SHEEP HERDING IN MONTANA

Heavy Losses Sustained by Flock Owners During Present Winter.

WHAT A BLIZZARD MEANS TO SHEEP MEN

Personal Experience with Wild Storm on Range and Some Incidents of Heroism on Part of Herders.

NEW YORK, March 9.—Custer county, Montana, has been hard hit this winter. It is declared that not since 1888 have the losses in stock been so severe. For weeks the thermometer has stood below zero. The snow, a foot deep on the level, has been so thickly crusted over that the cattle could not break through it, but starved with their noses only a few inches from fodder. As for the sheepmen, they have been hauling hay for their flocks since the middle of December.

"You easterners seem to think it is the ranchmen's fault when their stock is swept away by the thousands," said a Custer county sheepman in this city. "The Montana ranchman, you must remember, is not dealing with half a dozen head of cattle in a ten-acre pasture. He probably has 200, 500, 1,000 head. The big outfits run up into the tens and hundreds of thousands.

"The ranches are miles in area—miles. And outside the barbed wire fences you've got the whole prairie for your stock to range over—eight miles to the nearest ranch to the east, maybe twenty miles on the south and north and west, nothing but sky and grass, sky and grass, with here a butte and there an old buffalo trail and yonder a water hole.

"There's not a winter that the ranchman doesn't risk his life to save his stock, not a winter that some poor shepherd don't freeze his feet and lose 'em caring for his flock in the pursuit of duty.

"I nearly died young myself back in '82 trying to save my band of sheep. I had 2,000 sheep out with a shepherd, and I was hoping to harvest my little 50 per cent on my money come shearing.

"We'd been having a fine spell of weather, when one day, the last of February, a little, soft, moist dab of something fell on my cheek and began to trickle into my beard. I didn't wait for a second. I knew it were a snowflake and that it meant death to my sheep and my hopes if I couldn't get to Frisco Frank and help him turn the band into my big pasture where the Bad Lands be.

"Now, if a blizzard strikes a band of sheep they drive before it straight to destruction. Horses will cut and run for corner. Cattle will sometimes. But a band of sheep haven't a quart of brains among 'em. They drift before a storm wherever it drives 'em.

"I put a flask of whisky and some bread and cheese in my pocket and was loping across the prairie in half an hour. Already the blizzard was upon me.

"The sky was thick with flakes. The wind was blowing a baby gale and the mercury was dropping down cellar at a fast clip. It was going to be a hummer.

"It was four miles to the place where I thought 'Frisco Frank was camped out. He wasn't there. I could see where his tent had been, but the weather being so fine he must have decided to throw the sheep a couple of miles nearer Fallon creek.

"I rode looking for 'em till the twilight began to fall. Even when it were dark, and God knows a Montana night can be the pitchiest black thing that ever happened, I wouldn't give it up.

"I rode, shouting into the night, then listening and holding my breath to hear a bleat or a voice. And I rode and I rode till I was plumb lost.

"Well, I managed to find a shallow cone half under a pinnacle of sandstone and I backed the 'bronc' into it. A horseless man in that country is a dead man. I found another under a ledge and crept into it more dead than alive with anxiety and exhaustion.

"I lay in the cave all night and all night the storm raged and howled. I was somewhere in my own 20,000-acre pasture, but I couldn't tell where. Nor the next day either.

"So all that day and the second night I lay in the cave, desperate. On the third day the sun rose clear. Saddling the bronc' I floundered to the top of the tallest butte and studied the landscape. There, not two miles away, was my shack and the stables and the corral.

"I had not been at home an hour when in stumbled 'Frisco Frank, both his feet and nose frozen.

"'Where's the sheep, Frank?' I asked him as soon as I had thawed him out.

"'At the foot of a cut bank mostly,' says Frank, choking.

"When we had pulled ourselves together we went out to see, and there, heaped up one on top of another, a solid wall of dead sheep five feet high, was my band. Eighteen hundred out of the 2,000, that is.

