

HEI PULLED THROUGH.

About the saddest thing I ever encountered was a pathetic little incident on the battle-field after the siege of Atlanta, says a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*. It was night, and I had been ordered to go out and work on a casement near the enemy's lines. They knew we were there, for they kept up a continuous ping, ping, ping of minie balls, now and then varying the amusement by sending a hot ten-pounder, scorching the ground and playing havoc with the bushes unpleasantly close to our ears. As I was running about, suddenly one of our boys rushed up and said: "There's a man dying wants to see you, captain. You'd better come quick, for he's got a hole through his head." I hastened in the direction he indicated and soon found the poor fellow. He was being propped up by a corporal, but by the way he acted and talked I knew he was settled for.

"They've got me this time, captain," he said slowly, the blood choking him as he spoke.

He had been wounded a couple of times before, and was a brave man and a good one, too. I said what I could in the line of sympathy, telling him that it was the fate of war, and that all his old comrades would follow him sooner or later. It was only a matter of a few days any how.

"I want you to do me a favor, captain," he said, the death sweat on his forehead shining like beads in the fitful gleam of a candle he had lighted.

"Of course I'll do it, my boy," I said.

"There's my knapsack and canteen," he choked pitifully, "take them or send them to my poor old father and mother up in Vermont. Tell 'em that their only son died like a soldier on the field of battle. Tell them that I died thinking of them; and—and—there's another matter, another—"

Here a stream of blood gushed from his lips, and his eyes took on a look of horror that almost frightened me.

"Another matter," he gasped, "another matter. Reach down in my blouse and get a picture that is there." I did as directed, and saw in the faint light that the card bore the face of a young woman. "It's—it's the girl I was going to marry!" sobbed the dying man. "Tell her that—that I died with my lips on hers! Put the picture to my lips, captain, that I may—may kiss it!"

He kissed the senseless card board over and over again, and though I turned my face reverently away I caught a glimpse of the loveliest eyes that told his devotion. As he caressed the likeness for the last time the ambulance drove up and he was tenderly loaded in for the hospital, where his last moments might be at any rate a little less painful than on the rough rockstrewn battle ground.

The first chance I got I sent that knapsack and that sweet face to the ones who loved the soldier. That isn't all of the story. In October, if I recollect aright, just before the battle of Altoona, and after General Hood swung round to Grant's rear, I was riding along a very dusty road with my company. Suddenly I saw a spectacle before me that nearly knocked me off my horse. There, in the middle of the road, with his arms wildly waving toward me, was that same

dying soldier. His head was bandaged up, and when he spoke his voice was much impeded.

"I've got a furlough," he said, trying to grin good-naturedly, but failing because of the bandages round his face. "I've got a furlough and I'm going home to marry that girl." And he did.

RODE OVER NIAGARA ON BLONDIN'S BACK.

[N. Y. Mail and Express.]

When Blondin, the rope-walker, carried a man on his shoulders on a wire rope stretched over Niagara Falls in 1869, he achieved instant and lasting fame. His courage and daring are praised to the skies even now, but the nerve of the man who made the trip on the Frenchman's shoulders has of late years excited no particular comment. After the lapse of a generation this man has been found in Chicago, where he has told the story of his great ride.

His name is Henry M. Colcord. He was a professional athlete in 1859 and was a fellow member of the Ravel troupe with Blondin. When he made his first trip over Niagara Colcord was 26 years old. When the troupe disbanded Blondin proposed to Colcord that he should cap all his previous feats by going to the Falls and making the ascension—that is what the profession called the long rope walk.

"Blondin's ambition was," said Mr. Colcord, "to go across the falls and not across the river. His idea was to anchor one end of the rope at Goat Island, with the old Terrapin Tower, long since removed, as the support on the American side, and then to extend the rope across Horseshoe Falls, through the mist to Table Rock, where it would be securely anchored on the Canadian side.

"Mr. Porter was the owner of the land and he would not give his consent. We worked a whole year to get the rope fixed in that way, but failed in the end. Finally we put the rope about half way between the old bridge and Niagara Falls, across White's pleasure grounds. There it was that we made our first ascension.

