# TIMOTHY KINNEY

An Autobiography

1920

TIM KINNEY

Born in Derryroane, County Mayo, Ireland, September 24th, 1846. I was born in the old home where I believe my father was born, and the old home is said to be three hundred years old. All of the family were born there. My father's name was James Kinney and my mother's name was Mary Stanton. I had three brothers and two sisters, I being the youngest of the family. They are all dead, except one, brother James, who still lives in the old home.

When I was large enough to be of any service I used to herd the cows, and those cows were usually turned out of the stable in the morning about daylight and turned into a small pasture close by, and my job was to herd those cows and keep them away from cultivated crops, not being fenced. More than once while on herd I have gone to sleep and allowed the cows to get into the crops and do considerable damage.

My other duties of service, to put in the time, were to pick potatoes and other such jobs, although if I were to tell my brother that, who was older than I, he would say I never did anything of any great value. When big enough to be of other service, I used to take a donkey, which had something like a pack on and creels for the purpose of carrying peat and other material, and used to help gather turf and get it into reaks, and quite often take a lot of this peat to the nearest town, which was Swinford, which was our market town. This peat used to sell for about five or six cents for this load. This town was about two miles distant. Later on there was a road being built near my home, and there were many boys like myself employed with donkeys and baskets hung on to those donkeys in this basket arrangement.

In cutting down a hill, leveling it, those donkeys and packs were used for removing soil and material to the lower places, and I was amongst those boys who worked at that for sometime, for which I received twelve cents a day for myself and my donkey.

That was the first money I ever earned, and with that I bought some clothes. I think I was about eleven or twelve years old at that time.

The first school that I ever attended was an abandoned house or room which had just a fireplace, and the teacher was an old man, Mr. White, about eighty years old. He was an old-fashioned old teacher. Writing and spelling and arithmetic were the only things taught. In this school room there was just one chair, occupied by the teacher. Around the walls of the room were stones brought from the outside for pupils to sit on, with a half circle row of similar stones around the fireplace for the boys to sit on to get warm. Each boy brought two bricks of sods of peat each morning for the fire. When the boys were given their lessons by the old teacher, each one in turn sat on the edge of his chair, where the old teacher looked over his shoulder while the boy was repeating his lesson, and if he was dull, a box on the ear was his punishment. When the weather was favorable we sat outside along the fences--no desks, we did our writing from our copy books on our knees. Spelling was the general teaching, the universal spelling, and the old-fashioned Voster was the arithmetic we used.

I recall the old teacher used to stay at my father's house most of the time. He simply lived amongst the scholars, and he apparently found my father's house suitable to his needs, and he slept with a brother of mine. The old man being old and cold, and possibly the

night a little cold, he was getting away with more than his share of the blankets; my brother, being on the inside, let go, and the poor old man slipped out on the flagged floor and broke one of his ribs. This old teacher gave what education my brothers and sisters had and my partial education to me on the start. Later on the school was abandoned and I was sent to the National School at Swinford, about two miles distant, leaving home in the morning so as to reach school about nine o'clock and remained until three o'clock in the afternoon and without any lunch or anything else, and by the time I got home I had an appetite that was wonderful and was ready for most anything that came along. My younger brother next to me used to go to school with me for awhile, and I recall very well when we would run to get home so as to get something to eat, and this brother was very impatient if he couldn't see food in sight immediately when he got home, he would simply bawl his head off that he was starving.

I did not seem to make very much progress in this school, being a cheap country boy, I didn't get the attention that the boys in town got. I decided to go to another school in another direction about two miles distant, but had to go through the bogs and rough country to get there. I found the teacher became very much interested in me and helped me along fairly well to get a little more progress. I attended school only in the winter, as what little work I could do in the summer I had to stay home for that purpose, except one summer. I went to school all one summer, and the principal reason of that was I had a swelling in one of my legs which laid me up for sometime, and the doctor didn't seem to know what the trouble was, but I remained lame for quite awhile, and my mother, who was very anxious that I

should attend school, wanted me to take this donkey and ride this two miles to school, but it wasn't convenient to do that, so I hobbled along with a stick and reached school, and after awhile I got well.

My oldest brother, Michael, made a business of being a freighter, or car man, as they called them in Ireland, and hauled goods from Sligo, a seaport town in Ireland, to Swinford, and hauled returning goods such as butter and eggs. They were being shipped to England, in return to Sligo, and when I was about fourteen years old I used to love to be around him and be with the horses. He had two horses and two carts, and drove both of them himself, one following the other. More than once he started me on this Sligo trip with both horses and both carts loaded perhaps with a ton each and would say to me: "I wish you would start these over towards the Poor House, in that direction, and keep on moving a little and I will catch you in a little while", intending to catch me soon and have me return home. More than once I have continued until perhaps get so far away that to return was out of the question, and he would probably catch up with me, sometimes a little the worse for liquor, and he would get up on top of the load perhaps and go to sleep, while I drove the horses and traveled all night until daylight. I liked the business, and while it was very hard on a kid, as I was, I got along fairly well.

My brother was in the habit of buying bran and meal at the seaport town of Sligo, which was about twenty-six miles distant from our home. This bran and meal he would bring home, perhaps a couple of tons, and as was the custom in that country, the cart was what they called heeled, this bran and meal remained on the cart, a few sacks at a time taken off and weighed in front where a scale was

fixed for the purpose of weighing.

At between thirteen and fourteen years old I used to sell bran and meal on market days, which was once a week, and did that a good deal and liked it very much. I remember when quite a boy, my brother used to buy oats on the market, and being absent at this time, my father and mother did the buying, and it was usually bought in large sacks, weighing about two or three hundred pounds. This sale of oats was usually made on market days, which were Tuesdays. The oat market was in certain places in which there was public scales for the purpose of weighing, and after the oats were bought, usually one large sack each, it was weighed up on these scales, and instead of giving the owner the sack of grain, ticket or anything of the kind, he simply took his hat and marked the weight upon his hat with chalk, and that was his ticket which he presented for payment.

I recall quite well my mother, in the absence of my brother, was going to pay for these oats, and I thought I was a smart student and I thought I could figure up the amount each person was entitled to. Remember that English weights which governed Ireland were hundreds, quarters and stones; 112 pounds was a hundred, 28 pounds was a quarter, and 14 pounds was a stone. Now the oats was sold on the basis of a sack and the sack was 336 pounds. I thought I could help my mother figure out this. She bought me a pencil, I think paid a penny for it, and I was going to do the figuring, and while I could do sums at school I found I could not figure up the first sack, and I simply chewed on my pencil and looked foolish, while my mother, having but little education, figured it in her mind head, you might say, to a penny, and paid the parties the money.

The reason I mention this in particular is that while she had a lot of English money, composed of gold and silver, I was playing with it sitting beside my mother, and by some temptation, I slipped a half-sovereign, equal to $2.50 into my pocket, and I slipped away from her side and found a young fellow I knew who could tell me how to dispose of some of this ill-gotten gain, and the result of it was he and I started out on riotous living until my half-sovereign was gone. And I think we had something to eat and I think we had some liquor, and I remember reaching home away after midnight, and when my father got up to let me in, he of course upbraided me and predicted all kinds of bad luck if I didn't correct my ways.

I was about fourteen when I was sent into a shop or store to serve an apprenticeship to sell groceries, provisions, liquors, hardware and such other things as are kept in a shop. The shop belonged to a family by the name of O'Doud and was managed by Mrs. O'Doud and two daughters. There were two paid clerks, a foreman and about four apprentices, and I stayed there over two years, receiving no compensation whatever, not even my laundry work being done, which had to be done at home by my family. The meals were served first to the family, then to the paid clerks and then to the apprentices, and what was left went to the servants. We usually had cocoa for breakfast, with a great big kettle of hot water standing alongside, and after the family was served, the cocoa pot was replenished for the paid clerks with hot water and again replenished for the apprentices so by the time it reached the servants it was getting pretty thin. The old lady usually sat at the end of the table during meal time and was always telling us poor attrentices to hurry up as somebody might be waiting in the

shop to be waited on. She scrutinized very closely everything we ate, and woe be to the boy who got more than she thought he should have. The result of it was we left the table hungry, but we managed to make up for our shortage through more expensive food in the shape of toast cakes and nice crackers, and it would have been very much cheaper to have filled us up on cabbage and bacon.

In the morning as a rule we had to get up about daylight, and the windows had shutters on them secured by iron pins through the bottom with a split key on the inside to make them secure, and there was always a rush of the boys to get these pins out at the bread counter where these cakes and everything were kept, and while pulling the pin with one hand, we were stuffing our pockets with toast cakes with the other. I happened to have one of those toast cakes in my coat pocket while weighing some sugar. The old lady, who was watchful of the apprentices to see that they didn't give over-weight, stood alongside, and while watching me was feeling in my pocket and pulled out my toast cake. Thereafter I took the precaution to put my toast cakes in my pants pocket where she couldn't reach them. Economy was a leading characteristic. For instance, a piece of paper or of string might be found laying on the floor. She would take me by the ear, lead me up to this stray string or paper and say: "You rascal, you pick that up, you can do up a candle in that piece of paper and you can tie a package with that string--wilful waste will bring woeful want," and it has been during my life somewhat of a lesson that I hope has been some benefit to me. While at that time it seemed that she was going to extremes in economy, nevertheless now I can see the wisdom of it.

This family had a piece of land not far from the town where they were growing potatoes and other vegetables. Mr. O'Doud was the manager of this cultivation and the potatoes needed weeding very badly, and he couldn't get men to do it apparently, so it was decided to send myself and two other apprentices out to do the weeding. Shop boys in Ireland, according to observation, were the proudest little fools I can imagine, and it seemed rather disgraceful to me to be so employed, and I decided if I were going to stay there, I could do weeding at home on my father's place, and I ran away and went home. Later on they got me back into the store again, and after remaining there for some time, always my family and they on very good terms, and they were going to fix up indenture papers which ties an apprentice for a term of probably five years, but mine was never made up. It was going to be done some day but never was.

In the meantime I got to thinking about America; that after spending five years there I would in the end probably have to come to America and why not go now? The result of my thoughts was I wrote my Uncle Timothy Kinney at Madison, Wisconsin, telling him of my position, my age, and many other things perhaps, and asked him if he would advise me coming out there, that I felt that I would have to when I got through there with this apprenticeship, as I believed it would give me a better opportunity, etc. I told him who I was, as I understood I was named after him. He was a half brother of my mother's and was very fond of my mother, as I understood, and he wrote back later, and rather encouraged me to come, at the same time inquiring if I had the consent of my parents and if I wanted him to assist me in the coming. I wrote back and told him a fib, which they say is no harm in a good cause; that I had my

parent's consent, and that while they were able to pay my way, nevertheless, I didn't think it best to take any money out of Ireland which was so much needed, and that if he would be kind enough to pay my way out, I would as soon as possible repay him.

The result of my letter was that he sent me a passage ticket from Liverpool, England, to Madison, Wisconsin. I was very much elated over this but my parents and family generally rather discouraged it and tried to induce me not to leave, in fact they were inclined to take the ticket away from me, but I hung on to it with a full determination to go to my uncle.

Frank Blake, who was a paid clerk, and who occupied the same bed and room with me for two years, expressed a wish to accompany me, but his means were very limited, and the owners of the shop advanced him sufficient, with what he had, to pay his way. I have no doubt they were anxious to get rid of a clerk they were paying money to when they could get an apprentice for nothing. A cousin of mine, Catherine Kinney, also joined us and accompanied us to Madison, Wisconsin. We left home sometime in July, 1863, my brother taking us to Sligo, a seaport town in Ireland, together with all of our belongings in the shape of wooden boxes, such as immigrants have in coming from foreign countries. We sailed from Sligo for Liverpool on a freight steamer, which was the only kind of a boat running from that place. We stayed at Liverpool four or five days at a cheap lodging awaiting the departure of our boat for New York. We had a list of such food as was furnished by the ship company, which was insufficient to provide for our needs, therefore, we had to lay in a small supply of provisions to add to what the company furnished. In addition to that, we had to buy bedding,

cooking utensils and other dishware necessary to our needs. The vessel that we came in was a sailing vessel. At that time there were not so many steamers in existence. We had what was considered a very favorable and quick passage and landed in New York in thirty days. We had a few storms, and many of us got on our knees, even though the water was floating about the deck, praying to God to protect us and land us safely.

After landing in Castle Garden in New York, and undergoing an examination, we got on a slow immigrant train for the West, providing ourselves with a little provision in the shape of a few loaves of bread. Our first stop was at Philadelphia, where we waited several hours for a connecting train. Our next stop was at Chicago for several hours. I remember the proprietor of some cheap lodging and eating house, taking us to his place in an express wagon, where we remained several hours, until we took the train for Madison, where we arrived about twelve o'clock at night.

We went to a small hotel close by and stayed until morning. That I think was about the first of September. The next morning I found where my Uncle lived, which was a short distance from the depot, and I found that my Uncle owned and ran a small hotel of about twenty-five rooms and he also ran a bar in connection with the hotel, and a stable for taking care of farmers' horses. After I arrived at his place, I met my Uncle, whom I never had seen before, nor he me, and I introduced myself to him, and he looked me over very coldly, and his first expression was, after saying he was glad to see me, "You ain't big enough to do anything, you ain't any bigger than a pint of cider half drunk up." I felt very downcast, feeling that he would think that I

was not able to be of any service to him, and while I was small and puny, I am proud to say I proved to him later that I was capable of doing some hard and laborious work.

My friend Blake and my cousin Catherine came over later. Catherine was set to work in the kitchen at the compensation of two dollars a week, which she continued to draw for four or five years, and she last was employed by Mrs. Dr. Bowen, where she remained until she accompanied me to Ireland ten years later. Blake was out of funds and tried hard to get some employment but was unable to do so, and my Uncle, knowing his condition, said to me: "If this man wants to chop some wood out here to pay his board, I think he ought to do it," and I told my friend Blake, who was only too anxious to do that. The poor man was quite soft, never having had to do any hard labor, and the sun was fairly strong, the work was something he knew nothing about, and he certainly had a hard time splitting that wood, an every little while you could hear the well buckets being drawn by him to get a drink.

By this time I was installed to some extent as bartender and general utility boy, and whenever the opportunity presented itself, when my Uncle wasn't there, I managed to slip my friend Blake a good big mug of beer. Later on the Conductor of the Milwaukee & Prairie DuChien Railway got my friend Blake a job trucking freight at Prairie DuChien, Wisconsin. Later he got work in the car shops and worked up to a position of considerable usefulness. He got a kit of carpenter tools and became quite a capable carpenter. After the Union Pacific was under way, in about '67 or '68, the foreman of the shops, Mr. Stevens, at this point, got the position with the Union Pacific at Omaha as master car builder. Many of his former employees joined him

on the Union Pacific, amongst others was my friend Blake, whom he sent out to Sherman, Wyoming, in charge of the car shops there. Later on Blake was sent to Rawlins and placed in charge of car shops at that point, being a division point, which position he held for forty years until he was retired on a pension and he still lives there. Later he married and raised a family, his wife and all of the children except one having died, a girl who lives in Rawlins, and with whom he lives. He has been engaged in the sheep business successfully with his son-in-law for several years. He has been spending his winters for some-time at Long Beach, California. I had the pleasure of a nice visit with him a year ago at Los Angeles, at which time we talked over old times.

My cousin Catherine while in Ireland--being a very bashful girl, and as it is well known in Ireland, match-making is a great industry amongst the people, she was assisted in getting a husband by the name of William Brabazon, a shoemaker. She returned to Madison, Wisconsin, after about a year and located at Madison with her husband, and where two children were born to them, a boy and girl. Later on I was instru-mental in bringing them to Rock Springs, Wyoming. I bought them a small house and helped to fit them up a little home where he continued his shoe business. Brabazon died several years ago and Mrs. Brabazon two years ago. Their son and daughter still live at Rock Springs, Wyoming.

I was employed by my Uncle on a salary of fifteen dollars a month which I thought was wonderful pay, being equal to three pounds. I worked for that salary for about five years and the balance of two years perhaps at about $23 a month. My duties were a little of every-thing. I tended bar, carried mail with a horse and wagon from the

post office to the depot and sometimes horseback. I was chief clerk, so far as clerkship went, had guests register, collected their bills, showed them to bed; people were doubled up regardless of whether they were strangers or not, each guest paying fifty cents, and I think, if I recall it right, either thirty-five or fifty cents for meals. I also carved meat, helped to wait on the table, and did all that kind of thing, and in addition to that, at times I sawed and chopped wood, milked the cows, took care of two horses that we had and quite often helped farmers who came in with their teams, to put them away and look after them. Trains quite often in the winter were delayed, and many and many a night, in waiting for trains, the bus man, express man and myself have sat at the station many hours waiting for delayed trains, sometimes as much as all night, never knowing when they would come, having laid on the floor with the mail bag under my head for a pillow many and many a time.

I recall one night, being short of sleep, I was waiting by the stove asleep in the bar room with others, my horse and wagon were at the door, waiting for the whistle of the train, which I usually made to get the mail, and I was sound asleep and was called and told that the train was coming. I got up from the arm chair in which I was sitting and I was told that I tried to get my arms through the arm chair, thinking it my overcoat I was putting on, and then dropped back in the chair asleep. My Uncle took pity on me and got the mail. Many a morning when called, as I stated to my Uncle, I would give a dollar if I could get another hour's sleep. He reminded me that my dollars would soon give out, as I seemed to need so many hours sleep. I was young and growing--only seventeen years old when I got there.

I recall an instance where a man across the street, who kept a small hotel and bar room, called me over and got to asking me a great many questions, said he had noticed me around there, and telling me what a wonderful boy I was--how bright I was, and how he had noticed my actions, and of course he swelled me all up. Then he asked me how much wages I was getting and I told him fifteen dollars a month. He seemed to think that I was badly treated, that I should get considerably more wages than that, and that my Uncle ought to be ashamed of himself to have me work for such small pay. I was of course anxious to get more pay if I could, but was too timid to ask for it, so I wrote my Uncle a note and put it in with the money in the drawer, to which both of us had a key, knowing that he would find it there, and in which note I stated that I thought I was entitled to greater compensation, that I thought I ought to get twenty-three dollars a month, and so on. The next day he called me into the sitting room, telling me that he got my note, he says: "Somebody has been putting that devil in your head, somebody that don't like me." He said: "You are not near as good as you think you are, you don't work as faithfully for me as I worked for your father in Ireland before you were born, and when you prove to me worthy I will pay you more." He read me the "riot act" so strongly that before he got through with me I decided I was getting a whole lot more than I was entitled to.

