

**JIM WARDNER, OF
WARDNER, IDAHO**

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Jim Wardner, of Wardner, Idaho by James F. Wardner

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JAMES F. WARDNER

**JIM WARDNER, OF
WARDNER, IDAHO**



WARDNER, IDAHO, IN 1886—THE \$4,000,000 DONKEY IN THE FOREGROUND—THE ★ MARKS THE LOCATION OF THE BUNKER HILL MINE.



Faithfully Yours
Jim Warden

JIM WARDNER,
OF
WARDNER, IDAHO.

BY HIMSELF.

NEW YORK:

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PUBLISHING Co.

1900.

*This little flower was taken from the conservatory of Eila
Wheeler Wilcox and transplanted into my garden of weeds :*

The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me :
That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love ;
A love so limitless, deep and broad,
That men have renamed it and called it—God.

—New York Journal.

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CHAPTER I.

MY EARLIEST SPECULATIONS.

IF it were possible to instruct the young men of the English-speaking world by means of object lessons from the experience of others, I believe that this autobiography would soon be recognized as one of the most valuable text books extant. In recording the incidents, adventures, business affairs and unique experiences of a life that has never known idle moments and that has, in its feverish haste for gain, invaded nearly all countries and all climes, from the northern extremities of Alaska to the southern parts of Africa, I shall relate only facts and actual personal observations. All of the names of the individuals mentioned are genuine, and all dates and places are correctly given.

To those unacquainted with me, who will read this book, I will introduce myself by stating that I am the "Jim Wardner" after whom the towns of Wardner in Idaho and Wardner in British Columbia are named.

It is generally considered by my most intimate family friends that I am a living and incontrovertible proof that the old saw, "Blood will tell," is not to be relied upon in estimating the effect of a parent's characteristics upon his children; for, while I have been one of the most persistent and tireless searchers after hidden treasures in all parts of the world, my good father lived fifty consecutive years in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and was quite the contrary, being of a very retiring disposition. He located in Milwaukee in 1836, and died there in 1886. His was the first brick residence built in the city now so famous for its beauty and beer, and therein I was born, May 19, 1846. My dear mother is still alive, at eighty years of age, and notwithstanding that she has been confined to her bed since the first inauguration of Grover Cleveland, her mental energies and high-strung nerves are still unimpaired.