

J. PIERPONT MORGAN, KING OF FINANCIAL WORLD.



J. Pierpont Morgan, the new industrial king of the United States, has risen so suddenly into that position that it will be some time before the public generally will be able rightly to associate him with the power he really possesses. Mr. Morgan's name has been so long and intimately connected with banking that the old association will cling even in spite of his recent stupendous operations in railroad and his just completed acquisition for himself and his capitalist partners, of the huge steel industries hitherto in the control of Andrew Carnegie. But Mr. Morgan has long been an important figure in the steel business, even if Mr. Carnegie's prime position in that field has served to obscure his rival's prominence. Hereafter the name of Morgan will connote railway empire in America and the mighty grind of iron and steel mills.

The new industrial ruler is a native of Hartford, Conn. His father, James Morgan, was a farmer boy who became a New England banker. The son was educated in Boston and in Germany and at the death of his father inherited a fortune of about \$10,000,000. These figures represented the Morgan equity in the banking house of J. S. Morgan & Co. of London and of Drexel, Morgan & Co. of New York. Pierpont Morgan married Miss Frances Tracy. He has three children, Louisa and Annie and J. Pierpont, Jr., who attends to the business of the banking houses abroad. As an example of business capacity of a remarkable kind, Mr. Morgan is unparalleled. No great mental product of modern industry can approach him. He is as capable as any of the Rothschilds in the money line and his recent achievements as an industrial organizer surpass any similar feats performed by other operators in this country or abroad. Numerous organizers necessarily did much preparatory work,

but the big achievements are his. The figures representing the wealth his mind directs in the railroad field are so vast as to be inconceivable. A row of ten figures will alone describe them in numbers of dollars.

The Morgans were early associated with the Vanderbilts in the upbuilding and extension of the New York Central properties. In this work it was the master intellect of J. Pierpont Morgan which deftly manipulated those vast properties and brought them to their present efficiency. The name which was associated with them was the name of Vanderbilt, but the mind that mastered the giant problems was the mind of Morgan. Among the concrete results of Mr. Morgan's intellectual labors have been the reorganization of the Buffalo and the West Shore, and its lease to the New York Central; the reorganization of the Chesapeake and Ohio; the reorganization of the Great Southern and the reorganization of the Erie, and his influence has

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.
After the din of the battle's roar,
Just at the close of day,
Wounded and bleeding upon the field,
Two dying soldiers lay.
One held a rattle of this gray hair,
One held a lock of brown,
Bidding each other a last farewell,
Just as the sun went down.

THEY WERE SWEETHEARTS!
Beside a French window in a deep armchair sat a woman. It was evening, and a drizzling rain dampened the pane, but the woman stared straight ahead into the darkness and seemed unconscious of the immediate environments. None who knew her had ever seen her face lose its sweet placidity, nor had they heard her words make a discord in the music of speech. She passed among her fellow-creatures dropping bits of sunshine here and there as she went her way, looking toward the mysterious future.

seemed like a gulf to her just then; he was in his prime, white she—she knew the sorrows of the world by heart. As he glanced up, she smiled and shook her head. "I am ready to listen, Severance; what has life been bringing to you? Sadness? It seems impossible, you have such a bright way of looking at care."

Severance Calder sighed. "You have been a good friend to me, Evelyn," he said, thoughtfully.

"And why shouldn't I be?"

"Why? Because I am wayward and careless and hot-headed; because I would you in a thousand nameless ways when I don't mean to; because you are good and sweet, and I am wicked and restless." He spoke fervently, but Evelyn only crossed over and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Hush; you speak foolishly. Tell me your cares, and let us leave your miserable points out of the question," smiling down into his serious eyes.

"Do you know, only once in a man's life does he reach the stage of self-criticism—that is when he is in love. You see, I have guessed your secret; ah, Severance, I guessed it long since, only you were afraid to trust me with it. Am I right?"

"You are right!"

"What had come over the world just blacker than ever before. She felt then? To Evelyn it looked colder and blacker than ever before. She felt the blood slowly go from her face, and a chill grip seemed to seize her heart. He is in love! The boy friend who had always made her his confidante, his heart was no longer free to tell her its



trials, and yet she had no right to be jealous of the little bits of exchanged confidence. She was only a friend to him—and to her he was—

"A woman is a good guesser," she said, still smiling, though her lips were white. "Come over here by the window where you can be more comfortable; now, I am ready to listen."