"The others Frank had managed by superhuman efforts to swing off to the left between two hills. Of these thirty died later from exposure and starvation.

"Well, that little experience did two things: It cleaned me out financially and it broke my nerve—for sheep, that is. By the middle of the following week I had borrowed $500 and was on my feet again, but I was soured on sheep. My nerve was broke.

"When I read in the papers that it serves the ranchman right if his stock die I think of Cayuse Charlie and the time he was herding sheep back of the old Hank Nave ranch, between Terry and Yellowstone.

"Charlie and the sheep had both suffered considerable that winter, what with the cold and its being a big year for coyotes—they seem to go in cycles of three years like—and Charlie resolved to have a crack at a couple of big fellows that had been pestering the band for a week. So when the sheep had quieted down one night he rode round on the outer edge of the band and waited for the ornery brutes to appear.

"About midnight a big gray male suddenly sprang out of the blackness on to the back of a sheep, burying its fangs in the flesh and fairly ripping down the hind quarters. Charlie's broncho shied furiously, reared, lost its balance and fell over backward—the most dangerous game a horse can put up on a man.

"Charlie went over with him. When he succeeded in freeing himself his left leg wouldn't work. The leg was broke.

"Well, Charlie sat and lay on the prairie all the rest of that night, sometimes cursing and sometimes sobbing under his breath. But he never lost his hold on the sheep. From where he lay on the frozen ground he shouted his orders to his dog and the dog obeyed.

"He was eight miles from the nearest inhabited ranch. When it grew light he saw his horse, still saddled, grazing near by.

"He never knew how he did it, but dragging his broken leg after him he crawled to the pony, caught him up and slowly hoisted himself into the saddle. It took him three hours.

"'Boy,' he says to his collie, 'hold 'em, boy, till I come back.'

"And with that he heads the bronc' for the O Bar B ranch eight miles off.

"Four hours later Jim Boyd of the O Bar B outfit sees a horse with something on his back, that might have been a man and then again it mightn't. Jim ran out and the thing was Cayuse Charlie.

"'The sheep's with the dog,' says Cayuse Charlie, as white as a snowdrift. Get Happy Hawkins to take 'em.' Then he fainted.

"Rattlesnake Frank had even a worse time than that the day he nearly bled to death in the pine hills between Teedee and Knowlton. It was his own sheep he was herding.

"One day he went out to chop firewood, and one way or another in tackling a thirty foot pine his axe slipped and cut him a nasty gash—almost cut off his foot in fact.

"'I was all alone except for the dog,' he said in telling the story, and while he were a most engaging cuss and a corker with the sheep, he couldn't rig up a tourniquet to stop the bleeding. Well, I propped my leg against a tree and tore my neckerchief up into strips. Then I laid violent hands on my shirt and ripped it up as well as I could.

"'Somehow I made out to hitch on the bandages and screw 'em up and by and by the bleeding slowed down. Then I began to crawl back to camp.

"'At camp I made out to get some food and feed the dog. Then I lay down to think things out.

"'I thought 'em out all right. And when daylight came I started.'

"'Started?' says I, when he told me the tale. 'where to?'

"'Why, for Billy Madison's,' says Frank.

"'Yes, sir, Rattlesnake Frank crawled them seven mile on his hands and 'knees, trailing his broken ankle along after him. Every few minutes he'd sit down in the snow to rest and take a drink. Then he'd clamp his Plymouth Rock jaws and hitch himself along another rod or two.

"So he worked his way the seven mile, crawling like a baby on his hands and knees. It took him all day—God! what a day.

"About 6 he strikes Billy Madison's shack.

"'Billy,' he says, talking like a turtle from between his shoulders, two feet from the ground, but as steady as if he'd just loped over friendly from Teedee, 'Billy, I wish you'd send that or'nary red-headed boy of yours to herd my sheep for a day or two, I jarred myself like with an axe yesterday and I think it may blow up a nor'wester by tomorrow noon,' he says."

