ADVENTURES OF MAJOR NORTH

White Chief of The Pawnee Scouts-His Frontier Experience.

GENERAL CARR'S CAMPAIGN.

Buffalo Bill Shows the Pawnees How to Kill Buffaloes-The Battle of Summit Springs.

COPTRIGHTED.

[Written for the unday Hee by Alfred Sorenson.]

Synopsis of CHAPTER VIII - General Carr's can pugn Ludierrus A pestance of the Pawness on Dress Paris e- The Pawness Have a Shi mash With a Thirty of Shu mach him to Bill Shows the Pawness How to Kill Buffalous-Danwery of the Trullof The Shows the Pawness How to Kill Buffalous-Danwery of the Trullof The Shows and The Shows the Pawness How to Kill Buffalous-Danwery of the Trullof The Shows and The Cornis Tall Buffalous On Buffalous On Buffalous On Wommed and the Other Dying-Fifty Two Wairlors Killed-Jarge Number of Horses and Mates Captured, Together With Other Pinneer.

A Campaign in the Republican Valley On the 1st of March, 1869, Major North was again called into active service with his now somewhat celebrated scouts. He enlisted three companies, of fifty men each, and marching from Fort Kearney to Fort McPherson, where he reported to General Carr, who was organizing a campaign for the summer. The Fifth eavalry had recently come up from Kansas and and Colorado, where they had been campaigning under Major Royall, and General Carr had been ordered to take command and prepare for an expedition to the Republican river country.

Among the first men to grasp Major North by the hand and give him a cordial welcome was William Frederick Cody, better known as BUFFALO BILL.

the buffalo hunter, scout, and Indian trailer, who has since become somewhat famous as an actor of the border drama. Major North had made his acquaintance a few months before at North Platte. He was a tall, handsome man, with long black hair flowing in wavelets over his broad shoulders, and possessed of a generous heart and noble disposition. Major North, who was one of nature's noblemen himself, and Cody became warm personal friends from the very moment they had met each other at North Platte, and that friendship eventually brought them together in close business relationship. Cody was a splendid guide, and was made chief of scouts of the department of the Platte through the recommendation of General Carr, who knew his worth in that capacity.

GENERAL CARR spent ten days in fitting out his command for the campaign in the Republican river country. The command consisted of eight companies of the Fifth cavalry, and the three companies of the Pawnee scouts. A rather ludierous appearance was presented by the Pawnees, who had been supplied with regular cavalry uniforms, and on the occasion of the review, on the day before the command started. they turned out in all sorts of stylessome with their overcoats on and some without, some with pantaloons and others with only breech cloths; some with hats and some without; some with pantaloons changed into leggings by having the seat cut out; some with boots and others with moceasins, and others with spurs on their bare heels; and a few appeared in full uniform. Their ranks presented a sad lack of uniformity in the way of dress.

The command started out from Fort McPherson with lively music and colors

flying. It was indeed A GALLANT COMMAND, and General Carr, who was a brilliant Indian lighter, had good reason to feel proud of his troops. The route lay south of the Republican river, which stream they struck near the mouth of Dry creek At this point they marched to the west, following the course of the Republican One afternoon the command went into camp near the mouth of Turkey creek and the horses and mules were turned out to graze and to get water from the creek, a number of herders being sent out with them. It was not long before a small war party of Sioux, coming from the south, attempted to stampede the herd. One of the teamsters, who was doing herd duty, was shot with an arrow and came dashing into camp-with the arrow still sticking in his flesh-and gave the alarm. The Pawnees instantly their uniforms, and jumping on their horses without saddles or bridles—merely placing ropes in their mouths—they were off like the wind. Accompanied by Major North and Buffalo Bill they rode in the direction where they had heard the shots, and reached the mule herd a long time before anybody else got there. The Sioux had no idea that their old enemies, the Pawnees, were with the command, and their sudden appearance greatly surprised them. They had hought that they could capture the mule herd before the soldiers could reach them, and they probably would have succeeded had it not been for the quick movements of Major North's Pawnees, who chased them off fifteen miles, killing several of them and wounding quite a number.

