Gravel Shoveler Twenty-Five Years Ago, Conductor Up to Eight Years Ago.

PLUMES IN THE BONNET OF SUCCESS

Jumped to the Hend of the Largest Surface Railroad Systems in the World Because He Knew His Business Thoroughly.

When, in eight years, a man boosts himself from conductor on a small steam rail road to the head of the greatest system of surface railroads in the world; when, in the same length of time, he increases his earthly possessions from nothing to \$1,000,000 or so, in cash, real estate or gilt-edge securities, and does it all in a city of "pulls" through no other "pull" than his own ability be is likely to has himself talked about People want to know what kind of a man he is and just how he has done so much in so short a time. They want to know how old he is, where he was born, whose son he was. These and a hundred other questions are being saked today about Herbert H. Vreeland, president of all the surface railroads on Manhattan island and in the Bronx, and said by some to be destined to roads in the five boroughs of Greater New

The story of Mr. Vreeland's career, as recounted by the New York Sun, is a story it. not much romance in it, unless obtaining, at the age of 43, a reward for his labor greater than that which comes to most men at the end of a lifetime, may be regarded by realists as remantic. You couldn't get Mr. Vreeland to admit that his career has been important enough to draw any lessons from, but if you were to ask him what advice he would give to a young man who wants to get on in the world, he would probably tell you something like this-

"Get a job, it doesn't matter much what and then make it your business to learn more about that job than anybody else on earth. Then you will have a capital that nobody can take away from you unless he kills you, and the value of your life will then be the measure of your value to your employer. And while you are acquiring this knowledge, acquire the habit of being courteous to everybody. Courtesy costs nothing and it may always be scheduled as a quick asset."

Mr. Vreeland was the son of a man who wouldn't be a minister just because his father wanted him to. The assertion of the right to choose whether he would be a minister or something else made it necessary for the son to leave home and hustle for himself. Thus it happened that Herbert H. Vreeland was born a poor man's son. His only heritage was character and brains. He was born in the little town of Glen Falls. N. Y., in 1857. He was the youngest of several children, and not long after he was born his father died. That made it necessary for all the children to go to work as soon as they could to help support their surface railroad man, and he at once bemother and each other. At the age of 10 be worked in a grocery store. During the company. That was in 1891. winter of his thirteenth year he harvested ice on the Hudson river. At 18 he struck his first job on a railroad, one of the construction gang shoveling in a gravel pit Various promotions followed in the operating department of the Long Island railroad, and in every position he stuck to his rule of acquiring all the information possible about the operation of the road.

Surprising Promotion.

At that time there wasn't much about the which Mr. Vreeland is operating. Shortly Long Island railroad that Mr. Vreeland after he became the head of the system two didn't know, and during the trip he was men came to his office one day, told him that called upon to answer many questions. The day after the president of the road sent for him. In fear and trembling the young man answered the summons. When he was admitted to the president's office a surprise was in store for him. Here is the story and Mr. Vreeland told it in an article in Success:

"In due time I was shown into the pres ence of the great man, who eyed me closely for a minute or two, and then asked abruptly what I was doing. I told him I was braking No. 17. Then he said: 'Take this letter to your superintendent. It contains a request that he relieve you from duty and put some one else in your place. After he has done so come back here.' I did as directed and on my return to the president he said: "Take this letter at once to Admiral Peyron of the French fleet (then lying in the harbor on a visit of courtesy to this country) and this to General Hancock on Governors Island. They contain invitations to each to dine with me tomorrow night at my home in Garden City with their staffs. Get their answers and, if they are in the affirmative, return at once to New York, charter a steamer, call for them to morrow afternoon, land them at Long Island City, arrange for a special train from Long Island City to Garden City, take them there and return them after the banquet. I leave

everything in your hands. Good day. "I suppose this might be considered rather a large job for a common brakeman, but I managed to get through it without disgracing myself and apparently to the satisfaction of all concerned; for some time thereafter I was the president's special emissary on several matters connected with the general conduct of the business, and while I did not, perhaps, learn so very much about railroading proper, I was put in positions where I learned to take responsibility and came to have confidence in myself."

