

That Which Was Lost.

A lover said: "I do not hate the years
That touch to gray the softness of her
hair.
For me Remembrance leaves the sun-
light there."
"I love the lines that soldier eyes than
mine
Read on the spirit-fairness of her face.
The soul's handwriting tells its inward
grace."
"But once around her beauty, still so
dear,
I have so oft beheld a mystery
That shook my heart, but kept its own
from me."
"There was a secret hidden in her eyes;
And in her voice one note I thrilled to
hear.
Have the years slain it, ere I read it
clear?"
Even as he spoke, her soft eyes met his
And answered, far behind their love
and truth
Shone the lost magic and immortal
youth.
—St. James Gazette.

The Silent Man's Wooing.

BY CARRIE MAY ASHTON.
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
He was a big silent man wholly ab-
sorbed in business and self the world
said.
Respected by many, but loved by
none, his employees said.
No one could be more just than he,
but those about him often wished he
was more like other men.
He was not conscious of the fact
that he threw a damper on every one
in the office.
He had never known what a home
was in the true sense of the word.
His father had deserted his mother
when he was a few weeks old, and
the poor little woman had lingered
until the lad was six years old.
He had loved her passionately, but
after she left him he had learned to
live within himself.
He had found the world a cold, hard
one to the homeless; but with a fine
physical inheritance and dauntless
courage he had worked his way up
from a carrier-boy to the proprietor
of one of the largest newspapers in a
large metropolis.
He was never a social creature and
refused all invitations.
He knew very few women and they
rarely saw his best side.
He lived in a very quiet boarding
house where Madame Brunig, a kindly
German woman, kept a half dozen men
who could afford to pay her well.
Elizabeth Wells, a wholesome, at-
tractive girl of twenty-five, had spent
the summer vacation with Madame
as she was teaching in a neighboring
city, and her mother was traveling
with a party in California.
Madame was always ready to wel-
come the girl, as she had no children
of her own.
The other men had treated her most
kindly—the youngest having paid her
considerable attention, but Norman
Baker had never exchanged a half
dozen words with her.
The fact was he did not know what
to say to a woman.
He seldom felt at ease in a woman's
presence, but instead of distilling her
as the other boarders said, he had
grown much interested in the merry,
sunshiny girl, and when Thanksgiving
came and with it Miss Wells, none
greeted her with a heartier handshake
than the reserved Mr. Baker.
He did not as usual retire to his
sanctum immediately after meals dur-
ing the young woman's visit, but
mingled with the other boarders and
for him was quite genial.
Saturday morning he asked Miss
Wells to drive with him that after-
noon, but she had promised Jack Brad-
shaw the night before.
"Will you go with me Sunday after-
noon then?" he inquired, knowing this

deeply interested in you and want to
make you my wife. I have never loved
any woman in my life before, except
my mother.
"My life has been a quiet, lonely
one and I have no close friends."
To say that Elizabeth Wells was
surprised, but mildly expresses it.
She had had offers before, but had
never seen a man that she cared
enough for to give up her freedom.
"I do not know you well enough Mr.
Baker to feel sure that I should make
you or myself happy as your wife.
Our acquaintance has been so very
brief, I do not know the least thing
about you, except that you are pro-
prietor of The Bulletin. You know
little more about me. I shall be glad
to continue the acquaintance and at