I owed my Uncle when I landed there fifty dollars, and he and his wife thought I should have some winter clothes and boots and things that I needed, and after paying for all these things and paying my indebtedness for coming out there, the first money after that that I earned I sent to my father in Ireland, twenty pounds, which cost me

one hundred and fifty dollars, as gold was at such a premium. My Uncle told me to keep my own accounts of what money I got and various clothes, etc., which I did during the seven years that I was with him, and when I quit I rendered him an account, and I had three hundred dollars to my credit.

Later on while with my Uncle there were some broadcloth peddlers came along. Three Irishmen were selling broadcloth, beautiful looking stuff but most deceptive. Sometimes they claimed it was English broadcloth which they smuggled in without paying duty; other times they claimed that they represented a great immense store in New York which had failed. They were disposing of the goods and they had a lot of men in the country selling it, and they had some samples along from which to take orders, that later on there would be about twenty big army wagons come along and deliver those goods, and were wondering why the farmers had not heard of this immense sacrifice. The farmers hadn't heard of it. No wonder, because there wasn't such a thing in existence. They showed samples, what they called swatches, naming prices on the various goods or samples, which were so cheap, fully fifty per cent. cheaper or even more than could possibly be bought for anywhere, and of course the farmers' wives and the farmers got very much excited and were anxious to buy some of these cheap goods, and gave very large orders for this class of goods. Then they would say they had a few pieces of suitings along for the purpose of paying expenses and they were selling those at correspondingly low prices. They usually traveled with a team and buggy and carried several pieces of this suiting along, as they claimed, to pay expenses. They would bring those in the house, open their bundle, take out a piece of

suiting, and one of them usually held each end to keep the farmer's wife from testing the strength of it, which they usually do. The goods looked beautiful, beautiful finish, but was nothing more or less than cheap shoddy, and the man would throw out a piece to one side and tell him he could have that piece of suiting for fifty dollars or sixty dollars, or whatever he thought they would stand; then he would take out another piece and open that up, let them look at it from the sides, but not from the end, lest they might tear it, and would say, now I will throw this in for nothing, and before he got through there were four or five pieces thrown in for nothing, or depending on conditions of course. He got people all excited, and if there was any possibility of getting money, they bought the goods. Usually while the man was getting the money, one of the men was getting the goods packed up and the team ready to start quickly before they tested the goods too closely. They usually made a quick getaway, and quite often were followed by a farmer on horseback after he discovered the "gold brick" he got, but these fellows usually made turns at cross-roads that fooled the follower and they generally got away. When I got into the game, which I did later on with one of the parties, who induced me to join him, and furnish the money, we got a similar class of goods and went into the country to try to dispose of it, as this fellow knew the others did, and when we did dispose of it to some advantage, it wasn't a success. Whenever we got on the track of these other men who had been there previously, there was no chance to do any business. They were stung previously, and we found many of them who had been butchering their hogs for the purpose of having money to buy the goods from these big twenty army wagons that were coming along, but never came.

However, my partner left me. He had to go home on some business but he didn't come back, and I was left to hold the sack. I took my bundle and went out into Iowa, had to hire a horse and buggy and keep my goods in appearance, as I was representing this immense great big house in New York, backed with twenty big army wagons coming of course, but this appearance was eating into my little fund. Finally I got to the end of my stock of goods and returned to my Uncle's and later on, for a short time, not knowing just what to do. I wanted a job and wanted it badly. While I had some means nevertheless I wanted work, but I was too proud to ask my Uncle for work, and he wanted me to work for him and he wanted me very badly, but he was similarly proud and he would not ask me to work, and his wife saw the situation and said to me: "I see the conditions, you want work, you are too proud to ask your Uncle for it, your Uncle wants you but is too proud to ask you, now you go to work and don't say anything about it, just take hold, that is all that is necessary," and I did.

In the meantime my Uncle built a warehouse on the track for the purpose of buying farm produce, and he got a buyer, who understood the business somewhat, and I became the bookkeeper and the clerk, and later on I became the whole thing. Our principal buying was wheat. There were six buyers on the corner who represented that many warehouses, and all they had to do was to ride with the farmer to the warehouse and give him a ticket to the warehouse man, telling him the cost of wheat per bushel, then return to the corner where the roads fork and the wheat came in. I had a very poor assistant at the warehouse. I was obliged to go into the street and do my own buying, take the ride

with the farmers to our warehouse, after the grain was delivered into the spouts into our sacks, placed upon our scales, then I had to come in and test this, which test ascertained the value per bushel. Then I weighed it, figured up the price, gave the farmer a check on the bank, signed my Uncle's name to it by me, and then later on, when we had a carload, then it was my duty to load it into the car, which was the dumping of it loose out of the sacks, and mixed it in such a way as to make it conform to a certain class. We shipped the wheat either to Chicago or Milwaukee, depending on the market.

We also bought several carloads of potatoes one summer and shipped them to Chicago. We bought, in the winter, dressed hogs from the farmers, the farmers dressing their hogs on the farms and brought them in dressed usually frozen. We shipped those in carload lots usually to Chicago. Then my Uncle decided, in connection with this, that he would get a boatload of coal at Buffalo, New York and ship it to Milwaukee, there load it into cars and deliver to us at Madison. That usually came in the dull season when farmers didn't market much of their crops. My duty, in connection with another man, was to unload that coal, using wheel barrows to wheel it from the car through the warehouse up several planks and dumping it. I recall one foolish instance where the other man and myself were vying with each other to see who was the stronger, and I might add, the biggest fool, while loading the barrows to the limit, seeing how much each could push up this plank. The result of it was my assistant strained his back and quit the job and never wheeled any more coal, but I always felt that I beat him anyhow.

Later on I got a pain in one of my thighs. Strange to say, I had a similar pain in Ireland ten years before, or more. It had

no appearance of soreness. I was confined to the bed. A Dr. Fox, a farmer doctor, was called in. He prescribed but he could not really tell what the trouble was. All the old women in the neighborhood, God bless their souls, were also doctoring me, and what they did to me, I would hate to tell, all meaning well. Through their poulticing and other things, they kept the Doctor in the dark and he could not tell what to make of conditions. Finally, my women friends, after poulticing me with mustard and every other thing, they scarified me, and they used cups that suck, and they used leeches to draw what they thought was bad blood inside. They did this without the knowledge of the Doctor, who came only once a week. Finally the Doctor called in another doctor in consultation, and they decided there was pus there and should be lanced, and I remember when they got those lances out and I saw them, the fear was far worse than the actual lancing. They did lance me and the pus flew out so that it actually flowed almost a basin full of pus the first time, and from its appearance, the doctors decided the bone was decayed and that the chances were I could never use the leg. They placed a rubber sheet under me in bed, and that opening discharged for three weeks, and then it seemed to heal over, so the next time the Doctor came, he opened it again, and this time came healthy pus. They then decided that it was possible I might recover the use of the leg. I remained there three weeks longer and finally got to hobbling about on crutches.

My Uncle seemed to need me very badly at the warehouse and said if I could manage to hobble over to the office that Mary would bring my dinner over. So I went to the office in the morning after breakfast, placing a bandage upon my leg from the toes up to my hip, and

sometimes the pus would start to run and run down into my boot while on duty, and when I returned home in the evening I was so exhausted I was obliged to go to bed to eat my supper. Of course I gradually recovered so that I discarded one of my crutches, and I got so I could go out on the street and buy grain and do the office work, too. Later on I got still better, and I used to use a truck, making the truck answer as a crutch and hobbling along that way and did what I could.

I remained with my Uncle for sometime after. In the meantime we sold coal and salt and cement and other things. In addition to that there was what we called the City Scale where we weighed hogs and hay and other things for farmers at fifteen cents a load. Previous to this I had some falling out with my Uncle and went to buying grain for Mr. Dodge on the street, which was an experience and which continued only for a month. In the meantime the United States Express Company built a small receiving house at the station for the purpose of handling their night express in and out, and after considerable inquiry as to my honesty and uprightness, they employed me at fifteen dollars a month to attend to this express at nights. They put a bed in this room, a safe and other protections, and I attended to that for awhile, returning to my Uncle again. I continued to work for my Uncle, but in the fall of '69 I had been corresponding with my friend Blake, who was then at Rawlins, Wyoming, who offered me a job in the car department at $75.00 a month, saying that I could get board for $25.00 and therefore save $50.00 a month.

I was quite anxious to get this increase in pay from $23.00, and Blake sent me a pass that would take me from Omaha. I fully expected to go but my Uncle became quite sick and I would not leave him in that

condition; therefore, I put off going until the following summer. I then wanted him to hire a Norwegian buyer, who had been working for another house, as he was familiar with Norwegian language and there being a great many farmers of that nationality, I felt that he would be a great advantage to us, saying, if you will get him, let me stay in the house to look after the inside, we can do considerably more business, but he, in his unbusiness-like way, failed to secure this man's services, and another house took him over, and I became so incensed and disappointed, as I wanted to enlarge our business, which I couldn't do with the help I had, that I simply went home and handed my Uncle the key to the warehouse and said: "Here is your key, I will never open that warehouse again," and I told him why. He did not believe that I was going to carry out my threat, but I did. I wrote my friend Blake to hold a job open for me, send me a pass, and I would come out. I made up my account for my Uncle, showed him what he owed me, which was something like $300.00. I think he gave me $100.00 in cash and gave me his note for $200.00 payable in a year, and I went west.

I saw my friend Blake at Rawlins about July 1,1870. He set me to work with the other men, and I worked for him for thirteen months, quitting as car inspector. During my time there with him I earned $75 to $80 a month. There was a little cabin behind the oil house where we slept, that the Yard Master and I "bached" in. We had a cook stove. We "bached" there for about fifteen dollars a month each. I also did my own washing. I was by that means enabled to save at least fifty dollars every month. The Night Clerk at the station, John Hall, having lots of time on his hands, used to come over to our

oil shanty, as we called it, where we had fairly comfortable room and beds. The beds were cushions from a caboose. We furnished our own blankets. He seemed to think that I had some little ability, and said he was going home to Iowa very soon, and he thought he could get for me his position when he left. Apparently he spoke to the Station Agent, Devald, for me, but apparently another party having more influence than I, a young man by the name of Tuttle, who was a member of the Band, of which Devald was Director, got the job in preference to me, but Tuttle did not come up to Devald's expectations, and he asked me if I would take the place, which I did. My duties were to receive and ship express on two trains during the night, sell tickets, check baggage and load it on the express or baggage car, and receive baggage; take check of freight trains as they came in and load and unload any freight in or out; make out train sheets and all such work as is customary at small division stations. That position I held for six months, when I was promoted to the day clerkship. It seems I became quite satisfactory to the Agent, and later he got into some trouble with the Superintendent over some matters of switching, and another agent named Thomas was sent there to relieve him, and he stayed only a month when Devald was reinstated.

Later on Devald induced me to join him in the buying of some sore foot cattle that were being dropped out from herds passing through Texas to Montana. We sent Sam Morgan out on the trail and he bought something like 85 head of this class of cattle for us. I furnished all the money, the other man having certificates of deposit bearing interest, which, if cashed before maturity, would lose the interest. Later on Devald was being relieved as Agent, and he decided that he

would take these cattle that we had, add some more to them perhaps, and they would start a ranch. That was something that I didn't expect to do, and hence I said; "There are not quite cattle enough here to justify the expense you are considering, and if you will take them off my hands, give me my money back, I will quit." He demurred at that and said I shouldn't quit without making some money and rather pressed me to stay in. I said: "Well, I am perfectly willing to quit and hope you will do well." During the afternoon he seemed to change his mind and he dropped two envelopes on my desk and said: "There is a piece of paper in each envelope and on one of those pieces the word "cattle" is written; draw one of them, if you get the cattle you are to take them, if I get the cattle I will take them, I think that is the fairest way," and I drew the cattle which I didn't want, and I didn't know what to do with them after I got them. I knew nothing about ranching although a party came to me with a proposition that he had a little bunch of cattle and that we would join issues, we would go out in the mountains and build a dugout and get a pony or two apiece and we would bach together and herd our cattle together. In the meantime I told some parties there by the name of Ferris and Hurt, who were hauling ore from a mine close to Rawlins, loading it on cars with an ox team. They said they wished they had the money to buy those cattle. I said to them "If you will buy them and handle them you won't need any money, I am anxious to get rid of them, I don't know what to do with them." I had a man out there in charge of them and some expense was accumulating. Finally a man by the name of Byers, a saloon keeper came to me and said he might try and buy those cattle. I said, "You go out and look at them." I had never seen them, bear in mind. He went out and saw them and the result was that I sold them to him for

something like a thousand dollars, but he had no money, although he had a note and mortgage on some mules. However, I said: "All right you take them." He went out and got the cattle, brought them in to Rawlins and later took them down on the Platte near Fort Steele where the bunch grass was knee deep. While the cattle were passing through Rawlins I saw them from the window of the station across the creek, and I had a great curiosity to see the first and only cattle I ever owned, and I started afoot across this little creek to take a look at the cattle. Those cattle were not used to anybody afoot and when they saw me approach they began to paw the earth and made it very apparent that they didn't wish any acquaintance with me. One great big steer in particular, looked to me like he had horns ten feet long made such demonstrations that induced me to make a hasty return to town. That is as near as I ever came to seeing that bunch of cattle. Byers took those cattle down on the Platte, where the grass was luxuriant, the winter was favorable, and by spring they were fat enough to make reasonably good beef. During those years there was scarcely, if any, beef in that country. The meats consisted of antelope and elk, which could be bought at four cents a pound by the saddle, but people get tired of the wild meat and they were anxious for some beef. Perry Smith of Rawlins and Billy Byers opened a meat market and started to butcher those cattle, and that was their start in the meat business, which proved to be very successful later.

Previous to that time Perry Smith used to have Ferris & Hurt and Jack Watkins, a noted desperade, hunting antelope near Percy during the winter months, shipping them to Rawlins in lots, and when Smith got sufficient to make a carload, he shipped them to San Francisco,

where, if he could dispose of them before they thawed out, he was generally remunerated, otherwise, it was disastrous.

While clerking for Devald nights I studied out the duties of an agent, and when Devald got sick and was unable to make his daily reports, I surprised him by making up the reports and bringing them into his room and submitted them to him, and he wondered how I knew how to do it, and I told him. I found afterwards that this knowledge became very useful, as when Devald was relieved, the Company sent a bill clerk from Omaha to relieve him. This bill clerk knew very little of other duties of an agent, and my knowledge was of great advantage to him and in many cases helped him out where he could not have done it himself.

Sometimes later Superintendent Mr. Shanklin was at Rawlins and inquired of the Agent if I were capable of running a station, as they needed a man at Rock Springs, and of course he certainly told him I was most capable. At the same time he was going to remove Hildreth (the bill clerk) to Laramie, and I really would have preferred to go down there with him as clerk than go to Rock Springs as agent, but they insisted on me going to Rock Springs to see whether I wouldn't like it. They sent me up there and I stayed a day or two and looked it over, and the Agent who was there, Von Trott, induced me to accept the station, which I did. That was in the spring of 1873, I forget the date now that I went to Rock Springs, but it seems to me in April or May. The station was transferred to me, and the station was then what is known now as Blairtown. Where the station stands now was then known as the switch, the trains seldom stopping there. While I was Agent at Rock Springs the station was moved on two flatcars to its

present location, while I had my office in a box car during its removal. During the summer the location of the present coal chutes was laid out by S. H. H. Clark and Mr. Wardell. Mr. Wardell was the General Superintendent and Treasurer of the Wyoming Coal Company, a corporation that was owned by the Directors of the Union Pacific Railway. Mr. Clark was Asst. General Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railway. As I understood it afterwards, those Directors were taking advantage of their position, and were selling this coal, run of mine, to the Railroad Company, at six dollars a ton, and were making enormous profits. They were shipping some commercial coal to Salt Lake and Ogden and screening that carefully and giving the screenings to the railroad and caused the switchmen considerable trouble in switching for them. I explained the matter to Mr. Clark, who gave me certain instructions as to my rights. Mr. Wardell and Mr. Clark were not on good terms, in fact very bitter enemies. Mr. Wardell, believing that Mr. Clark had given me instructions against the interests of the Wyoming Coal Company, reported the matter to the Directors in Boston, and Mr. Clark was summoned to appear to answer those charges. Mr. Clark wrote me from Omaha telling me of those charges, asking me to write him and state the instructions which he gave me regarding coal, and added "make such statement as you would be willing to make oath to, if necessary." Mr. Clark appeared in Boston to answer the charges and Mr. Wardell to prove them. My letter was produced in connection with Mr. Clark's statement and he was exonerated. Mr. Wardell was peeved over the matter, and on his way out to Wyoming from Boston, called on Mr. Sickles, who was the Chief Engineer and

General Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railway, and requested that I be replaced with another man, and that he had a man out there in his employ by the name of Hall, who was a brother-in-law to the Vice-President of the road, whom I think was John Duff. Mr. Sickles directed Mr. Clark that I be removed and Mr. Clark, as I understood it, said, "No, that is the man we want there, if you want him removed, you will have to do it, but I won't, you will have to do it yourself." Then he gave orders to the Superintendent at Laramie, who was my Division Superintendent, that I be removed, but that I be provided with another place. After I was removed I was called into Laramie to become clerk for Hildreth, the agent, and it would seem that Hildreth's Cashier and Clerk had absconded with considerable of the Company's funds and had gone to San Francisco, and while the Traveling Auditor was on his track, he got away on a boat to China before they could apprehend him.

