

# Lost Two Fortunes, Makes Third at 80

## Former Senator Stewart of Nevada Would not Stay Down and Out

Former Senator William M. Stewart

Readers of the original edition of Mark Twain's "Roughing It" cannot but remember a woody portrait of a man with a high hat, a flap over one eye, mouth drooped at the corners, collar points sticking out boldly from his chin and bow tie worn in regular jacks' dandy fashion.

That's Stewart—who later became United States Senator Stewart.

When Twain was "roughing it" to gather material for his story, Stewart was actively engaged in helping to make the far west.

He was born at Lyons, New York, in 1827, was given a common school education, lived a while in Ohio, then was sent to Yale to study law, and emerged from college at a little over twenty years of age with his breast filled with burning ambition—but not ambition for the law.

His was the story of many another high-class professional man of the day who experienced the call of the blood—the mystical something which impelled men to give up all benefits of a luxurious civilization to be with real men, to suffer unspakable hardships, and yet consider the joy of wild freedom cheaply bought.

Those men of '49 wore the sort of men of whom Richelieu might have said: "No mongrels, sir, those island mastiffs."

Such a man was Stewart—massive of build, with large nostrils, hollow-like lungs, shaggy hair, indicating great strength.

He was one of the most picturesque of all that romantic crew of fortune hunters.

And it was highly typical of his radical nature, as well as of the times and place, that when he went to California it was not as the high-class lawyer, for which position he had been trained, but as an argonaut.

Yet his knowledge of the law never came amiss. He kept it by him to aid him in transacting delicate deals where his adversaries were men of shrewdness and intelligence. It served him many a time in getting legal possession of a "strick" which an illiterate, even ordinarily learned prospector, might have been beaten out of.

He worked the places where he thought it profitable, and settled a claim here and there, but no one ever had to grudge him, and his fortune steadily increased.

At one time he ceased his search for wealth long enough to fight in a couple of Indian campaigns, for in his blood surged patriotism, mind, perhaps, with a certain battlelust which here found ready vent.

In "Roughing It," Mark Twain gives an incident which contains something more than a fine burst of his typical humor; it shows how opulent, as well as generous, William M. Stewart was in those days.

"Mr. Stewart," wrote Twain, "one day told me he would give me twenty feet (share) of 'Justice' stock if I would walk over to his office. It was worth \$5 or \$10 a foot. I asked him to make the offer good for next day, as I was just going to dinner. He said he would not be in town; so I risked it and took my dinner instead of the stock.

"Within the week the price went up to \$75, and afterwards to \$150, but nothing could make that man yield. I suppose he held that stock of mine and placed the guilty proceeds in his own pocket."

But, despite his great liberality, Mr. Stewart piled up money until it was generally conceded that he was climbing pretty close to the million notch. Then he took money seriously to the law, to the high finance, to politics.

To conceive the length of his public career just consider that when he was first elected to the senate from Nevada, the civil war was but half over. Almost all the great statesmen of that day had seen their stars wane; most of them are dead, but Stewart is by no means sure that he will not again be asked to help make laws for the nation.

In Washington he became known as "the Silver King."

"I'm just a plain old fellow, but I've got a little money and I intend to have a good time with it," he used to tell his friends; and sometimes he would add: "When it's gone I'm not like the fellow who can't get more."

He got his money's worth. Perhaps his most extravagant, generous tribute of alive to the god of luxury was made when he built the famous Stewart castle, the largest and most imposing house in Washington, until Senator Clark, of Montana, bought it and tore it down to give place to a magnificent home for his young bride.

After twelve years of Washington life—a period which had come to a close with the election of another senator from Nevada to succeed him—Stewart found himself in some need of money. But he did not despair.



Typical Mining Town in Nevada where he Started Life Anew



A Lawyer in Middle Life

He could have held out a few years, no doubt, if he had sold his castle immediately—this was in the early eighties—but he preferred, as he himself expressed it, to "go back to the mines."

He went. The old ore holes back in his home state had not given up all their guerdon for patient, intelligent labor. They held a goodly portion for Stewart. Although over fifty years of age, he went at it with pick and shovel and washing pan, and asked no handicap. And again he struck it rich.

Money again brought power, and in 1877 he was again elected to the senate.