Her voice was guarded, even as her eyes were in the light. Calder glanced over to her and looked intently at her face for several minutes.

"It has crept upon me unawares," he began slowly, "and yet I might have known in time to prevent it."

Evelyn bent forward. "Is it so unhappy?"

He laughed bitterly—unlike the frank, free-hearted boy of yesterday.

"Unhappy? I do not know. I am wretched; I feel so lonely, Evelyn."

"Oh, Severance!" There was a tremor in her voice. Even in that hour a black shadow passed over her heart. All the sunshine went out of her life and she wondered if her loneliness was not deeper than his.

"You—you are angry with me," the boy exclaimed, half passionately; "you think I am foolish to talk of love."

"No, I do not. Only why do you not go to her and tell her of your love, all your pain? You will listen to you—she must listen to you. Bitterness of ten deprives love of its joy, and the first sweet love dream is often blighted by one's own lack of confidence. Men should never blame a woman if she sometimes appears cold, and at other times too light and gay, grief gnaws deep, and woes are hard to bear. Women are hard to understand; their hands are tied in every emotion; their life is masked."

"Calder rose and stood in the middle of the room. Evelyn followed his example.

"Will you go to her?" she asked gently.

He stared at her half sullenly—much as a boy would look at an older sister who had corrected him.

"Are you sure I will not regret speaking to her?" he questioned, after a pause.

"I trust not, I believe not. God help you!" She held out her hands impulsively. He took them in his own; her hands were cold, although she candidly returned his glance.

"What else have you to say, Evelyn?" There was a tenderness in his tone.

"What had she not to say? Should she tell him how her life would be a blank without him? How he had crept into her heart with his boyish eyes and smile? How the woman who heard his troubles and comforted him in his first pain was starving for the young love he had bestowed on some fair one? No, she could not tell him all the bitter truth! She was conscious of a choking sensation which prevented speech; her glance fell lower and lower until it rested on the rug at her feet. She knew her fingers closed around him impulsively with a sudden dread of his leaving her forever.

"I have this to say to you," she breathed the words slowly—"will you still let me be your friend, or will she who has won your love be both sweet heart and friend?"

"What had her voice betrayed? She felt her hands suddenly pressed against a warm, unbearded cheek, and a voice which thrilled her with awe spoke her name.

"She who has won my heart is my friend," he said softly, "and—draw the slight sign into his arm—"will she be my sweetheart, too?"

"She was a woman with a mission and yet, as she glanced up into those earnest eyes, her lips were raised to meet his kiss half way.

Women Workers in France.
A recent volume treating of the work of women workers in that country: Physicists, 450; authors, 519; artists and sculptresses, 3,500; singers and actresses, 3,000; nurses, 13,000; milliners, 30,000; government employees, 50,000; members of religious orders, 65,000; teachers, 100,000; in business houses, 245,000; landowners, 500,000; factory girls, 575,000; domestic servants, 650,000; seamstresses, 950,000; farm laborers, 2,700,000.

When a girl is first in love, she buys very expensive note paper to write to him on, but after the engagement is an old affair, she writes her notes on margins of newspapers, or on the butcher's wrapping paper.

A boy's first trousers and a man's first love are soon outgrown.

REPTILES OF GUIANA

THEY ARE FOUND GALORE IN THE DUTCH COLONY.

Abundance of Snakes of Almost Every Hue and Variety—Many Harmless Ones, but Many More of Most Venomous Type Are Encountered.

"Speaking of snakes," said a mining engineer, "I do not think there is a spot on the face of this earth to equal Dutch Guiana in that respect. There they have large snakes and small snakes, red snakes and green snakes, amber-colored snakes and golden snakes, snakes harmless and snakes deadly, round-headed snakes and flat-headed snakes, and snakes ranging through the entire list of colors from mud gray to striped orange and red.

"If you are a tenderfoot in the country, before you leave Paramaribo for the gold fields in the jungle the natives will warn you against the snakes. On the way to the fields, 400 miles up the river in a canoe, you can shoot a dozen or more water snakes if you are watchful. Once in camp and accustomed to precautions, before you get into your hammock at night you turn it inside out to oust a possible parrot snake that may have taken kindly to your bed. During the night, if you are called upon to leave camp you pick your way along the jungle trail with a lantern held low to light every inch your feet traverse. In the morning when you come to the embers of your camp, fire you will find a bunch of snakes curled up around one another to keep off the chill of the night in the warm ashes. And so it is, snakes, snakes, snakes. Throughout 40,000 square miles of jungle it is one continuous snake paradise.