the end of six months you can ask me
the same question again and I will
answer it."
The twain kept their own council
and no one was made any the wiser
for that drive.
Mr. Baker made frequent visits to
the city in which Miss Wells resided.
Flowers, books, music and confec-
tionery found their way to the young
lady's home. Long letters reached
her in which the cold, silent man told
her of his early trials and loneliness,
his longings and aspirations for a hap-
pier future.
"Could she be happy and satisfied
with him?" she had asked herself
over and over again, but could reach
no decision.
She enjoyed his companionship
more than even she herself knew. His
friendship meant much to her, but
might she not tire of him in time when
it was too late?
The six months would soon be up,
but she was no nearer a decision.
It was late in May one rainy Satur-
day when Norman Baker reached
Reno. His train was late and as
he had an engagement for luncheon
with Elizabeth Wells he took a cab.
A few blocks this side of Miss Wells'
home the cab came to a sudden stop
and upon calling to the driver he
learned that a small newsboy had
been knocked down and his papers
scattered over the crossing. Jumping
out of the cab he picked up the lad
and learned that he was not seriously
injured, although bruised and shaken
up.
The child seemed much more con-
cerned over the loss of his papers and
his torn trousers than about his own
injuries until he was told that Mr.
Baker would replace the papers be-
sides getting him a new suit of clothes.
How forcibly this incident brought
back his own cheerless childhood to
the man.
Perhaps he could put a little sun-
shine into the newsboy's life!
Requesting the lad to jump into the
cab he drove to Miss Wells'.
What was his astonishment to have
her exclaim as she opened the door:
"Harry, lad, where have you been?
How did you get hurt?"
Mr. Baker explained the situation
and learned that his young friend was
one of Miss Wells' favorite pupils.
"Run up to the bath room Harry,
and make yourself as presentable as
possible and you shall have luncheon
with us," she said at the conclusion of
the explanation.
Miss Wells invited herself to go

with Mr. Baker and Harry to select
the new suit which thanks to the
young lady's assistance, proved very
becoming and satisfactory.
Then the happy lad departed to his
home, and the two friends visited an
art gallery.
They were seated before a cheery
grate fire that evening both in a
thoughtful mood, but with a peace-
fulness and contentment in the atmos-
phere that gave quiet happiness to the
long silences.
"Norman," and the big, silent man
was all attention and a thrill with the
sweetness and tenderness of that
first utterance of his Christian name,
"the episode of my little newsboy
friend," she continued, "your gener-
ous impulse to lend your aid to the
lucky lad, has made my answer to the
question you asked me six months
ago." "I suppose I must have loved you
all those months, but it took the little
incident of this afternoon to show me
that the love was really there."
WON FAVOR BY HIS GRIT.
Good Story Told of United States
Naval Officer.
A tribute was paid recently to the
late Capt. W. R. Reisinger, U. S. N.,
at the Grand Hotel. "Capt. Reisinger
was the kind of man you can obey
as an officer, respect as a man and
cherish as a friend," said F. C. Chen-
wick of Washington. "The delayed
news of his death at Panama, which
came to us a week or so ago, was a
great shock to his many friends in
Washington, Annapolis, Pensacola and
elsewhere. I remember an anecdote
of the man which brings out the stuff
there was in him. He was a little
man—hardly over the limit to get into
Annapolis, I should say—but he al-
ways insisted on being obeyed
to the dot, and he always or-
dered everything to be kept right
up to the mark. About ten years
ago, more or less, he was executive
officer of the receiving ship Dale, at
the Washington Navy Yard, and used
to keep the new men pretty hard at
work shinning up brass and like. Some
of them, especially the big fellows,
didn't overmuch relish the novel
sensation of being bossed around by
such a little chap, as they put it, and
used to pass around remarks about
how easy they could do him up some
time off duty. He overheard some of
those remarks and one day when he
was off duty he appeared among the
men, took off his coat and asked for
volunteers in the task of doing him
up. He was surrounded by a crowd of
Annapolis men, and fully able to take
care of himself anyway. But the men
respected his grit without trial, and
obeyed him gladly after that."—New
York Tribune.

HE WAS ABOVE IT.
Young Man's Answer to Student of
Sociology.
Smith is a man of education, whose
particular study is sociology. Much of
his time is spent among children of
the poorer classes, and in the vacation
period, when these are congregated in
the playgrounds of the city, he works
among them directing their play.
Visitors to the grounds are frequent,
but few ask questions. Recently, how-
ever, so Smith informed the writer,
a young fellow appeared, watched the
children for a time, seemed interested,
and asked a few questions about them.
As the young man was neatly
dressed, clean shaven, quiet in man-
ner, and not unintelligent looking,
Smith was prepared to find him a stu-
dent of problems, like himself.
"Are you interested particularly in
this kind of work? Perhaps you are
doing elsewhere as I am doing here?"
said Smith.
Smith said that the smile which
preluded his reply was crushing. "Oh,
no," said the youth, "I've got a good
trade."—Detroit Free Press.