I went to Laramie, as directed, went into the Company office as Clerk and Cashier. Of course the Agent did similar duty, and I became satisfied that Hildreth, the Agent, was gambling and used the Company money when he was short, for that purpose, and knowing the condition of the previous Cashiers and Clerks, I decided that it might be possible that I might get mixed up in a shortage if the money was going to be short, which looked as if it might, and I notified Mr. Shanklin that I didn't want to stay there and I would like to be relieved. I gave him no reasons as I didn't want to give voice to my suspicions and didn't want to give the other man away if my suspicions were correct. It was the intention of Mr. Clark at Omaha and Mr. Shanklin to make me Agent there. I was simply waiting for the Traveling Auditor, Mr.

Musgrove, to return from San Francisco where he was chasing this fugitive, to transfer the station to me, of which I had no knowledge. Mr. Shanklin, believing that he had told me as much, and my saying to him I didn't want to stay there under any conditions lead him to think that I refused the station, and so telegraphed Mr. Clark to send a man, and he arranged to send Mr. W. B. Doddridge from Columbus, Nebraska.

After Mr. Musgrove returned from his California trip he found out there was some mistake as to my not being appointed as Agent, and he asked me why, and I explained to him my position. Then I saw Mr. Shanklin and I explained my position to Mr. Shanklin, which he misunderstood and he was very much provoked. He wanted me to be the agent and he saw there was a misunderstanding, and that he had told Mr. Clark that and that this other man was coming up. In the meantime Mr. Clark was at Cheyenne and I was relieved. Mr. Doddridge had taken the station and was very anxious for me to remain with him, but I decided I would go to Ireland, it having been ten years since I left home. I was anxious to see my father and mother and relatives.

Mr. Clark telegraphed a pass for me to Omaha and said "When Kinney passes through Cheyenne I want to see him." Mr. Clark met me at the train and said: "Kinney, I want you to go to Omaha and take that depot ticket office. You go in and see Mr. Gammett (who was the Auditor) and I will be down in a few days." I said,"Do you think I can handle it?" He said: "Certainly you can." I went to Omaha and within a day or two Mr. Clark was there, and Mr. Kimball, who was General Ticket Agent, was called into conference, and Mr. Kimball then

thought that I ought to give a bond, as they were bonding all their ticket agents. I told Mr. Clark later there was nobody who would go my bond, I knew nobody and nobody knew me. "I have saved," I said, two thousand dollars in money, I have got that, I will place that where the Company can get it if I become default, all I can do." Mr. Clark said; "Now you leave that money with the Company and they will pay you interest, I leave what spare money I have with the company in the same manner." He wrote a letter, handed it to me, addressed it Thomas L. Kimball, General Ticket Agent, Mr. Kinney is this day appointed ticket agent at the depot to take effect at once.

The Chief Clerk in the General Ticket Office was to assist me until I got the run of the business. The next day the tickets were transferred to me and the station, and all that kind of thing, and it took until nearly night, and to familiarize myself with the conditions I stayed in the office so late that I slept on a couch, and I came to the conclusion that it was too big a job for me, that there was too much money to handle and that I might get short, and that it might be claimed that I got away with it, or some other fool thing, and I decided that I wouldn't take it, so bright and early next morning I was up at headquarters office waiting for Mr. Clark to return to tell him my tale of woe. He wanted to do something nice for me and I wouldn't let him. He tried to pursuade me that he was satisfied my fears were groundless, that I did have the ability if I just thought so, and all the persuasion that he could bring to bear, but I was determined that I could not do it and that I wouldn't, explaining to him that I felt he was my friend and if I were to prove not satisfactory it would reflect upon him, and I didn't want that, and I brought all the arguments to bear that I could to show how little ability I did

have. Then Mr. Kimball tried to persuade me that my fears were groundless, but all to no purpose. Well, Mr. Clark was very much disappointed. He was a kind friend and ever has been after. He said: "You will have to wait until Mr. Bell comes in and see if he will take it"--who used to be Agent at Laramie, and when Mr. Bell came in I never waited to know whether he would take it or not, I simply got on the train and got out, and went to Madison, Wisconsin, and decided I would go to Ireland, where I was accompanied by my cousin Catherine Kinney.

We left for Ireland soon after, leaving New York before Christmas on the Steamer City of New York. We were on sea during Christmas, and saw the most wonderful storm I ever witnessed, and I have crossed the ocean several times. The sailors used to say there must be a murderer on this ship, no ship ever acted that way unless there was a murderer on it. We arrived at Queenstown the 30th of December. We reached the nearest railway station to our homes, ~~Valley Hauness~~ Ballyhaunis, about twelve miles from our home, and landed at our homes on New Years morning, about one or two o'clock in the morning. Catherine went to her mother's house while I plodded my way to my home, which was a short distance. It was a miserable dreary cold morning, and it was adjoining some bogs that the road passed through, and to my mind it was the most miserably poor place we had seen since we left home. I went to my father's home, knocked at the door; my mother got up in her night dress and let me in. It wasn't customary for people to be prowling around at that time of night, but I was permitted to come in anyway, and she stirred up the fire, which in Ireland is peat fire made on the hearth. My father was in bed also, I could see him in bed. My mother sat out on a chair, and naturally wanted to know who I was,

and while she didn't ask any questions, she kept beating around to try to get some information as to how far I had come, where I came from, and many such questions, and I finally couldn't stand it any longer, and I said: "Mother, don't you know me?" Of course the household was alarmed immediately and a terrible uproar took place. My brother and his wife were in an adjoining room. Of course they overheard the matter and joined in a WELCOME. I went to bed soon after, all worn out, been up a few nights traveling, and the first I knew, New Years morning, a neice of mine, a poor girl that I used to carry on my back when I was a kid myself, to school, aroused me, or tried to wake me up, but I was dead to the world. I stayed there at home with my folks until along about sometime in April. Previous to my going I had two thousand dollars in money, fourteen hundred of that I transferred from Omaha to Kountz Bros. of New York, expecting to get a draft on Ireland, but decided that I might not need it and I left it in that condition in New York until I returned. I got some drafts which amounted to six hundred dollars, and I managed to bring some of that back to Omaha and have this fourteen hundred dollars transferred back again to Omaha, and during the panic of '93 there were a great many failures throughout the country. I wasn't very familiar with financial affairs, but people in Ireland excuses from their friends in America that through the failure of these banks and the panicky conditions, they were unable to remit as they hoped to do.

I made a quick trip, after reaching New York, to see if Kountz Bros. were still in existence, and I was very happy to find that they were. We came out to Omaha immediately, stopping over in Chicago for a few days to visit some acquaintances. I was very anxious to

get to work and get to work quick. I was eating into my late savings and I feared the poor house before I could add another dollar to my life's savings.

I understood that Mr. Shanklin, who was my Division Superintendent and knew me, was confined to his home and that another Superintendent was in charge of his Division, whom I didn't know, hence, I didn't think it was wise to return to Laramie, but instead await the return of Mr. Clark, who was then in Boston and was being made General Superintendent. I waited there nearly a month, but while waiting I met Mr. Riley at the depot, who was going out West, and he said to me, "You go up and see my partner Delane (who kept a wholesale liquor store), we want a bookkeeper, and tell him I told you you were to get the job." I called but didn't make myself known. It didn't look promising to me. I wasn't very much of a bookkeeper anyway, and I preferred going back to the railroad if I could, so when Mr. Clark returned, he of course was a very busy man, but I was very anxious to get on the payroll, and I kept calling on him until I began to feel ashamed. Finally he says: "Kinney, I am going out on the road, I will see what we can do for you." He said: "Where do you want to go?" I said: "I would like to get back to Rock Springs." He said: "Well, I am going out and I will let you know."

While I was in Ireland the Railroad Officials changed hands, the Directors, and the Railroad Company took all the coal mines away from these Directors who owned them, and who were then out of the directorate, and Wardell was out of business, and the whole thing was changed. Mr. Clark said: "You come over here and I will send in word to our chief clerk here, we will let you know." When Mr. Clark got out in my

territory, as I called it, I was very busy finding out what was coming to me, but no word. My little affairs were not of much importance to Mr. Clark, but meant a whole lot to me, and when he returned within a few days I soon called on him, and when he saw me coming he said: "Go out to Chase (who was Secretary) and get a pass to Laramie." So it didn't take me long to pack up and get out to Laramie, and there they had arranged to send me back to Rock Springs, which they did, as Agent. I was very happy to get back to work.

I remained as Agent until 1880 when I was transferred to Rawlins, where I remained until March 1, 1881, I resigned as Agent and returned to Rock Springs, where I built a home.

To build my home I bought from the Union Pacific Company a large building at Bitter Creek that they owned, tore it down, loaded it on the cars and shipped it to Rock Springs, and from that material I built my home.

I had been engaged in the cattle business for sometime. My ranch was located south of Bitter Creek about fifty miles from Rock Springs, and I found at Rawlins I was too far removed from my base of operations. Mr. Dickinson, who was Superintendent, tried to persuade me to remain with the Company and from time to time take a lay-off to look after my cattle interests, as I had done two years previous. I am pleased to say that in leaving the service of the Company, I had their best wishes and their confidence at all times, and at this writing I meet some of those old Officials with whom I was associated, and it is with great pleasure we recall the past.

During my service with the Company there were some complaints sent in against me, most of which was for the purpose of having me removed. Upon investigation it was found because I was faithful to the

Company and did not favor those who wished to take advantage of the Company, those complaints terminated in my favor. During my whole life I had only two employers and they were my Uncle and the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

My first cattle deal was in 1872 at Rawlins, which I have heretofore described as buying sore foot Texas cattle. The next was in 1876 at Rock Springs. John Martin joined me in buying about fifty head of cattle and soon after I bought his interest. I bought a few more cattle from a trail herd passing through from Montana to Texas, bringing the number up to nearly one hundred head and were taken care of by William Matthews at the Fourteen Mile Ranch north of Rock Springs. Later on I took those cattle from Matthews and moved them to Black Butte Mountain, south of Black Butte station, where I got my wife's brother, Bill Crookston, to take care of them. The next spring I sold those cattle to Billy Byers of Rawlins. I got the cattle fever and was anxious to buy some cattle in Utah. I got a lay-off from the Company and went to Nephi, Utah, where I joined Barney McCabe and Bill Crookston whom I had sent on with their saddle horses. I also met Griff Edwards there, who was there for the purpose of buying cattle. We went over into San Pete County to Mount Pleasant, where I recall buying my first three head of cattle in Utah. I recall a party offering to sell me those three head of cattle and I did not have sufficient confidence in myself, and I asked Griff Edwards to give me his judgment, and he refused to do it, saying I would never learn younger. I think the price for the three head was about twenty dollars; they were a yearling and two year olds.

I recall an instance at the time that I can't help mentioning here. We were down in the Mormon country and got a false impression

that Mormons were hostile to all except those of their own creed, and Griff Edwards, being quite a diplomat, decided to show his friendly feeling for the Mormon residents, and declared, in the presence of three or four persons, that he belonged to no church, but if he ever joined one, he felt that he would join the Mormon Church in preference to all others. He was of course anxious to curry favor with those present. I did not care to be quite so strong as that, being a Catholic and having no intent on of abandoning them, I merely said: "I guess they are just as good as the others." One of those men spoke up and said; "I was born and raised in the Mormon Church, but"- he swore a great oath-"I believe the Mormon Church is the dammedest fraud of them all," so that cured Griff and I of playing Mormon any more.

We learned afterwards that Brigham Young was anxious to settle Thistle Valley with Indians and sent some agents there to buy out the few settlers so that the Valley might be entirely settled by Indians, and it appears that this man who was so bitter felt that he wasn't getting a square deal from those agents.

I also recall at another small town where we arrived on Sunday, that is Crookston, McCabe and myself, Griff Edwards going into a different territory to buy what cattle he needed so that we would not conflict with each other in our buying. We arrived at this town in the afternoon and found the Bishop, who was also the Superintendent of the Co-op Store, would accomodate us. We had our own bedding, all we needed was meals and hay for our horses. His charges for our accomodations were twelve and half cents a day for hay for each horse and twelve and half cents a meal for our meals. This man had two wives and two families, and we all ate at the same table. Of course our

fare was not very elaborate. It consisted of baking powder biscuits and fat rusty bacon.

Barney McCabe found in the Bishop a man who had crossed the plains in early days by team; crossing Green River they were wrecked, and Barney seemed to be familiar with the matter and was very much elated over the meeting.

I recall passing the sugar for our coffee, there was only one teaspoon for the whole family, and as the sugar bowl was passed each helped themselves, putting the spoon back into the bowl and passing it, but when the sugar come to Barney, he took the spoon and passed the sugar to Crookston, who was too bashful to ask for the spoon, and hence went without sugar. But the next day the Bishop, who was Superintendent of the Store, bought some table ware for the benefit of his high class boarders.

At Mount Pleasant I secured a one room cabin where we set up housekeeping in our humble way. Barney was the cook, and I recall, being in the spring of the year, the horses were shedding, and Barney had considerable horse hair on his clothes which unfortunately found its way into the bread, and when I complained, Barney said that good mortar was always mixed with hair and so was bread. I got a corral across the street and had a big straw stack convenient, and I started buying yearlings and two year old cattle, and putting them in the corral. The citizens there came with their yearlings, leading them by a rope and selling them to me at about six dollars each. After a few days I decided to move my purchases to Thistle Valley, where there was an open ranch and where I intended to congregate my purchases. I got all ready to move, horses packed and saddled and opened the gate

to let those cattle out to be moved to Thistle Valley, and those cattle were turned into the street; they scattered like a flock of black birds, some of them bawling and making a bee-line for where they had been raised. We had the time of our lives trying to hold them together, and a few of them got away that I have never seen since. However, we succeeded in reaching camp, and Griff Edwards brought his purchases in there, and they were held jointly, the intention was that we would drive home to Wyoming together, sharing our part of the expense in proportion to our cattle.

I recall a foolish incident where Griff and I had some misunderstanding and where we used to sit at the same campfire eating our meals and wouldn't speak to each other, which was at best very uncomfortable, but I am pleased to say that later on a better understanding took place and we became good friends, which we continued ever after.

After we had our herd together I had something like four hundred head and Griff had two hundred. We started the herd towards home and in crossing a little valley close by we passed through a patch of poison weed, and several of the cattle ate of the poison. We were told that a knife run into one side of the animal would allow the gas to escape and no danger would occur. Griff, in his hurry, ran the knife into the wrong side and instead of allowing the gas to escape, he allowed the guts to run out, and that animal started to run as long as he could live, and finally died. Then were told that if we could cut the tails off and make the animal bleed, the bleeding would save them. The result of it was that we had one of the boys go amongst the cattle as we were driving, and as fast as we would see one that showed a bloat, we would have this man slip up behind with his big

knife and chop the tail off, the result of it was we had very many bobtailed cattle.

We drove over the mountain to a lake, got there after dark, the cattle being in a new territory, the boys were all busy trying to hold them, and we went to bed supperless. However, we did not miss much as we never had very much to eat. In the morning Griff was sure that we had lost a bunch of cattle, and he had them rounded up to count them, and he insisted that I should make pan cakes and fry some bacon and make some coffee for breakfast while they were doing the counting. I wasn't very much of a cook, particularly a campfire cook. After I made the dough and put it into my pan and set it up on the edge of my fire--of course I had to get some grease to grease the pan, the ashes were blowing from the fire and got on to my cake and stuck to that greased pan; by the time I got through I wasn't sure what kind of cake I had, whether ashes or flour. However, after the count, Griff was pleased to find that we had all the cattle.

It was arranged that I was to return home from there, and I had arranged with a farmer about ten miles back to take me to York, which was the end of the railroad. My arrangement was to pay him $5.00 to take me in. Before leaving, Griff insisted that I give him all the money that I had except this five dollars, and insisted that I borrow some money from Tom Ellerbeck at Salt Lake to take me home. I held out a few dollars more than the five dollars without Griff's knowledge, and they started me back a-foot to this farm house, while they continued on. I started over the mountain, and before dropping over the top, I took a long last lingering look at those cattle, in which I had my all, and fifteen hundred dollars more that I had borrowed, and I felt depressed and downhearted and I cried like a child.

I continued on to the farm house and before I reached there my feet were blistered and I was certainly tired out. I told the farmer to hitch up his team and we would start for the railroad, travel all night, if necessary, so as to get to York by daylight. I took off my shoes and bathed my sore feet and laid in the wagon on some hay and blankets that my man was taking along. We started for York about dark. We hadn't gone far before it commenced to rain and got very dark, so that my man could not find the road, which was nothing more than a mountain trail, and I was obliged to get out so as to find the road in order that we might continue.

We got to Fountain Green about twelve o'clock at night, everybody being in bed, we crawled into a hay barn, whose owner I knew quite well, and there we slept in our wet clothes until daylight, when we started for York. The sun came out soon after and dried our clothes. My farmer man had some doughnuts which answered for our breakfast. I got to York in time for the train about ten o'clock, and I got a sandwich at a little eating house there, which was a piece of fresh beef, which was the first fresh meat I had had in over a month, and it tasted mighty good. I had been out for sometime and I looked pretty tough. My first act after reaching Salt Lake was to get shaved and get my hair cut. I stopped at the Valley House and had money enough to pay my bill but didn't have money enough to get my dinner at Evanston, which was fifty cents, and I borrowed that from a brakeman, and I got home without a ten cent piece.

I bought on that trip for Crookston thirty head of nice two-year old heifers at ten dollars each, he having saved that much money from labor tending the coal chutes, of which I had charge at Rock Springs, and I took his wages from him each month, except sufficient

to keep him, and I wanted to help him, and told him he might run these cattle without any expense, in connection with mine, and as fast as he earned any money from me that I would invest it in other cattle for him. Following this Crookston matter up, within a year he was determined to sell those cattle and offered them for sale to another party. I tried to persuade him not to sell them, but if he did, I must take them myself, as they were branded with my brand on the shoulder to distinguish them from mine, which were branded on the ribs. I finally had to buy them from him, but later induced him to take them back and go back to work for me on the range.

He continued with me for another year and then was determined to sell them again. The next year I was obliged to buy them, and gave him $500 for them, but so he would not spend the money, and having no great amount of money myself, I induced him to take my note payable in a year, for three hundred dollars bearing ten per cent. interest.

