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A CELEBRATEED WALL STREET WIT

There have been more gigantic figures in Wall street than W. R. Travers, but few brighter minds and few who are more pleasantly remembered. He was in the street twenty years or more, and in that time built up a large fortune, besides living like a king, entertaining royally, and enjoying the best of the world's pleasures. He was neither a Jay Gould in intrigue and masterly campaigning, a Commodore Vanderbilt in construction or large market leadership, a J. P. Morgan in commanding financial ability, nor a Jacob H. Schiff in international breadth as a salesman of securities. Neither did he possess in superlative degree the traits that made Andrew Carnegie, H. H. Rogers H. C. Frick, John W. Gates, D. G. Reid, C. M. Schwab, Daniel Guggenheim, great captains of finance.

Yet he was in his own way a remarkable and engaging personality and a moneymaker. It is for his peculiarity of speech and his flashing wit that he is chiefly remembered now in Wall street, and the stories that are still told about him would fill a volume.

Lost Nothing by Stutters.

He really didn't need that stutter

MISS MAY SUTTON.

California tennis player, who recently won the all England championship for ladies for the second time.

to carry his wittisicms, but they lost nothing by their hyphenated medium of transmission. The stutter was Travers' own, and it has probably served as a historical prservative for some of the Travers scintillations. It is the lot of few men to be remembered in Wall street twenty years after death, and W. R. Travers went to his last resting place just two decades ago. In the stock market Travers was chronically a bear, though he had the sense to take and keep profits, a trait rare with the bear, or for that matter with the bull.

A few years after his appearance in Wall street an old friend from his native city, Baltimore, met him in a down town resort. They chatted a few minutes, when the friend suddenly said:

"Say, Travers, you stutter a great deal worse than you did in Baltimore."

"Got to," replied Travers. "It's a h-h-cap b-b-bigger t-town."

While still almost a stranger in New York, a member of the stock exchange, wishing to do the agreeable, took Travers to see a yacht race. The host had a fine boat, knew everybody, and took pleasure in pointing out the celebrities. After an hour or two the guest turned to his friend and said:

"S-s-eems to m-m-e that m-m-ost everybody on 'C-C-hange has a yacht."

"Yes, lot's of 'em own their own boats. Some of 'em are mighty fine, too—regular floating palaces."

"The b-b-rokers and b-b-bankers are f-fixed all r-r-right; b-b-but I d-d-don't rem-m-memb-ber s-s-seeing any of the c-c-u-s-tom-mer's yachts. Wh-where are they?"

Bombarding Jay Gould.

Once upon a time Jay Gould's credit was savagely attacked, and in self-protection he opened his vaults to the inspection of a committee of bankers and let them make an appraisement of the contents. The committee reported it had found "free" bonds, and stocks having market value of about seventy million dollars at ruling quotations. Thinking to make an overwhelming hit by this demonstration of strength, Gould sent people out to give the glad news swiftest circulation in the right quarters.

"Good g-gracious!" exclaimed Travers when the thriller reached him. "H-h-as the old s-s-s-coundrel got that m-m-any stocks l-left to s-s-ell."

And, as the story runs, he proceeded to pound the Goulds harder than ever, on the theory that the "Wizard" would be trying to get rid of some of that seventy million dollars' worth on competitive selling. The result proved the correctness of the surmise, for prices went all to pieces. Addison Cammack divides with Travers the credit of having perpetrated this bon mot, but the honor seems to belong rightfully to the stuttering humorist.

The Travers wit was not confined to Wall street. On one occasion he attended a banquet which was presided over by A. T. Stewart, then the leading dry goods merchant of America. Travers had no use for Stewart, and lost no opportunity to cast ridicule on him. Stewart was a perpetual target for sharp tongues. At this banquet the merchant prince was especially irritating to the blue bloods.