"Barring death by jungle fever, more miners and prospectors are annually taken off by snake bites than by any other cause. Human life in that country means less than it does here, and so it is that mine owners do not compel their negroes to wear shoes, and so it is also that in the brushwood surrounding some of the older camps there are scattered mounds bearing neither name nor inscription, but pointed out occasionally by veteran miners as the place of 'So and So, poor devil, bitten by a snake.'

"One of the most harmless and one of the prettiest snakes in Dutch Guiana is the parrot snake. He is a little three-foot arrangement, grass-green, pink-eyed, and, among snakes, probably the most knowing. These little chaps are often found in camps. Their only objection is that they wriggle when you lie down on them. They become very tame if encouraged, and take readily to civilization and sugar. In return for their beard they keep the camps clear of mice and spiders.

"But for each variety of harmless snake in Dutch Guiana there are five of the most venomous type. These are known by their flat, triangular heads, and by their sluggishness. A poisonous snake rarely moves out of the way of an intruder. He waits to strike, and, if he strikes, recovery depends on what antidote may be at hand. For this reason every white miner and every foreigner over a gang of men carries in his hunting bag a bottle of concentrated ammonia and a tourniquet. The precaution taken by white men in that jungle against snake bites is to wear thick woolen socks and high-laced boots. Others, in preference to wearing heavy boots, use leggings made of canvas lined with strips of whalebone. Through these protections it is impossible for a snake to strike deep enough into the flesh to insert venom. Many an old pair of boots scarred with snake bites is treasured as a memento by its owner. But it is when men grow careless and discard their protections that they are dangerously bitten.

"When a man has been struck no time is taken to suck the poison out of the wound. Nine times out of ten the wound is in the leg below the knee. The tourniquet is snug about the leg above the wound, and after being drawn tight, without waiting to suck the poison from the wound, ammonia is applied. From time to time the tourniquet is loosened to allow part of the poison to work into the system, but no more than the system can take care of at one time. In this way the entire poison is gradually worn out by the system instead of getting in its full deadly force at once."

soon poring over the parchment-bound tomes. "This is the real thing," he said to himself after fifty pages of Stuyvesant, Van Rensselaers, Van Brunts, De Peysters, etc., recorded as judge, mayors, aldermen and jurors. He was confident that he would soon be at the root of the tree and his confidence was not misplaced.

When asked at home what success he had met with he replied: "The really appropriate heraldic design for our family crest would be a galloway rampant with an ancestor pendant, and any quantity of crows in an azure field."—New York Evening Sun.

GOOD Short Stories

An officer now a patient in No. 2 Officers' Hospital at Pretoria, relates this characteristic anecdote of Lord Kitchener: "The other day he stopped a officier in the streets of Pretoria who was wearing a single eye-glass. He said: 'Excuse me, but do you think it absolutely necessary for your sight to wear that glass?' The officer replied, 'Yes, sir; certainly.' Lord Kitchener said, 'I am particular to have officers with good sight only in Pretoria. You will report yourself for duty on lines of communication at the office of the R. S. O., at five o'clock.' Collapse of officer."

One night, when the attendance in a small town in the French provinces was especially bad, Sarah Bernhardt, bored by the small size of the audience and its stupidity, resolved to make the most of it. The play was "Camille," but, instead of speaking the lines as Dumas wrote them, Sarah made up the play as she went along, interpolating such opinions as, from minute to minute, she had of the audience. She called them unutterable things, and in a highly dramatic way. The innocents applauded these sentiments vigorously, upon which she called them something worse.

The late John J. Bagley, during his second successful campaign on the Republican ticket for Governor of Michigan, spoke one evening at Kalamazoo, and at the beginning of his remarks he alluded frankly to his lack of oratorical gifts. After he had finished, a man pushed forward, grasped his hand warmly, and said: "Governor, I have been a life-long Democrat, but at the coming election I shall vote for you."