He at this time was driving a mule in the mine with Ben Leadbeater, and both of them decided to go to some mining camp in Missouri, and I found later that he sold this note of mine to Joe Young, a friend of mine, and when I learned that I was very much provoked and told Joe it would be a long time before he got that money, and Joe said: "I don't care, it is bringing ten per cent. interest, that is good enough for me." Later on Crookston started to return and got as far as Garbon having spent all his money, and there was stranded. He wrote me from there asking me to send him money to bring him home, that his experience was worth five hundred dollars, and he had learned a lot. I wrote him and said: "You dam fool, keep on until you get a thousand dollars worth of experience, I will not send you a cent." He drifted off over north and went to work for Searwright Bros. in the cattle business and

became wagon boss. Later on he returned to Rock Springs, and I gave him a job in my cattle outfit. Then he drifted off again to White River. The next I heard of him he was married, and he came back to Rock Springs again, and I gave him a job on the ranch. He took his wife and child there and stayed with me for a summer. I bought some sheep near Soda Springs, Idaho, at a price of about $2.50 a head and told him that he could take his wife and child and a sheep camp of mine and a team, go up and get those sheep if he wanted them, he could take them at cost and I would carry him for the money; he could take his wife and child and himself and they could take care of those sheep without any expense, and it would be only a question of staying with them, and they would make him rich. I said, in case you don't want them, bring them down here for me, and I will pay you for doing it. He decided not to take them, and later on he became dissatisfied and left. Next I heard of him was at Cheyenne, where I met him and loaned him $25.00 which he said he needed to go to Casper. I have never seen him since, but have heard of him. He drifted out to Washington, his brother Joe died near Rock Springs, and he returned there and got some money from Joe's estate. At this time his children are pretty well grown, and the last I heard of him he was out at the old original Fourteen Mile Spring, where his step-father and mother lived, and lived in 1875. He now tells if he had taken my advice how much better off he would be, etc.

Those cattle reached home all right and were located at what is known now as the Kinney Ranch, south of Bitter Creek, near Antelope Springs. The next year I sold those cattle to Jack Connor of Laramie, and made a fair profit on the deal, and then took another leave of

absence and went to Utah to buy some more cattle. I sent Crookston and Peterson on to to Utah with the saddle horses and pack outfits and met them later. I left Crookston and Peterson at Fountain Green while, I, in company with Valentine Hoy went further south. We traveled to Paradise Valley, where Hoy got sick and remained over at a ranch, and I continued to Grass Valley, where I stayed a few days, but I seemed unable to locate cattle to suit me. I got acquainted with a man named Beck, who was the Bishop's counscellor, and who said that he could buy for me cattle at the prices I was willing to pay, and if I would give him a commission of fifty cents per head, he would do so, and if I would buy a two year old steer which he had in the corral for eight dollars and pay him for it, that he would go around and contract for those cattle for me, and if I failed to take them he would keep this steer.

I foolishly gave him fifty dollars, in addition to the steer, and said: "I will do better than that, and if I fail to take the cattle you buy, I will forfeit this fifty dollars." Later on, after I returned from further south, I found that this man Beck had agreed to pay prices greater than I authorized him tp pay, and I refused to take the cattle at his contract, but the ranchmen, having their cattle gathered at certain points, disliked to turn them loose. The result was that I bought all of their cattle that he had arranged for at prices very much less, and by that means saved my fifty dollars and considerably more.

It was amusing to hear the various people figure up how much they had lost by them not being taken at the price agreed on by Beck.

We left our pack outfit and provisions at Beck's corrals and we

didn't return there until late in the evening. Beck, while at the herding place where I received those cattle, seemed very much provoked because I refused to accept the cattle at his prices and make a great show while there of the damage he suffered, etc., but that was the play that Beck made to square himself with those people and trying to shift the blame on to me. When we got to his place that night we built a fire with the intention of cooking supper. I had two Mormon boys with me. Beck came out and said: "Mr. Kinney, you can't either start a fire nor cook here, but you are to come into my house and have your meals with me and my family."

Previous to that I went down to a place called Circle Valley further south, and there I bought at different places several bunches of very nice cattle and started them up the trail, and I went on ahead. The boys corraled them one night, and while they were gentle "doggies" yet they were stampeded and carried the side of the cedar corral away and ran about five miles before the boys could get their horses and stop their wild stampede. Finally we rounded up our cattle the various bunches we had in view, and located them, and also a camp in the Valley close by, and I sent for my boys, Crookston and Peterson with their outfit and placed them in charge of them.

Then I went over into Rabbit Valley with my two Mormon boys, and there I bought eighty head of two and three year old steers from the Blackburn boys and others. I remember I was obliged to pay for several ropes that were stranded in the handling of those cattle and also five dollars for the use of the corral and the wood used for fire in branding those cattle. We started back to the main herd, and on the way, while we had provisions and pack outfit and our bed, which we always carried,

we stopped to cook some dinner. There was a farm house close by, and I went in to see if we couldn't get something to eat than have the trouble of unpacking and cooking, and the woman said she didn't have anything. I said: "Can't you give us some bread and milk?" And she said: "O, yes, plenty of that." I told the boys we would go in and make a meal out of bread and milk, which I can always do. She sat us down a pan of milk and a large loaf of bread some bowls, and we ate a very hearty meal. Milk had no value in that country because there was no sale for it except to make butter, which was saleable at ten cents a pound, and a loaf of bread, for flour was cheap, was worth probably five cents. While we were eating the husband came in and he seemed to be the head of the house; I said: "How much do I owe you?" He said: "$1.50." My boys and myself decided that he held us up for more than it was worth, as the meal, and the milk, all told, did not amount to more than twenty cents. Later on I got even with this man by buying a pretty good cow from him for $10.00 while I paid $12.00 to all the others, and I felt that I got even on the bread and milk.

Finally we got our outfit together, about 600 head, and we started them on the trail for home. I recall that I was afraid of losing those cattle, and I night-herded every night, and out of the seventeen days and nights on the road to San Pete County, I was on night herd nine full nights, and by the time I reached Fountain Green I was in a state of collapse. Finally we got started home. I hired some boys there to assist, got on ox team and wagon and a negro cook, put in a stock of provisions consisting of flour, dry salt bacon, sugar and coffee, baking powder and salt. That was about the main food.

We passed through Thistle Valley and up Spanish Fork Canyon to a place called the Dairy. The wagon road paralleled the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, which, at that time, was narrow gauge. I remember our cattle seemed to prefer traveling on the railroad and on the main line, and they strung out single file between the rails for fully a mile, but it was Sunday and no trains were running, and we got away safely.

I recall now where my boys and myself night-herded those cattle, two men in the fore part of the night, two men in the after part of the night, and two men sleeping all night. We continued that method until we reached home--which I now recall was one of the most foolish things possible, as I now can see how we could have rounded those cattle up, after allowing them to graze, they would have remained quietly until morning, and in the morning at daylight they would graze again, and we could have slept. The cattle would be better, our horses would be better, and we ourselves would be better, but lack of experience made hard work.

I recall when we reached Ashley I had a toothache, neuralgia and was badly run down. I went to Kelly, the Blacksmith, who was nearest to a dentist that I could think of, and he tried to pull my aching tooth with a bullet mould, which was nearest to a forceps that he could get. I remember that night my first relief on herd. I tried to wake Crookston up to take second relief, but I was unable to do it, and had to stay on herd all night. We finally reached Diamond Mountain, but before reaching there, I was unable to ride the horse and had to ride in the wagon, but we had to climb Diamond Mountain, which was very steep. I was obliged to get out and carry a big rock

to scotch the wheels as we could make only a short pull at the time, to reach the top. We reached Dunk Blair's ranch, and I decided to go in there and lay over until I could recover from my troubles. Dunk's wife was a half-breed squaw called Mary, whom I had known in Rock Springs, and she made me welcome. Next morning she told me I "heap talky" all night. In other words I was delirious. I told my boys they must move on with the cattle, as I was unable to go with them, but to leave me a horse so that I might follow up, that I might have to get a wagon to take me in. While laying in bed, Jones and Bradford, both Union Pacific Conductors that I knew at Rawlins, were on their way to Utah to buy cattle, and they came into this ranch house to make inquiry as to the road. I called to them from the bed. They immediately went out and brought in a bottle of whiskey, and they gave me a great big drink, and while whiskey may injure in many ways, it caused me to get up and get on my horse and accompany my boys.

Next day we crossed Green River in Brown's Park and had to swim the cattle. Of course I had to ride my horse and he swam part way, with my old friend Solomon Rouff as my guide. I was pretty wet, and after all my other troubles, Mr. Rouff insisted on me swallowing a big dose of red pepper, which he said would prevent my taking cold, and it did. We passed Billy Tittsworth's ranch a few days later on East Salt Wells, and Billy gave me a quarter of deer meat, which was the first fresh meat we had had in six weeks. We continued on to my range at Pine Butte, and we reached there rather late. There is a very steep hill to climb. Our oxen were getting sore feet, although we had them shod, and with great difficulty we reached the top of the hill. We didn't know where there was any water, and it was too late

to hunt it, so we decided we would make a dry camp and let the cattle scatter, as we were near home. By the time we got anything to eat next day it was nearly noon, and I was weak with hunger; I could scarcely drag myself to the food. We gathered our cattle and started them down towards Antelope Springs. We told the negro cook to follow the road down to this spring and there to make a camp. He got down to the spring after dark, turned his oxen out, and prepared to cook supper. We got some sage brush for the fire, and from the light of this fire he found that he was camped within a few feet of a newly made grave, which made the negro turn white, but it was too late to move, so we stayed over night.

Frank Blake of Rawlins was interested with me in those cattle to the extent of three-tenths, and I was anxious for him to see those cattle before they were turned loose. I sent a man to Bitter Creek with a saddle horse to bring him out, which he did, and after he saw the cattle, which he knew nothing whatever about, we returned to Bitter Creek, and I recall taking a quarter of an antelope that I myself had shot, which was the first game I ever shot, taking this to Rawlins where Mrs. Kinney was. On the way in we got lost and didn't reach Bitter Creek station until about twelve o'clock at night, and Blake, not being used to riding, he was so worn out he laid on the floor of the office, which to him seemed a feather bed, as compared with that saddle.

I built a cabin of logs, with a dirt roof, at the foot of what is now known as Kinney Mountain, got a cook stove and some provisions, and became established as a rancher. I returned to Rock Springs and resumed my duties as station agent. I remember the following spring

having bought the cattle of Moss Bros. in the number of 250, getting a leave of absence and going on the range in May and gathering three cars of steers, which I thought were fit for beef, and shipped them to Denver. Fortunately for me there wasn't any beef cattle on the market and the few buyers who bought for the butcher--bear in mind at that time there were no packing houses--tried to corner me and get the cattle at their own price. A little butcher there with limited means told me what they were trying to do, and said if I would sell him the cattle and wait for the money a short time until he could butcher them, he would give me a certain price for them. He had a certificate of deposit at one of the banks and he put that up as collateral in part. I sold them to him on those conditions, and got a fair price. There being no stock yards at Bitter Creek where I loaded these cattle, and there being a lot of bridge timber there, I managed to make a corral and fix a chute so that I could load my cattle. They were gentle. In passing through Laramie with my cattle I met at the station J. T. Clark, General Superintendent, and Ed Dickinson, Division Superintendent and I got them to promise that they would build me a small yard at Bitter Creek, which they did. Later on those yards were enlarged so that they are now capable of handling several carloads.

I remember at Denver after gathering those cattle on the range, shipping them, having no clean clothes for several days, I looked pretty shabby, and I have some doubt that any hotel would have given me a room were it not for the Manager of the stock yards, knowing that I had some means through these cattle, took me to a hotel and guaranteed my room and meals. Before going back to the stock yards next morning I went to a store and bought some clothes for myself, so that the night

 Page numbering is in error

stock yards man, by the time I reached there, didn't recognize me, saying, I never saw such a change in anybody.

I returned home, went out to the Mellor ranch south of Rock Springs to receive the Moss cattle. I was accompanied by Joe Young and Billy Tittsworth. There I received those cattle and branded them and when I received those 250 head of cattle, they cost me fifteen dollars per head, and fifty calves free.

I seemed to be fairly successful in the business, but later on bought cattle in Oregon and Idaho and shipped them in there.

In 1881 Ora Hailey bought Blake's interest with me, and about that time I quit railroading and was going to devote all of my time to cattle, although in doing so I missed the pay car very much. I speculated a little during that summer in connection with Mr. Hailey and we made some shipments which I found in the fall netted me a profit of $35,000.00 and after that I did not miss the pay car so much. This was really equal to three years salary.

The next year I also speculated in connection with Mr. Hailey, but I had a little of the conceit taken out of me by losing about $3,000.00 on some of my purchases. I recall Billy Tittsworth telling me it was a good thing this loss occurred to me, as I was getting so cocky that I was liable to run into some big trade that would burst me wide open, and it would take the conceit out of me.

I remember taking a contract from Blydenburgh Bros. of Rawlins to buy for them a thousand head of one and two year old steers at a fixed price delivered at their ranch near Saratoga on the Platte River. I bought most of those cattle in and about Payson, Utah, and had Jesse Knight, now of Provo and a millionaire, buy many of these

for me on a commission of fifty cents a head. I arranged with Ed Rife to receive and deliver those cattle at a dollar a head. Ed had some trouble with his cowboys on the road and was delayed so that I went to meet him to find what his troubles were. After I reached him near Ashley he felt strong enough to start to lick one of the cowboys, and the cowboy had a friend in the outfit, who started in to defend him. I had to get up from the breakfast which we were eating and make peace, and I thought we were all going to have a scrap. However, we reached my ranch at the head of Bitter Creek, and Ed being anxious to get home to look after his crops, I had my boys take the cattle on to the point of delivery. I went on ahead with my buckboard, without bed or provisions, for the purpose of having Blydenburghs ready to receive the cattle when they reached there. I could not find the ranch and I wandered about through the hills until about two o'clock in the morning and decided to give up. I hobbled my team and turned them out, took the cushion off the seat, laid it on the ground, and with my overcoat over me, went to sleep until daylight.

About nine o'clock the next morning I went into a sheep camp wagon on Sage Creek, and while hungry, I was exhausted and I could eat but little. The herder directed me where to find the ranch that I was seeking, which I found about noon. The boys arrived with the cattle within a day or two and turned them over, and everything was pleasant and satisfactory.

I had another small cattle deal with my friend Dan Sullivan, who had some money that he wished to put into cattle. I agreed to take his money and invest it in yearling steers, and I was to take care of them until maturity, and after they were sold and he had his money back,

the profits, if any, were to be divided equally. I bought a hundred head of yearling steers in Oregon, putting a brand "P" on the hip, and those I ran until they were matured, prices had declined and the losses were heavy, and I barely got enough out of them to pay Mr. Sullivan his money back. And in my regrets to him that we had not made any money out of the deal, he said he felt very fortunate with the result, as if he hadn't given me the money to get those cattle, he would have lost it all in the France bank failure at Rawlins.

Later on I agreed to buy for the Kiowa Cattle Company of Cheyenne two thousand head of young steers on a commission of one dollar per head for my trouble, and they were to receive them wherever bought and pass on them, and I was to be responsible for one-half the loss in transit. I bought near Caldwell, Idaho, fourteen hundred head of such cattle and later on delivered six hundred more from another herd, making the delivery very satisfactory to Mr. Sturgis, who was the President of the Stockgrowers National Bank and interested in those cattle.

While at Caldwell, Idaho, Ben Haywood called on me and said that he had an option to buy six thousand head of cattle, two thousand head of mixed yearlings, two thousand head of mixed two year olds, and two thousand head of cows, each cow to have a calf by her side, the price to be fifteen, twenty and twenty-eight dollars per head. He said he was employed on the Overfelt Ranch as foreman, didn't have the time to handle this option, spent all his money the year before trying to sell the Dr. Glenn estate, ranch and cattle, in England, but in this case if I bought them he would not sacrifice the forfeit which I would have to pay, ten thousand dollars, that he would make good at some future

time. He wanted to be my partner in the deal, dividing profits and losses and described the cattle as very superior and that the man was on his way in then from the Harney Valley country where the cattle were located and was going to Cheyenne to find a buyer for those cattle, and that his option to buy would expire upon the arrival of the train at Ontario, Oregon, the next evening, and while he had no written contract, he felt the man's word was perfectly good until that time, and we must act quickly, as there was lots of money in the deal. I went with him the next morning to Ontario, and during the day the owner of those cattle, Pete French, rode into town on horseback, and I was introduced to him, and we talked the trade over, had some private consultation with my man Haywood, as partners should do, but it developed later that he was to receive a dollar a head commission to find a buyer for those cattle, and that he was working on both sides of the deal, to my disadvantage and without my knowledge. The result was I closed up the deal, had Fred Kiesel of Ogden, who had a branch store there, draw up the contract covering those cattle, and in order to complete it, we had to hold a passenger train five minutes so that I might get on and go to Cheyenne to find a purchaser for those cattle because they had to be sold, as we were buying them on speculation.

Haywood promised me that he would try to find some buyers, and said to me that whatever I did in the shape of having to take some others in to assist me in handling of these would be all right, simply that I divide with him whatever I made. I didn't have quite money enough at my bank in Laramie to ~~get~~ meet my ten thousand dollar check that I had to give as a forfeit, and I wired Mr. Hailey to meet me at the train at Laramie as I passed through to Cheyenne, told him what I

had done, asked him to see that my check was protected and come over to Cheyenne and help me in finding a buyer for those cattle. I found at Cheyenne cattle business had taken quite a slump and the demand was not so great and I feared being unable to carry the deal through without help, and I arranged with Mr. Hailey and Mr. Sturgis (President of the stockgrowers Bank) to aid me and furnish the money to carry the deal through. The agreement was that I was to give them one-half of my profits I made, in consideration of their furnishing the money. I was also agreed that any cattle that I couldn't sell at a profit that they take off my hands at cost. Of course I represented the cattle as they were represented to me by my supposed partner, as being very superior. I regret to say that they were not anywhere near as represented, and hence, at the final windup, having eight hundred and fifty cows and calves left, I wrote those men that the cattle were not as they had been represented, therefore, I did not think they should take them, and I would try and handle them myself and divide with them, which I did, any profits that I had made up to that point, which was about $3200.00.

