

was put in the State Saving Institution as a messenger and was soon promoted to a collectorship. He enlisted in the Civil War under Sherman and obtained the rank of lieutenant. After the War he settled in Montana where he held the office of Justice of the Peace at Fort Benton and made meteorological observations for the Smithsonian Institute. The long winter evenings at the isolated fur trading post gave him leisure to cultivate himself, and having a natural bent towards scientific things, he soon had a contract to survey the military reservations. He built the first telegraph in the State of Dakota, thus connecting isolated Yankton with the outside world. In order to make a success of his engineering he found it was essential to stand in with politicians. Disgusted, he resolved to follow a new calling where politics could not enter and at the age of 40 he took up the study of medicine at the Chicago Medical School, now the North-Western University. In those days the hogs still roamed through the business section of Chicago and when it rained hard the placard "No bottom" was posted through the chief streets, and an old hat floating down with the warning, "Keep away—I went down here", was a ghastly reminder that men and horses could drown in mud.

Very interesting sketches are given of the faculty under whom he studied. Robert Laughlin Rea, who climbed from the plow to a professor's chair, was the teacher of anatomy. Edmund Andrews, the Rabelais of the faculty in his love of humour, who rose from a farm-hand to the leadership of the surgical profession in the mid-west, was Professor of Surgery. William Heath Byford, a mechanic's son and tailor's apprentice, occupied the chair of Gynecology.

Clevenger graduated in 1879 and became engaged in carrying on neuro-pathological studies, performing autopsies at the Dunning Asylum, bringing the brains to his room for detailed investigation. He hoped he'd seen the last of political grafters. About this time there was a proposition to appoint a special pathologist to the Asylum and Clevenger was the logical candidate. He was moreover well recommended by prominent physicians in Chicago and the Superintendent of the Asylum was favourably disposed to his appointment. However, that was not all that was necessary in those days. To Clevenger's astonishment the Superintendent brought him one day to a drinking saloon on Clark Street; the proprietor, an ordinary looking fellow, was leaning on the customer's side of the long counter. Dr. Spray went over to him and Clevenger heard him whisper, "This is the doctor I was telling you about". At these words the saloon-keeper raised himself, looked at Clevenger for a moment, nodded quietly, and put out one finger for him to shake, and he had the appointment. It seemed like a joke, yet they were in a serious place; on the first floor were wines and liquors, on the