

UNITED AT THE LAST.

PITIFUL TALE OF AN EMIGRANT FAMILY THAT PERISHED.

The Terrible Blizzard of 1881 Had for Some of Its Victims a Whole Family Which Froze to Death in Dead Man's Cove—Heroic Efforts of a Mother.

"That's Dead Man's cove right before your eyes," said the old man as he pointed to a recess of half an acre in extent in the southern face of the Little Rocky mountains. "That's Dead Man's cove, and you kin see the iron work of the dragon lyn about when ye git closer. When I first looked in here that was five human bodies lying dead in that wagon. Me an my pard we dug a big grave and buried 'em all together back agin that cliff, thar whar the rocks is. We piled the rocks that way so the wolves couldn't git at the dead."

"But there is no headboard—no names," I protested as I rode closer to the spot pointed out.

"Couldn't be no names, 'cause we couldn't find any," he replied, "and them rocks is a graveston as will last forever. We'll git off and sit down for a smoke, and I'll gin ye the full particklers. I've passed here a hundred times in the last three years, and it allus gives me the heartache. Poor husband—poor wife—poor children!

"It was this way," he continued after his pipe was alight. "Me and pard had our shanty down the valley about a mile. Plenty of emigrants in the kivered wagons used to come by this trail and turn south into Wyoming, or keep west into Idaho. They'd come five or six families at a time, and they'd come singly. Some of 'em would take sich chances of Injuns, sickness, landslides, starvashun and death as would make your ha'r stand on end to think of. No man kin begin to guess how many graves thar be of men, women and children between the Dakota line and the west branch of the Missouri river. I've counted a hundred in a day's ride.

"Waal, one December mornin me and pard woke up to feel that thar was a blizzard makin ready to bust on us. It had been coolish but pleasant up to that time. We could tell by the feel of things what was comin, and began to git ready fur it. It was jest arter noon when a woman walked into our shanty. She was an emigrant. Right here in this cove she had left her husband and four children to try and find some help. He had bin sick fur three weeks and was little better than a dead man, and she had bin drivin the team an takin keer of things gener'ly. She orter to hev turned back long before, but some fool of a doctor had told the man he'd get well if they kept on.

"They had got separated from the party they started with, and had made the last hundred miles alone. They war out o' grub, hadn't a match left to build a fire, and the woman knowed a change fur the wuss was blowin up. She was a frail, leetle woman, and she had gone through with nuff to down a man, but she hadn't lost all her pluck yet. As soon as she told us the story we got ready to go back with her an bring in the outfit. We made a start, but we never got thar."

"The blizzard prevented, eh?"

"She did. She came swoopin down all of a sudden, like some great bird droppin from the sky. A fine snow begun to fall, the wind started right in to blow a livin gale, and I believe the thermometer went from 45 degs. above to 10 degs. below inside of half an hour. We hadn't any with us, but the change was sudden an amazin. You couldn't face that gale to save your life. It jest stopped us and turned us around before we had got fifteen rods from the house. As to the cold, it jest paralyzed you. We had to go back, and arter takin a big drink o' whisky all around and puttin on more clothes we tried it agin.

"Me and Sam was as tough as b'ars them days and could hev laid down in a pond of water and let it freeze up with us, but we couldn't buck agin that blizzard. When we made the second start we got about half way up here, the little woman leadin the way all the time. Then we had to stop. You couldn't see three foot from your nose, and all of us was freezin to death by inches."

"And you went back?"

"We did. The woman was determined to push on, and we jest had to pick her up and carry her back. It was only by the Lord's hand pintin the way that we ever reached our cabin agin. We had our ears, noses and fingers friz, and an hour arter we got back water friz solid in our cabin within five foot of a roarin fire. The woman prayed to God and appealed to us, but we knowed it was no use. That was the blizzard of 1881, and I've heard men say it was 42 degs. below zero in this valley that night.

The woman got nipped wuss than we did, but her mind was on the family back here. She was bound to come back alone, but we stood her off till about dark. Then she made a bolt fur it and got away."

"And went to her death?"

"Jest as sartin as if she had jumped off that cliff. The blizzard shot us in fur three days. When we got out we found her within twenty rods of the cabin. She had friz to death goin that fur. Of course we knowed how it would be up here. The horses had been on-itched and turned out. They lay over by that tree. The folks in the wagon had crowded together and kivered up with all the blankets, but all war stunn dead and as hard as rocks. They never saw that fust night come down.

"Me and pard overhauled the wagon, but we couldn't find anythin givin the name of the family, and so, like hundreds of others out in this kentry of mountain and valley, Injun and wolf, we kivered 'em in to sleep till the Lord gets ready to call 'em fur judgment. Seems awful that a hull family should be wiped out that way, but they ar' sleepin thar together, and I guess the Lord'll know the spot even if thar is no graveston to mark it."—New York Herald.