I found that these 850 cows I had left were rather aged and rather than have any litigation and trouble, I received them and sold a half interest in them at cost to Aaron Farr of Logan, Utah, who had several hundred tons of hay, and sufficient, he thought to feed all these cows and calves during the winter, and hay was to be put in at $2.50 a ton. I was to carry the financial end of the cattle, he was to superintend the management and feeding and we were to divide profits and losses. Those cattle were shipped from Ontario, Oregon, to McCammon, Idaho, and from there driven to Logan. They were range cattle; never having

been fed, they didn't take kindly to hay. They were being held in the fields close to Bear River. Many foot passengers passing through those fields, cattle only having seen men on horseback, they would run through the wire fences and swim Bear River to get away.

The following spring cattle were on the decline and we sold the yearlings to the Chapmans of Evanston. The cows we turned out on the open range, and later in the summer I succeeded in finding a buyer for those at $25.00 per head for each cow and $5.00 a head for each calf. I sold them to a Mr. Brenner of Red Rock, Montana. B. P. Shelby built me a stock yard over the line in Idaho so that I might load those cattle more conveniently, and had them make me a rate of twenty dollars a car. At that time the road was narrow gauge and was known as the Utah Northern. I demanded from Brenner a five thousand dollar forfeit but he seemed to think that I was under as much obligation to put up a forfeit to him to fulfil the contract as he was to me, and as he seemed to regret buying those cattle, and I feared he would destroy the partially made contract, I wouldn't insist on the five thousand dollars, but we would put in a dollar to bind the trade. I shipped those cattle in fifty cars at a cost of a thousand dollars and counted them to Mr. Brenner from the cars, and he paid me for them according to agreement. The expense of handling those cows and calves, together with the first cost, left no margin of profit. After I had made my arrangement with Hailey and Sturgis at Cheyenne, I wrote Haywood the deal I had made, which he said was perfectly satisfactory as long as I divided with him my profits.

Later on towards spring when the cows were dying I wrote Haywood and told him of the conditions, and that he should put up some money

as a guarantee that he would make his half of the losses good, as it seemed we might suffer considerable loss, and after he had done so, I would make a full statement of the transaction to date. He wrote back and said he wanted nothing to do with the unsold cattle, that Hailey and Sturgis should have taken those, all he wanted was his part of the profits on any cattle that were sold. Later on I met the President of this company, Mr. Mason of Nevada, who told me that Haywood received from French a dollar per head as commission for finding a buyer for those cattle, and said to me: "Kinney, don't you pay him a dam cent, he deceived you by withholding from you information to which you are entitled and misrepresenting the cattle as he did."

Later on I was in Ontario, Oregon, and as I was about to get on the train, the Sheriff of Baker County, who was on the train, served papers on me in a suit in favor of Haywood for $1500.00. I went to Rawlins, consulted Judge Brown of Laramie, and he drew up an answer to the complaint, and that I took to Baker City, Oregon, and employed an attorney there by the name of Israel. Haywood had an attorney at Baker City who was afterwards elected Judge in that County, and therefore, was incapable of trying the case. In the meantime my attorney had shot and killed a prominent Jew of that city, and was incarcerated in jail and held there without bail, and when I needed any information as to my case, I was obliged to go to jail to see my attorney, which I told him was reversing the case, as usually the attorney had to go to jail to see the client, while in this case the client went to jail to see the attorney.

I was there during the trial of my attorney, for twenty days. He was finally acquitted. He seemed to have all the legal talent from

Portland to Salt Lake. They seemed to exhaust the whole County to procure a jury. I recall meeting an old acquaintance who was summoned on the jury and I asked him if he was going to serve and he said no, he wasn't in favor of capital punishment for anything except horse stealing. It appeared that they had considerable trouble with horse theives, and I recall a case that occurred where they followed a shipment to St. Louis and found a horse and brought him back to Baker City at considerable expense, and had the man who stole him. While there wasn't any doubt about the horse being stolen and this party stealing him, yet on a technicality of drawing up the indictment, in using the word "horse" instead of gelding, the indictment was found faulty and the man was discharged. After this horse case was over, I hoped my case would come on for trial, but I found it had been transferred from that court to The Dalles Oregon, and that court wouldn't convene for several months, and after being there with my witnesses for over three weeks, I was obliged to return home without a trial. At the convening of court at The Dalles, I attended and found again that my case had been put over until the next term. I went to the Judge and told him of my case and said that I was anxious to have the case tried, if I owed this man anything I wanted to pay him, and if I didn't, I didn't want to be further annoyed. I supposed I had an attorney in the case but he didn't put in his appearance. I was told by the Judge I must have an attorney, and I was referred to Mr. Mays, who examined the papers and thought it was the height of wisdom to let the case go over, that my papers were faulty and needed correction.

I returned to Salt Lake, met Haywood, who proposed arbitration, to which I was willing, provided we could agree on the arbitrators.

It was proposed that we would each select a man and those two men select a third; I said "No, I must know all three men before I agree to it" as Mr. Hailey and I at one time had a train of cattle bought from Mr. Swan up on Green River, over which there was some dispute over the price of some stags. We left it to three arbitrators and we found that we were sold out and lost at least three thousand dollars that we might have made. However, we agreed upon three men and had papers drawn up by an attorney that we would abide by the decision of those arbitrators, and it seems that the arbitration was to take place within six months. The case was to be withdrawn from the courts, six months passed, the arbitrators never met, and the case ended by default of the meeting. I felt satisfied that I had a good case as no man can honorably and legally act on both sides of any deal without the knowledge of the parties interested. He cannot, in other words, work for two masters.

I recall my first shipment of seven carloads of cattle to Chicago loaded at Bitter Creek, Wyoming; stopped to feed at Laramie, and sold the cattle to Ora Hoiley. He gave me a check for $500 and an order on the commission house in Chicago for the balance at the rate of $40.00 per head at Bitter Creek, he paying all expenses. He induced me to go on with the cattle, which I did. I told him of a bunch of cattle which he could buy from Blair at Rock Springs, and he said: "I will go and buy them and we will divide profits and losses," and that was my first connection with Hailey, which was ever after very pleasant and satisfactory

I regret to say at this writing Mr. Hailey has passed away within the last few months.

I continued in the cattle business, but during the winter of '89 and '90 we had a very severe winter and I think my losses during that

winter and spring were fully three thousand head of cattle. The summer of 1889 I branded 800 calves from my cows. The following summer I branded 200, and nearly a half of those were motherless, the cows having died in the early spring. That nearly ruined me. The previous two years cattle had been declining in price, and I was holding my steers over simply because my banker gave me too much credit, which at that time was an injury to me, but I am pleased to say it was not always the case. Some of those steers got rough and horsey, the range was bad and they didn't get fat. I sold most of those steers for less money than I paid for them in Oregon two years before. Mr. Hailey and I decided that we would gather up some of his steers and some of mine and take them to Fort Collins, Colorado, and feed them alfalfa hay during the winter and get them fat and market them in Denver. After investigating the matter, I decided there was nothing in it. I returned to Laramie from Fort Collins and so reported to Mr. Hailey.

I had a letter from my store manager at Rock Springs telling me of 16,000 sheep being for sale near Rock Springs and thought I ought to investigate them. I cameback. I did investigate, and I got Johnny McCrady to give me his judgment of them, with the result that I bought the sheep and paid $20,000.00 cash and gave the owner, a Mr. Fisher from Omaha notes and a mortgage on the sheep. My friend and partner in merchandising, Joe Young, after he came along and saw my sheep, tried to get Fisher not to take a mortgage but accept his indorsement on my note, and that he would go to Green River and get Sam Matthews's endorsement, and said to me, which I have never forgotten: "Tim, I would rather you would mortgage the store than mortgage those sheep

or anything else you have got, I wouldn't want the Edward's or anybody else to know that you would have to mortgage anything," but Fisher, while he wanted that kind of indorsement in the first place, for some reason preferred the mortgage, which was all right with me, and I paid it off before it was due.

My sheep went fairly well and I nearly lived with them all winter. Quite often I saw every band I had each day, and slept in the tent nights with the herders. Our sheep camps were composed of a tent and a sheet-iron stove. I sheared my sheep at Point of Rocks the following spring--my losses were found to be very light. They averaged about nine pounds of wool each, and I sold the clip to Jack Edwards, who was speculating, for 16½¢ a pound, loaded on the cars at that station.

I recall an instance where a bunch of my sheep broke through the ice near Point of Rocks in Bitter Creek, and while I happened to be present and pulled out twelve head not able to stand and apparently breathing their last, I built a big sage brush fire, pulled those sheep close as I could to it, turning them around and getting them warm through, and the result was they all got up and went to the band and were saved.

After shearing I moved my sheep to the lambing grounds at the Seven Lakes, which was then a virgin territory for sheep, to the disgust of my cattle neighbor, Mr. Barrett of Green River, who previous to that was my warm friend, but a bitter enemy ever after. I had the largest percentage of lambs that year that I ever got, which was an average of 95 per cent. of everything in the bands.

It was predicted by some "crank" named Foster that the coming winter was to be destructive of all animals on the range, and I was advised to see that I sold all of my sheep, otherwise I would be ruined. I disliked to do this, so instead, bought of Tom Davenport

several hundred tons of hay on Willow Creek in Brown's Park, and moved seven thousand lambs there to be fed for the winter, leaving a few bums in the herds which were not considered worth feeding. Those bums proved to be good sheep the next summer, while those taken and fed got a fearful dose of the scab, lost nearly all their wool, a great many of them got drowned in the creek, and taking it altogether, moving to the feed ground and returning to Point of Rocks, losing them by stray and by wild animals, the losses were very severe. However, I was getting experience, which was quite expensive.

I bought some sheep in 1892. On account of the panic of '93 and the tariff being taken off of wool, I consigned my wool clip to a commission house in Philadelphia and another commission house in Boston, receiving in advance seven cents a pound. The Boston house had to have another carload of wool the next year to make up for the shortage, as the wool I consigned to them did not bring but seven cents net.

I decided to feed a lot of sheep, and I arranged in Nebraska with a feed yard and fed thirteen thousand ewes, lambs and big wethers. While hay and feed were cheap, so were sheep and so was mutton, the result was that out of my thirteen thousand sheep, after feeding and expenses were paid, I got sixteen thousand dollars net. However, I continued, and next year I got eleven cents for my wool. I drove a lot of sheep over into Routt County, Colorado.

Later on I was offered late in the fall of the year eighteen cents per pound for my clip for the following year. I refused to speculate and didn't accept the offer. During the following June while shearing the best offer I could get was fourteen cents, which I refused. I shipped twenty-six carloads, 600,000 lbs. to Hecht-Liebman

& Company, Boston, and drew $75,000.00 against them, and when the wool was sold and final returns made, it netted me eleven cents per pound, or a loss of $42,000.00 less then I was offered.

Previous to that time I went east and purchased seven hundred black-faced bucks in Michigan and Indiana, and brought them to Bitter Creek in seven single deck cars. In passing through Nebraska on my way out I found it convenient to put in temporary decks and load those decks with about sixty tons of cheap corn and other grain, believing that I had a right to do so, as I was paying the freight on the cars. Later on the Railroad Company started inquiring as to my corn purchases, etc., with a view of making me pay freight on this grain. I am glad to say that they were not successful in finding the source of my purchases so that this shipment of corn, etc. which I purchased at thirty cents a hundred in Nebraska came in very good in feeding my bucks.

On Christmas Eve I went out from Bitter Creek on horseback to Black Rock to meet my sheep outfit and give them some instructions before I left for Salt Lake, which I intended to do that night so as to be with my children at St. Mary's Academy for Christmas. On my way back to the station it snowed so hard that I lost my way, and about ten o'clock I felt satisfied that I was lost and decided to camp until daylight. Then the question was to find a good sage brush patch so that I might build a fire and be as comfortable as I could under the circumstances. I traveled about two hours in a complete circle in a grease-wood flat, unable to find any sage brush. My horse was about given out, and I got off and went into camp without a fire. I was warmly clothed and didn't suffer much, but it was a long night. At daylight I started and found, by my tracks, I had made four circles of my camp. I could not locate myself for sometime as I was in a

different place to what I expected. I finally discovered some land marks or mountains in the distance that guided me in the right direction. I was very sparing with my horse lest he give out, and I lead him considerably, and finally reached Bitter Creek station about dark, caught a freight train for Rock Springs, got my town clothes, and took the morning train for Salt Lake.

I decided to move my base of operations to western Wyoming near Cokeville, and I moved twenty-two bands of sheep in the spring of the year of 1890. I had McLaughlin pilot me there. We built a sheep bridge across Green River near the Big Island, and after the sheep were crossed and on the way to Cokeville, I pulled out in my buckboard for Opal, but instead of landing at Opal, I landed at Granger.

I sheared near Cokeville that summer 75,000 sheep, and I raised about 40,000 lambs. I had previously leased from the State of Wyoming about twenty sections of school land, running from Cokeville to Smoot, a distance of sixty miles, taking a strip of ten townships with two school sections in each township. In addition to that, I leased a twelve mile strip about half a mile wide on Smith's Fork. Those lands gave me rights there that were very valuable, as that territory was pretty well occupied by sheep belonging to Mormons from Utah, and I had considerable difficulty in making them respect my rights, as they resented my coming an adjoining County and encroaching on what they considered their birthright. I was badly hated by these sheep owners that they did me considerable damage and many threatened to do me bodily injury.

After lambing and shearing and shipping my wool, and sending my sheep into the Forest Reserve. I got up an outfit of two covered

heavy spring wagons, having three seats each, a commissary wagon and sheepcamp wagons. Those sheepcamp wagons are very comfortably fitted up with an extension side over the wheels, making the width six feet having a very comfortable bed in the back end, a nice cook stove in front, having all conveniences for cooking, and those sheepcamps we took especially for the women to sleep in at nights. I had my own four children, Dr. Reed and wife, two sons and his stenographer, Sheridan and wife, manager of my store at Rock Springs, a lady friend of my daughter from the Academy in Salt Lake, had a driver for one of the sheep wagons, my son Joe drove the other; our colored cook drove the commissary wagon, and we had a dishwasher who drove the loose saddle horses; we had fifteen horses and sixteen people in the party, and we left Cokeville for the Yellowstone National Park, camping on the way and fishing, and we had a very pleasant trip, returning to Cokeville after six weeks outing.

I had so much trouble with my sheep during the spring and summer that I decided to sell out and get out of the business, believing that I had money enough to quit. I bought from some of my neighbors quite a few wethers, so that in the fall, after the sheep had come down from the mountains, I started to sell out, and sold 108,000 sheep and lambs retaining 15,000 nice black-faced yearling ewes. Many of those sheep I sold on time, preferring to have interest than having the money laying dormant. I regret to say that some of that is still unpaid.

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In telling my sheep story I find I have overlooked some very important and interesting matters while running my sheep south of Rawlins. I started with about fifteen bands for Roaring Fork above

Slater, in Colorado. In trying to cross Snake River the Sheep Inspector quarantined me for scab, and I was obliged to lamb and shear on Nigger Joe, Savory, Cow Gulch and Loco Gulch. I built shearing pens at the head of Loco , also dipping works and corrals, for that purpose, built a cabin there, developed a coal mine for fuel purposes for heating my dip, made a contract with young Kuy Kendall, who had several four horse teams, to haul my wool from that point to Rawlins, but he failedto finish the job, and I was obliged to hire teams and use a few of my own. It was the middle of August before I got the wool to Rawlins. During the time I took my son Joe out of All Hollows College at Salt Lake, I wanted to teach him the value of a dollar, and I made him move a sheep camp for the year, sleep with the Mexican herders, cook for them, and all such work as falls to a campmover. I am pleased to say he did it all very successfully.

I started him to Chicago with Jimmie Brabazon with a train of sheep, which they delivered there very satisfactorily, and from there Joe went on to Notre Dame University to school. After Joe had graduated as an attorney-at-law from the University and was practicing law in Chicago in a small way, I was in Chicago with a band of ten thousand two year old wethers, and Joe was staying with me at my hotel, and was also with me at the stock yards. His friend and school mate, Mitchell who was and is now a very successful bond salesman in Chicago, said to me: "Mr. Kinney, Joe is built as independent as you are, and he would not accept anything from you or anybody else, and if you want to help Joe, put him in the way of helping himself, and he will make good."

I thought the matter out. I figured out a deal of seven thousand ewes, bucks, horses, wagons, sheepcamps, wages and provisions, all

~~ari~~ amounting to a nice sum, and I said: "Joe, how would you like to go into the sheep business?" He, in rather an independent careless way said he knew nothing about sheep and had no money anyway. I said: "I know you understand something about sheep because I made you move camp for a year, besides that, I sometimes loan money to people on sheep and know of no reason why I shouldn't loan you some; now here is the proposition I have figured out, here are the figures and the prices, I am going to turn over to you this outfit of mine, I am going to charge you six per cent. on this investment, and at the end of a year, I want you to show me a profit of ten thousand dollars." He demurred and said it couldn't be done. I said: "It can be done and you can do it and I want you to do it." He finally consented to try it but that he couldn't go out for some little time as he had some unfinished business there.

After I got home to Rock Springs, I directed my foreman, John McKee, to cut out for Joe 7,000 ewes, also horses, camps and herders, and to give him certain men to help him. Johnny McKee was a very warm friend of Joe's, and it is needless to say he got the best sheep in the flocks. Joe soon came out and took charge of his outfit, and was very successfully running it, and at the end of a year, I took an inventory of the business and found that he had seventeen thousand dollars to the good, with a pretty good taste in his mouth and made him feel that he did know something about sheep.

