

NEW YORK, April 21, 1916.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT MERCHANT.

The death of A. T. Stewart, the world's greatest merchant, is the event of the week and the one topic of conversation. Almost fifty years ago a young Scotch-Irishman came to New York to seek employment as a teacher. Not succeeding, he determined to give up the profession for which he had been fitted and embark in trade. He had just about enough to fill a basket, and for a few weeks he peddled his goods from door to door. Then he opened a little store down town, and began a career which is almost romantic. He had a theory as to how business should be done, and from the very first he adhered to it with a fidelity worthy of a saint. He bought always for cash, and sold in the same way. To everything he bought he added a proper profit, and the goods were sold at that price, or they lay on the counters for so many months, until when they were marked down to a price where they would sell. There never was a particle of trickery or fraud in his establishment. The goods were carefully bought, and sold at a fair profit, and the most ignorant person could buy to his good advantage as the most expert. If a woman in the country wanted a dress, all she had to do was to write the color, material and cost, and her husband could get it just as good as his. He was a mercantile genius. If a pattern of calico or any kind of fabric was sent to him, he would not only tell the manufacturer what he should make of it, but he would also tell him what he should make of it, so that he should be able to take advantage of the market, and buying always for cash, he could outbuy all of his competitors.

There is no such establishment as his in the world. His down-town store is devoted entirely to wholesaling, and his up-town to retailing. In the two he gave employment to over two thousand people, and in addition he had a number of factories, in which he employed four thousand more. He dealt in everything—dry goods, carpets, fancy goods, brushes, soap, perfumery; all under one roof, and this spring he intended to add boots and shoes. It is wonderful to consider a lady in dress making ready-made. The alterations, if any were needed, being made in the house in a few minutes, and without going out, she could buy her children's outfit, or furnish her house throughout. And everything in the concern went as smoothly as clockwork. The army of clerks were at their posts precisely at seven, and if one was late he was charged with the loss time. Each stood at his own counter and sold only one kind of goods. An array of buttons, neckties, gloves and many to a small array of cashiers, who had the parcels made and made the change, and then if desired the goods were sent home. It was not an uncommon thing for Stewart to sell \$1,000 of shirting in a single day, and his sales of gloves amounted up into the millions.

But with all this it cannot be said that Stewart was either a good or useful citizen. He was cold and harsh to his employees, merciless to his debtors, and as grasping as a man could be. He lived by rule, and was as inflexible as a bar. He never took circumstances into account, and made no allowances. It was the dollar that he wanted, and the dollar he would have, at no matter what cost to others. Possessed of millions he has given but little in charity, and has in no way assisted in advancing the interests of his city or country. He built two very fine buildings, but they were needed in his business, or he never would have done it. Whether he has left a fortune to be used for the benefit of the public remains to be seen. His estate will foot up not less than \$10,000,000, of which \$5,000,000 is in real estate in this city.

His name had been so long a word of strength, and he had gone so proudly through a hundred convulsions of business, when men were falling around him, that he had become a legend, and that the common lot of mortality, and that the common lot of all he could die. So excitedly had his illness been kept from the world by his trusted agents, that the news of his death fell on the city with a dramatic suddenness. He must be numbered as one of the victims of the sharp inflammatory attacks peculiar to the season. His death was one of intense suffering, and his position on the bowels, to which he was subject, but which in this case was the result of a severe cold. Today the pageant of his funeral has hardly passed as this is written. The streets along the line of the procession were crowded with the throngs which the city gets up at the slightest notice. The old church of St. Mark's, in whose grassy churchyard lies the dust of many Knickerbockers, Peter Stuyvesant among them, was so small to hold a crowd of those who desired a sight of the great millionaire's last obsequies, and admission was given to the church as well as to the house by card only, and special police kept a careful open eye with difficulty for the carriage, three abreast. Mackintosh came up to gaze at the golden coffin, and beside it ladies in India shawls and creamy plumes, and well-dressed men stood among the throng, unkempt crowd, and all eyes turned to the coffin, as if it were a parade, and they were out to see. The lower orders joked and laughed, while their betters speculated about the will, and the gold plate on the coffin, part of which was ascertained to be gold plated on silver and part solid gold. The hearse, newly gilt and polished, was festooned with heavy gold fringe, but the coffin was without pall.

