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A STORY OF A FRONTIER.

The St. Paul Globe says: Dan Yonkers drifted in from the north country yesterday. Dan's stamping ground for the past ten days has been among the foothills of the

where he has earned many a dollar in the honest but precarious vocation of protecting the property of tender-foot settlers against the lawless claim jumper. He is known as 'Big Dan' in his bailiwick, and he is looked upon by the settlers of that wild region in about the same light that the citizens of the United States look upon the standing army. The title of 'Big Dan' is not a misnomer, for he stands three inches more than six feet in his moccasins, and girls nearly five feet around the chest. His legs are like the limbs of an elephant, and his neck is as that of a Texas steer. His face was never touched by a razor, nor his locks shorn by his head hangs a shaggy mass of curly hair that has been kept within bounds by Dan himself, who has periodically, sawed off the straying hair with the keen edge of his hunting knife that he carries belted around his ample waist, sleeping or waking. This peculiar individual was born in the northeast corner of Oregon thirty years ago, according to his own testimony, and gradually worked his way across the Rockies into the Territory of Dakota, never once having ridden on a railroad or approached civilization until a week ago, when he slid over the frozen prairie on snowshoes to Devil's Lake City, and, clad in his quaint garb of poorly tanned deer skin, boarded the train that eventually landed him in St. Paul. It was no ordinary circumstance that led this queer man to undertake such a trip, and the story he told the Globe correspondent was interesting as well as pathetic. In his poor English he told why he was here and why he intended to continue his journey to West Virginia. As he finished his story he brought his heavy fist down on the bar by which he stood with a force that made the glasses rattle and the bartender look nervous, and said with a look of dogged determination in his eye, 'I'm er goin' ter find what I'm after, if it takes me till I freezes over.'

Three years ago, according to Dan's story, information was brought to him that claim jumpers were making it hot for a young fellow in the northern part of Tower county, and he started for the scene of the trouble, as he put it, 'Spillin' fur a chance to do up the squaw-faced land hoppers.' The claim in question was in an uninhabited part of the country, and when he arrived he found it was in possession of two

well-known and desperate characters, who had driven the rightful owner off, and were holding the fort with rifles and revolvers, against the protests and threats of a weak-looking young fellow, who had fled upon the land, and, at considerable expense, built a comfortable shack upon it, and was preparing to improve it by cultivating the soil. When Dan arrived the young fellow was wandering around the claim, sleeping on the prairie, and endeavoring to make terms with the usurpers, who only laughed at him.

Dan said he took 'sort of a shine to the young fellow on the start,' and when he saw how the land lay he laid himself out to do up the jumpers at short order. They had heard of him and knew he was not to be trifled with, so when Dan walked over to the shack he was met at the door by Tom Wolfand, the most desperate of the two men, who shoved a revolver under Dan's nose and told him if he didn't 'ramsome' instantly he would shoot a hole through him. Dan wasn't built that way, and yanking out his revolver he fired at the jumper, who dropped with a hole through his right side. Wolfand's companion, seeing his partner go down, opened fire on Dan, who got a bullet through his left arm and had a furrow torn through his scalp; but the jumper got a bullet from Dan's revolver through the jaw, and signified his willingness to quit the claim if Dan would stop shooting. The wounded jumper was loaded into a buckboard that was their property, and behind a pair of mules that they had brought to the claim with them, were set adrift and were never heard

of thereafter. The young fellow whose claim Dan had saved was exceedingly grateful, and dressed the wounds of his benefactor with unusual skill. He told Dan that he hadn't money to pay him for his service, then, but when he could raise the funds he would settle. He said his name was Daniel Furness, and he came from Randolph county, near the head of the Cheat River, West Virginia, where his mother lived. His father and two brothers had been killed while serving in the Confederate Army, and the support of his mother having fallen upon his shoulders, he had come up into North Dakota with the intention of building a home for his mother and himself. There were a few hundred dollars left to the wife and son when his father went down under fire of the Federal forces, and this money he left in a Wheeling bank to be used by his mother while he was establishing a home in the North.

