

WON HALF A MILLION

BELL'S REMARKABLE SPECULATION IN WALL STREET.

Old Timers Marvel at His Daring He Entered the Stock Exchange as the Inheritor of a Small Fortune—Modest and Retiring.

(New York Letter.)

In the culmination of a daring coup on the stock exchange the other day Mr. Louis V. Bell, a comparatively young man, considered by many to be the leader of a new generation of speculators on Wall street, realized a sum estimated at half a million dollars. Mr. Louis V. Bell is a stocky man with a strong face. His expression of countenance might lead a casual observer to believe him a comedian of merit. He has shrewd eyes and a genial, hearty manner. There is no more popular man on the Exchange. He is a genius. The enormous fortune Mr. Bell cleared up in one day was not gained by chance. It was the result of shrewd figuring. The bulk of it was realized on the drop in stock of the Manhattan Elevated railroad. Six days before Mr. Bell began to sell Manhattan. He is a bold operator, and when he goes in to sell it is not long before the market feels it. In six days he sold 20,000 to 25,000 shares. Then, when the stock was dropping down and down, and circumstances were impelling everybody owning the stock to unload, Mr. Bell started in to buy. He bought right and left. Stock that was worth from 100 to 104 when he sold it he bought in at about 86. Before the army of speculators realized it, he had cleared hundreds of thousands of dollars. The stock exchange history of Mr. Louis V. Bell is interesting. He comes



LOUIS V. BELL.

of an old New York family. His father, Mr. Isaac Bell, was a well-known citizen. For generations there has been an Isaac Bell in the Bell family, and there is an Isaac Bell in it today, a brother of the new leader in Wall street speculation. Mr. Bell has blue blood in his veins. He was born in the purple. His lineage shows the effect of culture. In 1875, when a young man of 21, Mr. Louis V. Bell was admitted to the floor of the Stock exchange. He was mild and gentle in his way, and was soon a great favorite with the younger set. The old men looked at him askance. They gathered together and prophesied disaster for him. He was young, a man of family and fortune. He was a college man, with a meagre business training. According to all precedents—with a few exceptions—he was due to lose his fortune and become an incubus on the street. Today he is a millionaire and his deal of a day or two ago has set the speculative world agog. Many of the old men who prophesied disaster for the smooth-visaged collegian lie in unknown graves.

Louis V. Bell spent fifteen years on the Stock exchange before he began to go into the market to the extent that plungers do. It was not until 1891 that he did anything to create particular remark. This year, in conjunction with other bears, numerous and influential, he began to pound the market along in the spring. Mr. Bell was the leader in this movement. He figured that the enormous floating debts of many of the railroads were slowly but surely forcing them into the hands of receivers, and that he was right was shown in 1893, when nothing but the enormous crops saved them. By the end of July the market was bad, and the bear syndicate was in the way to make a lot of money. Early in August Mr. Bell and Washington E. Conner began to buy. They started the great bull market in August and realized a great fortune in the advance in stocks. It was then that Mr. Bell showed for the first time the qualities that make him remarkable as a speculator. Instead of hanging to the bear side it was discovered that he had gone over to the bulls, and was working just as hard for the advance of stocks as he had previously worked to hammer them down.

When McKinley was nominated in St. Louis there was a strong bull movement in Wall street. The first man to sell the market was Mr. Bell. Other bulls followed his lead, and they sold all the way down the line from 26 to 30 points, but he knew when to let go. About three weeks before the election he began to buy in. The other bulls over-stayed. They were not sure that McKinley was to be elected, but Mr. Bell was sure enough to take a chance. He was on both sides of the market at once, and when he balanced up his accounts he found himself \$250,000 to the good. This is the new leader of Wall street. Men like Louis Bell and Maurice Wormser, who made a fortune in sugar last summer, are taking the

places of the old-time leaders like Addison Cammack, Bell and Wormser are considered the leaders of a new regime. Their methods are similar, but it is thought Bell is the bolder speculator, and the wiser.

EARLY THEOLOGICAL ZOOLOGY

The Mediaeval Imagination Played Curiously with the Pelican.

