

A WOMAN'S FORTITUDE.

Thrilling Story of a Night in the Pearl Pass of the Rocky Mountains.

For three or four years there lived in Leadville a little black-eyed, black-haired woman, Agnes Mayham. She was a widow who had one child, a little girl. Mrs. Mayham made a living by peddling. Her little stock in trade consisted of stockings, gloves, handkerchiefs, buttons, thread, and other knick-knacks. Her face was familiar to almost every woman in the Carbonate Camp. When business was dull Mrs. Mayham would sling her little pack over her shoulder and pay a visit to neighboring camps, where she frequently reaped quite a harvest from the wives of the miners.

Early last spring she took a trip to Aspen, about sixty miles west of Leadville. Her attention was next directed to Crested Butte, another camp or town, about forty miles still further west. Between the two places there is a range of

HIGH AND RUGGED MOUNTAINS.

Mrs. Mayham travelled all day and stayed over night at the cabin of a ranchman, who with his family had settled on the eastern side of the mountain range. The next day she resumed her journey and hoped by nightfall to reach her destination.

The worst of the road still lay before her. She had to cross the bleak range over which there was only a dim trail which none but the hardest mountaineers had trodden. This trail lay over what is known as Pearl Pass, one of the most difficult and dangerous passes in the Rocky Mountains. It lies at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea and 1,000 feet above the point at which vegetation ceases to grow. On this bleak and desolate pass nothing can be seen but bold and precipitous mountains, with rugged peaks piercing the clouds that constantly hover around them. No living creature breaks the monotony of

THIS AWFUL SOLITUDE.

The trail, however, was comparatively plain, and Mrs. Mayham, who had been in the mountains until she could follow a trail almost as well as a man, felt confident that she could make the trip.

The courageous little woman trudged along, climbing by slow degrees the circuitous path that gradually led to the summit of the mountain. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon she found herself at the very top of Pearl Pass. No sign of vegetation appeared to cheer the lonely prospect. The wind whistled and howled over the unbroken solitude. Tired and footsore, she pushed forward. She reached the summit. The clouds began to thicken around her, and in a few minutes the snow began to fall. The wind blew in eddying gusts around her, and it was not long before she

REALIZED THE TERRIBLE TRUTH

that the dim trail would soon be covered up. To miss it in a snow storm is almost certain death. A single misstep might plunge her down hundreds of feet and dash her to pieces on the jagged rocks below.

The way was soon entirely obscured. The frightened woman paused to think. To proceed was certain destruction, and to remain would be equally fatal. She could not retrace her steps, for the snow had hid from view the serpentine trail so completely that the most experienced prospector could not follow it. She did not dare to go forward for fear of losing her way, and she could not lie down, as she would freeze to death and be wrapped in a winding sheet of snow. She decided to walk back ward and forward along a certain beat for a distance of about thirty feet, where she knew the trail lay, and by this means keep up the circulation, and at the same time not wander from the trail.

It was drawing toward twilight, and the snow fell so thick and fast that it almost blinded her; but she continued to walk up and down the beat she had laid out, following in her own tracks, and in this way she prevented the falling snow from hiding them from view. Back and forth, back and forth, hour after hour, on that storm-swept mountain she trauced and retraced her weary way. Darkness came on and still

THE SNOW FELL AND THE WIND HOWLED. The plucky little woman held her beaten path. Her clothes were wet with snow. Her soggy skirts hung about her chilled and weary limbs. The hours of that lonely night dragged slowly on, and each succeeding hour found her steadily keeping up the measured tread from one end of the little path to the other. She knew the necessity of economizing her strength so that she would not become exhausted and be compelled to lie down and sleep the sleep of death. She realized in that constant motion lay her only hope of ever seeing daylight again. All through the long and dreary hours of that seemingly endless night she kept up her pace, until the snow was banked up on each side of the little track. Several times her courage nearly failed her and she was on the point of lying down and

RESIGNING HERSELF TO HER FATE,

when the recollection of her little orphan girl inspired her anew and gave her renewed strength and courage. Her strength was gradually being exhausted. Unless help came within a few hours at most human nature would have to yield.

At last the gray dawn of morning began to break over the mountains. It found the heroic little woman still treading the path. As the sun rose the snow ceased to fall. The clouds broke away and the snowy peaks glittered like minarets in the bright sunlight. She continued her weary walk till about 10 o'clock, when a mail carrier on snowshoes came over the pass from Crested Butte and rescued her. He placed her on his long, Norwegian snowshoes, fastened her feet to the runners with leather thongs, and, bidding her put her arms around his neck for support, he soon landed her in safety at a cabin on the western slope of the mountain. A sled was improvised, and she was taken to Crested Butte.