One of the Pawnees, mounted on large buckskin or yellow horse, led all the rest, and the admirable running qualities of the animal attracted the attention of Buffalo Bill, who determined to secure possession of him if possible Accordingly after the return from the chase he succeeded in getting the coveted horse by giving the Pawnee some valuable presents and his own steed. The ownership of the buckskin horse, however, remained with the government but Buffalo Bill was allowed to retain possession of him. He named the horse Buckskin Joe, and he proved to be an ex-cellent buffalo hunter.

A few days after the command had left this camp, and were scoating along the Beaver and Prairie Dog creeks, the Pawnees amused themselves with BUFFALO BUSTING.

Major North and Buffalo Bill and some of the officers went out with twenty of them to see them make a surround. They circled a herd, and killed thirty two butfaloes. Another herd soon made its ap-pearance and just as the Pawnees were preparing to make another killing, Buffalo Bill said to North, "Major, let me show your Pawnees how to kill buffa-

'Very well, I'll hold them back and let you take the herd," said the major, who informed the Pawnees of Bill's request,

which they cheerfully granted. Bill accordingly galloped in among the buffaloes and in a run of about half a mile he dropped thirty-five buffaloes, killing one at nearly every shot, stringing them along on the prairie about fifty feet apart. His style of killing buffaloes was greatly admired by the l'awnees, none of whom hardly ever killed over four or flye in a single run.

The command, in hunting for Indian trails, proceeded on a westward course up the Republican river. Colonel Royal with a detachment of cavalry and Major North with a detachment of Pawnees scouted along the route, and one after-noon they discovered

following a large trail. They had been in some light for there were two or three wounded warriors in the party who were being transported on travois. The Pawbeing transported on travois. The Paw-nees pursued them for some distance and kilted several of them. The Pawnees then went flying over the prairie to General girl after her. None of the soldiers fired Carr's camp, on the Blacktail Deer Fork, and as they were approaching with whoops and yells, and swinging their up to Major North, and subbed her hands

poles and lances, the soldiers at first thought they were a body of Sioux coming down upon them, and considerable excitement followed. Those of the Pawnees who had remained in camp, how-ever, did not manifest the least surprise nor make any preparations to go out and fight them, as they would have done had the approaching Indians been Sioux; but they set up a yell themselves, and Cap-tain Lather North, a brother of the major, explained the situation to General Carr by informing him that the advancing Indians were Pawnees, and that their demonstrations indicated that they had had a light and had been victorious. The The Pawnees soon galloped into camp and reported the result of their scout. They were soon followed by the rest of the seconting party. the scouting party. General Carretarted the command next

morning on this NEWLY DISCOVERED TRAIL and followed it westward up the Republican for two days. They passed several camp fires, and it was evident that they were gaining on the Indians. Along the trail the print of a woman's shoe was frequently observed, and this was evidence that the Indians had a white captive with them. For this reason General Carr was anxious to press on. On the afternoon of the second day after the discovery of this big trail, the command camped at a vacated Indian camping place, where they found numerous fresh antelope heads, showing that the camp had not been abandoned more than twelve or fifteen hours. General Carr concluded to take detachments of the best mounted men from each of the companies, with five days rations, and make a forced march till he overtook the Indians, leavmarch till he overlook the Indians, leaving his wagon train to follow as fast as possible. Next morning (Sunday, July 11th, 1869.) the general carried out this plan and got an early start. Major North and ten of his best Pawnee scouts kept in advance, following the trail, and keeping a sharp lookout for the Indians. The trail led to the north, in the direction of the South Platte river, for a distance of twenty miles, when suddenly the advance scouts sighted an Indian village from the summit of some sand-hills, near a point that was afterwards named Summit Springs. They made a careful survey of the surroundings and saw that it would be impossible for an attack to be made on the village in the direction they were going, but that the troops would have to leave the trail and bear off to the east, keeping well out of sight, and then turn

tions to General Carr, who was very much pleased with the information and PROSPECT OF A FIGHT. He at once ordered the cavalrymen to tighten their saddles and prepare for action. The order was obeyed with alaerity, for the men were all eager for a fight, and soon the command was gallop-ing toward the doomed village. The cir-cuit, described by Major North, was made, and the command rode within perhaps a mile and a half of the village, and could have crept much closer had it not been for a company on the right flank passing over a rise of ground and thus becoming exposed te the view of the village. General Carr was informed of this fact, and being afraid that the company had been observed by the Indians, he at once ordered the bugier to sound the charge. Instantly the stirring notes of the bugle rang out clear and

again to the north, passing the village and making a semi-circuit to the south

and making a semi-circum and west, and then make a charge upon the village from the north. Major North

returned with his scouts to the command,

which was eight or nine miles in the rear, and reported the result of his observa-