Of marine animals the early Christian philosophers knew little, but naturally they heard of the whale and found important meanings in him, says Appleton's Monthly. One of the lessons taught by the whale is given as follows: "When he is hungry he opens wide his mouth seaward and a pleasant odor issues from his maw, so that other fishes are deceived and swim eagerly towards the place whence this sweet odor comes. In headless shoals they enter into his extended jaws; then suddenly the grim gums close and crush their prey. Thus the devil allures men to their destruction and closes upon them the barred gates of hell."

The mediaeval imagination played curiously about the pelican. A type of the atonement was found in the supposed fact that the pelican tears open its breast and feeds its young with its own blood. New value was given to the pelican by that great thinker, St. Augustine. Writing upon the passage in the One hundred and second Psalm—"I am become like a pelican in the wilderness"—he says: "The males of these birds are wont to kill their young by blows of their beaks and then to bewail their death for the space of three days. At length, however, the female inflicts a severe wound on herself and, letting the blood flow over the dead ones, brings them to life again."

PLIGHT OF TWO SOCIETY MEN.

Dress in a Baggage Car but Are on Time at a Dance.

Two young society men who left town on an afternoon express train to attend a dance at Lenox had a most amusing experience not long ago, says the New York Mail and Express. The train lost considerable time and a careful estimate of the time required to dress and reach the dance on their arrival showed these young men that they would be very late indeed. A way out of the difficulty was found by one of the young men, who made the suggestion that they dress in the baggage car and then they could proceed to the dance immediately upon the arrival of the train. They went to the car, found their dress suit cases and proceeded to change their attire. Clothes of all kinds were scattered about the car, when the door opened suddenly and the conductor came in. He took in the situation at a glance and laughed heartily at the plight of the young men. Although one of them landed at the station with dress clothes, no tie and yellow shoes, he quickly remedied these defects and drove at once to the house where the entertainment was being given. These young men had their dance and were not very late, owing to their acrobatic performance on a train going over a very rough road at forty miles an hour and fifty minutes late at that.

PIONEER PENSION ATTORNEY.

Death of a Man Who Worked Zealously for Grand Army Men. (Washington Letter.)

Capt. George E. Lemon, the pioneer pension attorney, whose death occurred the other day in California, was known to nearly every Grand Army man in the United States either personally or by reputation as the publisher of the soldiers' organ, the National Tribune. Captain Lemon's business career was remarkably successful. It was while settling up his own account as an army officer and those of a few comrades at the war department after the close of the rebellion that the idea of acting as a prosecutor of pension claims occurred to him, and he at once opened an office at Washington. His business grew rapidly, and in a few years he had



THE LATE GEORGE E. LEMON.

about 100,000 clients and employed more than a hundred clerks. He took the lead in framing pension legislation and but for his zeal in this direction many of the pension measures that congress enacted into laws would not have passed. The fees fixed by congress for a pension attorney were rigidly adhered to by Captain Lemon's agency. Captain Lemon was a handsome man, of fine physique and soldierly bearing. He was affable, genial, generous, and had an army of friends. He never married, and the only near relative was one brother, a clergyman, residing in Buffalo, N. Y.

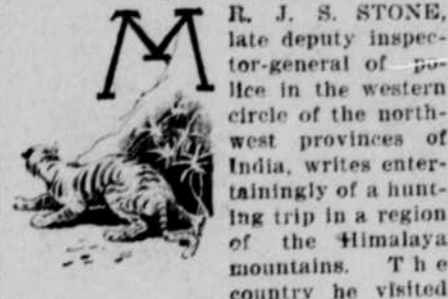
Waste of gold in Manufacturing. The Brooklyn watchcase companies having amalgamated, a new factory has been erected for their accommodation. The old ones are being pulled down, and trusted employees have been at work scraping the floor and digging the dirt out of the cracks. The scrapings and dirt have been placed with smelters, and gold worth nearly \$70,000 has been recovered.

IT IS FITTING GAME

FOR THE BEST SPORTSMEN IN THE WORLD.

Exciting Experience with a Markhor Maddened from Pain, the Frenzied Bull Sought the Follower, Who Mysteriously Disappeared.

(Special Letter.)



