

THE LOST IS FOUND!

Lena Schultz and Her Two Brothers Reunited After Thirteen Years of Fruitless and Persistent Search.

THEY FIND EACH OTHER THROUGH "THE WORLD."

Story of Actual Facts That Discount Fiction—An Evening of Rejoicing—Lena Says She Is Now the Happiest Girl in New York.

his hair stood up and his face was crimson with excitement as he shouted:
"Say, I read that story in THE WORLD this morning. I know your brothers and I can tell you where they are."
The urchin's name is Tommy Gerry and he lives in the region vaguely referred to as



LENA SCHULTZ, WHO FOUND HER BROTHERS THROUGH "THE WORLD."

for years. But upon comparing notes the two learned that they were not of the same family, and the caller went sadly away.
THE REAL HARRY AFFAIR.
At 5 o'clock in the afternoon there walked past the door a slender, fine-looking young fellow of eighteen. The place evidently had a fascination for him, yet he could not make up his mind to enter. He passed and reread the store, growing pale with emotion as the moments went by.
Finally he summoned courage to enter. Lena was in the back of the house and could not see him. Mr. Lessenger, the proprietor, stood behind the counter, and to him the young man spoke.
"Does Lena Schultz live here?"
He wouldn't acknowledge it now for worlds, and he will not like it when he sees it in print, but it is a fact that the boy's voice broke as he asked the question.
And why shouldn't it?

For he was Harry Schultz and Lena was his sister, and he had not seen her since she loved and cared for him in the old days when they were children together. But they had talked of her, he and Emil, many, many times. That sister who was so near to them and yet whom they might pass in the street, not knowing her from any stranger. She was a favorite topic with the boys.
He had just read the story in THE WORLD, and the knowledge that she was so near,



EMIL SCHULTZ, THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

even in the next room, was enough to unman any brother who has the good material in him that Lena's boys possess.
THE LOST IS FOUND.
He paced through the door, but she had heard his voice and came to meet him. There was no doubt—no uncertainty here. For one instant the brother and sister looked into each other's eyes; the next, Lena was in her brother's arms.

Of course they all cried. Lena began, and Harry followed the good example. Mr. and Mrs. Lessenger joined in and kept up their part of the programme admirably. But the most sympathetic individual there was the baby. That important young pos-



HARRY SCHULTZ, THE TYPEWRITER.
Emil is just three months old, but she was not going to be left out of any entertainment she saw. She opened her mouth and yelled until the walking rag and sentiment promptly disappeared.
Then every one laughed, which was much better, of course. Harry and Lena sat down together, but they could not talk.
"And this is my sister," Harry began.
"I can't realize that I have my brother with me," Lena replied.
Then both choked up as some childish remembrance came before them, Lena recalling the baby boy she so often rocked to sleep, and the young man thinking of the tender, childish face of the "little mother" who was never too tired to amuse her smaller brothers and sister.
"Yet I think I should have known you," said Lena at last. "The longer I look at you the more you seem like my boy. Tell me all about yourself and Emil."

EMIL APPEARS ON SUNDAY.
There was much to say, but Harry wanted to wait for Emil, so that the three might have their talk together. This brother was out of the city, but came at once in response to Harry's message. Sunday evening the little parlor was the scene of another reunion, when Emil, Harry and Lena Schultz sat together and told each other the story of their lives.
The two boys had been placed in the

Catholic orphanage in Worcester. During the first year their father visited them regularly. Then he ceased coming and they have never seen him since.
Emil, now twenty years old and a noble and many young fellow, left the institution several years ago and struck out for himself. He worked for eight months in a store on One Hundred and Eighth street and then accepted an offer to teach in the Protectors where he had been reared. He is still there, working steadily and successfully, a great favorite with his associates and the right-hand man of his chief.
Harry left the Protector a year ago, and



LENA GRANTS HER BROTHERS' HANDS AND WEEPS FOR JOY.
since that time has been a typewriter in an establishment on Broome street. The pleasantest feature of this family reunion is that both the boys are brothers to be proud of, and that Lena as a sister is an unequalled success.
Baby Emma would now be sixteen years of age. A clue to her whereabouts has been found and is being followed up thoroughly.