The Montanan began to slide into his great coat, preparatory to breasting the dangers of Broadway.

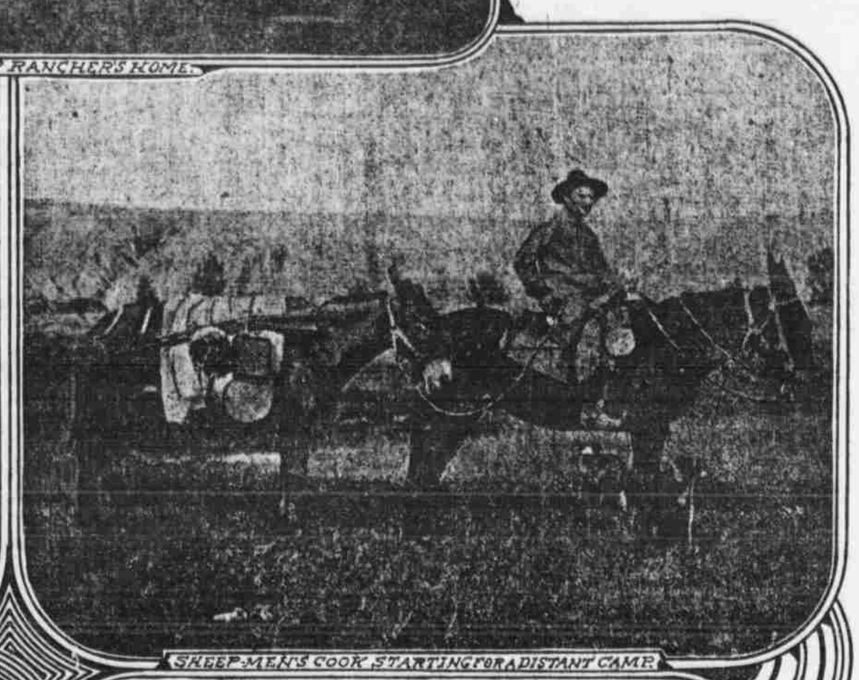
"No, siree," he said, as he clapped his soft Stetson on his head, "if they was any way a ranchman could save his stock he wouldn't lose 'em—no sir!"

To Assert Her Independence.

Miss Ethel Foraker, daughter of Attorner James R. Foraker of Cincinnati, and niece of Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, has accepted a position as cashier in one of the hotels there. Miss Foraker is a social favorite and well-known as an expert at tennis. Wishing to assert her independence, she applied to the management of the hotel for the position, after consulting her mother, and was at once given the place on the hotel staff.

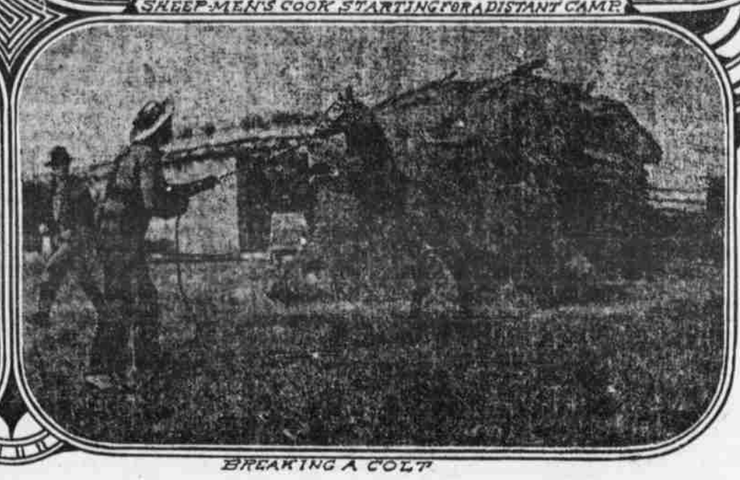
A SHEEP RANCHER'S HOME.

LINE RIDER.