With the usual profusion of scented white flowers, callas and carnations, proper to funerals, florists now deftly mingle yellow roses and violets, shades suitable to mourning, with subdued and excellent effect. The scent of flowers was heavy at the outer door, and the scene in the church, the tall white obelisks and the space with the rich violet hangings of pulpit and reading desk, all glowing against the wall. At the back, the Altar, draped with purple cloth, bore a wide cross, nearly ten feet high, in front of a small altar supported an obelisk of white flowers, with the word "Remember" in violets bedded in the white at its base. In front of a table of silk upheld a casket six feet high, flanked by a large anchor and a floral wreath, a star of blossoms in the green at the base. Below the coffin rested on a bank of flowers. The widow provided that the decorations be duplicated for the carriage, and the coffin was lifted from one conveyance to another at the house to find the members bed among them at the church.

MISS ELEANOR DUFFIN.

A YOUNG LAWYER'S STORY.

"Door, Jenks." "Yes, sir." My servant bowed profoundly as I hastened to answer the office bell. I was impressed with the belief that Jenks, as a waiting man, was altogether to be pitied; his demeanour was perfectly respectful; he obeyed all my orders with promptness and dispatch; yet I never encountered his cold analytical eye without feeling decidedly uncomfortable. I remembered how compassionately he smiled the first morning of his attendance when I insisted upon dressing myself, and his quiet air of contempt as he took the blacking brush from me as I made the feeble effort to polish my boots. I fancied myself a convict in the hands of a jailer while he dusted my coat and smoothed my cravat. He had never looked at me with any more than a friendly eye. On the same day that Stewart was buried, another funeral took place, whose chief object seemed to be to outdo the display of the millionaire, only as it was arranged according to the wishes of the deceased. I probably intended only to show that she could have as fine a funeral as anybody. The dead woman was fifty years old, daughter of a milkman who drove his own cart, unless his wife relieved him in that duty. The widow of a rich man, who made his money in ice and real estate speculations long ago. By her wish, the corpse was in her wedding dress with white and red roses, laid in a coffin lined with black and violet velvet and fringed with all the gold and silver that could be procured. The coffin lay in a parlor, backed by tall monuments of flowers which looked as if the ornamental sculpture of a stone-cutter's yard had been transported there. The hearse was drawn by six black horses with glittering harness, next came six carriages with four horses each, seventy more followed, half of them empty, and a large wagon carried the flowers to the grave. Pride could not farther go.

"The fashion." The fish and yet simplicity of the new styles are admirable. A fashionable polonaise is cut with only one dart, and the back has few seams, but it is marvelously fitted by goes under the arms so that it defines the figure with the elegance of a tight garment with all the ease of a blouse. Another fitting skirt. This is the style above all others for Summer traveling. A specimen in drab cloth for Spring has a large pocket, like a strap of cloth over the right shoulder, and a pocket on the left side for carrying the most indispensable things a woman wants in traveling. A new hat that goes well with this and promises to be in favor, is the small shepherdess shape bent over the forehead and curled slightly above the ears, of rough straw to be trimmed with black velvet and field flowers, or with cream white silk and bright flowers of one color under the brim. This is a veritable shade hat, and yet most comfortable in size for town wear. Stirred overalls have nearly disappeared. The new ones are very long, all around, drawn in slight folds at the waist, heavy pleats, and have comparatively little trimming.

"Sleeping in Church." Did you ever sleep in church? We don't mean to ask if you have done so deliberately. Of course you haven't. You put your head on the back of the seat, and then you read, and think of the sermon. The words of the preacher are very distinct to you at first. They present something for your mind to take hold of, and wrestle intellectually with. Then they calm you, and you are ready to sleep. You finally become a lullaby that floats through your brain, gently filling the crevices, and giving you a blissful sense of rest. They merge themselves so imperceptibly with your most distant thought as to lose their identity. Paraphrases strike away they sound, until they have disappeared entirely. The scene is changed. You are in the midst of a maddened mob. There is a struggle on your part to save yourself from their violence. You strike out and kick out and squirm and wrench yourself. It is a desperate struggle. Every muscle in your body stands out like whip cords, every nerve is stretched to its utmost. You succeed in getting free yourself. Then you start on a run, with the pack running over you. You cry out for help. You shriek at the top of your voice for succor. Blindly galloping along you can expect nothing to a precipice. You make a heroic effort to save yourself. But it is too late. With a scream of terror you go over its edge, and are hurled headlong into the dreadful abyss below. Then you awake. You have hit your head on the back of the pew. For a moment there is a dreadful reassurance as you wake. The next moment brings with it the realization that you are in church. The words of the minister awake you to this consciousness with awful distinctness. What did you do in that dream? A query that takes hold of you with frightful force. Did you throw your arms in the air? Did you kick the benches? Did you scream out? The perspiration gathered in great drops on your face, and sharp flashes of light shot along your spine, while there is sinking enough in the pit of your stomach to start a shaft in a gold mine. You dare not look up. You can imagine every eye in the assembly turned to you. You are waiting to confront you face to face. It is a dreadful thought—so dreadful that it finally becomes unbearable—and finally you raise your head, and gradually, but furiously, glance about you. The congregation is staring at you. Not an eye is turned towards you, and you might believe that you had not been asleep at all were it not for the awakening of one leg accompanied by all the poignant sensations of that operation.—Dan Barry News.