AWAY DASHED THE COMMAND toward the village. The Indians were lying in camp that day, and their horses were grazing over the prairie at some little distance from the village. They were completely surprised, and before they could realize the situation the caval-rymen had ridden into the village, and the Indians became wholly demoralized. It was a warm, pleasant day, and a great many of the Indians were lounging around in the shade of their tents. They precipitately fled, leaving everything behind them, only a few succeeding in reaching their ponies. The soldiers and the Pawnees as they entered the village

FIRED VOLLEY AFTER VOLLEY, to the right and to the left, causing the greatest consternation on every hand. The Sioux made no resistance to the attack, as no opportunity was given them to do so. Many of them fled on foot in every direction-some few escaped on their ponies, while a large number, who were unable to get away by running, dodged into ravines and little pockets washouts in the nearest hills All this occupied but a few moments, and as the Sioux had been scattered, the soldiers in squads began hunting them through the nearest ravines.

Major North and his brother, Captain Luther North, with a party of Pawnees and several soldiers surrounded one of the ravines in which eighteen Sioux war riors and a squaw and a child had fled for safety. One of the warriors, as was afterwards learned, was the noted chief,

to whom the squaw and child belonged He and they were mounted on a beautiful orange-colored horse, with silver inane and tail. Upon reaching the ravine he placed his squaw and child on the in-side, where he thought they would be afe, and he then returned to the mouth of the rayine and shot his magnificent steed rather than see him fall into the hands of his enemies.

The mouth of the ravine was very nar now, and the banks were perpendicular being from lifteen to twenty feet high. The Indians took their butcher knives and cut holes in the banks for their hands and feet, so that they could climb to the top to discharge their guns and shoot arrows, and then drop down again. In this way they kept Major North and his party at bay for some little time. Major North's men, who were stationed about twenty pages from one of the banks of the ravine kept firing at the Indians as they climbed up on the opposite bank. While this was going on, one of the Indians climbed the bank nearest to the soldiers, and raising his rifle slowly over the top of the bank he laid it down on the ground, and then poking it up sufficiently to take a sight along the barrel of the weapon he

FIRED DIRECTLY AT MAJ R NORTH, but missed him. Captain Lather North at first surely thought that his brother was killed as he had witnessed the movement which had occupied but a moment so quickly was it done. Major North marked well the spot where the Indian had dropped his head out of sight, being convinced that as soon as the redskin could reload his gun he would make another attempt. The major dropped down on one knee, and taking a rest on the other, aimed his gun at this particular soot, and waited for the reap-pearance of the Indian's head. In a few moments he saw the Indian's rifle coming up slowly over the edge of the bank as it had done before, and soon the Indian raised his head to take aim. Major North instantly fired, and the Indian dropped without shooting. Major North's bullet had penetrated his forehead, and he fell into the pit

A DEAD INDIAN,

leaving his rifle, cocked and ready for shooting, on the top of the bank, in the day the dead chief Tall Bull, found in the ravine, directly under the spot, where he had climbed up to fire at

Major North. Shortly after the killing of this chief, Major North saw another head peeping up at the same spot, and upon closer of servation he saw that it was the head of a squaw. She crawled to the top of the bank and pulled her little six-year-old

over him from head to foot as an act of blessing and an appeal for mercy. then knelt down before him and in her sign language asked him to save her. The major replied, in similar language. The major replied, in similar language, telling her to go to the rear, out of danger, and remain there until he should call for her, and then she would be safe. She informed him that there were yet seven Indians alive in the ravine. The firing was kept up from the ravine for a while, but finally it ceased altogether. There-upon Major North and some of his men cautiously approached the ravine and looked over the bank, and down at the bottom they saw the

EIGHTEEN WARRIORS LYING DEAD, some on top of others as they had fallen back from the banks. The major and his brother returned to the squaw and taking her and her child across the ravine they joined company B, of the Pawnees, commanded by Captain Cushing, who had, soon after the capture of the village—in accordance with General Carr's instrucions-made an active search for the white captives who were supposed to be in the camp. They had succeeded in finding two white women, one of whom had been fatally wounded and the other quite seriously. It appears that while Major North was fighting the Indians in the ravine, Captain Cushing in skirmish-ing through the village had entered the lodge of Tall Bull, and there found these two women, who were Germans, one being named Mrs. Alderdice and the other

Mrs. Weichel.

