

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 rearrangement of the Great Southern and the reorganization of the Erie, and his influence has

been felt by the Pacific system. Some of the achievements which he made incidents to his money and railroad business are the present efficiency of the China and Japan carrying trade, the consolidation of the Western Union Telegraph and the American Bell Telephone companies, the combination of the coffin producing and steel industries, and his launching of the new Edison process of magnetic iron ore separation. Mr. Morgan is fond of the good things of life, although his most intense pleasures are derived from the exercise of his functions as a business man. He scatters wealth among charities with a lavish hand. He likes fine paintings and rare books. He has a copy of the great folio Shakespeare of 1623, and a Mazarin Bible. He is a good church member, smokes expensive cigars, likes steam yachts, good dogs, fine horses, and, in short, by no means spends all his time dreaming of new combinations in business or of the price of money in the great markets of the world.

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 ringlet of thin gray hair,
One held a lock of brown.
Bidding each other a last farewell,
Just as the sun went down.
Chorus:
One thought of mother, at home alone,
Feeble and old and gray;
One of the sweetheart he left in town,
Happy and young and gay,
One kissed a ringlet of thin gray hair,
One kissed a lock of brown;
Hidding farewell to the Stars and Stripes
Just as the sun went down.
One knew the joys of a mother's love,
One of a sweetheart fair;
Thinking of home, they lay side by side,
Breathing a farewell prayer,
One for the mother so old and gray,
One for his love in town,
They closed their eyes to earth and skies
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.
And now, as she sat there alone, a great calm fell over her, for the mission which she had long sought had at last come into her life. What should she do? The woman's eyes closed and she leaned her head back against the velvet cushions of the chair. The ideal outlines of a face formed themselves on the curtain of her imagination—a face neither handsome nor imposing in appearance, but with coldly critical blue eyes and a sensitive tightening of the lips; a face one could love for his frank boyishness. The blue eyes smiled into the eyes of the woman, and she sighed over her mission because the face was there.
"Heaven give me strength," she murmured, an alien passion stealing over her face; "it is for him—for him."
Did she not see the sudden swinging aside of the door curtains, nor hear the confident stride across the threshold?
There was a pause, followed by a deep-voiced ejaculation of impatience as some one stumbled over a chair. The woman rose noiselessly and lighted the gas—then smiled as the glare fell

on the young man standing before her with his hands thrust deeply in his pockets.
"I beg pardon, Evelyn," he burst out, laughing good-naturedly as his hand clasped hers. "What are you doing alone in this gloom? Don't I bring sunshine enough with me without you lightning up as I enter?" He threw himself into a chair. "What a night! Gloomy as the hours of midnight. I have the blues, Evelyn—may I tell you all my troubles?"
Evelyn Westland gazed down on the boyish face with strange wistfulness. The five years which divided their lives seemed like a gulf to her just then; he was in his prime, while 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 Caulder 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 wound 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,

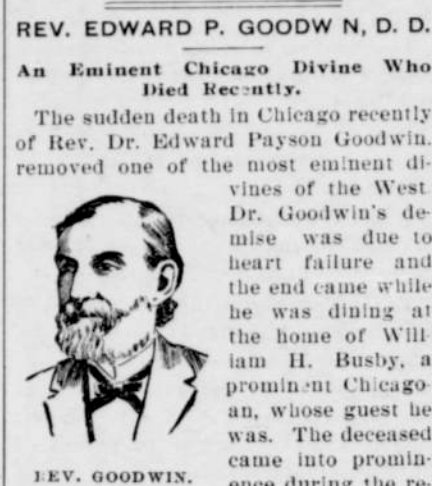


"WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU TO SAY?"
but Evelyn only crossed over and laid her hand upon his arm.
"Hush; you speak foolishly. Tell me your cares, and let us leave your miserable points out of the question," smiling down into his serious eyes.
"Do you know, only once in a man's life does he reach the stage of 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 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. Caulder 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? She will listen to you—she must listen to you. Bitterness often 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."
Caulder 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 his 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 sweetheart and friend?"
What had her voice betrayed? She felt her hands suddenly pressed against a warm, unshaven 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"—drawing the slight figure into his arms—"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.

REV. EDWARD P. GOODWIN, D. D.
An Eminent Chicago Divine Who Died Recently.
The sudden death in Chicago recently of Rev. Dr. Edward Payson Goodwin, removed one of the most eminent divines of the West.
Dr. Goodwin's demise was due to heart failure and the end came while he was dining at the home of William H. Busby, a prominent Chicagoan, whose guest he was. The deceased came into prominence during the reconstruction period in Chicago which followed the great fire in 1871. As pastor of one of the wealthiest congregations in that city and whose church, fortunately, escaped the flames of the great conflagration, he performed noble work in succoring the poor and needy and providing shelter and sustenance for the thousands rendered homeless and destitute by the fire.
Edward Payson Goodwin was born in Rome, N. Y., July 31, 1832. Graduating from the Rome Academy, he entered Amherst College and on completing his collegiate course, in 1856, entered the Union Theological Seminary in New York, matriculating in 1859. Following his ordination Dr. Goodwin took up missionary work in Vermont and in October, 1860, received and accepted his first call to preach at Columbus, Ohio, where he remained seven years. He left Columbus to accept the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Chicago, a position which he filled for thirty-three years. He was obliged to resign last July owing to enfeebled health.



