

Financier Made \$19,000 Stock Deal for Samuel Ward, Who Had Cared for Him When He Was Ill.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

The late Samuel Ward, by marriage a member of the Astor family, uncle of the late F. Marion Crawford and the inspiration which led Crawford to write his first novel, "Mr Isaacs," was a man of the world in the best sense of the term. Probably no other man in the United States in his day numbered among his personal friends so many distinguished men of affairs, political and business.

One result of this extensive and confidential acquaintanceship was that Mr. Ward had many exciting and truly sensational experiences from time to time; but what he declared to me was his strangest, most unexpected and happiest experience befell him one day when I was with him. It is a story that involves and sheds an interesting light on a well-known man of to-day, and so far as I know, it has never been told in print until now.

The day after James R. Keene supported single-handed and spine-like, the stock market against the terrific assaults that were made upon it in the panic days of 1877, and supported it triumphantly, the physical reaction incident to the great strain under which Mr. Keene had labored was so swift and overwhelming that he sank into a state of collapse. His family was in Europe, for it was midsummer, and he was living in apartments in one of the uptown hotels of New York. He was perilously near brain fever and he had no companions except those whose services were professional. Mr. Ward found him in that isolation and at once took entire charge of him, watching over him, looking after his business matters, and at last accompanying him to Long Branch, whither he was sent by his physician to recuperate.

It became my duty to go to Long Branch, to obtain from Mr. Keene for publication his views upon business and money conditions. Still in bed, and well supported, by pillows, he spent some five hours dictating and then revising his statement, Mr. Ward meanwhile passing in and out of the room many times. He was to go to New York on the late afternoon boat, the one which I planned taking to execute some commissions for Mr. Keene. As he was leaving the room for the last time Mr. Keene handed him an envelope which was addressed to Mr. Ward himself. "Sam," he said, "don't open that until you get upon the boat."

Soon after the steamboat had started from the Sandy Hook pier Mr. Ward took the envelope from his pocket. "You will excuse me if I open this letter," he said. "Mr. Keene, I presume, has some message or commission for me to undertake."

Mr. Ward unfolded the inclosure, gave a nasty glance at it and held it out to me with a hand whose steadiness was clearly upset by the great surprise that snowed in his face.

I took the paper. It was a statement from a certain firm of brokers showing that some weeks previously Mr. Ward had bought of them a large block of railroad stock that the stock had been sold a day or two before the statement was mailed, that commissions and interest were charged, and that there remained a balance to Mr. Ward's credit of \$19,000, for which a check was enclosed.

It was my turn to be puzzled. Why should Mr. Ward show so great surprise over a matter that he knew about? He saw my perplexity.

"Here is the check all right—\$19,000—and I never dreamed of it," he exclaimed. "I thought that I knew every detail of Mr. Keene's business since he has been sick, but I realize now that I didn't. This is what he has done for me, unknown to me. He ordered his brokers to buy and carry for me this block of stock when the price of it per share was much lower than it is now, and then at the proper time he ordered them to sell the stock and send me a statement and a check for the balance."

"Well, that's Mr. Keene's way of doing things," he added. "I suppose he felt grateful to me for doing what any friend would have done for him under like circumstances, without a thought of remuneration of any sort. But—whew! that \$19,000 is a good bit of money. And slowly and thoughtfully Mr. Ward tucked the valuable bit of paper safely away in an inside pocket."

I have often wondered what passed between Mr. Ward and Mr. Keene when they were together again. But, as Kipling would say, that is another story.

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Anecdote of Andrew Johnson.

Andrew Johnson's Democracy—his political cleverness—appears in an anecdote narrated in Harper's by Mrs. H. C. Turner, the daughter of old friends of the Tennessee governor.

About a year before the civil war Judge Pepper, who had been a blacksmith before he became a lawyer, sent Johnson a set of fire irons, which he had made himself, and the governor presently sent the judge a coat which he had made himself. When he told my mother the incident she said: "Did you really make the coat, governor?"

"I put some stitches in it," he said; "Pepper shouldn't get ahead of me with the people. When I was a tailor I was a good one."