When the light commenced Tall Bull, seeing that there was no hope of taking his captives with him—whom he had his captives with him—whom he had been keeping as his wives—shot Mrs. Alderdiee in the forehead, and then shot Mrs. Weichel. When the Pawnees dashed up to the lodge, Mrs. Weichel thought the village had been attacked by Indians alone, who were hostile to the Sioux, and that she was about to escape from one band to fall a captive into the hands of another. Therefore when she discovered Captain Cushing with the Pawnees she manifested the greatest joy imaginable. She was setting on a mat in the tent, suffering intensely from her wound, but when Captain Cushing stepped up to her she seemed to forget her pain, and grab-bing him around his legs she hugged him again and again and

WEPT FOR JOY. She could not speak a word of English, and he could not understand what she said. He endeavored, however, by signs and by speaking to her in English to make her sit still for a little while, and then she would be properly cared for. He finally broke loose from her, and it was at this time that Major North and his brother with the Sioux squaw and child joined the interesting group. Just as they came up the other woman, Mrs. Alderdice, who lay unconscious and weltering in her blood, drew one or two long breaths and then died.

The Pawnees now resumed the hunt for Sioux in the vicinity, and several running fights ensued for some distance be-youd the village. After the Sioux had all been driven away from the village and the fighting was concluded. Mrs. Weichel was taken to the surgeon's tent, and was otherwise cared for.

THE RESULT OF THE ATTACK on the village was the killing of lifty-two warriors, and the capture of eighteen squaws and children, and besides there was quite a number of the Sioux wound-The soldiers at once rounded up the Indian horses and mules roaming at large and scattered over the prairie, and upon counting them they found that they had captured two hundred and seventy-four horses and one hundred and forty-four mules. The village proved to be a very rich one. The Sioux had an abundance of everything usually found in an Indian camp, besides a great number of articles which they had obtained from the white settlers whom they had killed on the Saline river. Quite a large amount of gold and silver money and considerable jewelry were found by the soldiers among the plunder. That night the command camped in the captured village, and at a late hour the wagon train arrived.

Mrs. Alderdice, the murdered woman pattle-field, the burial service being read by one of the officers, who was a religious man, there being no chaplain with the command. General Carr gave the name of Susanna to the place where the battle occurred, that being the Christian name of Mrs. Alder-dice, as was learned from Mrs. Weichel. The name was afterwards changed to SUMMIT SPRINGS.

because there was a fine spring of water on the summit of the sand hills between the Platte river and Frenchman creek, where nobody would suppose there was a drop of water.

The next morning all the Indian tenees lodges, buffalo robes, camp equipage and provisions, including several tons of dried buffalo meat, were gathered together in several large piles and burned by order of General Carr.

The command moved down the Platte river the next day about eight miles, and soon after going into camp Mrs. Weichel was brought into the presence of the Indian prisoners. She at once recognized the squaw who had surrendered herself to Major North, as being the wife of Tall Bull. Mrs. Weichel stated that this squaw had on many occasions whipped and pounded her and treated her most emelly shamefully during the absence of Tall Bull on hunting expeditions. She explained that the cause of the squaw's cruelty was jealousy, and that during had never been allowed to meet and talk with each other more than half a dozen times, and she therefore knew but very little concerning the history of the dead The Pawnee scouts, who had charge of

the prisoners, upon learning of Mrs. Weichel's statement of how badly she had been treated, wanted to kill Tall Bull's squaw then and there. Major North heard of their intention just in time to prevent it from being carried into execution. However, they declared that if she made the slightest attempt to escape they would kill her on the spot. At this camp General Carr issued an order that all the money captured at the village should be turned over to his adjutant, whom he directed to give it to Mrs. Weichel, as she had stated that her father, a short time previous to the massacre, had come over from Germany and that nearly all the gold found in the posses-sion of the Indians had belonged to him. Major North collected six hundred dol lars in twenty donar good partial partial Pawnee scouts, who gave it up without Pawnee scouts, and this money he turned a murmur, and this money he turned over to the adjutant. About three hundred dollars were collected from the sol giers, and the whole sum of nine hundred dollars was then given to Mrs. Weichel. There were about six hundred dollars more found in the village, but the money

was concealed by the soldiers.