Food and Brains.
The advantage of fasting for intel-
lectual work is being exemplified by a
professor of the West Virginia univer-
sity, who will refrain from eating food
for 30 days, during which time he will
daily deliver his customary lectures to
the class of the summer quarter. It is
the professor's idea that the less food
there is in the stomach the more blood
can be drawn to the brain, and that ac-
tion should be superior in every way
to that of a man who is clogged with
food. It will be interesting to watch
the professor's lectures daily becom-
ing more brilliant while his weight de-
creases. One can imagine that the
farther he gets to infinite wisdom,
until, when he arrives at the 30th day
of his fast, the thinking world will be
simply dazzled by the intellectual out-
burst. If this is demonstrated all we
need to do to produce a "Thanalopsis"
or a "Gray's Elegy" is to take a com-
monplace post and place him in a cell
for thirty days on a diet of filtered
water.

Druggists' Signs.
The familiar big colored glass
bells are gradually ceasing to be a
feature of the decoration of druggists'
windows. In the past they were as
necessary to every drug store as a
red and white pole is to a barber's
shop, but they have not, as the pole
has, a well-defined history. All that
druggists know of them is that they
have been always used as window
ornaments. The brilliant liquids that
they contain are made cheaply and
plainly of chemicals and water. Thus,
a solution of copper and ammonia
makes blue; bichromate of potash
makes orange; aniline dyes have of
late been used in the chemical's place,
but the liquids fade in a strong sun-
light, and have frequently to be re-
newed. The liquids colored chemi-
cally on the other hand, last well
all the year.

HIS THOUGHTS FAR AWAY

He had executed the bustle of his
life in order to reach her home in
time to take her on the ride down the
river, as he had promised, and in
doing so he had been compelled to
side-step his regular daily lunch. Con-
sequently, when the boat moved out
on the bosom of the historic, low-mur-
muring stream, he had about as much
of the Keats-Shelley poetic infatua-
tion suffusing his hungry frame as is con-
tained in the make-up of a carpenter's
horse.
"How beautiful the deep emerald
blue—the sky in this year!" she mur-
mured rapturously—having her-
self had a whole lot of lunch at home
before she had started—waving her
parasol toward the shore.
"Um," he replied, his mind on the
things that he would about do to two
strawberry shortcakes if they should
happen to drop in his lap.
"There is something sadly reminis-
cent about the Potomac, don't you
think?" she asked him as the boat
swung by Gleason point.
"Sure," said he, dimly, wolfishly
crying the little girl, who was eating
pickle and cake out of the family
lunch basket.
"Don't you always fancy that some-
thing of the old, old atmosphere of the
dreamy southland still seems to cling
about Alexandria?" she asked him as
the boat glided by the quiet town.
"Uh-huh," said he, half of a mind to
go up against a ball of popcorn to sort
of keep him going until the boat made
its landing.
"See how the sunlight strikes the
little ripples on the surface of the
stream over yonder!" said she, ecsta-
tically.
"Yes," he replied, really thinking
however, of how he would like to play
with about two large Louisiana nut-
ton chops and some lyonnaise pot-
atoes.
"The sky is of such a deep turquoise
hue to-day, is it not?" she inquired of
him.
"It sure is," said he, but the blue
of the sky made him think of a judge
huckleberry pudding and caused his
teeth to leak.
She perceived that he wasn't care-
ful a little bit as to the sky that
perspectives, middle distances, and
things like that, and so she passed for
a little while. So did he. His mind
was on the carnal things of the world.
"What are you thinking of?" she
asked him playfully, breaking the
agreeable pause. "Of the music made
by the zephyrs as they fit through
the lovely trees over there at old
Washington?"
"None," said he, in a matter-of-fact
tone. "I was wondering whether I'd
have mustard or not on the four Swiss
cheese sandwiches that I'm going to
lean up against when we reach our
getting-off place."
Then she gazed at him reproach-
fully and passed up the tropical-moon-
light conversation until the brute was
fed.—Washington Post.