Dr. Goodwin had made a study of the conditions and life of the poor of a great city and it was through his charities and good works in that direction that he had become best known. His name had been for years a household word among the poor of Chicago and a synonym for goodness and practical Christianity. He was scholarly and eloquent and had achieved an enviable reputation as a pulpit orator. In September, 1899, Dr. Goodwin was united in marriage to Miss Ellen M. Chamberlain at Burke, Vt. Besides his wife deceased is survived by three children, Paul, Margaret and Albert, the latter a student at Princeton, and a sister, Mrs. Henrietta Townsend, of Rome, N. Y.

Sleep in the Cigarette.
Professor De Gubernatis, the well-known Italian orientalist, has been the victim of a crime often read of in lurid tales, but seldom experienced in real life. The other day he was traveling in a first-class carriage in which there was one other individual. He went to sleep and on arriving at Parma found himself without his purse containing 1,400 francs. He immediately complained to the station authorities and not long after a certain Spaniard, Alfredo Garcia of Barcelona, who described himself as a silk merchant, was arrested.
In spite of his protestations of innocence his baggage was examined and was found to contain, besides a knife, money and scissors used by thieves for cutting out pockets, a case with some cigarettes. This last object in the possession of a Spaniard is of a suspicious circumstance, but one of the police thought he would try them, and to his astonishment the room full of people were soon all soundly and peacefully sleeping. An examination proved that the cigarettes contained a substance, the smoke of which acts as a narcotic, while the smoker experiences no inconvenience after having become accustomed to it. The arrest of the professor's traveling companion was soon effected, but Professor De Gubernatis has not recovered a penny of his money.

What Pat Had Been 'Atin'.
It was a son of "the old sod" who had this little passage with the salesman at one of the downtown jewelry stores the other day. He had come in to purchase a wedding ring for his bride-to-be. Leaning far over the counter, so that the clerk should be able to hear his wants without the necessity of informing all other buyers in the store, Pat whispered to him, "Give me the best wedding ring you have in the shop."
"Eighteen karats?" queried the clerk.
"No!" snapped Pat, drawing back in an offended manner. "Atin' onions, if it's any of your dom business."—New York Times.

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.

BRITISH ELECTIONEERING.

What It Costs a Candidate to Become a Member of Parliament.
To the worried London voter, halting in two minds, it may be a consolation to know that, if there happens to be a contest in his constituency, he will have cost each of two candidates the sum of 9 pence.
That is the election agent's estimate of the expense of a metropolitan or a borough election. In the country the expense will be much more than that. There, where miles of hedgerow and stubble stand in place of a trip on top of an omnibus, an election agent is allowed about £200 or £300 for traveling expenses, and the same claim is permitted to subagents and to the candidate himself. That is one of the items which make a provincial vote an expensive commodity.
In both town and country the expense to a candidate depends on the size of the constituency he proposes to capture. For an average-sized constituency of, say, 8,000 votes, the candidate is allowed £300 in expenses. The limit of London's largest constituency is about £1,400. In addition, the candidate can spend, without saying why, the sum of £100 on personal expenses, and the agent's bill amounts to about £170 or £200.

Take it all together, a borough candidate may spend £1,000 on an election, and a country candidate half as much again.
What the candidate of his agent may not spend is perhaps more important than what he may. A canvasser who wants to cast his vote and wishes to share a cab with a fellow-voter has to be in a position to swear that each occupant of the vehicle has separately and severally paid his own share in the fare. If a canvasser treats a friend to a drink and the friend has a vote in the constituency, the opposite party can endeavor to show that the drink was intended as a bribe. The illegal practices act of 1885 has made the path to Parliamentary glory thorny and hazardous.—London Mail.

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.
In 1900 the German mints coined \$36,425,000 in gold and \$5,925,000 in silver.
Lignum vitae is the toughest wood known. It cannot be worked by splitting.
Fourteen women received the doctor's degree last year at the University of Zurich.
Naturalists say the lobster will soon follow the buffalo and diamond-back terrapin.
Sugar cane grows in size according to the chance given. Its height ranges 6 to 20 feet.
Two billion passengers and 950,000,000 tons of goods are carried in a year on the world's railways.
In Brussels automobiles are taxed from 30 to 50 francs per annum, according to horse power.
Official returns show that last year Liverpool's imports and exports exceeded London's by £15,000,000.
All over northern Siberia are scattered men who make a business of raising Eskimo dogs for the market.
Ireland has never won an international association football game against either England or Scotland.
The profits of the London Daily Mail during last year are understood to amount to the substantial sum of £80,000.
The Liberty statue in New York is 151 feet high, the pedestal is 155 and the total height above low water mark is 305 feet 11 inches.
The percentage of illiteracy in Kansas is less than it is in any state in this Union or in any country on the globe save Belgium.
The highest trees in the world belong to a species of eucalypti found in Australia. Single specimens have grown to a height exceeding 400 feet.
Yale and Harvard universities are negotiating with Cambridge and Oxford for an international athletic contest to take place in America.
It is said that posts planted in the earth upper end down will last longer than those which are set in the natural position in which the tree grew.
Wireless telegraph stations are to be erected at Inishtrahull, in the north of Ireland, and at Kildonan, Arran, Scotland, respectively, for the purpose of reporting and signaling vessels at sea.
The town of Eatonville, Fla., has 1,200 inhabitants, with not a single white among them. It has a full quota of officials, a bank and other business establishments requisite in a town of its size.

