ELI PERKINS' RIDE.

HOW AND WHEN HE LOST HIS REPUTATION FOR VERACITY.

A Thrilling Experience on One of the Cold and Night of a Cold Winter in Iowa—A Telegram That Was Emptied by the Ami Alone of a Doubtful Bar Company.

I have traveled over the Alps when we crawled on wheels in Italy, were jolted in carriages over the mountains of St. Gothard and the Simplon, and have gone through Lyons into the delightful of Switzerland and the Rhone. Yet I have just finished through Japan and wonderful sunset in China. But the most exciting trip of my life was taken in our own country, yet in Iowa. It was one of the unmanageable of novel winter. I journed for the village of Cedar City, northeast from Cedar Rapids, one night, and the next night I was to be at Grinnell, Iowa, over the Mobject. I had to ride from Cedar Rapids the central part of Iowa, on the old Iowa Central road. To be sure I was compelled to drive 40 miles across the prairie from Cedar City to Marion City, in order to catch the whole morning train for Grinnell.

Every man over the prairie is a prophetic storm, and when Thermometer 12 degrees below zero, was a test of strength, nerve and ready reliance. But we must take the train. We bought our tickets and we, our baggage and robes from away. It was a hurricane, and when our horses refused to face the wind, then we got to walking around on foot to quite protect and our drivers drove up the front horses and screamed.

"We'll fail!"

But the most cruel cut, and we whipped around toward the north east and struggled on.

At the gray of the morning with what we to call the struggling lights of the little station of Marion City, saw a glare of 4,000 people! I remember well how I pulled out of the sleigh and scurried up to the station door. It was all dark within. I ran the station train hadn't gone. We had won, but, oh, with what pain!

Kneeling on the door, then pounding louder, the agent finally opened it.

"Has the 5 o'clock train gone south to Grinnell?" I asked with trembling voice.

"What?"

"Has the train gone south?"

He looked at me in amazement and said:

"Gone, man! Gone? Why, she went last September. She is a summer train, Sir," and he looked kindly at me, "she will go again in June. If I do meet you on her, you can sit around here in the depot and wait."

What did I do?

Why, I went right over to a big hotel and went to bed, and slept unfathomed sot sixteen.

Sleep! Sleep!

At 10 o'clock I crawled over to the depot and opened the door to Dispatch J. H. Grinnell of the Iowa Central. This, by the way, was the original man whom Greeley told to "go west." Grinnell went west, and it was he who founded the city of Grinnell, where I was to locate.

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