Making the Road Pay.

It was not long after this that the Long lstand railroad again changed hands and Mr. Vreeland was one of those who, as he puts it, was "permitted to get out as easily and quickly as possible." He had accomplished by this time, however, a part of his purpose in life, namely, to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of running a steam railroad, and he wasn't long out of a job. was only a short time afterward before he expenses, and there were not any really There weren't any people to speak of in | failed.

"Don't you bother about getting your amount.

STORY OF A RAILROAD CAREER | milk to the cars," said Mr. Vreeeland to one of the large Putnam county dairymen one day. "I'll attend to that." And so, with out consulting anybody in particular, he made arrangements for a sort of pony express to cart the milk from the dairies to the line of his road. This ran along for awhile until it suddenly dawned upon the directors of the road that, through some biraculous legerdemain the road, which had paid next to nothing, was paying its running expenses and its fixed charges. They made inquiries, and the only answer they got was: "Go see Vreeland, the conductor, He knows about it." They went to see Vreeland, the conductor, and asked him how

he did it. "Carrying milk," was the laconic reply Where do you get the milk?" neked one f the directors.

Right along the line of the road, inswered Mr. Vreeland.

'Why didn't we get this business long was the next question. "Give it up." said Vreeland. "Guess they've always been growing cows up here, and cows that are good cows give milk, and there aren't enough people in all Putnam county to drink all the milk the cows give up here in nineteen years. I found the farmers were selling their milk in New York and so I just went after the business That's all there is to it."

Brains as an Asset.

The fact that the New York & Northern ratiroad was beginning to pay attracted the soon become the president of all the surface attention of capitalists, among whom were William C. Whitney, Daniel S. Lamont and others. One day Mr. Whitney and a party of friends went over the road to inspect Mr. Vreeland accompanied the party. of hard work and everlasting application to Mr. Whitney and his friends asked a great whatever was given him to do. There is many questions, and there was not one that Vreeland could not answer. Besides he volunteered a lot of valuable information. As the party was returning Mr. Whitney, who had never heard of Mr. Vreeland before, asked:

"Young man, is there anything about this road that you don't know?" Mr. Vreeland smiled and showed his white eeth, a habit which still sticks to him, and said comething to the effect that he guessed he knew as much as anybody about The capitalists went one way and Mr. Vreeland went another, and he did not see or hear anything more of them for some barracks, about 130 miles, and from Ringmonths. One day he received a telegram from Mr. Whitney asking him to meet him on the afternoon of that day at the Broadway and Seventh avenue office of the Metropolitan Traction company, as the Metropolitan Street Railway company was then known. Mr. Vreeland did not know what

was up, but he kept the appointment. Mr.

Whitney was not there, but a note ad-

"Mr. H. H. Vreeland: Dear Sir-At a meeting of the stockholders of the Houston sharp eye out for the cuseed Indians. We Street, West Street and Pavonia Ferry Railroad company, held this day, you were unanimously elected a director of the company. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, you were unanimously elected president and general manager, your duties to commence immediately. Yours truly,

"C. E. WARREN, Secretary. By virtue of that note Mr. Vreeland was umped from a steam railroad man to a came the head of the Metropolitan Traction Kentuckians, Mexicans and fellers from all

Political Pulls Stopped.

When Mr. Vreeland became the president of the roads of the Whitney syndicate, the system was a collection of separate roads, each under a separate management and each separate management absolutely convinced that its road was altogether the most important one in the entire system. The first and, perhaps, the hardest and the best work Mr. Vreeland ever did for the Metropolitan One day young Vreeland was detailed to system was to perfect its organization. At act as brakeman on a special train which least, that is the opinion of some of the was to take the new officers ever the road. men who have furnished the money with they had been discharged, that they couldn't find out what for, and wanted to know if they couldn't have their jobs back. The fact that a man should be discharged without even having the satisfaction of knowing what he was discharged for seemed to Mr. Vreeland a pretty tough state of affairs, and he told the men he would look into the matter.

