I supposed every juryman had made up his mind as I had. When we retired to ballot, however, I found myself the only one voting guilty."

"The other eleven looked at me for a while, and then the foreman blandly said:

"Stranger, you don't appear to make allowances."

"Allowances for what?" I asked.

"Allowances for the fact that if that blamed Jim O'Dell had poked his gun out of the window instead of coming to the door he might have pumped a pound of lead into Tom Brower inside of 30 seconds. We are here not to decide who killed Jim, but to find whether he was a fool or not in acting as he did, and I guess we'd better be considerably unanimous about it."

"I didn't want to be the one to interrupt the harmony of the occasion," said the traveler, "and so we speedily came to what the foreman announced as a 'chorus of conclusion,' and Tom Brower was acquitted without a stain on his character."

**Indian Etiquette.**

The Red Man and Helper, published by the students at the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian school has this to say on Indian etiquette: "It was an actual desire for information and no attempt to be funny that a boy in looking up from reading about 'squad men' asked if the white women who marry Indian men were called 'buck women.' We could not answer why they were not. Such a name would be more insulting to a woman than the first appellation is to a man. All Indian women are no more squaws than white women are wenches. The name squaw emanated from 'squaw,' an Indian word of a Massachusetts tribe meaning woman, but it has since come to be used commonly by illiterate people for Indian women of any tribe. No educated or refined people use the words 'squaw' or 'buck,' and we advise our students when they hear them not to pay any attention to the speaker, but to mark him or her down in their minds as a person of low breeding."

**Cloths or Clothes.**

One learns many strange uses and misuses of things at country inns, but let us hope that the following experience related by a friend of mine as having happened to himself is a rare one. He had gone to bed in an Irish inn, bidding the landlady to have him called at 8. At 6, however, next morning she knocked at his door.

"Ye've to git up," she said.

"What o'clock is it?"

"Six, Surr."

"Go away, I am not going to get up till 8."

At 7 she reappeared. "Indade, and ye must get up now, it's 7." Finding him unmoved at her next return, she said: "Git up, there's a sweet gintleman; there's two commercial gentlemen waiting for their breakfast, and I can't lay the cloth till I have yer honor's top sheet."

Consolation is our answer to God's call.

## PEOPLE AND EVENTS

### DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY

High Honor Is Unanimously Accorded to Miss Lucy Hill.

The great success of the reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Dallas, Texas, was due in no small degree to the active work of Miss Lucy Hill, sponsor-in-chief of the reunion. Miss



Miss Lucy Hill.

Hill received marked attention from the veterans, many of whom had fought under her father, Gen. A. P. Hill, and under her uncles, Gen. Basil W. Duke of Louisville, and Gen. John H. Morgan.

Miss Hill, who is considered one of the handsomest women in the south, has been called the Daughter of the Confederacy since the death of Winnie Davis, the daughter of President Jefferson Davis. Her friends claimed that as Miss Hill is the only living daughter of a general born within the Confederate lines, while the war was in progress, she should bear the distinction so long held by Miss Davis. The old veterans made much of her during the reunion and she received their homage with all the grace of a princess.

Miss Hill's father was killed in a charge on the last day of the war. She was born at the front, her mother having left the battlefield two hours before her birth, returning a fortnight later only to find her husband had been killed. Gen. Robert E. Lee personally recovered the body of Gen. Hill, had it laid in an ambulance, and sat beside it with Mrs. Hill and her little baby daughter.

### RECOVERED AN IMMENSE FORTUNE

How Theodore H. Price Pulled Himself Out of the Mire of Debt.

Two years ago the brokerage firm of Price, McCormick & Co., of New



Theodore H. Price.

York, failed with liabilities of \$12,000,000. The firm speculated in cotton and for ten years Theodore Price, the senior member, had been regarded as an expert, but in the winter of 1900 his judgment proved disastrous, and after the assignee had succeeded in making satisfactory settlements all around, Price had an indebtedness of \$3,000,000 staring him in the face.

That would have crushed some men; not so Price. In a quiet way he resumed operations. Last September he began to figure what the cotton crop would be. He secured complete reports from all the counties of the United States in which cotton is grown and his estimate at the time was that the crop would not exceed 10,000,000 bales. Then he formed a syndicate to buy cotton and since September the syndicate has made some big purchases. The price has steadily advanced, the official report from the Agricultural Department at Washington has confirmed Price's estimates and the syndicate has made enormous profits. Mr. Price himself is said to have realized from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000, nearly all of which he has devoted to the settlement of his old firm's claims.