SHEEP-MEN'S COOK STARTING FOR A DISTANT CAMP.

SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.



BREAKING A COLT.

President's Message

New York, March 1, 1907.

Life insurance has passed through another year of agitation. The volume of business in 1906 was diminished. Notwithstanding this, much has been accomplished that is exceedingly gratifying.

The total assets of the Society on January 1, 1906, were $420,176,214.84, and on January 1, 1907, aggregated $434,582,375.13.

The payments to policyholders during 1906 were $44,591,942.58. Of this sum $7,289,734.91 was paid in dividends to policyholders.

In 1904 the policyholders received 70.4% out of every dollar disbursed by the Society to 29.6% used for expense and taxes; in 1905 they received 74.65% to 25.35% paid out for all other purposes, and in 1906 out of every dollar of disbursements 80% went to the policyholders, while only 20% was expended for the conduct of the business. This was a reduction of about one-third in the expense of administration to total disbursements. Still further improvement along this line will be the endeavor.

The ratio of expense to premium income was 24.43% in 1904 and 22.60% in 1905; this was reduced to 19.34% in 1906, a decrease in ratio of 20.8% from 1904 and 14% from 1905.

The ratio of the Society's total expenses to its total income was 19.42% in 1904 and 17.38% in 1905; this was reduced to 14.48% in 1906, a saving of 27.4% from 1904 and 20.6% better than 1905.

The Society has loaned during 1906 to its policyholders on their policies $17,969,165.76. The loans made on Real Estate Mortgages amounted to $14,542,412.50. On Bonds in which the Society may legally invest it loaned $13,350,000, the market value of the collateral being at all times 20% in excess of the loans.

The income of the Society from its interest and rents was $1,909,373.39 greater in 1906 than in 1905. The average rate of interest yielded by the Society's investments, which amounted to 3.90% in 1904, was 4.03% in 1905 and 4.26% in 1906. The increase in income from investments has been accomplished without the sacrifice of a single point of safety.

The Equitable Society has never, since its existence, been in better financial condition than at the present time. Its assets were never more securely invested. With a surplus, including amounts held awaiting apportionment upon deferred dividend policies, of $68,720,332.74, policyholders and prospective patrons of the Society can be absolutely assured of its impregnable financial strength to make every contract good.

Messrs. Haskins & Sells, Certified Public Accountants, have verified the Society's statement of receipts and disbursements for the year 1906 and have certified the financial condition of the Society as of December 31, 1906. A copy of their report will be mailed upon request to anyone interested.

The Society is complying squarely with the spirit and the letter of the new insurance laws of the State of New York, and offers to the insuring public the new Standard policies prescribed by these laws, safeguarded by unquestioned security and backed by a determination on the part of its directors and Officers to so manage the Equitable Life Assurance Society that it will continue to commend itself to present policyholders and command the patronage of insurance buyers.

Alex Morton

President.

WEIDENSALL AND HIS TRIP

Something About the Y. M. C. A. Man Who Has Girdled the Globe.

BEST BELOVED OF ALL THE SECRETARIES

He Will Speak in Omaha Sunday Afternoon to the Local Men About His Experiences Abroad.

Robert Weidensall, the oldest association secretary in the world in point of service and the best loved man of the brotherhood, now past 70 years of age and hale and vigorous, has just returned from a world tour, in which he has visited leading associations in twenty-seven countries. Mr. Weidensall will speak at the Young Men's Christian association meeting this afternoon.

Eighteen months ago he started out to fulfill this long cherished desire of his life. He bore letters of introduction and the greetings of Sir George Williams, Lord Kinnaird, Cephas Brainerd, Esq., for twenty-five years chairman of the international committee; Hon. John Wanamaker and others. He had the idea of friendly visits and a sight-seeing tour, but at the first point he touched—Honolulu—characteristically abandoned the thought of pleasure and projected himself with fire and force into the association work which has so fully absorbed his life. His enthusiasm and warm personality gave hope and purpose. He did not seek to hold great public meetings, but rather to meet in council officers, directors and committeemen. In Japan with the students, in Manchuria with the soldiers, in China with the commercial and college young men, he immediately won sympathetic attention.