He became a greater power in politics than before. He was at the head of that group of republican delegates who withdrew from the St. Louis convention in 1876 because the majority refused to agree to a bimetallic plank and declared for the gold standard.

Stewart knew all about silver—he had mined it and followed it on his paper. The Silver Knight, in which to espouse his few silver views, and had not made a grand financial success of it.

For one thing, he had established a paper, the Silver Knight, in which to espouse his few silver views, and had not made a grand financial success of it.

Again, he became so imbued with scientific farming methods that he bought a large farm near Washington, and announced that he proposed to furnish hygienic milk to the city. But Washington was evidently satisfied with the kind of milk it was getting, and the farm was sold at auction.

In certain real estate deals in Washington, Mr. Stewart made big profits, but gradually his surplus dwindled down.

In 1892 he was sent to The Hague in connection with the Pious Fund arbitration, involving the title to a large amount of money claimed from the government of Mexico by the Catholic church in Lower California.

He was deeply interested in securing what he believed to be the rights of the church.

While on this mission, he was informed that his wife had been killed at Alameda, Cal., in an automobile accident. The machine had crashed into a telegraph pole and crushed the woman's skull. Left a widower at the age of seventy-five, Mr. Stewart was not the man to shy at another encounter with Cupid. He won, in the course of a few years, the hand of Mrs. Cady, a beautiful young widow of Georgia, whom he had met in Washington.

The marriage ceremony was typical in its way. It took place at a small house in Washington.

Georgia, in the parlor of the Piedmont Hotel, the senator was adverse to giving out any information. "This is my wedding," he stated, briefly—not a word more.

Immediately after the ceremony the venerable bridegroom and his wife retired to the dining-room, and the menu card for some time, ordered fried bacon, celery, rolls, coffee and a bottle of wine, and after consuming the modest meal started for Washington.

As a matter of fact, just at that time economy was necessary, and this made the wedding all the prettier from a romantic viewpoint, for it stamped it as a real love match, not a marriage for money.

Soon afterwards a queer home was reared in the woods of the Nevada gold country. It was the home which the former senator prepared for his bride. Its furnishings were not elaborate, but were tasty and comfortable.

It is said that a tip given to him by Senator Nixon, of Nevada, who succeeded him in the senate, was responsible for the lucky strike made by Mr. Stewart in purchasing stock. In fact, it is said that stock which he bought for twenty cents a share rose rapidly to \$17.50.

But while his riches from stock holdings are accumulating, he doesn't cease his prospecting. And he says that this fortune—his third—will not go like the others.

These Painful Ailments. Rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, etc., are due to morbid, poisoned conditions of the blood. The poisons must be neutralized and expelled and the blood enriched in order to cure. Wade's Iron Tonic Pills do the things necessary to cure and to cure thoroughly.

They are a great nerve strengthener and blood maker. In boxes, 25 cents at Wade's drug store. Money back if not satisfactory.

Origin of Name "Schooner." The word schooner, meaning a sailing vessel, is of American origin. It originated at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1713. As the hull slid off the docks into the water, a man who was standing by exclaimed, "Oh, how she scoons!" (skims), and Robinson, who was owner of the vessel, hearing the remark, instantly replied, "A schooner let her be." The name has been universally adopted, but strangely it is provincial origin.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Ohio, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

E. J. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 72c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



"Stewart Castle" the Splendid Home He Built at Washington

### WOLVES RUN DOWN DEER.

A Circle From Which There Seems to Be No Escape.

Probably of all animals there is none which has more exciting experiences than the timber wolf. The wolf of fiction is a gaunt, hungry, evil-looking animal. The wolf of Itasca county, writes a Cunningham correspondent of the Duluth Herald, is sleek and fat and about eighty pounds for females up to 140 for males. He never chases rabbits, but is willing to finish the remains of an owl's supper. But if some one has put a rabbit doped with poison he generally persists that morsel off.

They hunt deer by preconcerted plan. The pack station themselves down wind. Then one makes a circle and comes wind right on the deer, who may be lying down or feeding; and of course makes a dash, never realizing that there is a circle of death-dealing enemies before him. When the deer is cornered in full jump the wolf first makes a short spring of six or eight feet, but the next is from twenty to thirty feet, and before the deer realizes danger his end is certain.

But if he chances to get off his dooms is sealed, and within three or four miles he is run down or cornered. They seem to get so nervous and excited and to know that there is no escape and turn to bay, and that ends it.

