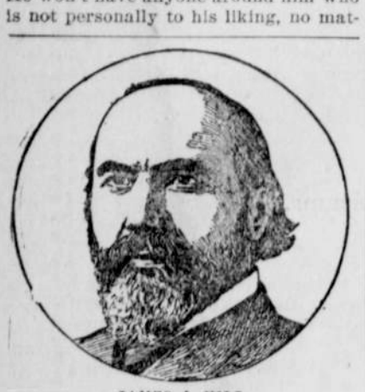
WONDERFUL CAREER.

HOW MR. JAMES J. HILL ROSE THROUGH VARIOUS GRADES.

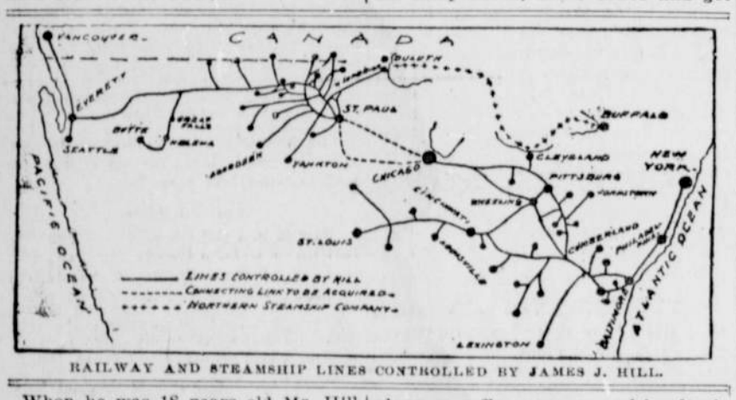
From Freight Handler to Be One of the Nation's Railroad Kings and Twenty-five Times a Millionaire—Some of His Characteristics.

For many years in the Northwest they have regarded James J. Hill as the embodiment of success and a great railroad king. Men who have worked for Jim Hill say he is a "holy terror." His objurgations (his father had cut him out out for a Presbyterian minister) are more profuse and horror-inspiring than those of the most profane pirate that ever lived. He is tireless and he expects everyone else to be so also. He is accuracy itself and he tolerates no slipshod business whatever. His memory is all embracing and minute, and he abhors a man who cannot recollect. He won't have anyone around him who is not personally to his liking, no matter how efficient the man may be. Some Great Northern employes say he would rather discharge a man than eat, and they have to count noses at the main office and all along the line every day to see "who's alive."



JAMES J. HILL.

James J. Hill began to work for himself when he was 15 years old. He left school to go to work in a country store in the little Ontario village of Rockwood, and in the intervals of weighing out groceries he read Caesar, and dreamed that some day he would be a great soldier or a great literary man. Now, at the age of 60, he finds that fate has made him a millionaire railroad man. His fleets of merchant steamers have blackened the skies over the great lakes with their smoke, and his railroads have reached out from the inland seas to the Pacific.



RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP LINES CONTROLLED BY JAMES J. HILL.

When he was 18 years old Mr. Hill took his Caesar and what little money he had saved and started out to seek his fortune. He began in New England and went west until he arrived at St. Paul, then a town of 5,000 inhabitants. There he stopped and there he has remained and grown rich. He found not only fortune and power, but his wife in St. Paul. When he got his first job there and was employed about the docks of the line of Mississippi steamers known as the "Diamond Jo Line," he saw an Irish damsel of beauty and brains whose sweet and womanly qualities at once attracted him. He still believed that some day he was to achieve fame, the dreams of martial glory or literary renown haunting him, and never in his direst poverty did he cease his self-education. He got a fairly good job as shipping clerk and at once arranged for the education of the Irish damsel who had won his heart. When her education was complete he was in a position to marry her, and he did, and the ending was like that of the good old three-volume novel, "They lived happy ever afterward."

HOME OF J. J. HILL.

When the civil war broke out Mr. Hill thought that the day had come when dreams he had dreamed over Caesar's commentaries were about to become realities, and he actively engaged in raising a company of cavalry. The State of Minnesota, however, refused to accept the services of the company, and once more Mr. Hill returned to commercial life.

All the time he went forward. From freight handler to shipping clerk, from shipping clerk to agent, and then as a partner in a freight and transportation business, he rose like the boys in the story books until he reached a place where he was able to carry out his plans for the reorganization of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, which steel highway now reaches from lake to ocean. At the age of 45 he became the president of what is now known as the Great Northern Railway. His success had been rapid when he once got fairly started. Even at the age of 27 he was agent of the Northwestern Packet Company and known as one of the solid business men of St. Paul. Now he is 60—and a man cannot be said to be old at that age.