### A Royal Baby Story.

The king of Italy has a kindly humor, according to the Court Circular and Court News.

An old, superannuated servant sent in a petition for a pension, and addressed it to the Princess Yolande—an infant still in her cradle. By his majesty's command the paper was placed in the cot with the baby.

"What did her royal highness say?" asked Victor Emmanuel. "Nothing, sire," replied the eunuch. "Very well, then, silence gives consent," was the king's comment, and the old woman got her pension.

## AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

### SEEK GOLD SEEN IN A VISION

Farmer City, (Ill.) Men Led by Women Spiritualist.

Mrs. Edward Conover, a spiritualist, who resides at Farmer City, Ill., has stirred that village with a vision which, she says, has disclosed to her the location of an immense pot of gold south of Farmer City. In her vision, she says, she was told to select twelve men, the names of whom were given her by the spirit. She told the twelve men of her vision, but one of them was unable to join in the search so Mrs. Conover secured another person.

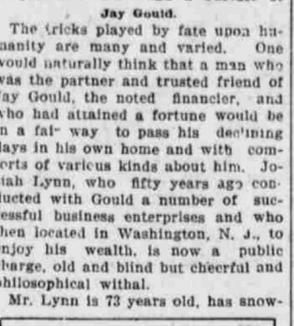
While looking for the treasure the man who had said he could not come put in an appearance, making thirteen men. Last night, Mrs. Conover says a spirit told her there was an evil person in the party, and that the gold could not be found until he was discharged.

**HAPPY THOUGH IN THE POORHOUSE**

Pauper Once Rich and a Partner of Jay Gould.

The tricks played by fate upon humanity are many and varied. One would naturally think that a man who was the partner and trusted friend of Jay Gould, the noted financier, and who had attained a fortune would be in a fair way to pass his declining days in his own home and with comforts of various kinds about him. Josiah Lynn, who fifty years ago conducted with Gould a number of successful business enterprises and who then located in Washington, N. J., to enjoy his wealth, is now a public charge, old and blind but cheerful and philosophical withal.

Mr. Lynn is 73 years old, has snow-



Josiah Lynn.

white hair and a fine intellectual face. He was when young a good business man and made money fast. Then came reverses and his fortune dwindled. His wife died, friends deserted him and his eyesight failed. Still he was happy and even when it became necessary to remove him to the poorhouse at Karsville, N. J., his courage did not fail. Mr. Lynn is awaiting the last summons hopefully but is content with prevailing conditions while they must be endured.

### Thrift of Foreigners.

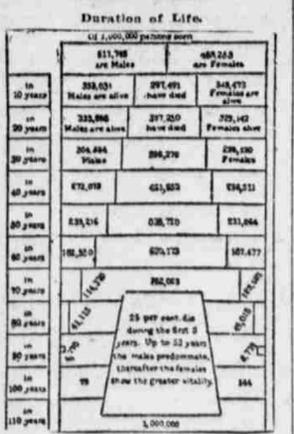
Nothing more beautifully illustrates the small thrift of foreigners than the mails. For instance: While we write for transmission abroad over 73,000,000 letters a year, we receive only 59,000,000. While of unpaid and short-paid letters we send 1,369,752, the foreigners afflict us with 2,165,552, on which we are obliged to pay postage. While we send abroad 49,157 postal cards with paid reply, they send us only 27,713. We write more single cards than they do, beating them nearly three quarters of a million in a total of 7,800,000. In short postage they impose on us annually to the sum of about \$300,000. For sending and receiving this mail the government pays \$2,250,000 a year.

**Duration of Life.**

Of 1,000,000 persons born

Age	611,748 are Males	388,252 are Females
in 10 years	333,031 Males are alive	377,491 Females are alive
in 20 years	223,086 Males are alive	277,220 Females are alive
in 30 years	104,884 Males are alive	128,276 Females are alive
in 40 years	47,418 Males are alive	61,823 Females are alive
in 50 years	13,514 Males are alive	18,710 Females are alive
in 60 years	3,850 Males are alive	5,273 Females are alive
in 70 years	1,118 Males are alive	1,503 Females are alive
in 80 years	312 Males are alive	412 Females are alive
in 90 years	77 Males are alive	103 Females are alive
in 100 years	19 Males are alive	25 Females are alive
in 110 years	5 Males are alive	7 Females are alive
in 120 years	1 Male is alive	1 Female is alive

25 per cent. die during the first 10 years. Up to 55 years the males predominate, thereafter the females show the greater vitality.



