

TWENTY YEARS DEAD

LITTLE REMAINS TO MARK A. T. STEWART'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

The failure of Judge Hilton's son destroys the last vestige of America's Once Richest Man. His Grave Unknown; His Wealth Scattered as Atoms.

It is a trite saying, that in America it is only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shortsleeves.

In all the story of business, which is part of the history of Manhattan Island, there is no sadder, no more overwhelming chapter than that which sets forth the building and breaking of the A. T. Stewart property as it is called to mind by the failure of Hilton, Hughes & Co., the successors.

It is well known three-quarters of a century now since an Irishman—kinless, portionless, for all he knew, save for the pack of college learning—landed in New York. He took a box of a place in Broadway below Chambers street and spread out there a little stock of Irish lace. It had cost him every dollar that he owned.



But the trade judgment of A. T. Stewart proved itself good. He sold \$200 worth of the lace in a twinkling, and the house of Stewart was established. Elate over this omen of success, he framed a business motto thus: "Honesty, discretion, watchfulness, persistent labor."

His life, the last drop of his energy, brain and body, were always straddled against his credit. Nobody should assail that at any cost. There should be no shadow on it.

He made money when other men were crying panic. In 1837, when most men could not borrow a farthing, Stewart enlarged his business. Ten years later there was no store in New York big enough to house the business he had set going. He built one! White-tinted men of to-day remember how the New York of their time stared at that temple of trade at Chambers street, and more business hurried to make friends with so much thrift.

His agents were in every market in Europe; his customers were in every city and hamlet in America. He bought as he hired, cheaply. He sold as he talked, quickly. His employees were servants.

Stewart knew no sentiment but pelf. He was just. He gave to charities, but only so much as would make him known of men, bring him new trade, and, incidentally, make good his standing account with the Eternal. While he juggled with the prices of merchandise, he wept over the condition of the slaves in the South. He sent a shipload of provisions to Ireland—an advertisement that he could not otherwise have secured for quadruple the \$50,000 it cost him.

And out of all this "honesty and watchfulness" new greatness came. The old apple woman who had sat on his doorstep had brought him luck, he said, and he must carry it uptown with him. Then, still trusting in the Almighty but "hustling" while he prayed, he built that giant store at Broadway and Tenth street, where recently the financial collapse occurred.

He gave \$50,000 out of hand to aid the sufferers by the Chicago fire. He sent 4000 barrels of flour to Havre when France was writhing in the agonies of the German war. But it was all business.

Stewart built the marble palace at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue. What millions it cost him, no man, save perhaps Judge Hilton, ever knew. If one thing were more priceless than another, that Stewart bought to make his home the princeliest palace upon earth.

That was not all. He bade the greatest minds of the century to his board and they came. And he spread that accumulation of material and intellectual and artistic finery before the world and said: "This is all Stewart's." But he called it a "mere toy," and people marvelled.

Mr. Stewart died at half-past 1 o'clock in the afternoon of April 10, 1876, in the southeast corner room of the Thirty-fourth street mansion. He had been married fifty-one years, but he had no children, his two sons having died in infancy.

On November 7, 1878, Mr. Stewart's body was stolen from St. Mark's churchyard. The sensation that followed, the long search, the rewards offered and never claimed, the endless recriminations and scandals, were the sensations of that day. And so with the failure of a dry goods firm is broken the connecting link between the achievements of the richest man in America twenty years ago and the present. Nothing material remains, and memory is fast fading.

Mary had but little nerve. With mice, until she got her bloomers safely fastened on. And then she had a lot.

EXPERIENCE WITH A CENTIPEDE.

It Crawled the Length of a Man's Arm but He Dare Not Strike It.