Now a Telegraph Boy.
A nobleman once insisted on his head gardener taking as an apprentice a young lad in whom he was interested. The lad was very lazy, and the gardener was not at all pleased at having such a youth thrust upon him.
Sometime after, his lordship, walking in the garden, came upon his gardener and said:
"Well, John, how is my young friend getting on with you?"
"Oh, 'E's doin' fine!" replied the gardener, with a smile. "'E's workin' away there at the very job that suits 'im! 'E's a-chasin' of the snails off'n the walks!"—London Answers.

Finances of Rio de Janeiro.
Rio de Janeiro has a municipal debt of almost 60,500,000 milreis, about \$12,000,000. The annual deficit is nearly one and a half times the entire income.
The female student in chemistry should be able to analyze her own complexion.
Nothing worries some women like the absence of worry in others.

A VERY PROMINENT MAN

Owes Health and Happiness to Pe-ru-na.



Congressman Howard from Alabama.
Washington, Feb. 4th, 1899.
Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, O.:
Gentlemen—I have taken Pe-ru-na now for two weeks, and find I am very much relieved. I feel that my cure will be permanent. I have also taken it for a gripe, and I take pleasure in recommending Pe-ru-na as an excellent remedy to all fellow sufferers.
Very respectfully, M. W. Howard.
Congressman Howard's home address is Fort Payne, Ala.
Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a free catarrh book.

New Industry in Australia.
The culture of the olive has recently been introduced into South Australia and Victoria, and good crops of fruit are now being obtained, yielding an excellent oil. The industry bids fair to become an important one.
Family Ties.
"How close is your relationship to that millionaire?"
"Oh, his brother married my brother-in-law's sister."—Detroit Free Press.
Too Previous.
"See here!" exclaimed the shopper, excitedly, "there's a man just dropped dead in that bargain crush."
"How inopportune!" cried the floor-walker. "We have not yet opened our undertaking department."—Philadelphia Record.
It Sometimes Happens.
"Curses on him!" growled the hard-worked humorist.
"Curses on him! His wife gave him a letter to mail, and he mailed it!"
"Gnashing his teeth and otherwise comporting himself with rage, the h. h. continued to hurl anathemas at the man who spoiled the joke."—Baltimore American.
He Was Emphatic.
"I am informed that your husband is a professor of language, and I called to find out what his terms are."
"Well, when he's excited, they are unfit for publication."—Richmond Dispatch.
A Hopeless Case.
"It's no use; Chumleigh never will have sense."
"Why? What has he done now?"
"Paid me \$10 he owed me right in front of my tailor."—

Her Definition.
"What is your definition of satire?"
"Satire," said Miss Cayenne, "is something that compels you to laugh against your will in order to let it appear that you are not angry."—Washington Star.
Police Hard to Dismiss.
A New York police commissioner declared that it was easier to hang a man for murder than to dismiss a policeman. "Last year," he said, "the board had to pay out \$130,000 in back salaries to men who had been reinstated by the courts."
The Doctor's Order.
Mother (an invalid)—Johnny, don't you think I ought to punish you for being so bad?
Johnny (aged 5)—No mamma. You know the doctor said you was not to indulge in any violent exercise.
Quick Exit.
"Mr. Lew told me that he was a Yale man. Do you know what class he was graduated from?"
"From the sophomore class."—Harlem Life.
Age.
A quarrel recently occurred between two maiden ladies. Said the younger one:
"I wonder if I shall lose my locks, too, when I get your age?"
The Older One—You will be lucky if you do.—Tit-Bits.
Change of Name.
Mrs. Greene—I suppose the Chittlings are awfully stuck up since they got that money from Mrs. Chittling's uncle?
Mrs. Gray—Not so much as one might have supposed; but I notice that when they have mince-meat on the table they call it croquettes; it used to be plain hash.—Boston Transcript.
Cui Bono?
"They say that Old Gotrox is barely able to write his name."
"Now, that shows the injustice of things. Here I could write my name to a check with the greatest ease; but what's the use?"—Indianapolis Press.
Germany's New Navy.
The German naval programme, which according to the original announcement, was not to be completed until 1916, is now, it seems, to be finished by 1906. In that year Germany will have at least 40 ships, 20 large cruisers and 28 small cruisers.