R. J. S. STONE, late deputy inspector-general of police in the western circle of the north-west provinces of India, writes entertainingly of a hunting trip in a region of the Himalaya mountains. The country he visited is Kashmir, and its game in chief comprises the markhor, ibex, wild sheep, brown or snow bear, and musk deer—all worthy the rifle of the best sportsman in existence. The markhor is a beast that must be further explained that the accompanying illustration may serve its purpose. Conspicuous and noble are the horns of this specimen of the goat family, which are large and fat, first branching out widely, and then going up nearly straight until—instances are known—a length is attained along the curve of over 60 inches. The height of this animal is between 10 and 11 hands. He is ungainly to see, of shaggy coat and long hair, but he is wonderfully active among rocks and precipices, and dwells in the most inaccessible ground. In summer he retreats before the village flocks that seek fresh grass near the



THE MARKHOR.

snow line, and so reaches the open slopes near the top of the ranges, where he may be seen near the ibex, another member of the goat family, more plentiful and more easily shot than the markhor. Markhor and ibex shooting is no slaughter. Mr. Stone spent 31 days in one expedition, with servants, undergoing much rough and hard work, and bagged but two markhor and three ibex. One markhor he shot while leaning over a precipice, his servant holding his belt. The distance was 250 yards. All the game in this sort of hunting is reconnoitered with the telescope. Mr. Stone notes that in the Valley of Rupsha in Tibet, between 14,000 and 15,000 feet high, the water freezes every night of the year, and that the 500 people in the 4,000 square miles of the tract live in Yakor goat's hair tents the year around. With a wild yak the sportsman had an exciting experience. He opened fire at the beast at 150 yards with a Winchester, as the bull climbed a hill in front of him. Then he began work with a double-barreled express rifle, crippling the bull. Then the infuriated bull, seeing one of the author's followers charged. The man fled beneath a rock, as shown in the illustration, and the bull was puzzled. The tableau was interesting, but critical. The bull meant business. So the hunter put an express bullet in his chest, and down thundered the enraged beast. A bullet in the shoulder finished him. These express bullets tear a victim terribly. Both lungs of the yak were torn, and the chest shot went through the body.

The New Woman Defined.

That was an interesting competition for the best definition of "the new woman" which was conducted recently by an English newspaper. The prize went to this saying: "A fresh dawn on the original blue stocking." Among other suggestions were: "Six of one and half a dozen of the other." "One who has not yet attained to a gentleman." "Man's newest and best reason for remaining single." "Mansiness minus manliness."—New York Tribune.

A Meredith (N. H.) man hits a pork barrel 103 years old.

TEACHES LANGUAGE BY MAIL.

Use to Which a Professor Has Put the Phonograph.

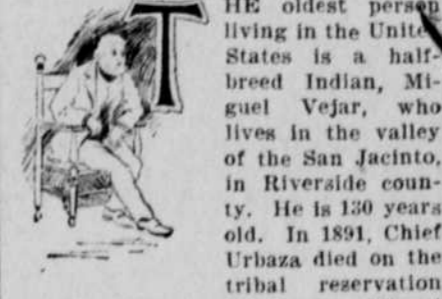
By means of a novel application of the phonograph, New York has become the center of a new industry for the study of languages. Phonographs loaded with a variety of foreign tongues are now sent out from New York to all parts of the country. The man who has adapted the phonograph to this profession is F. R. D. Cortina, and he has been so successful that already he has sent out over 500 machines, all loaded with his instruction and primed with his voice. His method is simple. With each phonograph there is sent his textbook, twenty loaded cylinders and twenty blank ones. Each lesson in the book is arranged in the form of questions and answers. The pupil, ready to begin, puts the cylinder of the first lesson in the machine, the tubes in his ears and starts the phonograph. Keeping his eyes on the book, he hears the words and phrases repeated, with their proper accent, just as if the professor stood at his side. There is an additional advantage that the lesson can be repeated twenty or a hundred times if necessary, until every sound is familiar to the pupil. Then, having thoroughly learned these sentences, he puts one of his unused cylinders in the machine and repeats the lesson. In a little paper box the cylinder comes back to New York, and at his earliest opportunity Mr. Cortina pops it into his own machine. At his side is the stenographer. As he listens to the lesson repeated back, now stopping the phonograph, now starting it going again, he dictates his criticism, where the pronunciation is wrong, what is right, what the mistakes are, and where they have been made. The letter and the cylinder go back to the

IS THE OLDEST MAN.