Later on I took Joe's sheep in with mine, intending to make a corporation, incorporate for $500,000 taking $300,000 myself, giving Joe $150,000 and McKee $50,000. After some time I wasn't quite satisfied with the way the sheep were handled, and I reduced my holdings and turned over the remnant to Joe, taking his note for $80,000 at

six per cent. interest for my interest, which, I am pleased to say, he paid off promptly and has since handled the business most successfully. I also turned over to him all my school lands, forest reserve rights, and later I made him a present of my Cokeville ranch of over a thousand acres, most all of which was producing alfalfa. He now owns about forty thousand sheep and lambs.

Before closing on this sheep business, I wish to mention that my old foreman Johnny McKee, who was with me for eighteen years and served me faithfully, and while he had some little faults over which we will throw the cloak of charity, he handled, during his service with me, hundreds and hundreds of dollars, having the payment of all my men and supplies and my camps, and I feel safe in saying that a dollar of my money never stuck to his fingers dishonestly.

That winter, following the trip to the Yellowstone National Park, accompanied by my oldest daughter, Dorothy, I attended the National Live Stock Convention at Ft. Worth, Texas. My daughter was appointed as delegate with myself, and her picture was produced as delegate to that Convention on the report of the proceedings for that year, and after the Convention adjourned, the delegates arranged for a special train for a trip through Texas. We traveled days and laid up nights at the principal cities. There was only one sleeper on the train, which was occupied to its full capacity, for the whole trip, the balance of the passengers going to hotels. We had along a splendid band of music belonging to Denver and they enlivened the trip at the various towns at which we stopped. We were accorded receptions at many of the places. I remember at Galveston there was a great clam bake, with lots of good beer to wash the clams down.

During this trip an agent of the New York Life, named Campbell, accompanied us and induced me to have my life insured for a hundred thousand dollars on a twenty year endowment plan. My plan was to provide an annuity for my children in case of death. The premium amounted to $5,535.00 per year, which I faithfully paid for twenty years, and I am pleased to say that I lived to collect, which I have done in the last few months, the sum of ninety thousand dollars from the proceeds of this insurance policy.

During my sheep operations I usually traveled to and fro in my buckboard carrying my bed and some provisions, camping wherever night overtook me, and hobbling my horses and turning them out on the range, cooking my meals, sometimes setting up a small tent if the weather was stormy, and enjoying my work.

During this time a law was passed by the State of Wyoming authorizing appointment by the Governor of the State of three Sheep Commissioners. I was appointed as one by Governor Richards, and in connection with Dr. Wilson and Mr. Delfelder, in which capacity we acted for about ten years. At that time nearly all, if not all, of the sheep of the state were affected with scab, and we, in connection with the United States Bureau of Animal Industry, set to work to clean up this scab, which I am pleased to say we did after a few years. The Bureau of Animal Industry did a great work all over the United States on connection with the various State Veterinarians and Commissioners, and placed the sheep industry on a very solid and paying basis. Since then the Canadian sheep tick has become a great pest.

During the scabby period lime and sulphur dips were found to be the most valuable. Many other dips were used, including nicotine and black leaf, and are being used yet in the eradication of this sheep

tick. While it doesn't destroy the wool as the scab does, it is a good deal like vermin on a human being. It keeps the sheep busy scratching and those ticks suck the blood, causing the sheep to get very poor.

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About 1882 or '3, a neighbor and friend of mine, Ed Rife, whom I regret to say has gone to his reward four years ago, came to me saying he had an option to buy two thousand head of cattle from Hatch Bros. of Heber, the cattle being located on the Blue Mountains of Colorado, near Ashley, Utah, and he could buy those cattle at $20.50 per head and believed there could be some money made by buying and selling them, but that he was financially unable to handle them, and if I would join him and handle the financial end and find a buyer for them, we would jointly share in the profits, which looked promising. I was at that time receiving a hundred head of yearling cattle from Jimmie Reed from Brown's Park, Utah; the hair being long on these yearlings, we were unable to see the original brands on them, but Reed believed they all belonged to him. I placed my brand on the animals, and during the summer, when those cattle shed their long hair, we discovered that we had branded six head belonging to Scrivner Bros. We, like all honest cattle men, refunded the money and Scrivner got the cattle.

I joined Mr. Rife. We swam our horses across Green River in Brown's Park and we crossed on a row boat. After crossing, we went to Burtons on lower Green River near Ashley, there we swam our horses again across the river, taking our saddles and pack outfits on a row boat. There was a terrible freshet and the river was banked high. I must confess I felt very much alarmed. We reached the Hatch cabins on Blue Mountains, and with Heath Hatch, rode the range for two days

looking over the cattle, which we agreed to buy, and made a contract covering the sale and delivery, which cattle were to be delivered at what was known as the Lower Crossing of Bear River. The cattle were to be classified as so many of each class; after classification, if we so desired it, the cattle were to be counted, the number ascertained and then were to be forced into the river and crossed, all having to swim. It was expected that it would be impossible to cross some of them, and it was stated that such numbers as were unable to cross should be deducted from the whole number, and the balance was to be paid for at the rate agreed on, of $20.50 per head. I gave them my check on the First National Bank of Laramie for four thousand dollars as a forfeit if I failed to carry out the contract. I had only two thousand dollars in the bank to meet this check, but my credit being fairly good, gave the bank my note for the other two thousand. I went on to Cheyenne immediately, thereto find a buyer or else lose my four thousand dollars.

I called on Mr. Hicks, President of the First National Bank. He introduced me to Mr. Henry Blair of Chicago, who was running a big cattle outfit on the Powder River in northern Wyoming. I negotiated the sale of our cattle to him at $24.50 per head, and in my anxiety to sell them, I was inclined to make a contract, and agreed to deliver the cattle on the north side of Bear River, while I had agreed to receive them on the south side, which caused me considerable worry afterwards. I got my four thousand dollars forfeiture from Mr. Blair and returned home. When the time of delivery came, which was understood at a fixed time, I joined Mr. Rife and Louis Allen and Ira Burton, and we joined the Hatch outfit in the gathering and moving of those cattle to the point of delivery.

After the cattle started on the trail I went ahead so as to meet Mr. Blair, who was on the way to receive the cattle, and I went as far as Baggs, Wyoming, and I found that he took another road to the point of delivery. There I met with Jack Edwards, an old friend of mine, and we rode to the lower crossing of Bear River, and there met Mr. Blair with his outfit and cowboys, also my partner, Ed Rife. We took the hay rack, which was there on the edge of the river, and added a lot of timber and logs to it, tied those with ropes and wires and pushed it into the river. We placed our sadles on this raft, forced our horses to swim across, and Mr. Blair, his foreman, Jack Edwards, Ed Rife, and myself got on the raft and rafted across the stream. It of course floated down quite a little distance before we landed. We caught up our horses and proceeded down to meet the cattle and herders. The next day we arrived at the point of delivery, and the Hatches refused, after the cattle were counted, to put them in the river or try to cross them until they were paid the amount due, which balance was thirty-two thousand and five hundred dollars. While Mr. Blair was not obliged to advance this money, I fully expected he would do so, but he was scared of a possible loss in the swimming of the cattle across the river, and he refused to advance or pay for the cattle until he had received them on the other side. I was in rather a tight place, not having $32,500.00 nor any other great number of dollars to my credit in the bank, and the cattle having advanced in price since I bought them, the Hatches would be more than pleased of any act on my part that would cause them to disregard the contract. Blair, on the other hand, would hold me responsible if I failed to deliver to him the cattle, so that I was "between the devil and the

deep sea," and I wished I had never had anything to do with the deal.

I consulted with my partner, Mr. Rife, and all I could get out of Ed was "do whatever you think best." "Well," I said, "I am here away from communication with my bank; I have the property here to deliver and after the delivery I hope to get a check for them, and I also hope that I can get it in to my credit before the check, which I am now about to give, reaches my bank," and I sat down on the bank of the river and gave Hatch my check for $32,500.00 on the First National Bank of Laramie, where I had only two thousand dollars to my credit. I decided if the worst came to worst, and I was unable to reach there to protect my check, that I would reach my bank in time to protect it by any security which I could give. After I had delivered the check to Hatch, it was then nearly night, and with great difficulty we started to cross those cattle, Blair in the meantime having crossed back to his side of the river with his cow boys, who were holding those cattle as they swam across.

I think it was fully ten o'clock at night before we completed the job, and during that time it rained and stormed and lightened so that we could see the cattle in the dark by the lightening, and we managed to get all over except about six head of grown cattle and twenty calves. The cows and calves being separated, they were very hard to hold on the other side and were continually breaking back. Next morning we did manage to get those calves and the balance of six head over, and Mr. Blair with his outfit, started those cattle for the Hailey Ranch on Lay Creek.

Ed Rife, Ira Burton, Louis Allen and I got our horses and pack outfits and went down the river for about a mile to where our raft was located, the raft having been crossed and re-crossed with the,

current, drifting that far down the river. We loaded our bedding and saddles on the raft and they placed me on top to hold it down, and they, with sticks, using them as paddles, started to cross the river. The raft was actually under the water so that we were standing knee deep in water, and in the middle of the stream we encountered some rocks that threatened to tear our raft to pieces. We drifted down stream some distance, having previously swam our horses across, and finally made a landing. Not being a swimmer, I was certainly scared pretty badly, and Ed Rife said afterwards, knowing that I couldn't swim that if the worst came to the worst he intended to hit me with his club and knock me senseless and drag me ashore, otherwise I would drown him and myself both, if he undertook to take me over. Ed Rife said: "Tim, what were you doing while we were working so hard?" I said: "I was praying," and Ed said: "Well, if we were all praying, we would be there yet," or words to that effect. We got into an eddy and the thing began to drift outwards, and Burton jumped into the water waistdeep, grabbed the rope and swung us ashore. We caught up our horses, and got the water out of our boots and wrung out our wet clothes, and saddled up and caught up with the herd about ten o'clock at night.

There were two horses tied up for Ed and I to go on night herd, which we did, and both of us rode around that 1850 head of cattle, together with about 500 calves, all night long. It was hard work holding them together. The next day the cattle were taken to the Hailey ranch on Lay Creek, there to be branded and counted and classified, which took two or three days. We hired several cowboys to help to hold those cattle and night herd them until we could turn them over to the possession of Mr. Blair. After the cattle were turned over and

the final count made, and I got a check from Mr. Blair for $37,500.00. I was so exhausted that I laid down on a straw tick in an out-house and was dead to the world for several hours.

Soon after daylight, in company with Ed Rife and Louis Allen we rode towards Baggs, where we stayed over night, I being anxious to get into Laramie with my check so that I might get credit for it before the check came that Hatch had, reached there. The next morning Rife and Allen started down Snake River towards their homes in Brown's Park while I started for my ranch by way of Powder Springs. This was on the third of July. I took some crackers and cheese but having no water to drink, I dared not eat them, and about six o'clock in the evening I reached the Cedars not far from Powder Springs, a dog having followed me had given out long before. My horses were about exhausted and we rested in the cedars in the shade, and then started on the road which I had never been over, but I heard there was a spring somewhere along the road. I traveled a short time when the horse that I was leading began to forge ahead, and I was satisfied that he had smelled water, which we soon found, and drank our fill of this Powder Springs water, which has a powder taste, from which it derives its name. After myself and my horses drank our fill, I had some of my crackers and cheese, and continued on the road, where I could see Pine Butte which was within a couple of miles of my cabin. I decided if I could continue on I could reach there by daylight and get to Bitter Creek by noon the next day. I traveled until dark, and fearing getting lost in the bad lands on Alkali Creek, decided to camp. I found a good grassy place, picketed my horses, laid my head on my saddle, covered myself with my overcoat, and took a much needed sleep. Before daylight I got cold and woke up suddenly from what

seemed to be a dream that I was on night herd and that the cattle were getting away. I built a sage brush fire, and after warming up pretty thoroughly, took another snooze until daylight, and I started for my ranch, which I reached about ten o'clock on the Fourth of July.

I found two of my boys there were saddled up and were going out to gather calves to brand. I said: "Boys, this is the Fourth of July, take a lay-off and cook me something to eat, I am hungry, and catch me up Johnny-Jump-Up, ( a horse that would always come home) so that I may ride him to Bitter Creek and turn him loose." They did so. I reached Bitter Creek that evening, and found all trains abandoned on the Fourth of July, and I was obliged to wait for a train to Rock Springs until next morning. After getting some clean clothes at home, I took the first train for Laramie, and was pleased to find that my check hadn't yet reached there. I divided the profits of the deal with Ed Rife, which amounted to twenty-four hundred dollars each. I believe we earned every dollar of it.

In the spring of 1905 I went to Portland, Oregon with my daughter Dorothy to visit my daughter Mary (Mrs. Dougherty) and while there met a Utah & Wyoming sheep buyer named Yates, and through meeting him and getting some information as to prices, etc. of sheep, I had him go out to Shaniko, Oregon, to look the sheep situation over, and let me know. Through that meeting I purchased fifty thousand head of sheep from various growers in that surrounding country, including Hepner, John Day, Mitchell, Muddy and many other places, also about two thousand head of bucks. I sold to Graves and Steadman of Shelton, Nebraska, nearly all the wethers in my purchases and shipped the ewes to Cokeville, Wyoming, where I sold several of them to parties from Casper. The prices paid at that time for very good heavy-shearing Merino yearlings,

mixed, after shearing, were about $2.25 per head. When I went to Portland, I had no thought of buying sheep, but when I saw the sheep buyer I got the fever.

Next year I had Tom Boylin buy for me in Oregon twenty thousand head of mixed yearlings at about $2.25 a head after shearing. My large sheep interests at home in Wyoming prevented me from going to Oregon to receive those sheep, and I sold them to Hailey and Saunders.

In 1908 I arranged, before going to Europe, that S. H. Graves of Shelton, Nebraska, go to Oregon and buy sheep for us jointly. We bought about twenty-six thousand head of mixed yearlings which were shipped to Cokeville, Wyoming, and thrown on my range up towards Star Valley, where they were summered. The following winter was very severe and we lost quite a large percentage. We fed about fifteen thousand head in Schuyler, Nebr., fattened them and sheared them there, shipping them to market. We divided what was left and divided up our partnership in the fall, after losing twelve to fifteen thousand dollars each.

I became interested in sheep at American Falls, Idaho, with T. I. Richardson. I furnished the money and he took care of them. We had as high as twenty-five thousand head at one time. After about two years we closed out the bulk of them and made a very satisfactory cleanup. I also became interested during my sheep dealings in about fifteen thousand head of sheep near Boise, Idaho, with Wyman & Hurt. After about two years we disposed of them, but they did not show any great amount of profit.

My first venture in the business was one-half of a thousand head with Harry Joyce, one of the best men that ever lived. We bought these sheep of Kehoe Bros. who drove them from Los Angeles, Calif.

Those sheep sheared an average of twelve pounds. After two years I sold my interest to Ed Rife and Charlie Gosling. In the meantime we bought an additional thousand head from Kehoe Bros. as they were passing through from Los Angeles to Laramie.

Pete Olsen of Cokeville, Wyoming, bought for me several bands of sheep, and expressed a wish that he might become interested. I said: "Pete, buy you a band of sheep and I will finance you for half of it, and we will run them together. He did so, and he looked after them for about two years. I then sold my half interest to Pete's half brother Lige Christensen, taking his notes, which he paid promptly within a reasonable time. Both of these men are now quite wealthy.

I also sold a half interest in fifteen hundred ewes to Anton Quadros, a Portuguese, who herded for me for three or four years previous. He had no money but I was satisfied he would make good. He looked after the sheep, and a few years after I sold my interest in his outfit to Dominic Etcheverry and John N. Chauspe, two French bascos, for $17,000.00 taking their notes in payment, and they paid up in full and made good, and these three last mentioned are worth today from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each. They are hard working fellows, understood the business thoroughly, and I am glad to say that they have been successful.

As to T. I. Richardson of American Falls, Idaho, in the sale of my lambs I sold Richardson the culls at $1.50 per head, and as I cut them out from the various heads, I took them into a holding herd until all were sorted up. He found the number to be 3500 head, and then he said for the first time, "I haven't got any money." He was a stranger to me having never met him before, but he pleaded so hard that he had

the hay to take care of them on his ranch that he would be sure to pull through to a good advantage, and be sure to pay me, that I just let him have them, and he would also give me any security on his ranch and cattle. I had to give him a pack horse and some provisions to take him to Montpelier, where he shipped those lambs to American Falls, and later I shipped him some more from Green River, Wyoming. He made good on feeding, shipping his lambs to market the next spring, and paid up in the fall. Later he came to me asking me to finance him for some cattle at American Falls also a ranch. I told him no, but if he bought some sheep I would finance him. In a few days he was down to see me, saying he had a small band of sheep. I went up to American Falls with him and paid for them for him. While there I bought ten thousand head of young ewes from Hailey and Saunders. Those I wintered up there and summered near Soda Springs, Idaho, bringing them to Wyoming later. I financed Richardson to the extent of fifty thousand dollars later, and I became a partner of his in several thousand sheep; Tommy being a good little worker and we both prospered. Tommy is now merchandising at Inkom, near McCammon, Idaho.

In February 1905 I organized the Newcastle Land & Livestock Company, and associated with me Dan Sullivan, W. D. McKeon, Frank Malone, William White, Johnny Lynch, Ed Tierney, and Wm. Nyland, all railroad men; capital $200,000.00. Most of the stockholders contributed in sheep. We purchased some lands on the Cheyenne River near Newcastle, Wyoming. In our organization I was made President of the Company, which position I still hold; Mr. McKeon was made Secretary and Manager, which position he still holds. We acquired lands and made many improvements, all of which now has a value of $100,000.00. We have run as many as forty thousand sheep there. We have at times suffered a considerable reverses through hard winters and otherwise. I own about two-fifths of the stock in the company. Sometimes after the organization the company paid dividends of about ten per cent. and quite often borrowed money at ten per cent. to do it. I left the management entirely with Mr. McKeon and associates. Business didn't seem to prosper later on, and I offered my stock at $40.00 a share and could not sell it. Later I sold my stock to Mr. McKeon at $57.00 per share, then within a year after I took it back, as Mack was unable to pay for it, and he was anxious to have me join him in the management of the company, which I did.