LAKE OVER VOLCANO

Squire Redwine, who has been in
Phoenix for several days, yesterday
described a smoking lake not far
from the country where he lives, says
the Arizona Republican. The lake is
about forty miles from the town of
Imperial and twenty-one miles south
of Mexico. It lies within the Cocopah
country at the base of the mountains,
even below the foothills, but it has
been there very long. It is on the
Mexican side of the line. It used to
be in California and was supplied
with water by the Colorado River.
Mexicans dammed that stream and
the water was turned into the Cocopah
river, which feeds the new lake and
does little else.
Within the boundaries of the new
lake there has been for several years
what the Indians believed to be a vol-
cano. Smoke was almost constantly
rising from the ground, but there had
been no other sign of an eruption.
The water of the lake covers the vol-
cano to a depth of from five to ten
feet. Ever since the water has been
there there has been trouble, and it
is getting worse every day. The In-
dians have moved from that neigh-
borhood and the whites in the settle-
ment twenty miles north are thinking
of moving. The lake is about four-
teen miles long, but not of great
width.
At first the disturbance was con-
fined to that part of the water in the
vicinity of the volcano, but now the
water is boiling over a considerable
part of its area and explosions are
growing more and more frequent.
People living in the neighborhood
of Mexico are often awakened by them
in the night time. Eruptions are go-
ing on all the time, but they are gen-
erally of sufficient force only to throw
up the water to the height of a few
feet. That makes no noise that can
be heard at any great distance. But
occasionally the eruption breaks
through the water and shocks are
felt.
Whenever this happens the noise can
be heard and a flame can be seen for
miles. It was such demonstrations
as these that frightened the Indians
away. There are boats on the lake
and parties have started out to the
volcano, but they have always turned
back without completing the investi-
gation. One party which came back
reported seeing an area of mud forty
feet square thrown fifty feet into the
air. The level of this lake is several
feet below sea level.
The whole Cocopah country has
been a volcanic region. The side of
the mountains and the country for a
considerable distance around are cov-
ered with sulphur. Within the mem-
ory of some of the older residents of
Arizona one of the volcanoes in the
mountain range was active.
All the troubles of this world are
born with wrinkles.—Mary E. Wilkins.

WHEN MOSBY RAN

Col. John F. Mosby set word to
the remnant of his old guerrilla band,
who recently held their annual re-
union at Leesburg, Va., that the pres-
sure of public duty would prevent
him joining them. If Mosby's mem-
ory remains active, the present death
of Col. Tichenor of the board of gen-
eral appraisers at New York must
have reminded him of an occasion
when the pressure of public duty
caused his absence from a place
where he was very much wanted. He
has sometimes mentioned it in these
later years, as the following story
shows. Tichenor was a young officer
in the civil war, and he had sent out
one night with a company in advance
of the army to skirmish and estab-
lish picket lines. Before he had gone
very far he stumbled on three men
on horseback and cried: "Halt! Who
goes there?" Two of the men
wheeled instantly, galloped away and
escaped; the third hurried forward,
throwing up his hands and scream-
ing: "I surrender! I surrender!"
Tichenor was much annoyed. He
could not shoot a man who had vol-
untarily made himself a prisoner of
war, and the direction taken by the
others was such that he should have
risks hitting his prisoner if he fired
upon the two fugitives; so he had to
let them go and bring his own prize
into camp. The captive proved to be
a local preacher who knew the coun-
try so well that the confederates
had pressed him into service as a
guide, and he revealed the fact that
one of the confederates was a confer-
ate officer and the other the guerrilla
Mosby, who, in the then state of
feeling within the union lines, would
undoubtedly have been given short
shrift and hanged.
Mosby afterward met Tichenor and
told him that he did the liveliest run-
ning that night of any time in his ad-
venturous career.