The command now proceeded to Fort Sedgwick, at Julesburg, from which point the news of the fight was tel-egraphed to military headquarters. The wounded white woman was cared for in the hospital and shortly afjer her recovery she married the hospital steward, her husband having been killed by the In-dians. The Indian prisoners were sent to the Whetstone agency, on the Missouri river, where Spotted Tail and the friendly Sioux were then living, and the captured horses and mules were distributed among the officers, soldiers and scouts. Tail Butt and his followers had long been a terror to the border settlements, and General Carr and his command were highly complimented by General Augur in gen-

eral orders for the GALLANT SERVICE

they had rendered. Resolutions of thanks to General Carr and Major North were also passed, the next winter, by the legislatures of Nebraska and Colorado.

General Carr's command remained at
Fort Sedgwick for two weeks, after returning from the battle of Summit

Springs, (In July, 1869) to give the men and horses a rest, at the end of which time they were ordered out to scout for Indians, who had been seen south of the Platte river. They, left Fort Sedigwick under Colonel Royal—General Carr having been relieved of the command and ordered to Fort McPherson—and after following a trail for three or four hundred miles in various directions, they returned and proceeded to Fort McPherson Two weeks afterwards they made a brief and bloodless campaign under General Duncan, after which the Pawners were mustered out of service. During the summer of 1870, however, two companies of the Pawnees were enlisted by Major North for patrol duty on the Union Pacific

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY. RAID ON THE MILLIONS,

Relatives of A. T. Stewart Who Want

Some of His Money. The first legal fight for a share in the Alexandr T. Stewart estate is not by one of the heirs of the late Mrs. Stewart, says New York correspondent, but by two cousins of Stewart himself, one of whom figured fitfully several years ago as a cossible contestant of the great merchant's will. Then he went out of public sight, and his case was regarded as a sham. Now he comes forward, through lawyers, with a hitherto unpublished story of a compromise, the terms of which, he avers, have not been carried out. Mystery still surrounds the facts, but enough of them are accessible to make a curious narrative. Several years ago the administrators of the Stewart estate were informed of the existence of a cousin of the testator named Alexander Stewart of Proctorville, Vt. It was learned that Alexander had his eyes on the property of his cousin, and it was be-lieved that he meditated a descent. He had not been mentioned in the will.

About this time an enterprising strange came to Proctorville and registered at the village tavern. He paid for his board in advance, and seemed to be a man of ample leisure. He was not long in making himself very popular with the towns-people; he could tell a funny story better han any one for miles around; he always in good humor; always ready to do a favor, be it to help get in the hay be fore a coming shower should ruin the crop or give advice about intricate ques tions of law. And he joined in the rus tic games played in the evening on the village square, "pulled up" with the local champion, and pitched quoits. Alto-gether he was a highly respected member of the community, and among his favor ite acquaintances was Alexander Stew art, a poor farm laborer and old. entertaining stranger talked to Stew art about his connection with the million aire, and even helped to raise his hope somewhat as to a possible share in estate. The summer wore away and the autumn followed just as it does every year in Vermont, and when the winter came along the stranger had persuaded Stewaat to go to New York for the pur-pose of getting something out of the Stew-art administrators. Just what arguments he used is not definitely known but it has developed that he was a detec tive of high standing in the profession, and it follows as a matter of course that f ne was a detective ne was in some body's employ. When farmer Alexander arrived in