MIGUEL VEJAR SAID TO BE 130 YEARS OF AGE.

He is a Half-Breed Indian Who Lives in Southern California—Born in Northern Mexico—None of His Children Now Living.

(Los Angeles Letter.)



HE oldest person living in the United States is a half-breed Indian, Miguel Vejar, who lives in the valley of the San Jacinto, in Riverside county. He is 130 years old. In 1891, Chief Urbaza died on the tribal reservation near San Diego, aged 127 years. Miguel Vejar was born in Northern Mexico about 1766. His wonderful age is verified by the records that were carefully kept until 1831 by the priests in the Franciscan Missions of Southern California. In 1831 they were transferred to the cathedral of San Luis Rey, in the City of Mexico. Among the San Diego records of the Indians is the statement, dated Aug. 9, 1788, that "Miguel Vejar, a Mexican Indian, rather intelligent, of good habits and very industrious, aged 22," was a vaquero of the mission herds. In March, 1791, there is an entry of the birth of a female child to Miguel Vejar, aged 25, and his wife Lugardo, aged 24.

The record of the San Gabriel mission, now in the cathedral in the City of Mexico, shows that Miguel Vejar, "son of Mexican and Indian parentage, and aged 33 years," was baptized in the mission by Father Romero, Easter Sunday, March, 1799. The late Don Pico, who was the last Spanish governor in California, said a few years ago that he remembered Miguel Vejar in 1844, and that the man was then upward of 80 years of age. Many people remember when Miguel passed his one hundredth birthday. When President Harrison was in California in 1891 old Mi-



MIGUEL VEJAR, aged 130 years.

guel was brought from his miserable old house in San Jacinto valley, and presented to General Harrison as the oldest man in the United States. At that time the old fellow was able to speak a little broken English, and told a few facts in the story of his life. Since then his memory of English words has completely failed, and when he now speaks at all it is in a mixture of Spanish and Cochilla Indian dialect.

Miguel Vejar has been married twice. His first wife was killed in an earthquake in 1806. He married a young squaw a year later. She died in 1876. He has been the father of thirteen children, none of whom now lives. His last child died, aged 90, in San Juan. He has a dozen more grandchildren scattered among the half-breed Indian tribes in Southern California and Mexico, but he knows none of them, and no recollection of their names. There can be no doubt he has over 100 great-grandchildren, whom he never knew, and a large number of great-great-grandchildren.

Grandeur of an Iceberg.

One of the ice scenes which Dr. Nansen has described includes an enormous berg, of which he writes as follows:

"From its tip rose two points like slender church spires, high into the air. Far up on its cliff-like side was a huge hole, passing like a tunnel out through the whole mass of ice, and down below the sea had hollowed out grottoes so large that a small ship could readily have ridden within their shelter. In these cavities there were marvelous effects, and tints of blue ranging to the deepest ultramarine in their inmost recesses. The whole formed a floating fairy palace, built of sapphires, about the sides of which brooks ran and cascades fell, while the sound of dropping water echoed unceasingly from the caverns at its base. When one comes across icebergs of this kind, which happens now and again, a wealth of beauty is found in fantastic forms and play of color which absorbs one's whole imagination and carries one back to the wonders and mysteries of the fairy land of childhood."

A Monster Dwelling House.

Most of the large towns in France contain workmen's model dwellings or tenement houses, which have been dignified with the picturesque appellation of barracks, but none of these have attained to the colossal proportions of the "Frelhaus," situated at Wieden, a suburb of Vienna. This building has 13 court yards, and accommodates 2,112 persons belonging to all classes of society. One postman is specially appointed to deliver letters to the inmates, whose correspondents have to be careful to put on the cover not merely the Christian name and the surname of the addressee, but the number of the yard, the staircase, and the flat, if they want the letter to reach its destination.