HOW TO DRAW CORK.
It Can Be Done With Common Piece
of Sealing-Wax
If you want to ask your friends at a
picnic, or have left home, tell them
home, as usually happens, out of any
bottle without a cork. Of course
they will laugh, but soon it will
be your turn to amuse them.
Take a piece of sealing-wax and
hold one end of it over a lighted
match until it becomes soft; then let
some drops of wax fall on the cork
in the bottle's neck, so that the
cork is covered with wax you must
press the piece you hold in your
hand against the wax, and you must
hold it there until the wax is quite
dry. Then it will stay for you to
draw out the cork, as to it, in the
same manner, you would use a
screw.
No matter how fixed the cork
may be, it will immediately
yield to the wax. You must,

JEWES OF PROMINENCE IN FINANCIAL WORLD.

THE genius for money-making
is one of the well-known char-
acteristics of the Hebrew
race, and it ought to surprise
no one to find that there are
115 millionaires among this people
in the United States. The Jewish
World has taken pains to verify the
result of its investigations along this
line and prints a list of the men of
Israelitic descent who have amassed
fortunes in excess of \$1,000,000. The
Hebrews comprise one-eighth of the
population of the United States, their
number being about thirty-four per
cent of the number of Americans who
own their riches in seven figures. A
striking thing is the comparatively
large number of occupations in which
the Jewish millionaires have managed
to earn their millions. Banking, pork-
packing, realty, dry goods, distilling
and cotton growing are among the
various industries and trades in which
they have been fortunate.
The millionaires of the race are
found chiefly in large cities, like New
York, where there are 23; Philadel-
phia, where they number 5; San Fran-
cisco, which has 10; Baltimore, where
may be found 8 of the race; Cin-
cinnati, which has 6, and Chicago,
where the number reaches 12. Other
cities represented in the list are Mo-
bile, Denver, Atlanta, Peoria, Ill., Wav-
erly, Ia., Paducah, Ky., Louisville,
Boston (with a solitary one), Detroit,
Marquette, Mich., St. Paul, Meridian,
Miss., St. Louis, Morristown, N. J.,
Ft. Worth, N. J., Brooklyn, Portland,
Ore., Pittsburg, Salt Lake City,
Seattle and Wheeling.
The gentlemen whose pictures ac-



The Straus Brothers. Nathan is at the top, Isidor to the left and Oscar to the right. They are prominent in business, politics and philanthropy.

the Straus-American millionaire.
The Straus brothers—Oscar, Nathan
and Isidor—have achieved distinction
in a variety of ways. All are mer-
chants and they are now building in
New York the largest store in the
world. They are Bavarians by na-
tivity and their early life was spent
in Georgia. After the civil war they
located in New York. Oscar became
a lawyer. He has since been minister
to Turkey and has been as success-
ful in his diplomatic career as in other
lines. Isidor and Nathan are his
brothers. Like him they have long
been identified with the great mercan-
tile house in New York known as
Macy's, which they control. Nathan's
charities are famous. He established
play yards in New York some years
ago, where coal was dispensed to the
poor at cost, and set up sterilized milk
dispensaries, where the article could



James Speyer, J. M. Levy. The former is prominent in banking circles. The latter is a lawyer and ex-congressman.

be obtained at a low price. The
wealth of the three mounts well up
into the millions.
Banking has been the forte of
William J. Seligman, James Speyer
and Henry Seligman, all New
Yorkers in the list of million-
aires. Seligman's forefathers were
voluntary soldiers. Seligman is 60
years old and is the son of a cotton
merchant. He himself is a writer as
well as a financier. James Speyer is
also a New Yorker, who was educated
in France in his father's banks in
Frankfurt, Paris, London and New
York and who now holds a responsible
position in the house in the latter city.
Henry Seligman is one of a family
who have furnished more than their
share of men distinguished in the
financial, commercial and literary
world. Since boyhood he has been as-



W. J. Seligman, Henry Seligman. (Hebrew millionaires who are prominent in banking circles.)

print a dramatic paper, which subse-
quently became the New Journal
Chronicle. San Francisco has no
more prominent citizen than Mr. De
Young, who, outside of journalism,
takes an interest in finance and
commerce. He has often represented his
State in national conventions of the
Republican party and is always con-
sulted by the leaders with reference
to party politics. His name has often
been mentioned for the Vice-presiden-
tial nomination.