> He dld so and the state of affairs that he found not only surprised him, but made him mighty mad. He found that the reports on all the lines showed that there were discharged on an average ten men a day. He couldn't understand such a procedure. It employed on the road were such a poor lot that it was necessary to discharge them every day, and he concluded to find out how they were appointed. Inquiries brought out the fact that nearly every man in the employ of the road secured this employment through political influence. Assemblyman This or Alderman That had to find a job for some of his constituents, and he found the jobs needed on the Metropolitan lines. Mr. Vreeland also found out that when Assemblyman This or Alderman That had some more constituents who required tobs, it was immediately concluded that the first lot had worked long enough, and orders went out to the under bosses on the road to discharge so many men and to put so many new ones in their places.

> Mr. Vreeland saw at once that if he was going to have any system about the running of his properties, this sort of business would have to stop. He then and there issued an order that no man should secure employment by the Metropolitan company through political influence, and that no man lated by any of the under bosses Mr. Vreeland requested that it be reported to him by he were a shoveler or a division superintendent. Slowly but surely it began to dawn upon the heads of the different divisions that the new head of the system meant to be boss and that the main office was down at Houston street and Broadway. and not in the various division offices.

The men began to understand that the new head of the system was their friend and a He left the Long Island road in 1881 and it good man to tie to. They have never had reason to change their opinion of Mr. Vreegot a job as conductor on the New York & land. He has always been a friend of his Northern railroad. Vreeland was practically employes and has always been ready to help running the road in a very short time after them. That they appreciate this is shown he went with it. The road was not paying by the loyalty with which they support him. Lest summer when some of the new men on practical railroad men directly engaged in the Second a enue line undertook to get up operating it. There was little travel because a strike on the whole system, the attempt it ran through a sparsely settled section of failed utterly and, as will be remembered, Putnam county. Vrceland had only been not a line of the entire system was tied up. with the road a comparatively short time This was because there were enough men when he found out its condition, and he among the 4,000 employes of the system made up his mind to do what he could, al- who knew that if they had any real grievthough he was only a conductor, to remedy ances against the road they could settle it. He knew that a railroad must, in a way, them with the president without resorting live off the country through which it runs, to a strike. For this reason the strike

that country, and the few who were there Mr. Vreeland, in spite of the fact that his traveled little, so he concluded there was great success has come through the manageno use trying to make the road pay from ment of the surface railroads, is regarded as passenger traffic. Having come to this con- one of the best experts in the United States clusion he set about finding out what the on steam railroad property. His opinion as people of that particular section of Put- to the values of a road and its equipment is his boot top. He was a curus lookin' nam grew that they had to get rid of, regarded so highly that his services are About the only product was milk. He found constantly in demand by the men who make that most of the farmers kept as many cows it their business to reorganize roads, to exas they could find pasture for, and in one amine properties that are to be reorganized way or another got their milk to New York, and give his opinion as to the value of the Mr. Vreeeland didn't know any reason why plant and the carning capacity of the road. that milk should not be shipped over the It is said that for such service Mr. Vree-New York & Northern railroad. He found land is paid as high as \$1,000 a day, and it is that one reason why the farmers wouldn't known that one railroad man said the other ship it over his line was they were not day he considered the advice that Mr. Vree- man?' 'Some,' I says. 'Close yer left eye willing to haul it any great distance to get land had given to him about a certain railroad property to be cheap at twice that off a bit an' held up somethin', but 'twas no use. I couldn't make out what 'twas.

LIVELY TIMES ON THE PLAINS

Varied Experiences of an Old Rustler New Settled in Beston.

Soldier, Cattleman, Army Driver and Peace Guardian-Some Fights He Witnessed or Partleipated In.