David Rosa, jr., of this place, cornered a large wolf lately who had the misfortune at some period of his life to get badly burned, having his feet burned in full jump the wolf first made a short spring of six or eight feet, but the next is from twenty to thirty feet, and before the deer realizes danger his end is certain.

As there have been no forest fires in the northern counties that could corner wolves for the last thirty years, there is no doubt this patriarch was in the Hineley fire, where so many wolves were seen limping around after the blaze, and in course of time put 150 miles between the scene of that disaster and his late hunting ground.

A Queer Error. The late Ambrose L. Thomas, the advertising expert of Chicago, once told a story about two doctors in an address on advertising.

"To illustrate my point," he said, apropos of an advertising error. "I'll tell you about my friend Bones."

"Bones" was taken down very bad and, his family physician being out of town, a specialist was called in.

"Put the family physician unexpectedly returned, and he and the specialist entered Bones' chamber together. They found the man in a high fever and partially unconscious. Each put his hand under the bed-clothing to feel Bones' pulse, and each accidentally got hold of the other's hand."

"He has typhoid," said the first physician.

"Nothing of the kind," said the

### A CONSPICUOUS FIGURE.

He is Now After a Place in Senate.



F. C. SMINK, Reading, Pa., May 4.—F. C. Smink, president of the Reading-Iron company, of Reading, is one of the most conspicuous figures in the steel world, it being generally understood that he has the backing in all of his enterprises of President Baer, of the Reading railroad. He is said to cherish an ambition to succeed Senator Hoar, of Penrose in the United States senate.

WHY WE SAY "O." English Actuaries Prefer it Tests Successful.

The telephone girls are having a merry time these days, correcting subscribers who continue to call a cipher "naught."

"The adoption of 'o' (pronounced 'oh') is not an Americanism," remarked Manager Dunstan, of the Bell Telephone company. "It has long been used by English actuaries in calling off figures, and it has been found to lead to less confusion than the word 'naught.'"

Its use on the telephone system has been tried in the United States, and with such success that it has been determined to make its use uniform all over the country. In Canada it has been tried in Montreal with good results.

The public is adapting itself to the new regulation, and the only difficulty seems to be that "oh" is somewhat easily confused with "four."

Rub Away Pain. Instead of enduring rheumatism, neuralgia, or any other form of pain, rub Smith's White Liniment over the aching spot a few minutes and the pain will be gone. This remedy reaches and removes the cause, also.

The best liniment for all injuries for any inflammation or congestion: Large bottles, 25c., at Wade's drug store.

Some think water is pure because it is carbonated—charged with carbonic acid gas. That is wrong. Carbonating water doesn't purify it. Carbonic acid gas doesn't cleanse water. Plenty of carbonated waters are just ordinary city water, charged with gas. That gas is mostly made by the action of sulphuric acid on whiting (such as is used for calcimining), or from the fumes of burning coke. Pleasant, isn't it? Even spring-waters that are naturally fizzy, carbonated far within the earth, are not always safe to drink. Natural carbonation is likely to load water with more lime or magnesia than the system ought to get. So a natural fizzy water may be wholesome and it may not. The safe way—doctors think the only safe way—for people who like carbonated water, either plain as a beverage, or as a diluent for spirits—is to get an ideally pure spring water, charged with purified carbonic acid gas, and Carbonated and bottled under absolutely safe, cleanly, and scrupulously sanitary conditions. Water like that is zestful, refreshing, wholesome, and enhances the flavor of whatever it dilutes—liquors especially. The water that surely meets every requirement is sold in your neighborhood by merchants who care for the custom of particular people, and in your city by the right kind of hotels, bars and clubs. It is worth asking for; and it is labelled **York Sparks** (York Springs Water, charged with purified carbonic gas and bottled at the Springs for surety of purity.)

Ideally Pure York Springs Water is the basis of these beverages: York Springs Water (natural), York Sparks (York Springs Water charged with purified carbonic gas), York Ginger Ale, York Sarsaparilla, York Soda, York Potash Water, York Aperients (the perfect laxative).

The Mineral Springs Limited Toronto For Sale by Rigney & Hickey, James McFarland

Advertisement for York Sparks water, including text like 'Some think water is pure because it is carbonated...', 'York Sparks', and 'The Mineral Springs Limited Toronto'.