The above diagram shows your chances of attaining various ages.

### King Edward's Cook.

The cook of King Edward of England draws a salary of \$10,000. This is the same as the salary of a lieutenant general or an admiral of the Established Church. The King has often referred to his cook as a "perfect treasure" and has often proffered him a cigar from the royal pocket case. The cook is a Frenchman named Menager and maintains a splendid establishment of his own. He generally goes to the royal residence at 11 o'clock in the morning and drives there in his own carriage.

## Some Facts and Opinions

### USE OF TELEPHONES IN SURGERY

London Hospitals Have Had Great Success with the Appliance.

In several London hospitals surgeons are now using the telephone whenever they have occasion to probe for bullets or other metallic objects. The receiver of the telephone is placed on the head of the operator and the patent is placed, in the usual manner, in contact with a plate, the general medium employed being a wet sponge or some paper saturated with a saline solution, which is spread over the plate. The latter is connected with



the telephone by a wire and the probe, after it has been introduced into the body, naturally vibrates as soon as the foreign metallic substance comes in contact with it. The probe is also connected with the telephone by a wire, and thus no such blunder is possible as sometimes when an ordinary battery is used. When a telephone is used in this way the plate acts as one pole and the probe as the other. Needles, bullets, grains and shot and pieces of steel and copper can be easily located by the use of this simple method.

### CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT SENATE

**Peculiarities in Membership of the Great Legislative Body.**

Not only does the Senate represent in its membership almost every phase of professional and industrial activity, but many of its members were experienced in legislative work before coming to the Senate. Of the eighty-eight senators twenty-six served in the House of Representatives. Fifteen senators have served as governors of states. Senator Warren served two terms as governor of the territory of Wyoming, and his second term ended with the admission of the territory as a state. He was then elected first governor of the state.

Fifteen senators have a record of service in the confederate army and one was in the confederate navy. Nine senators were in the Union army. Senators Pettus of Alabama and Tate of Tennessee were in the Mexican war.—Washington Star.

### CLEVER ADULTERATION OF MILK

**American Methods Would Seem Slow to the Athens Men.**

A French newspaper describes an ingenious method of milk adulteration practiced in Athens. The residents have a penchant for goats' milk, and herds of these animals are led along the street by milk sellers wearing long blouses with capacious sleeves.

Their cry of "Gala! gala!" brings the housewife to the door, and she prudently demands that the goats shall be milked in her presence. This is done, but the milkman has in one hand the end of a thin tube which runs up his sleeves and connects with an India rubber receptacle full of water, which is carried under his ample blouse.

At each pressure of the fingers on the udder there is a corresponding compression of the water sack, and milk and water flow side by side into the milk pail.



Nearly 200 years before Watt saw his mother's kettle steaming Giovanni Branca, an Italian, invented the crude steam engine here pictured.

### Blow at Rogues' Gallery.

A Brooklyn magistrate is taking steps to circumscribe the rogues' gallery. He threatens to arrest policemen who take prisoners to police headquarters and photograph them before their arraignment is made. He says that such action is a violation of the penal code. The magistrate also pays his respects to the so-called "third degree," which he stigmatizes as a relic of the dark ages. His point is that when a man's photo has been taken for criminal record and the prisoner happens to be acquitted of the crime charged with he suffers an irreparable injury by his portrait being in the possession of the police. The police say they always destroy the negatives if the subject is acquitted, but the magistrate rather doubts this. Anyhow, he says, the whole proceeding is illegal.

### Ex-Speaker Reed Contented.

Thomas Brackett Reed always had a well-fed look, of course, but nowadays he wears a well-groomed air of comfortable prosperity such as he never could boast while in congress. When he visits Washington he puts up at the best hotel, which involves greater expense than he could have met in the old days. The ex-speaker is said to wonder why he remained in public life so long.



She painted saints for a living, past middle life and a young woman. The two were gazing abstractedly over one another's shoulder. She spoke first, continuing her desultory observations.

"I do not believe you know what you are doing."

He moved impatiently.

"She will never make you happy."

"Happiness isn't everything."

"I thought it was to you."

"Comfort—peace, is all that's worth while. Happiness would get to be a