Mr. Hill has a house in St. Paul which cost him half a million to build. The house, the grounds, the greenhouses, etc., and the works of art which the house contains are said to be altogether worth nearly two millions. The paintings alone in the house are valued at over $100,000. When Mr. Hill built his house in St. Paul he gave at the same time $500,000 to found a college for the education of Catholic priests. About eight miles out of St. Paul Mr. Hill has a summer home which is complete in its equipments, and where he spends with his family the hot months.

Hill saw more clearly than any one else in St. Paul that the Northwest must develop tremendously, and that the way to win great wealth most rapidly was to go into the transportation business. He wasn't yet ready to begin railroading, but he did the next best thing. He started the famous line of Red River carts between St. Cloud, at the head of Mississippi navigation, and Pembina, away up to the northwest, on the Red River of the north, near the Canadian border. For a time he ran a line of steamers on the Red River in connection with the carts, and thus forced the powerful Hudson Bay Company to divide its trade with him. Something that no one else has ever done unless it was the first John Jacob Astor.

When he became manager of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad he set out to learn and did learn the entire workings of the business. The strain was heavy upon his health, but he made the railroad pay from the start.

Then he set about extending his own road to the great Western ocean. Having reorganized the St. Paul & Pacific as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, he set out in the winter by himself, with three or four dogs as his only companions, to explore the route to the Pacific which he meant to follow. His outfit included only the dogs, a small canoe, a sled, two or three boxes of sausage, coffee, hardtack, camp cooking utensils and a rifle. He kept his bearings by the sun and compass by day and the north star and compass by night. As much of his route was through territory peopled by hostile Indians, he often slept in the light and traveled in the darkness. Sometimes he lay to for a few hours in a cave dug by himself in the snow. He supplemented his packed provisions by what game he could shoot. When he couldn't shoot anything he would melt snow in his camp kettle, make coffee and get along on coffee, sausage and hardtack. Sometimes he would walk, sometimes ride on his sled hauled by the dogs and sometimes navigate the streams with his canoe. He rode horseback over some stretches, procuring saddle animals as best he could.

The open air and exercise of that memorable trip made a new man of him, and when it was finished he had found a peerless route for his road. When Hill had his road roughly laid out he sent civil engineers over the route, put 10,000 men grading and laying track, and built the whole line with hardly a break at a rate of not far from a mile a day. Such a thing was never done before and never will be done again.

Hill in politics has always been a Democrat and is a great admirer of Cleveland. He is said to be worth $25,000,000. Besides his railroads he has a fine line of lake steamers. His stock farm contains 4,000 acres. He owns many sections of land in various States. He is interested in several New York financial institutions. He has done all he set out to do and a good deal more, and his career is apparently not yet closed, by a good many years.

Mr. Hill controls 14,000 miles of railroad with 30,000 employes who receive in wages annually $15,000,000.

Electric Fish.

Some interesting facts have recently been compiled with reference to fishes which have the power of generating electric discharges. Of the fifty species of fishes possessing organs capable of giving electric discharges, three have a particular interest. These are the torpedo fish, which is found in the Bay of Biscay, and belongs to the skate family; the electric eel of the Orinoco; and the thunderer fish, found in the Nile and other African waters. The charge is developed by some chemical process occurring in the plate in which the electric nerve filaments end, and in some instances the discharge is from the head to the tail, while in the case of other fishes the reverse is true. In a full-sized electric eel or gymnotus, the voltage is probably from 300 to 800 volts, and is easily capable of stunning a man. The momentary currents are sufficient to deflect a galvanometer or magnetize a needle. It is to be noted that the generation and intensity of the discharge are under the control of the animal, which is apparently in no way affected by the action. Also, there are no insulating materials in the fish, and the greatest economy is shown in the generation of the electrical energy.

BELOVED BY THE FRENCH.

Mme. Carnot, Widow of the Martyr President, Was Popular.

Mme. Carnot, the widow of the martyr President of the French republic, Sadi Carnot, who died recently at the Chateau de Preale, in France, was a popular and clever woman and was greatly beloved by the people of her land while her husband held the reins of power. The graciousness of her manner, her keen knowledge of affairs, her quick perception and engaging conversational powers made her popular among all classes.