"Thank you," replied the Governor, much gratified; "may I ask the particular reason for your change?" "Because you are the first speaker on either side in this campaign that I have heard tell the truth. You said when you began that you couldn't make much of a speech, and, by Jinks, you can't!"

Talleyrand's wife was the reverse of brilliant, and he used to excuse his marriage on the ground that "clever women may compromise their husbands, stupid women only compromise themselves."

One day the famous traveler, M. Denon, was expected to dinner, and Talleyrand conjured madame to prepare herself for sensible conversation by looking over Denon's works. Unfortunately, on her way to the library, madame forgot the name. She could only remember it ended in "on." The librarian smilingly handed her a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Madame easily mastered its contents, and at table astonished her guest by exclaiming: "Mon Dieu, monsieur, what joy you must have felt in your island when you found Friday!"

John Knapp, of the St. Louis Republic, had little use for press agents, and it took a mighty shrewd man to get a free puff from him. He never would publish a lawyer's or a doctor's name if he could avoid it, for they might derive some benefit from the free advertisement. It is said that one morning mention was made in the Republic—they call it the Republic now—of a man having died of Bright's disease. Old man Knapp hunted up the proof-reader, and called him into the private office. "Why did you let that get into the paper?" asked the old man, indicating with his forefinger the objectionable paragraph. "I don't see but that's all right," said the reader. "You don't, eh?" snapped old man Knapp—"you don't, eh? Do you think we want to advertise that man Bright for nothing? He never had an 'ad' in this paper in his life!"

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

John and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?" Polly (aged 6)—Three, please.

Teacher—No; two would be left.

Polly—No, there wouldn't. The three shot would be left and the other two would be fled away.—*Tri-Bits.*

The Run of a Buff.
Miss—Honora, didn't I see Mr. Skyler kiss you this morning?
Maid—I'm astonished, Mrs. Skyler, that you should think of such a thing! Mr. Skyler of all men! Why, you know, he never kisses even you.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Good Hunt.
Edith—How was the season at Bar Harbor?
Mabel—Just lovely! I got eight engagement rings and only three had to be returned.

He Puts Men to Sleep.
"My brother, the prize fighter, has put a dozen men to sleep."
"That's nothing. My brother, the preacher, puts the whole congregation to sleep."
Cold.
He—I have been longing for this moment, Miss Flossie, when I can lay my burning heart at your feet.
Flossie—Oh, it's very good of you; my feet are so cold.—*Ally Snoper.*

The Point of View.
Parson—Will you have her for bettaber woss?
Isaac—Well, sah, I dunno. My folks say it's woss and her folks say it's bettab.

Accounting for Their Activity.
Mr. Hayseed—These New Yorkers jes' rush themselves to death. Why on earth do they kill themselves that way?
Mrs. Hayseed—Land asks! they've got to. Think of the rents they pay.—*New York Weekly.*

A Regular Thing.
"Daughter," said Mr. Giddings, "is that young Mr. Dinsmore a man of regular habits?"
"Oh, yes, papa," replied Miss Giddings. "He proposes regularly every Thursday night."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Information Always on Tap.
"Joshah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "when one of the big battleships runs aground how do they get it off?"
"They pull it off with a tug of war," answered Mr. Chugwater. "I should think you'd know enough to know that."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Recognize and the American.
Judge Hicks, of Minneapolis, being in London, inquired his way of a policeman.
"You're from Hamerica?"
"Yes, sir."
"You can't 'ide the accent."—*Boston Christian Register.*

Ran the High Ball Fastilade.
Mother—My dear boy, I'm so glad to have you home again. I suppose you were where the balls were thickest?
Soldier Son—Yes, mother; the high balls.

To Be Exp-cted.
"You fellows," complained the King of Beasts, "don't seem to be properly impressed when I start to describe my adventures."
"Ah!" replied the diplomatic hyena, "your stories are wonderful, but then we know you are a lion."

Hampstead.
"I da never talks slang."
"Then that's it. I wondered why it was she could never make herself understood."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Forewarned.
"You can't believe more than half you hear."
"Which half of what you tell me shall I believe?"