She is in some convent, and her address is known to a nun in the convent at East Farm, Mich. This lady has been written to, and her reply is expected hourly.
"We shall have Emma if she is willing to come," said Lena, with the happy tears shining in her eyes. "Then we shall all be together."
A LITTLE CELEBRATION.
Last night there was a little celebration of the event at No. 226 East Seventy-fifth street. Among the distinguished guests were Lena, Emil and Harry Schultz, Mr. and Mrs. Lessenger, the infant Lessenger, THE WORLD woman reporter and the artist.

So near and yet so far.
"For a whole year Emil and I were within two blocks of each other, and we must have passed each other a dozen times, but neither of us dreamed that there was any relation ship. Sunday night we were comparing notes and it came out. Five years ago he was working in One Hundred and Eighth street, and I was just two blocks from the place employed in a bakery. It seems strange now that I did not know it. Something should have told me that one of my boys was so near."
A week ago I stood absolutely alone in the world. To-day I am the happiest girl in New York. I have my brothers, I shall soon hear from my sister and friends are constantly coming forward. Several ladies who were friends of my mother called on me yesterday. I have heard of two uncles, one living here in Fifteenth street, the other now in Chicago. Both are named Grete.
"Yes, and people are coming to us, too," chimed in Harry.
"Everybody has read THE WORLD, and people we never heard of seem to know all about us and to have been intimately acquainted with our parents. But we have found not the slightest trace of our father yet. He has probably died or gone out West."

THE CURTAIN FALLS.
So the evening passed in congratulations, reminiscences and chit-chat.
"Don't you know?" or "Do you remember?" began almost every sentence, while Mr. and Mrs. Lessenger smiled approvingly and Baby Lessenger blinked at the fright and wondered what it was all about.
At 11 o'clock the infant intimated that it was time for the party to break up. THE WORLD couple were the first to take the hint. The brothers stood on each side of their sister, with Emil's arm over Lena's shoulder.
"Good night," he said, softly. "There is nothing we can say or do to thank you, but THE WORLD will never have three summer friends than we whom it has brought together."
"Good night," repeated Lena. "I just want to say that—that—" Her voice broke. But, somehow, her happy face spoke for her.

The Editor of The World:
Dear Sir: I wish to tell you that I am the medium of your newspaper, which is the greatest on this earth. I am found my long-lost brother. If you will send the lady reporter to the case I shall be glad to give her full particulars. Very gratefully yours,
LENA SCHULTZ,
No. 226 East Seventy-fifth street,
Jan. 10.
The foregoing letter was received in THE WORLD office yesterday. Miss Schultz was remembered as the young woman whose story was told in full in these columns on Monday, Jan. 10, and whose case was one of the saddest of many which came to this New York.
She is now twenty-one years of age, but was separated from her family thirteen years ago. At that time her mother died and the father placed his four children in a orphanage. The two boys, Emil and Harry, are sent to some charitable institution.

Little Emma, the baby sister, was taken by a lady living in New Jersey, and Lena was given in charge of a family named Elbert, who lived on Fortieth street.
THE FATHER DESERTED THEM.
Her father came to see her a few times, but suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace behind. Lena, the eldest child, grew up in utter ignorance of the whereabouts of her brothers and sister, although she believed that the former were in this city.
She worked and studied and developed into a pretty, clever and thoroughly good girl, as her friends bear witness. But she stood entirely alone in the world, and her greatest ambition has been to find her kinsmen and be able to feel that she has some one bound to her by ties of blood.
She told her story to THE WORLD woman reporter and it appeared last Saturday morning.
THE FIRST CLUE.
At noon of the same day a small boy rushed into the grocery at No. 226 East Seventy-fifth street, where Lena is working