JIM WARDNER, OF WARDNER, IDAHO

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Jim Wardner, of Wardner, Idaho by Jim Wardner

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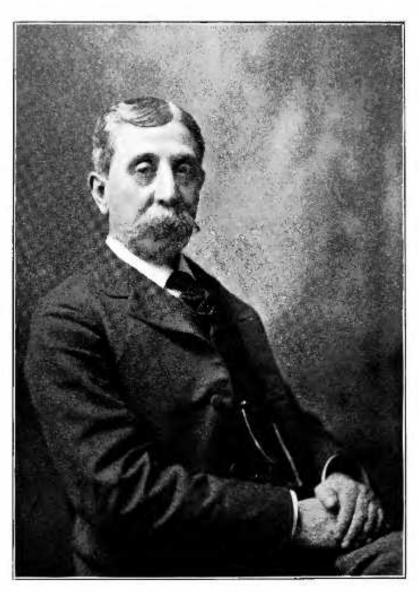
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JIM WARDNER,

OF

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BY HIMSELF.

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DEDICATION.

I have studied longer than a judge in a pet dog show as to whom this book should be dedicated, and amidst the vast number of associations, loves and regrets, I hereby dedicate it, first, to the sweetest mother, the truest wife, and the dearest children of which it was ever man's honor to be son, husband, and father; second, to my ever-living creditors, whose longevity is something extraordinary, and who, if each became a purchaser of this book, would insure its circulation; and third, to the miners of the great Northwest, with whom I have been so closely allied for many years, sharing with them hopes, anticipations and realizations.

J. F. W.

This little flower was taken from the conservatory of Ella 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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