I Lightful Man.
He—Going shopping, Miss Vander-vell?
She—Yes. I'm going to buy some pretty pictures for my room.
He—Why don't you buy a half-dozen mirrors? Then you would see a pretty picture whenever way you turned.—*Summerville Journal.*

Night in Chicago.
Conductor—Why didn't you stop for them three fellows that signified?
Motorman—I got my week's salary in my pocket, and you bet I ain't takin' chances like that!—*Puck.*

Punished.
"What are you reading, Dorie?"
"Papa's poems."
"Been naughty?"—*Punch.*



The Request.
"That settles it, Danah. Our land lady has been reading about Loeb's salt cure."
"What now?"
"We'll get salt herring breakfasts every morning until the berry season."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Bad Form.
"Listen!" he whispered.
Marjorie pressed his hand softly.
"Not now!" she said. "It is bad form to listen while the piano is playing!"—*Detroit Journal.*

Foot, Not Work.
Farmer's Wife—Why don't you eat that piece of steak I sent out for you?
Tramp (indignantly)—I didn't ask for work, ma'am; I asked for something to eat.—*Pick Me Up.*

Gets Up Early.
Jimmy—What time do yer have to get her up?
Johnny—Oh, any time I like as long as I ain't later than 7 o'clock.—*Harper's Bazar.*

In Missouri.
Clerk—That train robber says he won't pay his bill.
Missouri Grocer—Well, then, I suppose we'll have to guarantee the railroad company.—*Puck.*

His Reason.
"Why should a woman take a man's name when she marries him?"
"Well, as long as she takes everything else, she might as well take that, too."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Signs of Appropriation.
"Mr. Simpkins and our daughter must be engaged."
"Do they seem fond of each other?"
"No; but he has begun to find fault with her."

No Wonder.
Barnestorm—Yes, poor Ranter has gone crazy as a loon. The part he had to play was too much for him.
Buskin—What was he playing, Jekyll and Hyde?
Barnestorm—No; "Monte Cristo," at \$12 per week and six weeks' salary due.

One Point of Diference.
"What's the matter with you?" asked the sympathetic friend; "an attack of grip?"
"No, this isn't grip. I haven't time to stay at home and send for a doctor. This is simply a bad cold."—*Washington Post.*

Too Bad.
Mrs. Mann—That young Mr. Childers is too bad. It was awfully sudden. Isn't it too bad?
Mr. Mann—And he was getting along so famously at coloring his cheer-schaum.—*Transcript.*

Getting at His Finances.
Owner—Here! What are you doing in my safe?
First Thief—Hi.
"What animal is it that is well-footed, Tommie?"
"The spider, ma'am."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Their Verdict.
Judge—Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?
Irish Foreman—We found that the man who stole the horse is not guilty.

A Dreadful State of Aff-irs.
He—Well, we can't believe more than half we hear.
She—Oh, worse than that; I can't believe more than half I say.—*Life.*

Pa has Mixed with the Humor.
"Was the amateur play a drama or a farce?"
"Well, it was billed as a drama, but it was a farce before they got through."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Conspicuous Bravery.
Friend—Stormington is a heroic actor, isn't he?
Comedian—You bet he is! Why, on several occasions I've seen him keep right on acting till he was fired upon!—*Puck.*

An Inconvenient Lie.
Booting—Oh, well, all horse dealers are more or less tricky.
Gosling—Yes, but this one was the most bold-faced liar I ever saw. First, he told me the horse was perfectly sound, and in the very next breath he admitted it was well-broken.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Both.
Dr. Ende—There's nothing serious the matter with Patsy, Mrs. Mulcahy. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything.
Mrs. Mulcahy—Yis, docther; an' will O! give it 't' him before or after his males?—*Leslie's Weekly.*

A Sympathetic Memory.
In a western Massachusetts town lived a young woman who is blessed with both discrimination and tact.
The first of these admirable qualities she has displayed by her two marriages. Her first husband was a minister—a most delightful man; he died, and after a lapse of five or six years she was united to his only brother, who was a successful lawyer in New York.
On her first partner she stands a picture of the first partner of her joys and sorrows, and one day a curious caller asked whom the photograph represented.
"That," said the hostess, with evident emotion, "is a picture of my husband's brother, who died eight years ago, and who was very dear to us both!"

A Big Sponge.
The largest sponge ever sent to market was from the Mediterranean. It was ten feet in circumference and three in diameter.

The First Rule.
New Boarder—Can I get my meals on time?
Landlady—No; you will have to pay in advance.—*Harlem Life.*