We bought up nearly all of the stock of the Company until at this time each of us own 844 shares of the 2000. Last year that whole country surrounding our ranch became very dry and short of feed so that we moved all of our cattle and sheep over in the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota, where we have leased about four hundred thousand acres of land from the Indians. We have been obliged, by an order of the Indian Department, to fence those lands at an expense of about $250,000.

We had on the range last fall, which we owned, about twenty thousand head of cattle and twenty-two thousand head of sheep and we were arranging for others, about ten thousand cattle. Last winter has been very severe, and I fear our loss is going to be considerable. We shipped in several carloads of oil cake and corn and procured about 4,000 tons of hay. The last report from there was thus far our losses were quite light. We are slso running an Indian Trading Store at Porcupine carrying a stock of about $20,000 worth of goods of the class used on the Indian Reservation.

As to my business career, about 1883, Bussey and Gagan, both formerly clerks in the store of Beckwith Quinn & Co. having about two years before established a small store of miners' supplies, wanted to dissolve their partnership. They seemed to have agreed that either partner would sell to the other's representative on a certain basis. Bussey asked me to buy Gagan's interest and join him, which I did. The net worth of the whole property was $17,000 one-half of which I took over. The basis was the goods were to be inventoried at cost, the fixtures also at cost, and book accounts at their face value, no deduction or discount whatever, and in addition to that, a bonus of a thousand dollars to the seller.

Bussey looked after the business under the firm name of Bussey and Kinney. We built a brick structure, which is now occupied by the stockgrowers Mercantile Company in Rock Springs, and seem to be doing a very nice business. At the end of about two years I discovered that we were owing about $35,000.00 and that Bussey had no idea that we were owing beyond $20,000.00. I was not satisfied with a business where the Manager had no more knowledge of his affairs than that, and I told Bussey that I wanted to get away from it, that he had a bookkeeper at $150.00 a month, and a wagon load of books, and yet he didn't know how much he owed. Bussey seemed to think that we must have been robbed some way, that it wasn't possible we could be owing that much money. I asked him how much merchandise he thought he had on hand. He thought he had about $25,000.00. I said to him: "You must have at least $35,000.00 or there is something wrong. Now," I said, "you have been discounting your bills, you will be fortunate if you can pay them when they become due; write Paxton & Galigher, Carson Pirie & Scott, and other large creditors and say to them you

may want an extension, and what they will grant." I told Bussey if he could work the merchandise down so he could handle it himself that I would sell my interest to him and give him time to pay for it. One or two parties approached me with a view of buying my interest, but thought they should have a good liberal discount on the whole deal. Bussey always advised that no discount be given as the business was well worth what it inventoried without discount.

During the following spring I was off buying cattle in Utah and Bussey sent me word that he had a buyer for my interest. I went to Rock Springs to meet with him and his buyer. I found he had a very bright shrewd Irishman from Bussey's home town in New York, who was inclined to disparage and ran down the property, and of course make the best bargain that he could. He asked me to remove from our books an itemized list, so far as possible, showing the amount of groceries, dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, etc., and he seemed to want me to give him a lot of information. I said to him: "I know nothing about this business, Bussey has been running it and handling it, he has no object in making you any false statement, he is to be your partner: if you buy me out, get what information you want from him; I am ready to sell this property at what it inventories, and if you buy it you can handle it to suit yourself, it suits me as it now stands, and I won't give you any more information, as I know nothing about the business." He seemed slightly peeved at my stand, went to Bussey's home, where a conference was being held with Mr. Mellor and Mr. Gable and others, and I never saw him afterwards.

Later Mr. Bussey approached me and told me that he wished to make me a proposition, and that also he would rather sell than buy, and proposed that an inventory be taken, the net values arrived at, and

from his half he would discount three thousand dollars, which would be more than twenty per cent., and sell to me on that basis, but if I didn't want to buy his interest he would buy mine on that basis. I said: "Bussey, that is very very fair, I never expected to be a buyer for this, but your proposition is all right, if you will reduce your proposition to writing and give me a week to consider it, as I have given you now nearly a year, we may do business." He returned in a few hours with a statement of his proposition, and after reading it over, I asked him to add a few words, which he did, and I asked him to sign it, which he did, and I handed him two hundred dollars that I happened to have, and told him I would take it.

I really didn't know what to do with it, but I felt they were putting up a job on me and I didn't like to be jobbed. Gagan, the man that I bought out two years before or more, happened to be in town and I asked him if he wouldn't take hold with me. He said he would like to take one-third. I went to Green River, saw Sam Matthews, who kept a hotel and saloon there, asked him to join a third, which he did. I gave to each one-third of the discount of three thousand dollars which Bussey had made. Within two days Bussey sent for me to come to his house, and told me he would rather not sell. I told him I thought from what he said he was very anxious to sell. He said he was sick and should have gone away from business. I said: "Now what is your proposition?" He said "I will take your half without any discount. I said: "Bussey, you and I have been partners for two years and I think we have both been very honest with each other in our dealings up to this time. You have always advised me, when I had a prospective buyer never to sell this property at less than its full face vale, and yet through theinfluence of this man, you ask me to discount

this property over twenty per cent.; now Bussey, I have given my word to do certain things; I have offered two men a third interest each in this store, and if they will release me of my promise, I will let you have it." I told him who they were and he then said: "Suppose they take me in in your place." "That will be perfectly satisfactory to me if they do." He brightened up, put on his coat and we went down town, saw Gagan, who was willing to accept the proposition. Then we went to Green River, all three of us, and saw Sam Matthews who refused, and therefore, I was obliged to take the property over, and the house was under the name of Kinney, Gagan & Matthews, Gagan beingthe Manager, I, being in the cattle business, was out of town nearly all the time and gave the business none of my attention.

Later on we got John Hoyt, who had been for sometime previous a partner of Gagan's at Weiser, Idaho, in merchandising, and also was connected wih the Sebree Mercantile Company of Caldwell, Idaho. I sold Gagan his interest on deferred payments, and from time to time they made payments to me. Hoyt was established as bookkeeper. He was at one time Cashier of the Park City National Bank, and was familiar with banking. There was no bank in Rock Springs, and he conceived the idea of opening a little bank in our store office, and stuck up a sign "Miners & Stockgrowers Bank," and soon had considerable deposits, which I found afterwards he was borrowing for himself and Gagan and some company, of which he was the only stockholder, calling it the Iowa Cattle Company. Sometimes later I was passing through Omaha with seven carloads of bulls that were quarantined at Council Bluffs. Ben Galigher of the firm of Paxton & Galigher, told me that Mr. Millard, President of the Omaha National Bank, was inquiring of him about me. I thought it strange, and I began to think out the cause of the inquiry. I

asked Mr. Galigher to take me to the Bank and introduce me to Mr. Millard, which he did. I asked him if he had any business with the Miners & Stockgrowers Bank at Rock Springs, and he said he had, and that they owed him five thousand dollars. I asked him what he had in security, he said he had six thousand dollars worth of stock in the Sebree Mercantile Comapany of Idaho. He then said: "I understood you were interested in that bank, and we regarded you as good for any reasonable amount." I assured him that I had no interest whatever, and while the business was being done in our office, nevertheless I had no connection with it. He asked me to help him out, which I promised to do. When I returned to Rock Springs I went into the Bank and investigated it, and closed it up. I took over the interest of Gagan and got rid of both he and Hoyt. I threatened Hoyt with prosecution and followed him to Weiser, Idaho, where I had him turn over to me a lot of lumber. He gave me a draft on his brother-in-law in Montana for a thousand dollars, and by considerable manipulation, I was able to secure myself and Matthews against loss.

I also found in my investigation in Omaha that the Miners & Stockgrowers Bank owed the First National Bank of Omaha $1500.00 and upon the strength of a statement of Hoyt's that I was interested in this little bank and in the store, the Bank insisted that I pay the note. They sent the note for collection to Mr. Collett of Cheyenne who notified me as to it. I decided to pay it and take chances of getting it from Gagan and Hoyt which I did after some time, and I also got enough to pay the Omaha National, and cleaned up a bad nest.

Matthews and I sold the one-third interest of Gagan to Joe Young, who about that time became the son-in-law of Matthews. That partnership continued for several years under the firm name of Tim Kinney

& Company. I had been changing the names so much I decided I would fix a name that would stay. Some years later Young and I bought the Matthews interest, and some years later I bought Joe Young's interest.

Joe Young's interest came to me in a peculiar way. We decided that we would cast lots by drawing straws as to who should make the price, give or take. I drew the straw that forced me to make the price, and I fixed a price that I would give or take $50,000.00, making the property worth $100,000.00. Mr. Young called up his wife at Salt Lake and consulted with her, and he decided to sell me his interest. Mr. Goble asked me to sell to him the Young interest on this same basis, he to pay me interest on the investment, and he thought he could in connection with the bank, of which he was Cashier, handle the business successfully.

Soon after I met Mr. Couzens in Salt Lake, who was looking for a business for himself and the Cosgriff Bros., and the outcome of our conversation, and the result of considerable dickering, was that I sold him the store and goods on the basis of full cost of the goods and stores, which then became two. I had a store with the original and the stores thrown in free, together with the ground and warehouses and other improvements. Our usual stock was about $100,000, which they were anxious to reduce. I reduced it to $65,000. They took the property over, paying some cash and notes for the balance. I also sold him my house, which I had had no use for for several years, at $3,500.00. The Cosgriff Bros. sold this store about a year later to what is now known in Rock Springs as Stockgrowers Mercantile Company. Although we had closed out a fairly large sum each year, which I figure was about two or three per cent. of our gross sales, into profit and loss, I closed out at the final wind-up at $28,000.00.

I found that the business netted $120,000 in the transfer and in the sales from the time that I bought out Joe Young, and having sold a half interest to Goble, I handed him $10,000.00 profit on the deal. During the time that I handled this business I ran branch stores at Point of Rocks and Bitter Creek during the winter for the accomodation of sheep and men. I also found that for some twenty odd years that I was interested in the business it paid only six per cent. compounded annually. However, some years after my dissolution with Bussey he was a keen competitor. He took in some partners, first Dr. Murray and Harcomb and later Griff and Jack Edwards, sheep growers, whom I had in former years assisted very materially in getting money from banks, which they seemed to forget. However, in a few years when they quit business it was said they were twenty-five thousand dollar losers, and Bussey left town, selling what interest he had left to J. P. McDermott & Company, and Bussey went to Payette, Idaho, and went to work for his brother-in-law, A. B. Moss, a very excellent man, and continued for some time as manager of Moss Mercantile Company for a number of years, and I regret to say now that I recently met him in Portland, Oregon in rather straightened circumstances. I loaned him $1200.00 to help him buy a picture show at McMinnville, Oregon, which he turned over to his son-in-law, Dagg, husband of his daughter Gertie, and I regret to say they have not paid me although the debt is three years past due. I was obliged to attach the home at Payette, Idaho, which was left by Mrs. Bussey at her death, to try and get my money, which I did later.

Later on I joined a bunch of get-rich-quick fellows at Salt Lake, composed of Billy O'Brien, J. H. Colthrop, and a Mr. Frazee, George Moore, and Wm. McAfferty. We got possession and ran three hotels

or boarding houses at Garfield near Salt Lake, also a mercantile business, general store, in the same place, a store at New-house and large boarding house also a store at Ely, Nevada, and a store and boarding house at Magill, Nevada. Frazee was made manager of the stores, and George Moore of the Hotels and boarding houses, at a salary of $250 a month each and their expenses. The whole matter was called the American Trading Company. In a few years the whole matter was wound up. I personally closed out the store at Magill and also the boarding house. I also closed out the store at Newhouse and the boarding house, and we jointly closed out the store and boarding house at Garfield. The whole deal cost me, besides losing what I put in, several thousand dollars. I paid McCornick & Co. $5,500.00 that I guaranteed for the Company. Moore and O'Brien induced me to buy some Newhouse stock. I bought two thousand shares at $22.50 a share, paid $1.00 assessment later, and sold it at 85¢ a share. I figured, before I got through with the whole outfit, including American Trading Company, hotels, boarding houses and stores, and also a little mining deal in Park City that I was out something like $80,000.00.

Sometimes later I was induced to help some boys out, who are now in the clothing and gent's furnishing business, boots, shoes, etc., in Salt Lake, under the firm name of Webster-Wise. I put in only a few thousand dollars into that to help the boys out, and as an investment, and when the boys got on a paying basis, they took over my interest.

Later, about ten years ago, I joined Dougherty & Fithian in the wholesale shoe business in Portland, Oregon. The stockholders were Dougherty, Fithian, Mr. Chapman and myself, starting with a capital stock of $75,000 and increasing it gradually to $250,000.00. Dougherty

& Fithian didn't seem to get along in harmony. I was obliged to buy Fithian's interest, amounting to about sixty thousand dollars, and turned it over to my son-in-law, J. A. Dougherty. After the expiration of ten years we closed out the business, the remnant, which was $50,000 and I sold to a Mr. Greenfield giving him one and two year's time to pay for the store. I am pleased to say that I understand Mr. Greenfield is worth today $250,000, and he gives me credit for his success in enabling him to get his start.

That, I think, ended my mercantile transactions, except that I am now in an Indian Trading Store, with about twenty thousand dollars worth of goods in Porcupine, South Dakota.

In 1892 I organized the Rock Springs National Bank, the principal stockholders being Joseph Young, Samuel Matthews, George H. Goble, H. H. Edgar, and others in Rock Springs. In addition there was G. W. Megeath, Edward Dickinson and E. Buckingham, all Union Pacific Officials of Omaha; capital $50,000.00. I was made President, George H. Goble Vice-President, and Frank Pfeiffer Cashier. Later on Frank Pfeiffer resigned as Cashier and Mr. Goble took his place, and Joe Young took Mr. Goble's place. I continued as President of the bank for about fifteen years. Mr. Goble, beinganxious on account of his family, to reach a lower altitude, decided to move to Spokane, Wash. He and I owned fully eighty per cent. of the stock of the Bank, I owning about three hundred shares. We sold our stock to Cosgriff Bros. at three hundred dollars per share, I retaining thirty-five shares that I had purchased from Mr. Young. The bank had paid a good substantial dividend for several years and had the confidence of the public.

In about a year afterwards Cosgriff sold to a syndicate of Stock growers, Mr. John W. Hay being the head, and I was invited to participate in the new directorate and was made Vice-President and my son Joe being one of the Directors. Our business had grown and it became necessary to get larger quarters. The board of Directors decided to put up a new building, which was done. They are now housed in an elegant bank building with all modern conveniences. The Bank now has a capital of $100,000.00, surplus $100,000.00, and undivided profits about $50,000.00; has deposits of about $2,500,000.00, and has always paid a good substantial dividend.

I am very proud of the great success that this Bank has made,

and many predicted when I organized it, that I could not compete with the First National Bank, which was then substantially organized. A comparison of the statements of both at the present time will show greatly to our advantage.

Later Mr. Hay organized the First Bank of Superior, of which I was andstill continue a stockholder. This is used principally for deposits and a feeder for the Rock Springs National Thesurplus now is more than double its capital and its earnings are very satisfactory. The Rock Springs National Bank also has a branch in Big Piney, also doing well.

During my sheep operations at Cokewille I was asked to become a stockholder in a bank that was being organized at Montpelier, Idaho which I did, the principal organizers being Mr. Hills, President of the Deseret National Bank of Salt Lake, Bishop Romney of the same Bank, Mr. Odell, General Manager of the Consolidated Wagon & Machine Company of Salt Lake, G. G. Wright, Assistant General Manager of the same company, at Idaho Falls, E. A. Burrell of Montpelier, to whom credit should be given for this organization. We got a charter and organized the First National Bank, with a capital of $50,000.00 establishing temporary quarters in the building of the Consolidated Wagon & Machine Company. Later we built a nice substantial brick bank, which I am pleased to say is very prosperous. I was elected President of this Bank, Mr. Burrell Vice-President and Cashier. Later Mr. Burrell resigned, Mr. Wright taking his place as Vice-president, and R. A. Sullivan as Cashier. I continued as President of this bank for fourteen years, and about a year ago I asked Mr. Wright, who was Vice-President, to take my place, which he accepted, and said: "Mr. Kinney, I will take the position if you wish, but I

would not take it under any other condition." My son Joe, who had become a stockholder and director, was elected Vice-president, and I remain as a director, Sullivan continuing as Cashier. I am pleased to say the Bank has been quite successful. At this writing it has a capital of $50,000.00, surplus $50,000.00 and undivided profits about $10,000.00 and has paid a dividend of twelve per cent. annually since its organization.

After the sale of our Rock Springs Bank to the Cosgriffs and Mr. Goble's removal to Spokane, he induced me to take an interest with him in the furniture business there. I took $35,000.00 interest, the firm name being Goble, Pratt and Robins. I remained in the firm for four or five years. The capital stock was $100,000. The expense of handling furniture was found to be about forty per cent. Although fair profits were shown, it wasn't sufficient to induce a continuation the stock was being gradually reduced, with a view of winding up the business. Before the final windup I sold my interest to Mr. Goble and Mr. Robins, and retired, and as I figure it, my investment netted me about four per cent. annually. During my connection with this business I secured through Mr. Goble two hundred and sixty-six shares in the Exchange National Bank of Spokane, a million dollar corporation, which I am pleased to say is doing a very successful business, paying a substantial dividend annually.

On April 5, 1916, Mr. John W. Hay and myself, with Mr. Weston, purchased from Edward Ivanson of Laramie, Wyoming, 822½ shares in the First National Bank of Laramie at $225 a share, a bank with $100,000 capital, $20,000 surplus and $69,000 undivided profits. Deposits at that time were $1,100,000. At this writing, four years later, the deposits were $2,500,000. The Bank has paid a substantial dividend

from the start. The stock is now valued at over $400 per share and will pay a fair rate of interest on that amount. John W. Hay is President of this bank. I own three hundred shares of the capital stock. I now own 100 shares in the American National of Cheyenne, Wyoming, a bank recently organized by Mr. Hay, my son Joe and others. The capital of this bank is $250,000 surplus $100,000 undivided profits $50,000. Although this bank has only been organized five months, it has deposits of $1,500,000 and promises to become a very substantial institution.