For weeks she lay in a burning fever. It was a hard struggle between life and death. A strong constitution, however, pulled her through, and she finally recovered. A subscription paper was passed around among the miners, and \$500 was raised, with which she started a little store in Crested Butte, where she is to-day doing a good business.

"Is it a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replied gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood."

A Few Thoughts on Marriage.

Thinking people who have at heart the best interests of society, recognize a growing tendency among what is termed the middle classes in this country, to shirk the duties and responsibilities of married life.

They deplore the evil consequences as a social and national misfortune. Nations are composed of individuals, and it goes without saying that as a rule the man who is bound by family ties is more patriotic, and more willing to render assistance in the hour of his country's need, than is he who has no home of his own to defend. Marriage is also a Divine Institution, and a duty every one owes to Nature. But not only is celibacy on the increase but it is strongly asserted that as a people we are degenerating physically.

Many causes contribute to this latter result such as ignorance of Nature's laws and improper living, while the former is due in a large measure to the false ideas of the time in regard to conjugal happiness.

Formerly, among the happiest class these with "neither poverty nor great riches," it was customary for a young couple commencing the voyage of life to work together, the wife doing her own housework, cooking, mending, etc., while her husband provided the means. Thus mutually helping each other, the daily tasks became a pleasure, expenses were at a minimum, the founding of a home was the object, and the family circle the shrine at which they worshipped. Sweet home, "Where the treasures are, there the heart will be also." Such lives were not failures, even though fortune knocked not at the door, but, if perchance it did, and success rewarded their efforts, and the goal for which they had striven was reached, that was the crowning glory of it all, and they could afford to take life easier.

But all this is changed. A young man is expected to accumulate enough before marrying to support a wife in idleness and luxury. She is not to be a helpmate to him, but a sort of a dainty pet, to be dressed in fine and costly raiment, waited on by servants, constantly in pursuit of pleasure, and without any conception of the sterner qualities of life. She may speak French and German fluently, but she has no practical knowledge of housework; paint on china but has no culinary skill; and although she plays difficult music, cannot darn a stocking, nor does she know what economy means. Not that the so-called higher accomplishments are undesirable, but they should not take precedence in rank, over the more useful ones.

Often no attempt is made to establish a home at all, they simply board at some hotel.

The young man is afraid he cannot support so expensive a creature, and is it any wonder he hesitates to assume the responsibility? Is there a remedy? Yes. Teach young ladies the importance of thoroughly understanding domestic duties and putting them in practice. Let them remember that the greatest enjoyment does not arise from the pursuit of pleasure but in having some definite aim in life and realizing that they are nearing its object as time elapses, and that woman's first duty is to her family. Further: one sees on every hand, girls belonging to the intelligent working-class, who, from necessity, have been compelled to learn at home the useful art of housekeeping and other domestic duties, who moreover, are blessed with physical health in a high degree, induced by their more simple mode of life and abundance of exercise, and many of them possessing withal at least equal beauty with their more delicately reared sisters.

Men are naturally attracted by female beauty, and if they find intelligence, refinement and true worth associated therewith, they do not care for one's ancestry, whether they were bankers or literary people, or working men and women, knowing that worth is the result of individual conduct and not of royal blood.

But alas, the majority of the class of girls referred to are of limited education and uncultivated manners. Veritable diamonds in the rough. Why can't they appreciate the situation, and with the advantages afforded by free schools, public libraries, and the general freedom of society, polish up, think less of dress and show, and any man whose attentions are worth having, will entertain more respect for them than for the butterflies of fashion. Many an independent, sensible, high-minded merchant, professional man, or others well-to-do, would be only too glad to get such a girl for a wife.

Encouragement to Cranks.

It is an error to say that no creature that ever went over Niagara falls escaped with its life. In 1836 a bull terrier went over and came out alive. In 1853 another dog was flung above the falls and an hour afterward it came dripping up the ferry steps, a little rattled and disgusted with things in general, but otherwise uninjured. A recent writer says that there can be seen at the foot of the falls water cones apparently ten or twelve feet high. These are formed by the rapid accumulation and condensation of the falling water. It pours down so rapidly and in such quantities that the water below, so to speak, cannot run off fast enough, and it piles up as though it were in a state of constant ebullition. These cones are constantly falling and breaking. A hardy animal falling onto one of these cones as on a soft cushion might slide safely into the current below. The dogs were doubtless fortunate enough to fall in this way and were also aided by the repulsion of the water from the rocks in the swift channel through which they passed. As Graham's feat of running the rapids has now been equaled, and as the barrel route premises to become popular with ladies and children, he will have to go over the falls in his barrel or remain ever-shaded. The chances are strongly in favor of his going over the falls safely.