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At an artists' club in London they tell the following touching of an eminent portrait painter of American birth: During the days when this portraitist was just beginning to "find himself," one of his patrons was a social leader, who, as her portrait progressed, professed to be quite satisfied with the outlook. She had but one criticism to offer. "The mouth is a trifle too large," said she. "Please make it small and curved. Of course, I am quite aware that in reality it is a straight, long mouth; but in this portrait I should like, if you see no objection, to have it very tiny."

"Not the least objection, madame, so far as I am concerned," said the painter, with no trace of sarcasm in his tone. "I'll leave it out altogether if you wish."—Harper's Weekly.

McCallister's Closing Argument.

Deputy Prosecutor Fred McCallister believes in paraphrasing the Scriptures to his purpose. He was making the closing argument before a jury in criminal court several days ago in the case of the state against two young men who were on trial for grand larceny. The deputy prosecutor urged the jury to send the alleged culprits to the state reformatory at Jeffersonville. He closed his speech by saying: "At Jeffersonville there are many mansions and the state has prepared a place for these young men there. If it were not so I would have told you." The young men were sent to the reformatory.—Indianapolis News.

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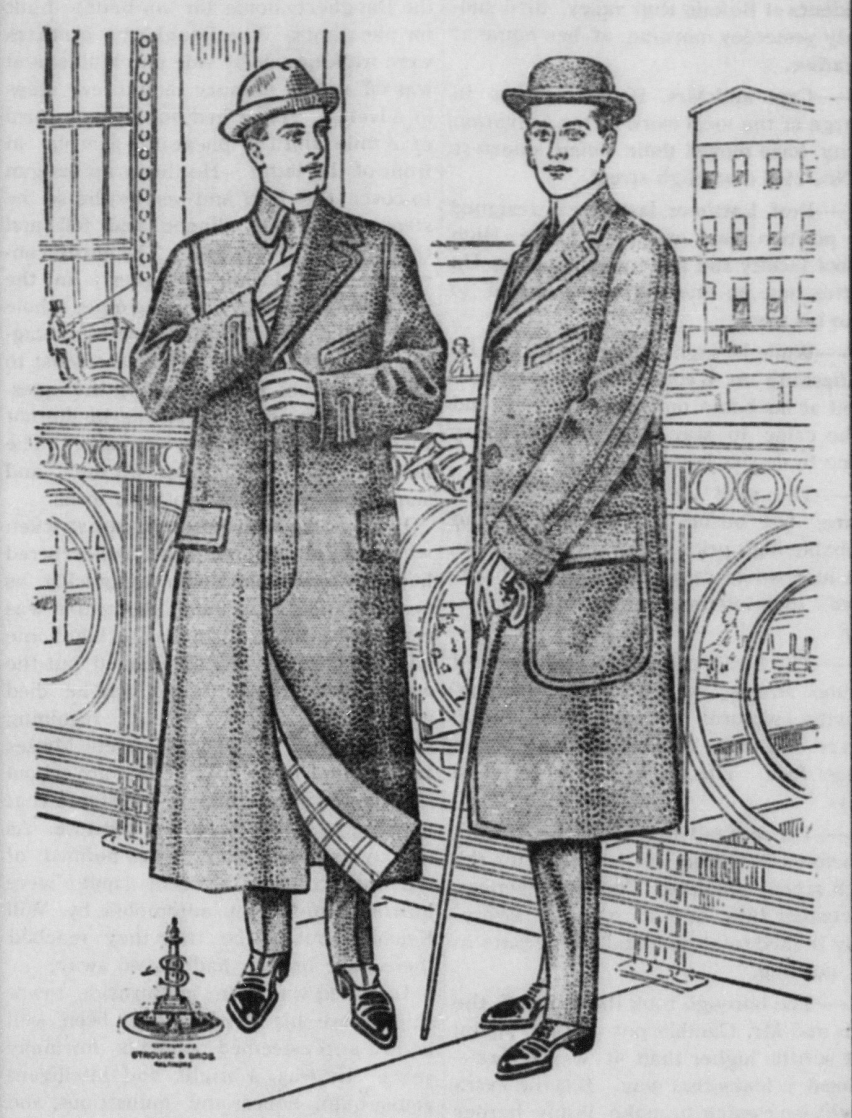
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