Some fifteen years ago, I, with G. G. Wright of Idaho Falls, owned a substantial interest in the American National Bank of Idaho Falls. The President, Mr. Curry, being over-conservative, we saw no future for the growth of the bank, hence, disposed of our holdings.

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My official experience has not been very great, as I was never desirous of being an office holder or a politician. For several years I was a member of the Executive Committee of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. I was elected a director of the School Board in Rock Springs, and was made Treasurer of the Board, and without going into details my experience was not pleasant.

In 1877 I was elected a member of the Lower House of the Legislature of the State of Wyoming, being elected by the Democratic Party of Sweetwater County, the same County then extending to the Utah line on the south and Montana line on the north. At that time the State had no buildings of its own to house the Legislature, and they held their meetings in a store building of Steven Bonn, the lower floor being

occupied by the House and the upper floor by the Senate.

I was nominated by the Democratic Party and indorsed by the Republican Party to the council, having no opposition. By this time the State had built a very substantial capitol and our meetings were held there. I introduced the first bill to establish the Wyoming State Hospital at Rock Springs. In 1881 I was elected County Commissioner of Sweetwater County, the other two commissioners being John Curry and Abe Fosher. I was made Chairman of the Board. It was my duty to sign all the warrants drawn against the County. At one time I was called away suddenly and Mr. Curry signed the warrants as Acting Chairman. County Clerk De Wolf taking advantage of my absence, issued some fictitious warrants amounting to about $1200. These warrants were made out in favor of fictitious names, which he afterwards indorsed and sold to Beckwith & Company, Bankers, at Evanston. I learned of this transaction and started an investigation, and De Wolf skipped out and has never been seen in that community since. We sent Sheriff McPhee in search of him, but were unable to apprehend him. The warrants were cancelled, as no warrants can be legally issued or paid unless the County has received value for the same, hence Beckwith & Company lost the money.

I was appointed in territorial days by Governor Moonlight a Penitentiary Commissioner in connection with Tim Dyer and Colin Hunter. This position I held for two years.

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On my return from Ireland in 1874 I brought out with me my oldest brother Michael. We parted company in Chicago, he going to my Uncle Tim's in Madison, Wisconsin, by whom he was employed. I went on to

Omaha. About a year later I brought my brother out to Rock Springs and got him a position in the Union Pacific Store. I learned that my mother in Ireland fretted and worried very much at his absence, as he was her favorite son. I induced him to return home to Ireland, got him a pass to Omaha and furnished him sufficient money to return him home, having him retain his earnings while in this country. On his way he stopped over at Clinton, Iowa, to see some friends. They induced him to stay there and not return to Ireland. He married a widow with several grown children, and there were two children born to them one called Tim and a girl named Mary, who now live in Clinton. My brother died twenty years ago. I got word of his death at Notre Dame, Ind., as I was on my way from Europe, and I attended the funeral. Sometime previous to his death I brought from Ireland my sister Ann and her husband, Michael Galliger and five children. They settled at Clinton, Iowa. My sister and husband have passed to their reward several years ago, and the five children remain at Clinton.

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After my return from Ireland to Rock Springs in 1874 I got acquainted with my wife. Her name was Margaret Crookston, daughter of Joseph Crookston and Dorothy, her mother being English and her father Scotch. She was born in Peoria, Illinois, but her father died there, and later her mother married William Matthews a coal miner. She had two brothers, and later a half-brother and a half-sister. I boarded with the family for some time. An attachment grew up between us and later I found that I was making a serious mistake and doing the girl an injustice, as I felt that I must marry

a Catholic girl, if I ever did, and she was not of that faith. I explained the matter to her, told her I felt that I did wrong, and wished to make such honorable amends as I could under the circumstances. I asked her if she would accept at my expense a term at school at St. Mary's Academy at Salt Lake, which I am pleased to say she accepted. I explained that it would give us an opportunity to forget each other, but I am very pleased to say we did not.

After being at school for some time she asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion; later was baptized, Mrs. Judge Marshall of Salt Lake being her Godmother and who was always her fine friend. I recall Sister Raymond telling me that she asked Maggie if she had to give up her religion or myself, which she would do, and she positively declared she would give me up. I wrote Father Scanlon, the Priest who baptized her and was the pastor at the Academy, asking him of the advisability of marrying Maggie and did he think she was sincere in her profession. I think I have his answer still in which he said: "You will make no mistake marrying Maggie, she is a sincere devoted Catholic, and I cannot say too much in her praise." The result was that we were married at the old Cathedral in Salt Lake, June 30,1877, by Father Scanlon, bridesmaid Louisa Heffernen, a schoolmate, Mr. De Vota assisting me. And that night we returned to Rock Springs, where we went to keeping house, and where I had fitted up four rooms in the station. I had previously bought a little furniture and such utensils, carpets, etc. as was adequate to our station and means. I arranged, before going to Salt Lake, to have her mother and lady friend in our rooms at the station on our arrival. I thought I was keeping the matter very quiet, but upon getting off the train, the bedlam of tin cans and other obnoxious noises and whistles greeted us,

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After being at school for some time she asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion; later was baptized, Mrs. Judge Marshall of Salt Lake being her Godmother and who was always her fine friend. I recall Sister Raymond telling me that she asked Maggie if she had to give up her religion or myself, which she would do, and she positively declared she would give me up. I wrote Father Scanlon, the Priest who baptized her and was the pastor at the Academy, asking him of the advisability of marrying Maggie and did he think she was sincere in her profession. I think I have his answer still in which he said: "You will make no mistake marrying Maggie, she is a sincere devoted Catholic, and I cannot say too much in her praise." The result was that we were married at the old Cathedral in Salt Lake, June 30,1877, by Father Scanlon, bridesmaid Louisa Heffernen, a schoolmate, Mr. De Vota assisting me. And that night we returned to Rock Springs, where we went to keeping house, and where I had fitted up four rooms in the station. I had previously bought a little furniture and such utensils, carpets, etc. as was adequate to our station and means. I arranged, before going to Salt Lake, to have her mother and lady friend in our rooms at the station on our arrival. I thought I was keeping the matter very quiet, but upon getting off the train, the bedlam of tin cans and other obnoxious noises and whistles greeted us,

her brush now adorn the homes of her daughters.

During our stay at Salt Lake Mrs. Kinney's step-father died and later her mother died, and we took into our family the daughter, Sarah Matthews, and sent the boy Dick to All Hallows College. Sarah was about sixteen years old, a fine promising girl. The example set by my wife and children in a religious way, also the good Sisters, caused Sarah to ask Mother Superior, Mother Charles, for a catechism, and she became instructed and later was baptized and became a Catholic. Sometime after while my family were visiting Rock Springs, where we steadily continued to keep our home, there was a mission being given by a good pious Priest, and Sarah made her wishes known to him that she would like to become a Sister. He asked her if she had any choice as to what order she would like. She said no, she would leave the choice to him, and he recommended her to join the Sisters of Providence, the Mother House being at St. Marys of the Woods near Terre Haute, Indiana. She went there very much in disappointment of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in Salt Lake, as they hoped to take her into their order. After reaching St. Marys she was instructed and within a reasonable time became a Sister of Providence, taking the name of Sister Mary Pius. I have visited her many times since in Chicago, first at the west end of Van Buren Street, where she was teaching in a large parochial school with other Sisters. She is now teaching at Evanston, Illinois near Chicago, where I visited her last. She is a most beautiful character. I visit her as often as I can, the last time over a year ago, and she is a very happy girl. I was unable to do very much with Dick, as he didn't seem inclined to be educated, and he preferred to become a cowboy and is now, I believe, married and living at Rock Springs, he

having been engaged in different pursuits, none of which have been very successful.

Joe, Mrs. Kinney's half-brother died about five years ago. Billy, after drifting about the country for several years, has drifted back to the old Fourteen Mile Ranch, and is living there with his family.

Mrs. Kinney died February 12, 1898, at our home in Rock Springs, and her remains were interred there temporarily and now lie in Mount Olivet Cemetery in Salt Lake City. I also removed the body of her mother and my two children from Rock Springs, and they are buried together with the last child, Raymond, in the family plot, where I erected a beautiful monument of granite and marble to their memory, and where I expect to be buried when the Lord calls me.

I can say truly she was a devoted wife and faithful mother and a most pious Christian and devoted Catholic and was beloved by all who knew her, and I feel that I have not lived in vain, being able to earn the love, devotion and affection of such a beautiful woman. When Mrs. Kinney died, Dorothy, Mary and Joe were at school in Salt Lake, Angela, the youngest, two years old, being in Rock Springs. My good friends Sisters Raymond and Martha came from Salt Lake with the children, attended many necessary duties in connection with the burial of my wife. The children returned to Salt Lake, the girls, including Angela, to St. Mary's Academy, and Joe to All Hallows College, the infant child, a week old, to the Holy Cross Hospital in care of Mrs. O'Mally, the nurse. The following June I took the nurse and all the children to Rock Springs to stay there during vacation. On July 24th the baby Raymond died at the age of five months and fourteen days, the remains of whom I took to Salt Lake and buried them at Mount Olivet in the family plot beside his mother. Dorothy, having had the

diptheria while at Rock Springs, I was obliged to send her to the Holy Cross Hospital, taking Angela and Mary to the Academy and Joe to college. Later Dorothy returned to the Academy where she continued at school until graduation, and later took a post-graduate course and also musical instructions at Sacred Heart Academy at Manhattenville, New York. She became very proficient on the violin and piano. I regret to say she has not kept up the violin as she should. Later Mary graduated, and I sent Joe to Notre Dame, Indiana, where he graduated with high honors as an attorney-at-law. Angela, after spending a few years in St. Mary's Academy, I sent her to the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at Manhattenville, N. Y., where she graduated with high honors.

Mary was married to James A. Dougherty of Portland, Oregon, December 8, 1903, where she has ever since made her home. Dorothy married Charles W. Whitley of Salt Lake City, Utah, on February 3, 1910, and has made her home in Salt Lake ever since. Angela married Chester G. Murphy of Portland, Oregon, June 4, 1912, and still makes her home there except an occasional outing. For the last four years my three daughters and myself, with the numerous grandchildren, have spent about four months of each winter at Coronado, California, and they spend part of their summers at Gearhart, Oregon, where I built a cottage containing seventeen beds and three cribs, six years ago.

At this writing Mary has a boy Jack nearly sixteen years old. Dorothy has two boys and two girls, Holbrook, nearly ten years old, Mary Elizabeth nearly eight years old, Helen nearly six years old, and Robert nearly two years old. Angela has two daughters, Marion nearly seven years old, and Catherine four years old.

I regret very much to say that my son Joe is still a bachelor,

and I hope, in order to preserve the name of Kinney, that he will not continue long in that "single cussedness."

About 1900 I made a trip to Europe, taking my son Joe and daughters Dorothy and Mary, landing at Queenstown, Ireland, seeing places of interest near there, including the Lake Killarney; spent a few weeks with my brother and family and several relatives in Mayo; from there on to Dublin, taking in the sights, than on to London, and from there through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Rome, Naples, Mt. Vesuvius, back through Geneva, and on to Paris. Joe left us at Lucerne, Switzerland, to return to school at Notre Dame. After some time in Paris we returned to New York and on to Chicago, visiting our friends, the Sisters at St. Marys, on our way. The girls visited Chicago for some time, and I went on west and later met them at Omaha, and accompanied them to Salt Lake, which became our temporary home.

I promised my youngest daughter, Angela, that when she was graduated I was going to take her on a similar trip, but when the time came I was so very busy with my sheep affairs and other business that I was unable to go, so I had Dorothy and Mary, with Mary's boy, about three years old, accompany Angela, going direct to Paris, spending considerable time there, also in Switzerland and other points of interest. Mr. Dougherty, husband of Mary, and myself joined them in Paris, spending the New Years there. We stayed at the Majestic Hotel for some time. Mr. Dougherty, Angela and I took a trip to Ireland to see my relatives, stopping at the principal places of interest in route, principally London and Dublin. While we were gone Dorothy and Mary and the boy went to southern France, where we joined them. We spent about two months there. Angela, Jim and I returned home to America, while the other two girls returned to Geneva, Switzerland, and visited other places of interest, coming home later.

Previous to this trip mentioned Dorothy visited France and spent about two years there traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Van Wyck and daughter of San Francisco.

The next trip was to Honolulu in 1912, accompanied by my daughters Mary and Angela, where we spent a most pleasant and interesting six weeks, visiting the great volcano above Hilo the most wonderful sight I ever saw. When we saw it, there was a depression in the ground about 100 ft. deep, equal perhaps to ten acres of ground. It was a seething mass of red liquid, you may see, in a smelter. At times it boiled over the top and spread lava for several miles about. The heat from this mass penetrated through the ground a distance of six miles, and in places escaped through the rocky formation, where, in some cases, a stone wall was built about it perfectly enclosed, where a steam pipe was connected with it, and this heat carried to dwellings for heating purposes. Other places I saw seemed to be banks of sulphur and so hot that you could not hold it in your hand.

Honolulu is the most delightful climate I ever visited, but one gets lazy and indolent that they haven't any ambition for taking exercise. I found those Hawaiians the most pleasant people to mix with, and the most accommodating.

They have a native root there from which they make poi. This poi is made by chopping or grinding this root, allowing it to ferment, and then to have what they call two finger poi and three finger poi, that is, eaten with the fingers entirely. The two finger poi is a thick poi, while the thin poi is eaten, using the three fingers.

All outgoing ships are visited by many Hawaiians, with a band of music and plays usually an hour before the departure of the vessel and plays a tune called "O-ah", which means goodbye. They have wreaths

of flowers called "lay," and they bedeck the outgoing passengers with those wreaths, and all wishing them to come again. I remember my daughter, Mary, shedding many tears looking from the upper deck of the vessel on these scenes just before our departure. They are, without doubt, a most hospitable people and nearly every one leave there with regret. Their Hawaiian music with their ukeleles is most pleasing. They had considerable dancing at the Hotel Moana, where we stopped. The musicians usually sat on the floor, and while playing music for the dance, they sing at the same time--all most pleasing. While there, with a party of friends from Portland, we visited a dance called the Hula Hula dance, by four girls. Their dress was a kind of petticoat, and nothing more, made of some kind of grass, which wasn't very closely woven, and the musicians were two old men sitting on the floor beating some kind of instruments called tom toms. The dance is considered a savage dance, or a deal on the same order of Indians, but it is a curiosity, and of course we had to see it. They have nice golf links at a County Club nearby and we played golf there, the swimming at the Moana Hotel being splendid. The beach is nice sand for some distance, and the water is about like the climate, about 72 to 75 degrees.

We had the pleasure of meeting several Wyoming people whom I might mention--Bob Shingle, Bob Brechons, P. M. Pratt and many others. We took a trip around the island in an auto with two ladies from Portland, which was most interesting. We returned to San Francisco, where we remained for some time before returning to Portland, Oregon.

My next trip was to Cuba. My daughter and I left Salt Lake with a view of seeing the Panama Canal before the water was turned in. We stopped at several places on the way to New Orleans. ~~We stopped~~

at several places on the ~~way to New Orleans~~. We stopped at Denver, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Galveston, reaching New Orleans in time for Mardi Gras, and met my old and dear friend from Salt Lake, Father Larkin. We were unable to procure transportation to Panama deciding that we would go to Palm Beach, which we did, where we spent a pleasand month. From there we visited Miami, then decided to go on to Cuba, stopping at Key West en route. While in Havana we took in the surrounding sights, including Metanzas, about sixty miles distant. At this place there was a wonderful underground cave which they claim opens into the sea forty miles distant. This is no doubt was made in an early period by the waters finding an opening and cut its way through. It now looks like a jewel house with icicles hanging from the roof, all covered with beautiful crystals. It is a sight worth seeing.

We visited the cane sugar mills and saw the cane being cut in the fields hauled by ox team to the mills, dumping it into an elevator pit, hoisted to the crusher, passing through the various processes until it is landed in sacks at the other end of the mill. This sugar is then shipped to America to be refined. I recall the ship we came on had a load of this sugar, and it was so warm that they had to force cool air down into the hold where the sugar was stored, as after it passes through the sugar mills it is quite warm and it takes sometime before it cools off.

We saw where the Maine was sunk. We visited many places of interest, including the burying ground where was some wonderful monuments, one in particular built in the memory of about a dozen young men who lost their lives in a powder explosion in trying to save the lives of others. A good likeness of each of the young men was cut in the marble shaft. In many cases graves are rented or leased

at so much per year, and while the friends of the interred pay the rent, the corpse remains, but if the rent is unpaid, out he goes into the scrap heap. There is also a custom there before a corpse is interred it istaken into a room inside the gate and there the coffin is opened and the corpse thoroughly examined by a competent person so as to be sure that life is extinct. We saw two funerals while there but no women were present. It seems the custom of the country is that no women attend funerals.

I cannot leave Cuba without mentioning the carriage fares, which are the cheapest I ever saw. Mary and myself and a gentleman and wife from Montreal got into a carriage, going to the same hotel, and a policeman came to our carriage and asked us to what hotel we were going, and we told him and handed us a little ticket and said your fare will be thirty cents for the four of you and if he charges you more, report to this office. I recall on our departure from there, my daughter and I took a carriage from the hotel. We stopped on the way at a store and was at the Postoffice, and as is the custom everywhere, there is what they call a "sit-down" that adds something to the expense, and when we got to the docks, I was paying my driver, a policeman stepped up, found where I came from, and told me I was paying this man too much; that they didn't propose to allow Americans to be overcharged for anything they got. I explained to him we had stopped twice en route and I thought he was entitled to it.

We left on the Ward line of steamers for New York, where we stayed several days and then returned West.

And now I have told my story, and I have taken much pleasure in traveling over the road for the second time, so to speak. I take much pleasure in calling to mind many things of interest, but as a friend of mine said, it may be a bore to others. I wish to add before closing if I have in any way helped anyone I am glad of it; if I have injured anyone I feel sorry for that, and hope all such will forgive me, as I do most cheerfully any one who has injured me. Were I to pass away tomorrow, I have nothing in my heart but the best of good will for all mankind.

Salt Lake City, Utah.
May 13th-18th, 1920.

Died May 16 1923