Mme. Carnot was the daughter of a distinguished French lawyer, and her maiden name was Dupont White. When her husband was elected President of the republic they lived in apartments that rented for only $2,000 a year, and they left that home with great reluctance. Their four children were educated in music and literature, and in no home in France were the domestic virtues better cultivated. As mistress of the Elysee Palace, the home of France's chief executive, she was a brilliant success. Her dinners and receptions were regarded with delight by diplomats and other distinguished persons present. She was a woman of charming taste and one of the best dressed women in France. The assassination of her husband by the anarchist Santo at Lyons, June 24, 1894, was a crushing blow, but she bore up bravely for the sake of her children and the republic. Although a grandmother, she preserved her beautiful youthful appearance to the last.

THE LATE MADAME CARNOT.

Paid the Full Penalty.

In the early days of railways North American Indians were many and locomotives few, but in a comparatively small number of years these positions have been reversed. Unfortunately, perhaps, for lovers of adventure yarns, the interesting experiences of the drivers and guards who accompanied the first trains which ran from East to West across the United States have only on rare occasions been recorded in black and white; and, therefore, when an old hand can be induced to speak of those stirring times, he is sure of a ready audience.

More than once, remarked an American engine-driver, I remember charging through a herd of buffaloes, which, as the train approached, obstinately refused to leave the line, preferring to be run down rather than to turn tail on the iron horse.

Their surprise at this strange monster, however, could not have equalled that of the two Indians who made a desperate attack on an engine, in the hope, I presume, of securing its scalp. Mounted on fleet steeds, they took up positions, the one close to the line itself, and the other some little distance to the right on the opposite side. As the train, which I myself was driving, came thundering along, the latter dexterously threw his lasso over the funnel of the engine, while the former let fly an arrow at the cab. In the excitement at seeing his fellow warrior violently jerked by the lasso clean out of the saddle, the first native forced his horse on to the line, where both paid the full penalty for his rashness.

The train was stopped, and we rushed to the Indian whose lasso still clung to the engine, but his fall had broken his neck. The horse, rather wiser than his master, fled from the scene.

The Slums of Madrid.

Madrid abounds in slums, which are even greater eyesores than those of Whitechapel. There are labyrinths of narrow old streets, bordered by the most uninviting hovels, and from the squalor of these abodes spring the components of ferocious mobs which are the bane of the city.

Literal.

Mamma—Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange.

Johnny—Yes, ma.

Ethel—Mamma, he hasn't given me any.

Johnny—Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat oranges.

Rattle for France's Prince Imperial.

The first article made in aluminum was a baby's rattle intended for the infant Prince Imperial of France, in 1856. Its lightness, brightness and ring fitted it admirably for such a purpose; but only a prince could afford such a rattle in those days.

Foreknowledge.

First-Nighter — What! Every seat taken?

Ticket-seller—Every one. But there will be plenty after the first act. I saw a rehearsal.—London Tit-Bits.

The Indian has absorbed only one habit of civilization: to get drunk.

Physicians do not communicate with the dead when they wire a skeleton.

WHICH OF THESE HANDS HAVE YOU?

No. 1. Uncouth Hand—The uncouth, boorish or common hand, is heavy, with very short fingers, which look as though they had a swelling at the ends. The hand has no symmetry. The thumb is very short and the general appearance of the hand is repulsive and obnoxious.

No. 2. Ideal Hand—The ideal hand has straight fingers that run to a point, with pink nails. The thumb has a strong root or base, a very symmetrical form and runs to a decided point. The person with such a hand is self-sacrificing in his nature and would die for an ideal or principle. This hand is that of poets, great reformers and religious enthusiasts.

No. 3. Artistic Hand—The artistic hand has a small and narrow shape. It is fleshy, with short fingers and the muscles are hardly visible. The finger joints are perfectly smooth and fingers tapering. The hand has an effeminate appearance and is that of artists, sculptors and people of remarkably refined tastes.

No. 4. Scientific Hand—The scientific or mathematical hand has the following outlines and characters: The hand should show on the upper surface a flat and broad construction and should have rather long fingers, inclined to be straight, knotty in the joints and round at the point. The thumb has a very strong and determined base, and while being rather long is also rounded at the end.

No. 5. Self-confessed Murderer's Hand—The hand shown in the illustration is that of a well-known murderess, who confessed she had stabbed her husband through love of another man. It is noticeable that the upper part of the hand is extremely short and angular. The index finger is bent in such a shape that it almost overlaps the middle finger. The chief point in connection with this hand is the extreme length of the middle finger. The finger nails are very short and thin, which characteristic indicates weakness, treachery and trickery.