Charles E. Bazin, now a resident of a Boston suburb, spieled a long story of his experiences on the plains to a correspondent of the New York Sun. Bazin evidently saw considerable life in the west in the 'wayback times when a passing month was filled with more stirring incident than ten modern years. From the '50s until the early '70s he ran the gamut of western life as army teamster, soldier, rancher, cowboy, city marshal and deputy sheriff. The days of the Abilene cattle trail and the men of the great areas of buffalo grass that ranged from Texas up through Kansas, Nebraska and eastern Colorado, are a part of Bazin's life. He crossed the Sierra Nevadas with Hank Monk, the most famous of the Rocky mountain stagedrivers. Bazin was in Placerville the day Hank brought in Horace Greeley from over the mountains. He served a term as city marshal of Hays City, Kan., the town celebrated in the annals of the cattle days and the "bad men."
"No," he said, "I haint no impossible

things to speak of as I recollect. I should only be able to give a runnin' glance at what I know as the true west. To me, the true west was interestin' 'nough. It was in 1854 that I enlisted in the United States navy. being set at duty on the sloop-of-war Decatur .. I was just 17 years old. We left Bos on in November and went to the West Indies. We were in search of the San Francisco, I think it was, that had been lost We were at St. Thomas and Santa Cruz. We put in at Norfolk, Va., where I shipped on a government lighter and went to Texas. I left scafaring at Indianola and hired out as a government teamster. I drove from Christi southwestward to Ringgold gold to San Antonio, 150 miles, and from San Antonio to Fort Davis in Presidio county, western Texas, 350 miles.

"That country was pretty rough in them days, prairie dogs, coyotes, rattlesnakes, greasers, Indians, and as far as the eye could reach, rollin' plains. My team consisted of six mules an' I drove the whole kit with one line. It took us many weeks dressed to Mr. Vreeland was. The note to make our way up to San Antonio and on to Fort Davis an' back. No road, only a sort of trail, an' always had to be keepin' a had generally about fifteen wagons in a common mule train, sometimes as many as twenty-five went along and seldom less than eleven. We usually drove from sun up to about noon or 2 o'clock. Then we'd halt for camp, always, of course, lookin' out to get as good a place as possible for water an' graes. We'd herd out the mules to graze 'till next mornin', each teamster takin' his turn at the herding. Them teamsters was of about all kinds of humanity. Yankees, over creation. We got \$30 a month and rations.

On to Salt Lake.

"In 1858 I joined the outfit under Colonel Douglass and we started for Utah. When we reached Chimney rock on the South Platte, we came across the tepecs of a band of Sioux, but they was friendly, for General Harney had just licked 'em like blazes at Ash Hollow. We talked with some of 'em and they told us how Harney had cleaned 'em by usin' cavalry. They would put the two fingers of their right hand over the forefinger of their left and wiggle their fingers so as to show us that the soldiers General Harney was a great Indian fighter. He was on his way then to Utah to attack the Mormons and he passed us on our trail. He was rough in his wave. but full of grit I can tell you. He was cussin' a teamster one day, I remember, an' the teamster finally told him that if he Harney, didn't have on a general's uniform he, the teamster, would give him a thrashin he'd never forget.

'All right!' eays Harney, and he jumped down from his horse, yanked off his coat and they went at it. The teamster did lick him, too, an' did it to a finish, but Harney took his trouncin' like a man all the same.

"We got to Salt Lake in October, I think it was, and I soon joined a party that was didn't seem to him possible that the men heading for California. We had three wagons. At our first comp, there was a Mormon come to see us and wanted us to all turn to the faith and said he could get two or three nice wives for each of us. One who has never been among the Mormons as they used to be in those times has no idea of how disgustin' their ways was. Why, they talked about havin' droves of wives just as you would refer to a drove of cattle. We rewarded this particular Mormon by every body assistin' in kickin' him out of camp an' as he tore through the sagebrush, we put the toes of our boots where he could most feel and heed 'em.

"When we was near Dead Man's Bend on the Humboldt river, one of the party saw some sagehens, a kind of prairie chicken, an' as I had my gun on my knees, I turned to throw off a coat I had wrapped around it to keep the lock from gettin' rusty an' as I did so, the man drivin' called to me: 'Better look out or you'll get shot." Well, he hadn't more 'n got the words out of his mouth, before the hammer which was set at half cock did go off. This scar on the side should be discharged so long as he did his of my face and this blind right eye shows work satisfactorily. If this rule was vio- what happened. A half-inch over, an' it would have been the end of me. bound my eye and head in Indian fashion, any employe of the road, no matter whether | not washing off the blood but putting sugar on it, and I laid there on a blanket while we crossed the desert. miles an' not a drop of water or anything to eat for our mules. I stuck it out all right though an' when we got to Mottville, in the Carson Valley, I stopped off for repairs. The doctor fixed me up some and operated on my eye so that the sight was partially restored for a time.