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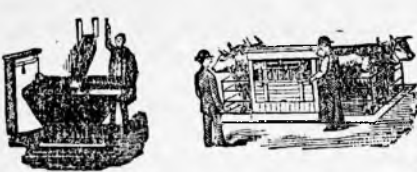
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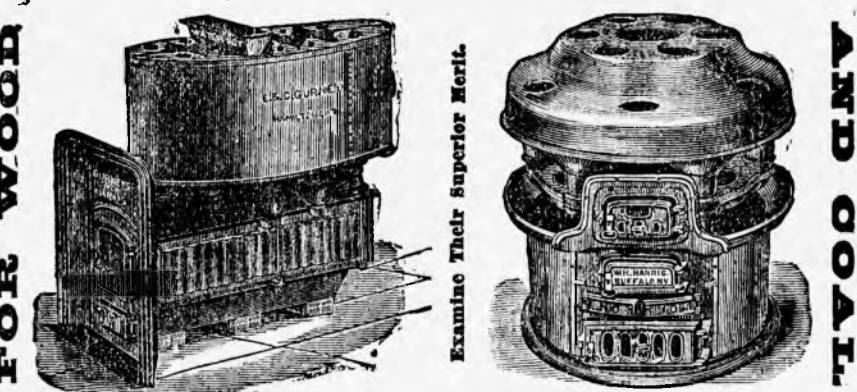
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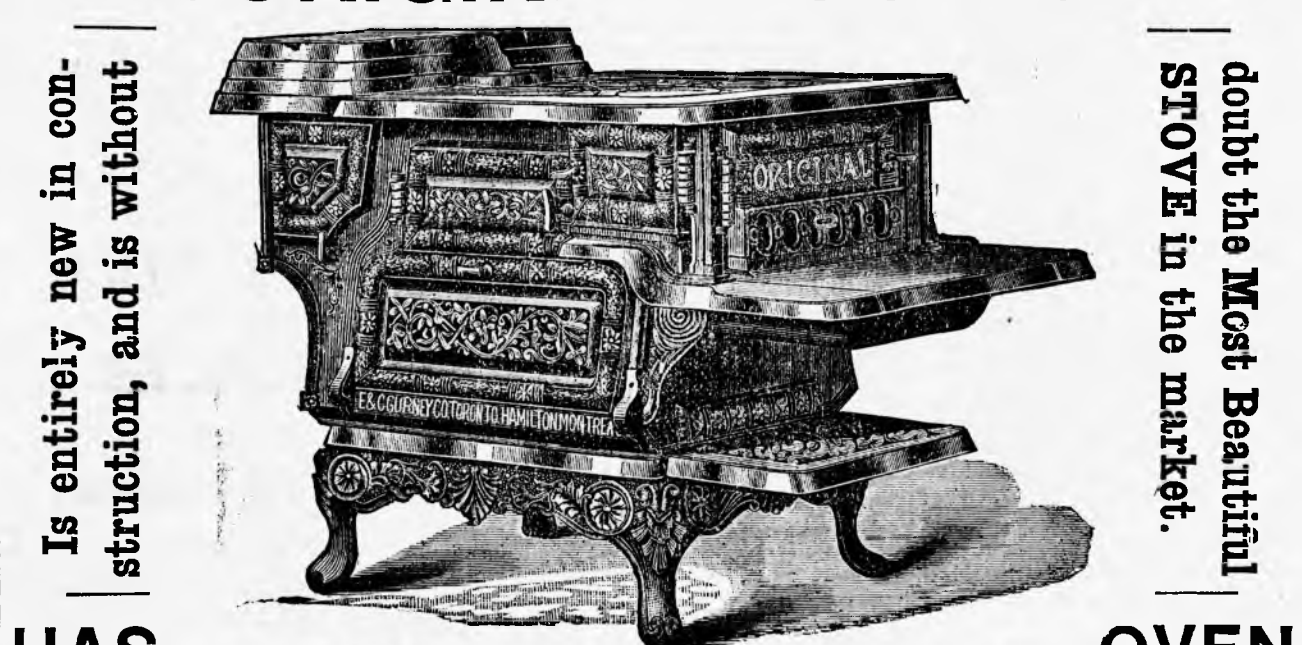
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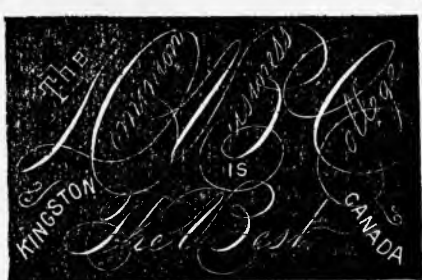
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