New York he entered upon such a life as he had never dreamed of in his wildest fancies. His presence and object were detected by the newspapers, aided, possibly, by the shrewd detective, and he was announced as a claimant for a portion of the Stewart estate. The publicity given his movements helped in turning the old man's head. He was taken to a good hotel and his appetite indulged with the best the city could provide. A fash-ionable tailor took his measure, and soon presented him a fine new suit of clothes. One of the numerous friends presented him a costly gold watch. The wonders of the theatre were exposed to his adwith excitement. Months passed, and, as he seemed not to accomplish anything, he dropped entirely out of newspaper notice. But the pursuit of diversion still went on. He was a hard case to handle, old Alexander; if he had been inclined to forget the purpose of his errand to the metropolis it would have been essential to the detecrive's object to remind him of it; but the old man never forgotit, and even in the whirl of gay living he held fast to the idea of achieving a settlement of some kind in his interest. Many a time the detective found that the bare mention of the great property was enough to rouse the farmer from apparent stupor to stinate if not keen activity. Not the scatterbrain delights of the unfamiliar wine cup could drive from his stubborn consciousness the fact that he had come to New York on a certain business; and when attempts were made to come to a settlement while he was incapable of clear thought he invariably pulled him-self together and refused absolutely to sign any agreement until the morning. It was nearly six months before time ac complished what the shrewd detective failed to. The old claimant grew tired of the high living to which he was altogether unaccustomed, and was impatient to get home. Some kind of an under standing was effected, and Alexander made his way back to Proctorville.

It was not long before the village ac copted as a fact that old "Alec" had compromised his claim for \$25,000. It was generally "allowed" that this was pretty smart in the old man; it was no small thing to go to New York and wrest so

much of a fortune from the hands of men accustomed to handle vast sums of money. As Alexander himself was the authority for the statement of the terms of the compromise, it is probable that he himself thought that he had become enitled to the money. But when his new clothes were out and he failed to find himself with means of renewing them, and was, moreover, deserted by his law vers, he began to be suspicious of his bargain. He complained bitterly that he had been unjustly dealt with, but could not get any assistance in readjusting his claims. His rumored success had induced a brother of his to leave his home in Canada and come to Proctorville, but be tween them they made no better progress than when Alexander was alone. Now a new face is put on the case by one Whelden, a tiusmith of Proctorville

He is apparently a typical Yankee. He saw in old Aiexander's case a chance for money and he determined to help the farmer. His first step was to get himself appointed as guardian to Mr. Stewart, the plea being that the old man had entered his dotage and was incapable of handling his business affairs properly. This accomplished, he sought legal advice. He did not turn to the lawyer for merly employed by Alexander, but went to one who had not been interested in the affair. He retained ev-Judge Curtis and at once instituted action to recover a large balance of the \$25,000 alleged com-promise money. The basis of the action is the alleged failure to carry out the bargains entered into with old Alexander at the end of his winter of diversion in this The question to be settled is whether there really was such a bargain made by anybody authorized to act for the administrator of the estate. The raid on the millions by the Vermonter is bound to be interesting.

A new cure for consumption has been originated by a German doctor. makes his patients pass the night in the open air of the Thuringian forest, wrapped up, and sleeping in light ham-mocks so as to avoid the damp from the ground. A watchman keeps off any in-truders who might disturb the night's rest, and the experiment has proved won derfully successful.

COLONEL CLOWRY'S SUCCESS.

The Rise of a Prince in the Telegraphic World.

HIS APPLICATION TO DUTY.

The Career of the General Superintendent of the Western Union.

Chicago Herald: There is a potentate in Chicago who reigns absolute over a principality larger than all Europe. Subject to his command are 25,000 officers and employes. In 9,000 cities, towns and villages are established fortresses of which he is master. Connecting them are 90,000 miles of telegraph lines, with 250,000 miles of electric wires. Yet this potentate is a plain, blunt man, to whom ten hours' labor a day would be mere play-a common man, born and reared poor, and still not rich save in genius and mental resources.

On the 4th day of April, 1852, Robert

. Clowry walked into the office of Judge

Caton's c14 Illinois and Mississippi Tele-

graph Company at Joliet, and proposed to give his services six months without other compensation than instruction, was accepted, and the poor widow's son from a Will county farm-a lad of seventeen years-began his professional career as a messenger boy and student. But he took to telegraphing so naturally that in six months he was a better operator than his chief, D. C. Jeneson, and in the autumn of the same year was made manager of the office at Lockport. The year following he was transferred to the office at Springfield, and in 1845 was sent to St. Louis as the company's chief operator. Four or five years later he was appointed superintenlent of the St. Louis & Missouri River Telegraph company, and was the bold, leading spirit in the construction of many telegraph lines into the border region. Early in the war he offered his services to the government and was placed in charge of the military telegraph lines in the Department of Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas being subsequently added to his territory. In 1864 he performed a work so vigorous and heroic that President Johnson ordered two brevet commissions to be issued to him in quick succession, the first as major and the second as lieutenant colonel, each for "meritorious service and devoted application to duty." At the close of the war he became district superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company's territory in the southwest. In January, 1875, he was promoted to the office of assistant genral superintendent, with a large increasof territory. In 1878 he was appointed assistant general superintendent of the central division, with headquarters at Chicago, succeeding General Anson Stager as superintendent in 1880. A year ago last month he was further honored by being elected a director, member of the executive committee and vice president of the Western Union Telegraph company, retaining his position as gen-eral superintendent of the central divis-