"The guy ropes were not protected when we made our first crossing. The people had access to them, and as there were large sums of money staked on the outcome, the temptation to pull these ropes by those betting against Blondin was very great. In the middle of the rope there was a space of forty feet not supported by guy lines. I had to dismount three times from Blondin's shoulders and stand on the rope with my hands touching on his shoulders before we reached this spot. This rope was strung 275 feet over the river and was 1,900 feet in length, and neither of us knew the action of that forty feet without the guy lines. Blondin had crossed the river before, but not with any weight. It was the man on his back that gave the affair its great import. Blondin said to me: 'Harry, whatever I do in crossing that forty feet, don't you do anything. Sit perfectly passive on my back. Just be dead. Don't try to balance while I am walking on that space.'

"When Blondin had walked over ten foot of that forty with me on his back he suddenly lost his balance. He could not recover it. He started to run on one side of the rope clear to the first

guy line, a distance of thirty feet. No sooner did his foot touch the guy line than it broke, and he had to run to the next one, another twenty feet. When he got there he caught his balance and said to me, 'Get off, quick!' I dismounted and stood there quietly with my hands lightly touching his shoulders until he got ready to go on.

"Now here's the meaning of Blondin's hurry: He had not got half way across the rope before he was aware that somebody was pulling the guy line. He didn't say one word to me about it, for if he had, as sure as I am alive to-day, I should have been scared to death. This incident shows his coolness.

"He expected that every guy line he would pass would be pulled in this way, and that he would lose his balance every time he reached one of these lines. I never dreamed that under the circumstances any man could be guilty of such a dastardly act as that. Before we reached the shore I dismounted seven times, and it took us thirty-five minutes to get across.

"The first season Blondin did not get much. He depended largely upon contributions. But then, afterward he took my advice, and the last two seasons he made \$400,000."

Mr. Colcord has been painting portraits since 1863, and now, at 59 years of age, he has a quiet studio in Chicago.

DEATHS.

DAHLGREN.—In Park City, Utah, Dec. 4th, 1892, of pneumonia, Johana Dahlgren, aged 72 years, eight months and three days.

MATHESON.—At Park City, Ernest Frank Matheson; born February 26, 1892; died Dec. 11, 1892; aged 9 months and 20 days.

ENGBERG.—In Salt Lake City, December 9, 1892, of cystitis, Albert E., son of Eiof N. and Eliza J. Engberg; aged 26 years, 2 months and 8 days.

GABBOTT.—In Farmers ward, Sunday, Dec. 11, of diphtheria, Bayard, son of Olive and John Gabbott; aged 6 years, 2 months and 12 days.

BRUNEBAGE.—At Mesa, Maricopa county, Arizona, at 3:30 p.m., November 30th, 1892, Harriet, infant daughter of Nathan and Eunice Emeline Brunebage; born September 16th, 1892.

BRUNEBAGE.—At Mesa, Maricopa county, Arizona, November 21st, 1892, at 3:30 a.m., Eunice Emeline, wife of Nathan Brunebage and daughter of Alma and Eunice A. Millet. She was born in Kane county, now Washington county, Utah, July 22nd, 1863. She leaves a kind and affectionate husband and one son and three daughters to mourn her death. She has gone to meet her father and brother, friends and relatives, besides two little ones of her own, including a little son born the 12th of July, 1894, for whom she always has mourned.

STEWART.—At Meadow, Millard county, Dec. 2, 1892, of lung disease, Brother Wm. Stewart, aged 61 years, 8 months and 17 days. He was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, March 15, 1828; was baptized October 23, 1850, at Newcastle on the Tyne, England, and married Nov. 18, 1850, to Elizabeth Murdoch. He came to America in 1851, and remained in Missouri and Illinois until 1856, when with his wife and three children he started for Salt Lake. Another child was born on the road, and two died, as well as his wife, within one month; both children were buried in one grave. He was married a second time in 1857 or '58, and a third time in 1864 to Jane Jenkins of Goshen, who survives him. The third wife bore him eleven children, nine of whom are left to mourn his loss. In 1857 he went with the volunteers of Salt Lake to meet Johnson's army, as far as Echo canyon, and was one of those who escorted the governor (Cummings) to the city. The year 1856 was a trying one for the Saints generally, and Brother Stewart lost all his cattle, and with his family suffered many hardships. He has done much work for his ancestors in the Temple at St. George and has lived and died in full faith in the Gospel.