A VICTIM OF A CORPORATION.

Now a President and General Manager Was Frozen Out by His Companions.

"Speaking of corporations," said a prominent St. Louis banker, "I recall with painful reminiscence the first one of which I had the honor to be a stockholder. It happened in 1865, and I was just fifteen years of age. Of course I had no idea that it was really a corporation in which I had invested, but as I look back upon the incident the realization rushes upon me that I was a victim of corporation methods.

"It happened in this way. At a very early age my tendency for mercantile pursuits developed. At school I noticed a very general demand for candy and cakes and an exceedingly limited supply in the market. Many of the children possessed coppers and nickels, but it was nearly a mile from the school house to the country town, and the boys were compelled to forage upon the neighboring sugar cane fields and orchards to satisfy the youthful stomach. After a careful survey of the market I decided that the school was confronted by a condition, not a theory.

"In a few days I had secured the co-operation of half a dozen boys, with a capital of thirty cents, in which I held ten cents of the stock, and was consequently named as president and manager of the candy store which we proposed to open on the grounds. We found an enormous dead and fallen tree, whose butt end offered little resistance to our penknives. At noon one day I notified the stockholders that a meeting would be held immediately after school, and at that meeting I, as president and manager, cut an opening into the dead tree, fashioned a shelf therein and attached a door, while the stockholders looked on in admiration. I then proposed that early in the morning each stockholder should bring with him five cents' worth of candy wherewith to stock the juvenile store.

"To my astonishment it was moved and seconded and carried that the candy should be purchased and delivered at once, so that the store might have an early and perfect opening. Tired as I was I repaired to the town, invested my ten cents in cheap candy, returned to the school grounds, where already the twilight was making ghostly figures among the trees, and deposited my treasure in the store. It was quite dark when I reached home, and being unable to account for my whereabouts the president and manager went to bed supperless and with a back stinging from the effects of a switch liberally applied. Next morning I hastened to the school grounds in order to be first at the ceremonies. Imagine my surprise when I found there, seated in a row, all the stockholders. I congratulated them on their interest in the enterprise, and then threw open the door of the candy store. It was empty!

"For a moment I was speechless. The stockholders bent their heads and said nothing. They looked suspiciously contented, and when I intimated that some good man among us had gone wrong they were all prepared to prove that a daring burglar had, in the midnight hour, deprived the corporation of its assets.

"Ten years later one of the stockholders admitted that he had helped his brethren in disposing of the stock."—St. Louis Republic.

Shaving the Beard in Russia.

Peter the Great thought to civilize his savages by making them shave and imposed a tax of 100 rubles on the wealthy and middle classes and a copeck on peasants and laborers. Now it was a superstition among the poorer people that no beardless son of Adam could ever enter heaven, and being obliged to part with their beards the great majority treasured up their hairs to be buried with their bodies. In dealing with his soldiers the great Peter enlisted the aid of the priests, who cunningly pointed out the fact that they were going to fight the bearded Turk and that their patron, St. Nicholas, would be unable to distinguish them from their enemies unless they sacrificed their beards.

This was all right, and the beards of the beloved Russians went down before the razor in deference to St. Nicholas. But, unluckily for the priests, the next little war happened to be with the Swedes, who wore no beards, and thus it was that the Russian soldiers demanded to be allowed to abjure the razor, so that the holy Nicholas might have no difficulty in arranging for their protection.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Recent Applications of Paper.

The year 1891 was certainly one of those in which new industrial applications of paper were most numerous. The idea of using paper in place of stone in the construction of houses is already old, but paper to take the place of glass in windows, of clay in flowerpots, of iron in railway rails, wagon wheels and horseshoes, of porcelain in laboratory ware, of wood in barrels, it having already taken the place of that material in small boats, paper in pulleys, are applications as novel as bold. The manufacture of window panes of paper was first tried in the United States.

The panes have the appearance of milky glass, and the property of intercepting the light rays while letting the heat rays through, which makes them suitable for greenhouses. It is estimated that a paper window pane ninety-four by sixty-three centimeters in dimensions in a wooden sash with iron appliances, will cost about eighty-five cents, and last on an average four years.—E. Ratoin in Popular Science Monthly.

Mrs. Lease's Complaint Against Women.

In the course of an interview concerning her candidacy for a seat in the United States senate Mrs. M. E. Lease gave utterance to the following: "The strange part of this all is that of all the congratulatory letters I have received not one of them is from a woman. I am the only woman ever suggested for the office of United States senator, and it is very funny that none of my congratulations should come from women."—Kansas City Journal.

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