No. 6. Kleptical Hands—The kleptical hand has these characteristics: The thumb is somewhat elongated and varies but slightly in its shape from the root to the tip. The knuckles of the hand are somewhat coarse and the extreme ends of the fingers have an inward inclination. The nails are usually short and thin.

No. 7. Ordinary Criminal—The ordinary criminal's hand has a peculiarly rough shape, the thumb being very plump and short, while the fingers are uneven and heavy. The small finger is turned inward and bluntness is the hand's chief characteristic.

OOM PAUL AT HOME.

Description of an Interview Held with Him by an American Traveler.

Charles Kilpatrick, the one-legged trick cyclist, interestingly describes an interview he had with Ooom Paul, the great President of the Boer republic, Africa.

"President Krueger," he says, "can speak English quite as well as Dutch, but declined to speak to me in my own language, and a Boer named Waldeck acted as our interpreter. After introductions the President said to the interpreter in Dutch: 'Ask him how he lost his leg.' 'Run over by a train,' I replied, and this was translated. 'Tell him he is marvelously expert for a one-legged man,' said Kruger. 'Tell him,' said I, 'that he is very kind to say so.' 'Tell him,' said Kruger, 'that I am always happy to meet an American—one of his great race.' 'Tell him,' said I to the buffer on the fender, or whatever you want to call him, 'that we had two men in America that were greater than any three men that ever set foot on earth.' 'Ask him,' said Kruger, 'who they are.' 'George Washington,' said I, 'and Abraham Lincoln.'

"The old man glared at the interpreter with an awful face. He did not look at me at all, but, to tell you the truth, I was terribly awed. Now, Kruger speaks in a tone that would do considerable credit to a large-sized megaphone. But in making his reply to my last shot he doubled the volume of his voice and almost put me to flight. 'Tell the young man,' roared Oom Paul, 'that I know more about the history of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln than he does!' I thought I had gone far enough after that, and I then made some remarks I thought complimentary to the Boers, and the President made a sign that the interview was over. He was sitting on his porch,

PAUL KRUGER.

and he arose and went within. Waldeck and I turned to leave, but as we were going Mr. Kruger came back and gave Waldeck an English sovereign with instructions to have it properly engraved and presented to me as a gift from the President of the Transvaal. I thoroughly appreciated the gift, and the story was told about town. The next day an English newspaper edited by an Englishman and an Irishman came out with an editorial about the matter, in which it was stated that this was the first time Paul Kruger was ever known to give away anything."

A NEGLECTED TOMB.

Last Resting Place of Zachary Taylor, Soldier and President.

Of all the Presidents of the United States the grave of none is more neglected than that of the hero of Palo Alto, Zachary Taylor. Though only a few miles from Louisville, the place is seldom visited, though a handsome monument marks the place where the remains lie. The place is unkempt and fast going to ruin. It is overrun with weeds. One can barely find the path which leads from the broken stone wall to the tomb, while ivy and long grass have run riot, making walking difficult.

The father of Zachary Taylor was a soldier of the revolution, and came to Kentucky when Zachary was a mere lad. He settled on a farm, which is yet the Taylor homestead, though now occupied by a family in no manner related. The Taylor burying ground occupies one corner of the lot.

The fact that Zachary Taylor, when a lad of 23, left the farm to enter the army as first lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry and remained away from his home until elected to the Presidency, dying soon afterward, may account for the little interest taken in his memory in Louisville. Kentucky saw but little of the soldier, and knowing him little in life worships him less in death.

The monument to Zachary Taylor, which stands in a wild confusion of vegetable growth, is forty-five feet high and is surmounted by a life-sized statue in marble. One inscription reads,

ZACHARY TAYLOR'S GRAVE.

"I have endeavored to do my duty. I am ready to die. My only regret is for the friends I leave behind me."

There are other inscriptions dealing with the events in which President Taylor participated. Some distance from the monument is the tomb in which the President lies buried. It is of brick and faces the rising sun. Spiders have worked a myriad of cobwebs around the door, the corners being hidden. Ivy is banked on either side and extends all over the tomb and for fifty feet in each direction. The grass is more than knee high. On a slab of marble above the door is the simple inscription, "Z. Taylor. Born November 24, 1784. Died July 9, 1850."

Vaccination.