The following experience is related by a San Francisco fruit importer: I was opening a box of bananas and pushed my hand through the straw to get at the stalk. I felt around for a few seconds and thought I could feel something moving around on the back of my hand. I had often heard of the presence of centipedes in fruit shipments, so I carefully removed my hand so as to make as little commotion as possible. Imagine my surprise and alarm to see a five inch centipede slowly crawling up my arm to my coat sleeve. I was on the point of striking it off and jumping all over it when a fruit packer, standing near by, warned me to make no attempt to get rid of it, but to let it crawl off at its leisure. I know I got as white as a sheet, believing every moment that it would sink its claws into me and send its powerful poison through my blood.

I looked at it with fear and trembling but did not dare to move a muscle. It lifted its head and seemed perfectly satisfied to remain where it was. I could hardly restrain myself from making a quick motion and shaking it off, but my companion warned me again to keep quiet. All I could feel was a tickling sensation as the insect's legs quivered and felt around in every direction. The tickling increased, and I was almost ready to faint with suppressed excitement.

Finally the centipede looked up at my sleeve and slowly made for it, moving all the legs in unison. The sensation was by this time simply unbearable, and I feared I would be unable to remain calm until the thing got entirely off. My flesh seemed to shrink away as the horrid creature proceeded, but in a few more seconds, every one of which seemed an hour, it had settled itself comfortably on the fabric of my clothing, and with a motion quicker than I was ever known to make before, I routed it with a stick and sat down, perspiring from head to foot. It was the most thrilling experience I ever figured in, and it made me sick the rest of the day.

MR. MOODY'S METHODS.

He is Not Licensed to Preach, but He Does So. Nevertheless, Effectively.

For twenty-five years D. L. Moody has been a faithful preacher of righteousness, although no Presbyter or council or bishop has set him apart for the ministry.

Most men would be satisfied to have done the evangelistic work which first made the name of Mr. Moody known throughout America and Great Britain, but the educational work which he is carrying on at Northfield, Mass., his native town and at Chicago would occupy all of the time and thought of men possessed of more than ordinary abilities. The preparations for the summer conferences, running over two months or more, and attended by thousands of people, and the responsibility of conducting them would lead the majority of men to ask for an extended vacation when the season closed.



Mr. Moody carries all these heavy burdens as easily as most men carry their lighter ones, and to them he has added another, which is considered one of the most important in his many-sided life.

Northfield gave the evangelist to the world, but Mr. Moody has given to the town a world-wide fame. He has established institutions which will be carried on by his friends and by those who have been educated there for generations to come; the influences started will never cease. Mr. Moody's father died in 1841, but his mother lived until a few months ago, more than 90 years of age. The son, whose name is best known of the family of nine children, went to Boston when he was 17 years old to be a clerk in the shoe store of his uncle. A person who knew him well in those days is credited with the following prophecy concerning him:

"He is very unlikely to become a Christian of clear and decided views of Gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness."

Should Have Reversed the Order of Things. In a certain Irish college the student at his oral examination has to give his answers from a pulpit before the Board of Examiners. Once a student, who had no mean opinion of his attainments, ascended the pulpit with a rather self-satisfied and hopeful air. The examiner determined to "lower" him a little, plied him with a series of "stiff" interrogations. Hardly a single correct answer was given, and when his time had expired he descended and returned to his place crestfallen and humiliated. "Now," said the victorious examiner when he caught the eye of his victim again, "if you had gone up as you came down you'd have come down as you went up."

Mrs. Oliphant, who has written seventy-eight novels, never writes in the daytime. She thinks the stillness of night conducive to good writing.

An editor comes in contact with many amusing articles for publication. Notice the following: Mr. Editor, I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for the united aid and co-operation during the illness and death of my late husband who escaped from me by the hand of death on Friday last while eating breakfast. To the friends and all who contributed so willingly towards making the last moments and funeral of my husband a splendid success, I desire to remember most kindly, hoping these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I also have a good milch cow and a roan gelding horse of eight years old which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He plants his footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm. Also a black and white shote very low.

As soon as you make up your mind you are quite willing to do without a thing it is pretty certain to come your way.

If men were put on counters like calico, and the women given a choice, there would be fewer unhappy marriages.

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