Finally, when everything was in readiness, the presiding officer rapped for order. There was not a quick response, and with some impatience Stewart repeated the gavel performance, giving the table a succession of hard raps. Then, as the assemblage quieted down and just as the man at the head of the table was about to call for order, Travers, in a thin, high keyed voice, piped out, "C-cash!"

"Jim" Fisk at the height of his career bought himself a splendid yacht and gave a swell dinner aboard to which he invited W. R. Travers. At that time Fisk and Jay Gould were fast friends.

As Fisk was conducting Travers and a detachment of guests through the boat, he stopped before a freshly painted portrait of himself and Gould which stood out from the wall at the top of the main stairway, and exclaimed fairly:

"Well, boys, what do you think of that pair of masterpieces?"

"I've only one cr-cr-iticism t-t-o make," said Travers, after everybody had raphsodized to the satisfaction of Fisk. "You s-s-h-ould h-h-ave t-told the artist t-t-o p-p-paint you and J-Jay on the arm of a c-c-cross, with the S-S-avior in the m-m-middle."

A Joke on the Joker.

Stopping one day in the store of a bird and dog fancier, Travers made a number of inquiries of the proprietor, who was a crotchety chap with a tongue as sharp as his customer's, and, pausing before the cage of a large parrot, Travers looked admiringly at the bird and remarked on its fine points.

"That's a sp-p-plendid p-p-p-parrot. C-c-can he t-t-talk?"

"If he couldn't talk any better than you, I'd cut his blasted head off!" snapped the storekeeper.

Travers sometimes took a lively interest in politics. Once he got tied up in the initial stages of a reform movement, and at a meeting of a self-appointed committee representing the "better elements" the question of a candidate for mayor came up for discussion. The merits and running qualities of several men were debated for a long time, but none seemed just to fill the bill. They were looking for an ideal man of lofty character, unblemished purity, public spirited, advanced views on the live issues, an administrative genius, and commanding the respect of the community. Travers said little, and listened to the talk with growing impatience. Finally an especially long winded and tiresome man, after reciting at length the qualities their candidate should possess, turned to him with the query, "Do you know any such man, Travers."

"I d-d-do. I have in m-my m-m-mind j-just the m-man you w-w-want."

The assembled reformers hailed him as a savior and with one voice begged him to name the man.

"I d-don't think H-he w-w-would be av-v-vailable, g-g-gentlemen; unf-f-fortun-n-nately, H-he was c-c-crucified eight-t-teen h-hundred years ago."

Henry Clews and Travers were close friends, but the wit took great delight in joking the financier, who took his sallies with unfailing good humor. Clews was an industrious letter writer and "interviewer" on all public questions. He never let a chance go by for engaging in current discussion. On one occasion he had written a magazine article on national finances which he felt proud over. Meeting Travers, he accosted him with:

"Say, Travers, have you seen my last article on the currency question?"

"I d-d-don't kn-n-now, Henry, b-b-but I ho-ho-hope so."

Another time he hailed Clews as the latter was entering a crowded club room, and with simulated boisterousness introduced him as "one of our most illustrious self-made men." The financier took off his hat and bowed low, exposing as he did so a pate as destitute of hair as a billiard ball, an exhibit which led Travers to say:

"Henry, wh-h-ile you w-were—were m-m-making yourself, w-wh-y d-d-din't you p-p-put s-s-some h-hair on tt-top of your h-h-head?"

Travers and Jerome.

Travers and the late Lawrence R. Jerome known always as "Larry," were inseparable friends, though forever victimizing one another with practical jokes. Once the two were traveling together on a trip in the south. Just before the conductor was expected to come through the car, Travers fell asleep.

Jerome slyly removed from Travers' pocket the pass on which he was traveling, and going forward several seats, sat down and simulated slumber. When the conductor shook him and asked for his ticket, Jerome pretended to search through all his pockets. Then, knowing exactly what Travers would say under the circumstances, and imitating his friend's stuttering speech, he said:

"I'm W-w-william R. T-t-travers of New Yor. I had a p-p-pass; b-b-but I c-c-can't find it. I'm a b-b-brother-in-law of Mr. Blank, the president of the road, and I assure you it's all right."