Mr. Weidensall found that wherever the association has had a fair chance, in whatever nation and under whatever conditions, it has proved a success, and missionaries as well as the people of the countries call for its enlargement. At Manila he was received by the officers of the army and entertained at the Army and Navy club. After he had spoken to 500 soldiers at Camp McKinley every man considered it a personal privilege to shake hands with him. Among the most notable services he held were several on the old Oregon.

Lord Kinnaird speaks in his letter of introduction of his "vigor of initiative and soundness of judgment, which have enabled him to do most valuable and useful work."

The Norges Kristelige Ungdomsforbund at Christiania, Norway, saw in him "a living evidence of how love for the young men and Christian work among them may grow and would be after one advances in years." From Malmo come expressions of joy in meeting this man "whose whole life was given up to one thing alone—young men's conducting to and guarding by the Lord Jesus Christ." The farthest north association at Tromso, Norway, expresses its thankfulness for his talks and good advice.

Prince Bernadotte, the president of the Forbundet mellan Sveriges Kristliga Koreningar of Unge Man (The Young Men's Christian Association of Sweden), in a personal letter, sent fraternal greetings. He wrote: "It is of great importance for us to know that we are one with so many of the servants of God in different countries in the work among young men."

Jongelingsvereeniging ter Bevordering van Christelijk Leven, the association of Amsterdam, Holland, through its officers and members, thanked the association of North America for sending him who had strengthened bonds of Christian unity.

From the association leaders at Jerusalem, Damascus, Athens, Naples and Ephesus come hearty expressions of an enlarged sense of brotherhood received from his addresses. He spent some rare days about Nazareth and Bethlehem, and on the mounts of the Beatitudes and Transfiguration.

Carter of the National Council of India, wrote: "It is altogether fitting that you who have pioneered the association work in North America should now, in the evening time of your life come to stimulate us in the older countries of the world. We believe that your visit will prove of unique and permanent value to our many associations."

Chairman Honda of the National Committe of Japan:

Your presence among us has been a blessing. Our leaders and principal directors have learned much from you about the infancy and growth of the association, of which you yourself were a foster father. Best of all we saw in you an inspiring incarnation of single hearted generous devotion to its service as a secretary. We are grateful to you and to the friends in America whom you represent, and pray that your visit among young men of other lands may be even more helpful. We beg you to bear our greetings to all the movements you touch along the way.

There is a rare appreciation in this letter of thanks to Mr. Weidensall from Kioto students:

We have felt greatly honored in seeing your kind face today. We thank you for the beautiful and helpful instructions which you have given us. We shall earnestly try from this time on to establish the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth. We pray that the blessing of God may be upon you forever. Amen.

(Signed) The Young Men's Christian Associations of the Student Association of Kioto: Imperial University Chienkai, Doshisha, Medical College, Commercial School and the Government College.

The Nanking students in this letter show the impression he made upon them:

It was a great blessing to us that Mr. Robert Weidensall addressed our meeting on December 14. At that time he brought us greetings from all other meetings which he had held. We are very much obliged to him and very greatly touched by his speech. We cannot thank God enough that he has sent to us this most honorable old man. We were specially touched by the greetings of the late Sir George Williams, the lamented founder of our association. Herewith we ask Mr. Weidensall to greet you all in the name of our Common Master. Wishing that God may be with you always and help you all ceaselessly in whatever line you work, we remain, etc.

Mr. Weidensall treasures a letter from the members of the Young Women's Christian Association Bible class in Tokio signed by fourteen of their members in Japanese characters, acknowledging the great inspiration of his enthusiasm.

On his return to New York he was tendered a dinner at the Union League club by Mr. A. E. Marling, where many of his friends and colleagues were present to listen to the story of his remarkable journey.