'In February, '59, Hank Monk, drivin' a sleigh for the Wells-Fargo people, took me over the Sierras to Placerville, just on the California side. Monk was a wonderful hand with a team and no mistake. He'd push a team along for all there was in 'em an' sometimes it looked to me as we was tound to pitch all in a heap down a mountain side, but Monk'd haul up them leaders always on just the nick o' time. I tell you twas a grand sight, some o' the scenery over them mountains. Them ecrub pines an' aspens standin' out on the ranges like pickets an' the sun a-turnin' the snow a bluish purple tinge. I hired out to the livery in Placerville an' took care o' the stage horses, for my wound had bunged me up so'st I wa'n't as able as usual. The day Horaco Greeley was due there we was all out a'waitin'. When old Horace got out o' that Concord coach we all gave him a whooping send-off an' he looked kinder puzzled. He had on that famous old white hat and hie right trousers leg was hitched up over

oritter, sure enough.
On the Banks of the Jordan. "When the civil war broke out there was a company raised to be K troop of the Second California, at I joined 'em. We went to 'Frisco to be mustered in. The musterin' officer was one o' them strict, law-abidin' regulars, an' when he got his peepers on me, he says: 'See out o' that eye, me an' see 'f ye can see this,' an' he stepped

boys, just the same, by turnin' company In August, 1862, we was ordered to Sait Lake an' we at once set off over the mountains. When we reached the river Jordan, forty miles west of Salt Lake, Brigham Young sent a measenger warnin' he troops not to cross that river into the BUFFETING INDIANS AND BAD MEN Mormon country. Our colonel told the messenger to tote back word that "twould be crossed if 'twas at the gates o' hell.' We camped right across the valley so we could sweep the whole Mormon institutions. had a twelve-pound howitzer and them California fellers was dead shots with their guns, so we wa'n't worried much over the Mormons. A guard for provost duty was stationed at the gates o' the Tabernacle, What did the Mormons do but close up the gates an' make an' opening on t'other side! They was so afraid the gaze o' our troops would harm their pretty Mormon maids, I

> "There was a Mormon come into camp one day an' approached a sergeant about buyin' arms. It appeared he wanted a lot o' rifles an' was willin' to pay for part in money an' part in vegetables. A job of it?' 'Yes,' said the Mormon again. 'You was put up on him, an' when he come in next day with the cash an' a load o' vegethe springs had been taken an' after he'd got off three-quarters of a mile, a posse set out after him an' arrested the critter. A store by it. There was a Mormon hangin' Porte, on Big Thompson creek. On Januaround his tent one day, an' the soldier ary 6, '65, I succeeded in gettin' enlisted finally ketched the critter an' the colonel so blamed particular about a feller havin ordered him put in the sweathox. This was two eyes an' if he was willin' to enlist, but he never flinched, though the water the the ice had to be broke before they could get it. We never saw that varmint around Sheridan. the camp again. Rushing the Indians.

"In the spring of '63 there had been two persons, killed and forty men of Troop K. commanding, was sent after the guilty Indians an' I went with 'em. We went over amped we had six feet of snow for a change. We had no tents nor nothin', but we cut willows an' stuck 'em in the snow, bendin' em over like the bows of a wagon. Over this we throwed our saddle blankets an' had pretty fair shelter just the same. The next day we camped on Goose creek. We turned the course of the creek an' bailed out the holes an' in the first hole we got 100 trout, making a fine supper. The next day we ome upon some Indians an' captured six. We kept four as hostages an' sent the other two to bring in the guilty Indians, an' if they didn't we was to kill the four we kep!, The two didn't show up, an' at sunrise they hadn't returned, so we took out the four an put bullets through 'em. I found, when we come upon the place where the emigrants