The conductor accepted the explanation and passed on. A moment later he shook the sleeping Travers by the shoulder. Travers felt for his pass and then, like his impostor friend, searched through all his pockets, the conductor regarding him with sudden suspicion. Finally he stuttered out:

"I'm W-w-william R. T-t-travers of New Yor. I had a p-p-pass; b-b-but I c-c-can't find it. I'm a b-b-brother-in-law of Mr. Blank, the president of the road, and I assure you it's all right."

"I guess not," replied the conductor. "You can't fool me, even with that stutter. You'll have to pay your fare or be put off."

Jerome permitted Travers to work himself into a rage of indignation, and then interposed with the pass and a cigar for the conductor.

The Siamese Twins.

Travers in company with some friends went to see the Siamese twins. He examined attentively the singular ligature that connected the twins, and turning to the lecturer solemnly said, "B-b-b-br-br-others, I p-p-presume?"

The story of how Travers suppressed an oracular individual who was boring everybody with a long-winded essay on the oyster had considerable vogue. The fellow was going on endlessly and aimlessly, and finally started upon a discussion as to the intelligence of the bivalve, saying that it was a disputed point among scientists whether the oyster had brains.

At this juncture Travers came to the relief of the wearied company with the interruption: "Of c-c-course, the oys-oys-oyster has b-b-brains. The oys-oys-oyster kno-no-nows when to sh-sh-shut up."

For an Impaired Appetite.

To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Mr. J. H. Seitz of Detroit, Mich., says: "They restored my appetite when impaired, relieved me of a bloating feeling and caused a pleasant and satisfactory movement of the bowels." Price 25 cents. Samples free. For sale at Dr. Stone's drug store.

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Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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The late Bishop Fitzgerald once declared that smypathy, far more than eloquence or learning, made more for success in the ministry.

"Too many of us, through lack of sympathy," he said," say the worst, the most imappropriate things. Thus, a young Baptist friend of mine, condoling with a housebreaker in jail, droned:

"'Ah, my friend, let us remember that we are here today and gone tomorrow.'

"'You may be; I ain't,' the housebreaker answered shortly."—Washington Star.

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No distinction is made as to the kind of Piles that Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid cures.

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Sure of a Sale.

Silas—Storekeeper Jason must have lost his mind, Cy. Why, by gum, he is taking down all the "Fresh Vegetable" signs and putting up "Stale Vegetables."

Cyrus—Oh, that's just a trick of trade, neighbor. One of those minstrel shows came today and soon as they find there are any stale vegetables in town they will buy them all up to keep from getting pelted with them.—Chicago News.

Can you afford to trifle with so serious a matter as to neglect a bad cold or cough, when for a trifling amount you can secure a bottle of "Hickory Bark Cough Remedy," that is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Price 25c, 50c and $1.00 per bottle. For sale by all dealers everywhere.

Lost Appetite.

Boarding-house Keeper—You may bring me just one-half the usual amount of meat until further notice.

Butcher—Indeed! Have any of your boarders left?

Boarding-house Keeper—No; but the three biggest eaters have fallen in love.—Exchange.

Eczema.

For the good of those suffering with eczema or other such trouble, I wish to say, my wife had something of that kind and after using the doctors' remedies for some time concluded to try Chamberlain's Salve, and it proved to be better than anything she had tried. For sale at Dr. Stone's drug store.

Answered.

The would-suffragesit was having the usual dinner-table argument with her alleged lord and master, when that unhappy individual, finding himself in a close corner, ventured the unfortunately query:

"How on earth would you earn a living if it wasn't for me?"

"I don't know, John," the lady replied. "If I lost you, I don't know where I'd get another job."—Harper's Weekly.

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