This story told by Furness elicited the sympathy of Dan at once, and their chance acquaintance grew into a sort of brotherly attachment that lasted through the three years that Furness was basely engaged in cultivating his claim. With Dan's assistance he got along famously. He had proved up on his true claim and a homestead, and besides had managed to purchase 320 acres, so that the spring found him in possession of 640 acres of splendid land. Big Dan had come to look upon Furness claim dabbled them Big and Little Dan. They were almost inseparable companions, and a year ago, when Big Dan was stricken with fever, Furness nursed him so tenderly that he pulled through and came out all right.

'He was as smart or young duck as ever got rained on,' said Dan, with a moisture in his eye. 'I'll never forget him as long as I'm on top of earth. I thought er darned sight more ov him than I did my own carcass.'

Furness was making preparations to go East and return with his mother next spring to his Dakota possessions. He had bargained with Big Dan to look after the farm while he was absent, and he was to have started East February 1. A week ago last Tuesday Furness went to Church's Ferry to make a purchase of provision to carry Big Dan thro' the winter. He remained in Church's Ferry Tuesday night and started for home Wednesday noon. That at

turn on a terrible blizzard came up, and Furness must have become bewildered, for he did not reach home; but Big Dan, thinking he had concluded to remain at the ferry until the blizzard was ended, gave himself no uneasiness about his young friend. All day Thursday the gale blew, and still Dan was confident that Furness had remained in town, but when Friday and Saturday passed and he did not return, Dan began to fear that there was something wrong, and buckling on his snowshoes he started across the prairie for the ferry. He had gone barely more than two miles from the house when a dark object lying on the prairie caught his eye, and going over to it he found the sleeve of a buffalo coat. He dug down into the snow and found the body of a man lying on his face as though he had fallen while struggling against the storm. Dan lifted the corpse out of the drift, and turning it over looked into the rigid features of Furness.

The strange part of the story has not yet been told. His great heart stricken with grief, Dan lifted the form of Furness in his arms and carried it back to the shack, laying it on the bed. He was so unnerved by the terrible fate of his friend that for a day he could do nothing. When he at last pulled himself together he went about preparing the remains of his friend for burial. In attempting to remove the clothing from the upper part of the body much to the consternation, Dan laid bare the white bosom of a woman. He immediately drove to the house of a neighbor and notified the woman of his suspicious, which were

were given a careful burial in the little cemetery at Church's Ferry. Among the girl's effects, in her trunk, were found letters from her mother addressed to Cora, which was probably the right name of the masquerader. The theory advanced for the woman concealing her sex is that she concluded she could thus protect herself against insult and indignity in the wild country to which she was going. And now said Dan, 'I am going to find the mother.'

Wooden Stocking Savings Banks. When M. de Lesseps was asked by Emperor William what he expected to find the immense capital required for the Panama canal, he replied: "In the wooden stockings of France"—the stockings in which the peasants, workmen and small tradesmen store their savings, a few sou's every Saturday. The showed old Frenchman knew what he said to be true. He found the capital where he expected to find it without resort to the great financiers and bankers of Europe. It is to be feared that those wooden stockings will long be worn out and thrown aside before the little savings of the French peasantry will find their way back to them. But the lesson remains, and there is no people on the face of the earth that needs it so much as the American people. We are a nation of spend-thrifts. Once New Englanders had a reputation for economy and thrift, but it is said they are losing it. Frugality and extravagance are the rule. There is little capital in the wooden stockings of this country.—Chicago Times.

Goethe's Earnings. Cotta, the old publisher at Stuttgart, Wurttemberg, has made a statement of the amounts his firm paid to Goethe and his heirs from the year 1797 to 1865, or in seventy years. The post himself received not more than \$100,000; the heirs, \$116,000, or altogether, \$216,000 for all the works of the greatest German poet until twenty-three years ago, when the Cotta-Goethe monopoly came to an end and Goethe became the property of the German people.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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Foot Wear in Provincial Europe. In European countries wooden shoes are in general use among the peasantry. They are clumsy, but comfortable and cheap. The Malay women generally go barefooted, but they are very skillful in embroidering slippers in gold tinsel, which, like those of the Turks, are worn just over the toes by ladies of the higher classes.—Philadelphia Times.

Maine claims to have sixteen men and women who have lived more than 100 years, and no end of inhabitants who are over 90. There is a flourishing grove of 33,000 coconut trees at Cape Lisle, the south coast point of Florida.

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