ins' in the bushes where the red devils had taken 'em, an' some pieces o' dresses Young feller, that's a point on the risks that emigrants took in makin' homes in the far west. The sight o' them clothes helped to spur us on, an' before we give up the job we'd killed twenty-seven Indians an' not lost a man. "It was December, '63, that the Bear river fight took place, up near Soda Springs, in wall of the barroom, so 't Bill see him Washington territory. There was a hundred men in the set-to, including part of Troop K and L of our regiment. There was two feet of snow on the ground an' it was hard didn't matter whether the gun was upside

had been murdered, some young girls' stock-

gittin' up there. The boys laid the trouble down or in what position. any way to the Mormons in incitin' the Indians to deviltry. When the boys got mid- scrape which finally cost him his life up in Mexico assert that, as far as they have noted, dlin' close, every fourth man was told off to the Black Hills. One night Bill shot a there is no more independent person in the when the Indians discovered 'em, the boys could hear Pocatello, the chief, who could bear Pocatello, the chief, who could speak English, a challengin' 'em to 'come just killed, shot him in turn. When he who have hig plantations to develop more as the second man way his could the second man way his could seem that he works for Americans way stations in the colder half of the count for the utilization. An' the boys did. 'Twas soon each found the second man was his own deputy a matter of accommodation than from neces- | winter,

but I can't take ye. But I stayed with the our men had lost twenty-three killed an about thirty wounded, while out of over 400 Indians, only some fifteen got away? How's that for fightin'? There was some things that was kinder comic that happened right in the midst o' the killin'. There was a scout named Charlie Brown, a little fat German he was, an' when the body o' the redskins began to make off there was some that crept into their tepecs an hid under the buffalo robes an' things. Brown was pokin' into a tepee an' ketchin' hold of a blanket an' as he yanked it, up sprung a big buck an' they was a death struggle on in a minute The Indian got Brown down an' was drawln' a knife an' as Brown see it he sung out loud, though as cool as a cucumber 'Come quick or there'll be a dead Dutch-

"Lieutenant Quinn run up and shot the buck. A lot o' horses that the Indians had stole was taken back down to Salt Lake. One day there was a Mormon in camp who claimed one o' the horses. The colonel says to him: 'You're sure that's a Mormon 'Yes,' says the Mormon. 'Positive horse " miserable thief!" says the colonel, 'do you see that U. S, on that horse's flank? Here tables, he was given some guns from which boys, the this critter to a wagon wheel an' thrash the hide off'n him!' an order the boys took pleasure in follerin' out.

"Along in the spring o' '64 1 went to trial was held an' he was put in the peni- Grubbs Wells, close to the Utah and Nevada tentiary. There was a private another time line, an' hired to the Wells-Fargo line as that had a pistol that had been in the cook. Then I went to Ben Holliday's over-Mountain Meadow massacre an' he set great land stage line and worked as cook at La steppin' out for a minute, the Mormon in troop B. First Colorado cavalry. By that sneaked in an' stole the pistol. The boys time the war 'd gone on so'st they wa'n't room just big enough for a man to stand volunteer musterer was pretty likely to take up in an' dark as pitch, with only a little him. I was mustered out November 6, '65, openin' at the top to let in air. Every five at Fort Garland in the San Luis valley. Then ninutes water was thrown over Mr. Mormon. I took to government teamin' from Denver to Fort Lupton. In 1867 I was transferred boys used was taken from the river an to Fort Riley, an from there I was teamin to various forts, Harker, Lyon, Larned and

Recollections of Wild Bill.