This is the cold, brief story the types tell of his rise from the foot of the tadder o a position only one step removed from the chief office of one of the greatest cor porations in the world. The real story ould it be fairly understood, would be one of unremitting toil, of rare faithfulness, of a genius for organization and ex-ecutive work—the story, indeed, of a life f unfailing enthusiasm in the service of his employers, of a career which has known no idle moment.

In his office at the corner of LaSalle and Washington streets, Colonel Clowry may be found from 8 o'clock in the morn may be found from a o cook in the eats ing till 5 at night. At noonday he eats and no play with Colonel Clowry. His energy seems inexhaustible, his powers of endurance unfailing. In the language of one of his co-workers, "he is a great man for details." Nothing escapes him, from messenger boy up to the offices of the superintendents of divisions. There is no work in the service-operating, book-keeping, construction, repairs, tests, designing—that he is unable to perform. And what's more, ho has no favorites. The men he likes the best are the best workers. Every man is judged by what he does. He will back up a man whom he may personally dislike if anybody tries to impose on him. No employe need fear the effect of unpopularity among his associates so long as he at tends faithfully to his duties."

Auson Stager was an easy-going man, who worried himself but little, and his inferiors scarcely at all, about the work Clowry is not easy-going. He appears to have an infallible faculty for picking out the drones in the Western Union hive and stirring them up. He is said to be unmerciful in dealing with a slouch. letter from the colonel" is sometimes opened by staff officers in fear and trem oling, for the colonel does not know what discipline is and how to administer it. As Superintendent Tubbs naively says "the colonel's letters have a good deal of miluence in this office." And, as an-other Western Union officer expresses another phase of his chief's character Clowry would go to hell after a defaul-

Colonel Clowry's life is work. Besides industry, his predominating characteristic is dignity. Though just, generous, sympathetic and deservedly popular among his associates, none of these is in timate with him. Not one of them really knows him. Between his actual self and them there is a line which cannot be crossed. He is one of those men whom you respect and admire, whom you like and call friend, but with whom you are as well acquainted the first day you meet as you will ever be. More than one really great man has been east in this same mold Coionei Clowry keeps a private car, ap-

propriately numed Puck, in which he makes frequent journeys of inspection over the vast territory intrusted to his care. His district embraces all of the United States west of Pittsburg, north of the Ohio, and west of the Mississippi, or fine-sixths of the country. In this electric empire are a greater number of miles of telegraph line than in any other country in the world. No wonder he needs a special car while on his exten-sive tours of inspection. In this car he has traveled from Oregon to Texas; he knows thousands of his employes by name. He has been over every trunk line in the district and has visited the offices in all the chief cities and towns. While on his tours work goes on as usual His stenographer is constantly at his side. All telegrams sent to him are num-bered, and nothing is lost. Replies can be got from him in Idaho or Arizona. He is at all times in instant communication with every station in his vast territory On these trips he is usually accompanie by Superintendent of Construction Bris tol, Electrician Sommers, the superin tendents of the districts, within their dis-tricts, and sometimes by his wife. No iong ago Colonel Clowry made an ex tended trio in the private car of the dis-tinguished Jay Gould, who is also said to have some influence in the affairs of the Western Union Telegraph company, George Gould and bride being of the

Mr. Clowry is temperate, and almost a vegetarian. Working too hard always, he is nevertheless endeavoring to his strength and preserve his health for the years of labor yet to come. He eats lightly and simply. So completely has he dedicated his life to the service of the corporate Moloch that he some time