KING JAMES ON TOBACCO.

Sir Walter Raleigh Knew Some Shameful Secret About Him.

The work published by King James best known to the generality of readers is his famous "Counterblaste to Tobacco," says the Westminster Review. The first also it was which he issued after succeeding to the throne of England. His reason for entering the lists against the new and popular habit of smoking was, as he informs us in the early pages of the treatise, because it was a habit sinful in the sight of God and foolish in the estimation of the world. But these reasons being scarcely considered sufficient he goes on to ridicule the practice, commenting on the folly of imitating "the barbarous and beastlike manners of the wild, godlesse and slavish Indians." Then he turns to the injury in their temporal affairs sustained by his people owing to their excessive devotion to the weed. "Now, how you are by this custom disabled in your goods," he remarks, "let the genry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing £300, some £400 a yeare upon this precious stinke, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many farre better uses." The literature upon tobacco, whether considered as a weed to smoke or as a medicine in the pharmacopoeia, is so large that only the barest mention must suffice here. When James published his "Counterblaste" society was divided over the merits of the plant, one party lauding it as a panacea for all diseases, on the authority of the French physicians Monardes and Estienne, as well as by the testimony of Nicot, French ambassador to Portugal, who had introduced it into France; the other sneering at it as a useless shrub whose virtues were as mythical as the famous elixir of youth. The mistaken idea that Raleigh had anything to do with the introduction of tobacco into England—the honor of this undoubtedly resting with Master Ralph Lane, who was in charge of the second expedition which went out to Raleigh's colony in Virginia—may have had something to do with the antipathy James conceived toward the weed. The balance of evidence all goes to show that Raleigh was in possession of some shameful secret relating to the monarch—whose vicious proclivities are matter of history—for the latter never rested until he secured the execution of one of the greatest of Englishmen.

HETTY GREEN, PHILOSOPHER.

The Richest Woman in America Would Reform Things. (New York Letter.)

After a life of nearly 60 years devoted to protecting her millions and adding to them, Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, has concluded from rare experience in observing social and political conditions, that there are two great problems in life to be solved. One, she thinks, is the curbing of the new woman, the other the curbing of trusts. These two important questions of public interest Mrs. Green discussed in New York the other day in a conversation which showed that, while the public has been picturing her as merely a money-hoarder, she has been making a study of weighty subjects that might land her in congress were this an era of universal suffrage.

"The new woman is all right," she said, "but we haven't got the right kind of a new woman. My idea of the new woman is the one that stays at home and makes home happy. Good food is the basis of happiness; therefore, the wife, to make home happy, should stop going to pink teas and look after her cooking. I don't care how many girls a woman has in her kitchen, she ought to be there herself occasionally to look after things. She should lay down her diamonds and knead dough once in a while. Her husband's digestion will be better for it—that is, if she learned how to cook as she should have done before marry-



MRS. HETTY GREEN.

(This Picture of the Richest Woman in America is from a Recent Photograph.)

ing, and he will stay at home nights, instead of going to the club."

Beethoven's Singular Habits.

Beethoven, the celebrated composer, was a slave to two imperious habits—that of moving his lodgings, and that of walking. Scarcely had he settled in a new lodging than he began to find fault with it, and set about looking for another. Every day after dinner, whatever the weather, rain, wind, hail, or snow, he would set out on foot and take a long and fatiguing walk. Indeed, it may have been his peculiar habit which occasioned his frequent changes of abode. He was fond of bathing, and would splash the water until the ceilings of the rooms below were soaked and fell. When composing he would howl and groan in a singular manner that often the people in the same house, ignorant of his ways, rushed in, thinking he was ill. He used to go about dressed in an old coat, with slippers trodden down at the heels.

PRESIDENT DEUCHER.

senate, where he served for eleven years. Last year Dr. Deucher was a very popular vice-president.

A Queen's Pocket Pistol.

There is a large, old gun on Dover Heights, England, popularly known as "Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol." It was cast at Utrecht in 1544, and was presented by the states general to Queen Elizabeth. It is twenty-four feet long, and finely ornamented with figures in bas-relief.

In the southern districts of China horseshoes are made of cane or bamboo.