J. Fleischmann. M. H. De Young. The former is mayor of Cincinnati; the latter is the noted San Francisco publisher.

has represented his district in con-
gress, is a lawyer by profession and
owns the home of Thomas Jefferson
—Monticello.
Julius Fleischmann is the Republican
mayor of Cincinnati—the youngest
man who ever filled the office, being
only 30 years old now and 28 when he
was elected. His father was a banker
and the manufacturer of a little article
bearing the yellow label which has
made the name of Fleischmann famous.
The son succeeded his father in the
various enterprises. He also owns one
of the finest stock farms in the
country. When the late President McKi-
nley was Governor of Ohio he had the
young man—then scarcely a voter—
on his staff.

The Army Nurse Corps.
Of all the great armies of the
world, the army of the United States
is the only one which has a regular-
ly organized female contingent. This
consists of the army nurse corps, re-
cently organized, uniformed and
equipped under the provisions of the
army reorganization act. The uniform
of the corps consists of a waist and
skirt of suitable white material, ad-
aptable white cuffs, high-collared
pattern. The badge of the corps is
the Geneva cross of the medical de-
partment in green enamel with gilt
edge. This badge is displayed on the
left side of the collar of the uniform
or on a corresponding part of the
nurse's dress when she is not in uni-
form. These nurses are governed by
the regulations of the army and are
subject to the orders of their imme-
diate superiors in office in the per-
formance of duty, with the usual pen-
alties for disobedience of orders or
neglect of duty or violation of regu-
lations.

Premiums on Gold Dollars.
The United States gold dollar is
so scarce that dealers in old and rare
coins are advertising everywhere for
them, offering from \$1.50 to \$3 apiece
for as many as they can get.
Since 1889 the United States mints
have not coined any gold dollars.
Since then their value has increased
steadily.
In the mint in Philadelphia, where
the dies for all United States cur-
rency are made, a reporter was given
the present value of a gold dollar of
1889.
Those marked C. (Carson City) are
worth from \$1.70 to \$2.50. Those
marked D. (Denver) are worth from
\$2 to \$2.50; those marked S. (San
Francisco) are worth from \$2 to \$3,
and those without any mark, indicat-
ing they were minted at Philadelphia,
are worth from \$1.50 to \$1.70.

Asphalt Were More Serviceable.
Notification was recently served on
the residents of an uptown street that
they would be assessed a certain
amount each by the city for repaving
made necessary in laying new water
pipes. Several house owners rebelled,
and determined to petition council
to place the cost upon the city.
The petitioners were led by a man
most diligent of the petitioners was
appointed a committee of one to ask
all the interested property owners to
sign the petition. Here was the first
paragraph of the circular letter he
sent around:
"Certain gentlemen, house-owners
wish to file a remonstrance to the pro-
posed repaving of — street with
the members of both branches of
councils.—Philadelphia Times.

Peculiar Reservation of Pews.
Some of the leading men in Plym-
outh church, Brooklyn, have raised a
fund to set apart for five years the
best pews in the church for the Eng-
lish visitors who, Sunday by Sunday,
find their way to the scene of Henry
Ward Beecher's historic ministry. An
English flag has been placed under a
glass cover, and a plate bearing the
words, "Reserved for English Visi-
tors," has been attached to the pew.
A pew in St. Margaret's, Westminster,
is thus reserved for American visitors.

Spaceman of Georgia Wit.
Recent earthquakes in the west re-
call the fact that in the night of the
seismic disturbances of 1856 in Geor-
gia the Macon city council was in
session. The city hall was shaken
from basement to attic and the coun-
cilmembers ran for their lives. The
wag who kept the minutes of the meet-
ing closed his report in this
manner:
"The city hall was shaken from
basement to attic and the coun-
cilmembers ran for their lives. The
wag who kept the minutes of the meet-
ing closed his report in this
manner."
—Atlanta Journal.