Twas a great country for game in then amilies of emigrants, consisting of thirteen days. We'd often see buffalo an' antelope in the distance, while the Indians kept with Captain Sam Smith and Major Geary steady watch of us, though they didn't often threaten to attack us. It was in Ellsworth county, in '67, that I first saw 'Word Bill Goose Creek mountain an' the first night we 'We was comin' toward the fort an' Bill was goin' out. He was a splendid lookin' man, straight as an arrer, with eyes like beads an' mounted on a magnificent big bay. He stopped an' says, 'Howdy, boys,' an' talked a few minutes. I see him a good many times after that an' comes to know him quite well. Bill was an astonishin' man an' no mistake. He measured forty two inches around the chest and the rest of him was made out in proportion. Long hair-in fact, he is said to have been the plainsman to have originated that idee-an' blue shirt. with a pair o' heavy Colts, he would 'a' been a strikin' appearin' feller on Tremont street. 'He was a wonderful hand with a gun. He could easily put every shot of a sixchooter while ridin' as hard as his horse

could go in a six-inch circle on the top of a post. When Bill was in Hays City one time there was an Irishman jumped on Bill from Bill had been hurt a few days before by fallin' off a car an' was lamed up so the Irishman got Bill down, but Bill killed him for his undertakin' an' then killed the feller's pardner who was comin' up to help his chum. While he was city marshal of Abilene, Bill was attacked once by a feller who come up behind him with a There was a lookin' glass in the comin', an' he brought his revolver over his shoulder an' plugged the feller cold. Bill could shoot, you see, either handed, an' i

"Twas in Abilene that Bill had the hold the horses an' the rest crept up an' man who had refused to give up his gun, world than the Mexican laborer. Especially

Some of the Cured.

CHARLES W. TIPPETT, Tippecanoe, Ind. Cured of Paralysis. JOEL SHOEMAKER, North Yakima, Wash.

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Mrs. H. T. SALISHURY, 11 Follett St., Pawtucket, R. L. Cured of Locomotor Ataxia. H. N. WARNER, Minden, Neb.

Cured of Paralysis JAMES SHELTON. Bourbon, Ind. Cured of Paralysis.

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That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have cured obstinate cases of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, and St. Vitus' dance, is the best evidence that they will cure all lesser nervous disorders, because the principle in the treatment of all nervous diseases is the same. Nervousness is a question of nutrition. Food for the nerves is what is needed and the best nerve food in the world

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

she had come to assist him. Bill felt ier- sity. He demands a snug sum in advance, rible. I don't believe he ever got over that too, on which to have a good time at the an' 'twas there that he was finally shot months of drudgery. No native indian has had killed in Abilene for refusin' to put up to gain a livelihood. His wants are few, his his gun. The time Bill was killed he was ambition is limited to a desire for enough sittin' in a chair playin' cards. The bullet to eat, a thatched but and a little cotton head, came out under the eye an' hit an- There are fish in the river and game in the other man in the arm. Though Bill's death hit him, it's a marvelous fact that when trade for the things he cannot produce himhe fell to the floor both his pistols were in self. There is no winter to provide against, his hands an' one was cocked. You see, the and, though the rainy days come often in instinct to shoot operated as quick with him as the winkin' of an eye. Indeed, in the old days on the plains, if a man shot another, the bullet had to bring immediate death or the shooter's own life wasn't worth a pic-

"I remember 'twas sometime between '70 and '73 that Pete Lanigan, sheriff of Ellis county, Kansas, was shot by a gambler named Harris. The latter coolly walked down to Tom Drum's saloon, about a hundred yards distant, and Lanigan was left to welter in his own gore. Though mortally wounded, Lanigan managed to crawl on his belly that hundred yards to the saloon an' as Harris was reachin' for his glass o' whisky on the bar, Lanigan raised on his elbow an' put a slug through Harris' head. He dropped as dead as a herring, while Lanigan lived a few hours. That was what I call sand, I tell you."

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preyin' on him. He went up into the Hills fiestas before he settles down to several from behind by the brother of the man he to work for white men in the tropics in order comin' from behind went clean through his cloth. The hut he can make for himself. forest. There is plenty of unoccupied land was almost instant an' he never knew what upon which he can raise a few cereals to summer, they only mean more rest

> J. Q. Hood, Justice of the Peace, Crosby, Mise, makes the following statement: can certify that One Minute Cough Cure will do all that is claimed for it. My wife could not get her breath and the first dose of it relieved her. It has also benefited my whole family." It acts immediately and cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe, asthma and all throat and lung troubles.

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