Mr. Weidensall is immensely appreciative of the kindness of his friends and associates who provided him the opportunity for this journey.

Administrator Yokura of New Chwang writes to Robert Weidensall appreciatively of the association's service to Japan:

The late war has given us many object lessons. None the least of them is that neither numerical strength nor superiority in fighting implements decides the issue, but that the morale of the men is the deciding factor. The Japan-Russia war was forced on Japan. It has never suffered a reverse on land or sea.

It is mainly to be attributed to the imperial virtues and graces that have animated the brave, loyal subjects. However, the influence of the Christian enthusiasts, who have come from abroad to minister to the needs of the soul, has also greatly contributed to this end.

The gentlemen specially detailed for the field work by the International Young Men's Christian association are not in any manner connected with the army or navy. But they have shared with the soldiers the privations and hardships of camp life. They have borne all these to feed the hungry soul and comfort the aching heart. Their noble labor has been richly fruitful. The men at the front and along the lines of communication, far away from the joys of their sweet homes, have not felt lonesome. Cheerfully they have done their duties. The horrors of carnage or the stench of the dead have only produced an edifying effect on such as have been spared. So they have fulfilled their duty.

The Japanese people, especially the officers and men, acknowledge with gratitude what noble work the representatives of the association have performed.

H. I. J. M., the emperor, has graciously made a gift of 10,000 yen toward the association funds. Marshal Oyama, Admiral Togo and the officers and men under them have also expressed their hearty thanks, myself among the rest. Their grand achievement will be cherished long in grateful memory of our countrymen.

Such is our sentiment and I try to voice it.

This is only a faint echo, an humble offering from one of the thankful people.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

As a result of the revival at Eldorado, Kan., one-seventh of the population of the town has been enrolled as members of the Christian church, where the meetings were held.

One of the most conspicuous characters among the negro churchmen of the United States is Henry McNeil Turner, bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal church. The bishop claims direct descent from an African king.

Prelates are what insurance men call "good risks," no matter what the form of their faith. Still active are the Methodist Bishop Bowman at 90, the Episcopal Bishop Huntington at 88, the Catholic Archbishop Williams at 85, the Catholic Bishop McQuaid at 84 and the Methodist Bishop Andrews at 82.

A Methodist authority has just estimated the total number of adherents and members of the churches of Methodism throughout the world at 42,638,258, the total being based upon the following figures quoted for all Methodist churches of the world: Ministers, 50,903; lay preachers, 98,483; church members, 8,278,043; Sunday school officers and teachers, 817,723; pupils, 7,000,000.

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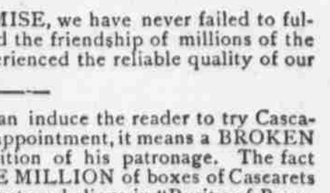
LAWN—CEMETERY



ANCHOR FENCE COMPANY, 207 North 17th St., Omaha.

ROBERT WEIDENSALL.

PURITY OR PROMISE

"Make Good" and you'll Be Prosperous

ADVERTISING is a PROMISE. It is also a CONTRACT. When we agree to do certain things, we have to "make good." Otherwise we lose the confidence and faith of our patrons.

The principle we adopted in 1896, when CASCARETS CANDY CATHARTIC were put on the market, was to make no PROMISE in our salesmanship, that was not characterized by PURITY and TRUTH and HONESTY, so that we could always DELIVER what we AGREED.

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The best inducement we can offer our friends in our advertising, past and present, is to TRY CASCARETS only ONCE! We promised and promise now, that these dainty, little candy tablets, if faithfully tried, would prove to be the most perfect Bowel Medicine ever placed before the American family,—as dependable for their effects as nature herself.

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Another PROMISE we are willing to make is that Cascarets will prove to be a great PREVENTIVE of DISEASE. They are anti-septic, destroy disease germs all through the FOOD-CHANNELS, and are what soap is for the outer body—a perfect cleansing means for the inside body.

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