In the German army only six or seven cases of small-pox occur annually, and there can be little doubt that this almost complete immunity from a disease which formerly decimated continental armies is due to the thorough way in which vaccination is carried out. All recruits are revaccinated, and the regulations prescribe that there shall be at least ten punctures in each arm. A further confirmation of this view may be found in the fact that the one soldier who died from small-pox in the period from 1874 to 1887 was a man who was twice unsuccessfully revaccinated when recruited. There can be no doubt that other diseases are sometimes communicated through the medium of the vaccine lymph, but the unprejudiced observer will probably arrive at the conclusion that these form but a very insignificant fraction of the number of small-pox cases which would ensue from the abolition of vaccination. There are, no doubt, many objections to either human or animal lymph, and we look forward to the time when the cultivation of vaccine virus shall take place in a sterilized medium which can transmit no other disease.

A Natural Mud Pie Foundry.

Uncle Sam has a freak artesian well on the Brule Indian agency that is attracting widespread attention, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. It threw a six-inch stream of water when it was first opened, and for several years thereafter, but for about eight months it has been engaged in making mud pies. Since that time an endless chain of blue clay six inches in diameter has been forced up through the pipe, rising slowly above the casing to a height of ten feet, and then toppling over on the ground. The eruption continues night and day, and the amount of clay so far forced up from the bowels of the earth has made it necessary for the Government to employ a man to care for the premises. Very little water comes up with the clay. A noticeable peculiarity of this well is that the clay rises more rapidly previous to the advent of windy weather, resuming its steady, even grind again on the return of pleasant weather.

Darwin's Debt to His Family.

Charles Darwin was so weak in health that but for the wife and children who saved him from trouble and gave him the leisure of a peaceful home he would probably never have made his great discoveries.

Some men drink for the shakes and others shake for the drinks.

WORLD'S ONLY WOMAN JOCKEY

Mrs. Bagwill of Nevada, Rides Just Like a Man.

Carson City, Nev., is famous for its silver mines and for having been the scene of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. Now its citizens are laying claims for further fame, for it is a fact that that city is the home and birthplace of the only woman jockey in the world. The name of this new rival of Sloane and Maher, and she, by the way, is young and pretty, is Mrs. W. A. Bagwill. She has been riding professionally for about a year and rode her last race at Reno, Nev., on Sept. 19. Of the three horses first under the wire the last of the trio was ridden by Mrs. Bagwill, who, sitting astride, plied whip and spur in masterly style, and though her animal was beaten clearly outrode her competitors.

Her experience as a jockey has not been very extensive as yet, she having ridden in five races only; but in proportion to her attempt Mrs. Bagwill's success has been remarkable. Of the five races in which she has ridden twice has her horse come in a winner, and never has she ridden "outside" of the money.

Mrs. Bagwill's first attempt was at Carson City about one year ago. Then she rode third to Coates, sometimes known as "Pizen," and Feathergill. She was greatly elated with this result, even though she did not win, and determined to continue her efforts until she might take rank with the top-notchers in the business.

She is 24 years of age and has been married for five years. She is of medium stature, petite in figure, but well proportioned and weighs 101 pounds. She is very modest, demure and unassuming. When on the street she dresses in plain black, and from her appearance none would imagine that she ever assumed the part of a jockey.

MRS. W. H. BAGWILL.

In the saddle, when ready for a race, Mrs. Bagwill wears bifurcated skirts, not so wide or loose as to catch too much wind and thereby impede the progress of her horse, but fitting neatly. She rides astride, well forward over the horse's foreshoulders, and with whip, spurs and steady hand pilots her mount like a veteran.

The Price.

Gen. Lefebre was one of Napoleon's generals who rose from the ranks, and was finally made a marshal and Duke of Dantzig. After this elevation he met an old acquaintance, who congratulated him in a rather sneering tone.

"Yes," said Lefebre, readily, "I am Duke of Dantzig and also a marshal, while you are a poor clerk; but if you wish to change places with me I'll accept the bargain at cost price. Do you know how many shots I've been exposed to before I won my epaulettes? Twenty thousand; that's all. I've heard more cannon rear than there are stitches in my uniform. I will place you in the courtyard of my hotel and expose you to the chances of 20,000 shot and shell at a hundred paces. If you escape alive you shall have my sabre, plume, scarf and orders; all my honors shall be yours when you have bought them as I bought them." The clerk begged to be excused.

Patchworth Quilt Up to Date.

Mrs. B. A. Corthell, of Millbridge, Me., has made a wonderful patchwork quilt, the centerpiece of which is a lot of blue bunting from a signal flag saved from the battleship Maine.

Electric Dark Lantern.

Electric dark lanterns have been supplied to the Paris police, enabling them to see 150 feet away.

Numerous crimes have been committed against the helpless oyster in the name of charity.