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since gave up the use of tobacco, a habit | sat shoulder to shoulder, like so many of many years because of a fear that it | sleek, soft-coated seals. Not a tremor beof many years because of a fear that it might possibly injure his health and essen his usefulness. The oft-expressed fear of his friends that he will soon break down under the toil and strain to which he habitually subjects himself may there fore, be happily baseless in so far as the present and the immediate future are

concerned. Colonel Clowry is a republican, but no politician. He is fond of good horses. and is a member of the Washington Park Club. His home on LaSalle avenue is presided over by a talented and charmng woman, who was the daughter of Experience Esterbrook, a prominent lawyer of Omaha, and formerly attorney

general of Wisconsin. Colonel Clowry stands to-day the lead ing telegraph executive of the world Jay Gould is reported to have once said that he "bought the Western Union Tele graph Company in order to give Tom Eckert a job." No man has bought a telegraph company for Robert Clowry. He built up a great telegraph system and

ARTEMUS WARD.

The Last Speech Made by the Noted Humorist.

A correspondent of the New York Graphic writes: I shall never forget the jast time I saw Attemus Ward. We were in London, my husband and myself, and learning from a friend that our Yankee humorist was to lecture one night in Egyptian hall we determined to be among his hearers. I had heard him several times in America, and was anxious to se how an English audience would respond to his new world drollery, his unequalec

The people came in in a straggling fashion and occupied the front seats and those in the body of the bouse. I rememper the lights seemed dim, the distances dark and solemn, and the architecture dismal in the extreme. The hall was like a huge tomb built for the reception of dead-and-gone Pharaohs. On a settee not far from our party sat five gentlemen together. I fancied they were clergymen and had come with the avowed intention of setting out the exercises in grave and

dignified silence. When Artemus made his appearance i was pitiful to see the ravages disease had made in one short year. My husband turned to me with the brief sentence, The man is dying!" and so he was.

With one expressive glance about the place, scanning ceiling, lights, stadows, and semi-darkness, the man took a step forward, and commenced in his usual halting speech and assumed timidity of manner When the Egyptians-built this hall-

the principles of acoustics were not fully understood—neither, is it presumable, had the matter of ventilation been very extensively-ventilated.

There was a smile on the faces of many but nothing more—and yet the numor of the thing was exquisite. I could not keep

trayed that they were conscious of muscles their faces were stern, their lips compressed, their brows unbending. it possibly be that they were oblivious to the subtle wit of his burlesque, the rare changes in his face? Presently the moon appeared in his

comical little panorama, wavered, trem bled like a boat struck by a sudden squall and then nung as if suspended, limp and motionless on some lunar hook, midway between sea and sky.

Artemus looked quizzically over to these five clergymen. I think he had seen them all the time out of the corners of his eyes.
"If you will excuse me, gentlemen,"he

said, impressively, "I will go out and see to my moon. I think the moonist, a small boy, a fat boy, by the way, an English lad, who is to nightly manage my celestial aparatus, has got cranky or gone to sleep—possibly it may be because the audience is so small to-night—though appreciative—[here a long pause]—that he is afraid I shall cut him short two and sixpence," and with that he went behind the seenes, perhaps, poor fellow, to gain a moment's respite from pain and catch his breath, for he was panting with the

exertion of talking even then. There was evidently an effort on the part of the five to keep from smiling during his speech, and while Artemus was gone the moon righted itself with a tremendous effort, and glared in such a unique fashion that first one and finally all my five stocks and stones, as I had mentally denominated them, relapsed into audible laughter, and their white

chokers began to wrinkle
Artenus came back; he glared at the side seats and saw that the ice was broken. It was what he had been waiting and working for, and it seemed that the triumph gave him new life. From that moment those five men were slayes to his humor. They laughed till they cried, and most certainly the brilliant showman outdid himself. Every movement, every giance provoked peals of laughter. It was as if, having put restraint upon themselves so long, they were eager to make up for it. I was satisfied. The gifted son of America was a last apprecated, and though the applause came late, it did come, and Artemus Ward

went home happy.
Some few days after that a friend called to see the humorist. He was sick and almost speechiess, yet managed to epeat some withcisms about his sands of life terminating on a sand-bar, and spoke regretfully of never expecting to ee his native land again. He never did-the next day he was

A Newcastle, Canada, constable, who recently set out to find a man charged with having molested a flagman of the Grand Trunk railway, carried with him a pair of handculls, a pair of old-fashioned brass "come alongs," a long pace of strap, several yards of rope, a baton, two my eyes from the five glergymen, who I revolvers and a gun.