"A Man Boiled Alive." Fred Hayden was literally cooked alive as he lay asleep in the berth of his state-room in the steamer J. N. Kellogg, some forty miles above this city, yesterday morning. The cause of the mishap was the bursting of a valve that connects the syphon pump with the boat's boilers. The result in which Mr. Hayden slumbered and the rush of steam was so sudden that he could not escape.

"The man who had a project on foot went to a corn doer."

THE WIFE OF A GREAT MERCHANT.

A YOUNG LAWYER'S STORY.

"We will soon put an end to this tyrannical course," I observed, importantly making an entry in my memorandum book. I was at that moment, let me confess it, considerably flattered by the circumstances of the young lady considering the case to me, a briefless young lawyer. I thought, besides, that Miss Eleanor Duffin was altogether the prettiest and most engaging girl I had ever had the good fortune to meet; all my sympathies were aroused in her behalf. It was one of those romantic episodes in the life of a professional man that might lead to fortune and fame. I already fancied myself in a brown stone front and glowing enthusiasm of youthful imagination, pictured myself standing at the head of my profession.

"The first step necessary to be taken," said I, "is to obtain the release of your good mother; the great thing is to get her out of the hands of your ungrateful guardian. I'll tell you what I will do—I will go round to see Daniel Miller. It might frighten him a little, and rather than risk a public exposure, he will be willing to effect a compromise." "If you are resolved upon seeing him," remarked Miss Eleanor, hesitatingly, "may I beg the favor of accompanying you?" "Certainly," I replied, with a glance of warm admiration at the plump little beauty, "I learned from the waitress objection. Shall we go now?" "As you please, sir."

"I took down my hat from its peg without another word, put on my best, which I always had ready in a side pocket for extra occasions, and stepped out into the passage. I was in hopes of running the blockade without encountering the critical eye of my guardian. Delusive hope! Just as we fairly reached the door, Jenks made his appearance and very civilly opened it.

"Jenks," said I, quite vexed at the officious politeness of the accredited servant, "I have no need of you now. Important business will detain me out this afternoon."

"All right, sir," replied Jenks, scrutinizing Miss Duffin with a vulgar leer. "I was aghast. I mentally ejaculated, 'He is positively laughing in his sleeve at me. I wonder if he has the impudence to suppose this girl is—bah!'" I ejaculated aloud; whereupon my fair companion started and said, "Sir?"

"I was in an interrogatory mood, and I heard an angry murmur. I could have killed Jenks on the spot. I was in the mood to do it. I could have shot him, or bayoneted him; but it required some self-possession to conceal my wrath, and so I replied: 'Oh, nothing, miss,' and still hurriedly in the office with my hands full of documents, leaving every body to imagine that I was weighed down with as many cases of magnitude and importance as the Hon. District Attorney himself."

"I was apparently absorbed in profound study at the door opening, and the graceful figure of a young lady, clad in deep mourning, softly glided toward my desk.

"However, if I had no clients, I retained at least the semblance of business, and always took care to walk hurriedly into the office with my hands full of documents, leaving every body to imagine that I was weighed down with as many cases of magnitude and importance as the Hon. District Attorney himself."

"I was apparently absorbed in profound study at the door opening, and the graceful figure of a young lady, clad in deep mourning, softly glided toward my desk.

"I started with an exclamation of admiration as she threw aside her veil, and revealed a countenance as lovely and refined as the finest marble. Her eyes were heavily dark blue eyes of heavenly depth gazed upon me with a sad, inquiring air, as she said: 'Is this Mr. Belgrave?'"

"That is my name," I replied, rising, with a bad attempt to be very calm and self-possessed. "Be seated, miss."

"The timidly accepted the chair which I wheeled near my own, and observed hesitatingly: 'You have heard of the Duffins, of Clifton?'"

"Never before," said I, deferentially. "I presume you refer to your uncle, who was a merchant of some note. I did meet with an article in the Herald, referring to some trouble about the Duffins estate."

"I am very kind," rejoined Miss Duffin, with a sweet smile. "The amount is over four hundred dollars."

"I bit my lip. The sum was larger than I anticipated. However, as I had made the proposition, I was too proud to recede.

"I am sorry that I have not so much at my command," I remarked, apologetically, "but I think I can find a substitute at the next store, Grindwell & Co. The firm are friends of mine, and I have no hesitations in recommending them."

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