

# DISGUISED HER SEX.

## A Strange Story Told by "Big Dan" Yonkers of Dakota.

### He Protects a Settler From the Hands of Claim Jumpers.

### His Beneficiary Lost in a Blizzard and Frozen to Death.

### The Discovery That He Is Not a Man but a Young Woman.

**D**AN YONKERS drifted in from the North yesterday. Dan's stamping ground for the past ten years has been among the foot hills of the Turtle mountains in North Dakota, where he has earned many a dollar in the honest but precarious vocation of protecting the property of tenderfoot settlers against the lawless claim-jumper. He is known as "Big Dan" in his balliwick, and he is looked upon by the settlers of that wild region in about the same light that the citizens of the United States look upon the standing army. The title of "Big Dan" is not a misnomer, for he stands three inches more than six feet in his moccasins, and girls nearly five feet around the chest. His legs are like the limbs of an elephant and his neck is as thick as that of a Texas steer. His face was never touched by a razor, nor his locks shorn by shears, and around his face and over his head hangs a shaggy mass of carrot hair that has been kept within bounds by Dan himself, who has periodically sawed off the straying hair with the keen edge of his hunting-knife that he carries belted around his ample waist, sleeping or waking. This peculiar individual was born in the northeast corner of Oregon thirty years ago, according to his own testimony, and gradually worked his way across the Rockies into the territory of Dakota, never once having ridden on a railroad or approached civilization until a week ago, when he slid over the frozen prairie on snowshoes to Devil's Lake City, and, clad in his quaint garb of poorly tanned deerskin, boarded the train that eventually landed him in St. Paul. It was no ordinary circumstance that led this queer man to undertake such a trip, and the story he told the GLOBE correspondent was interesting as well as pathetic. In his poor English he told why he was here and why he intended to continue his journey to West Virginia. As he finished his story, he brought his heavy fist down on the bar by which he stood, with a force that made the glasses rattle and the bartender look nervous, and said, with a look of dogged determination in his eyes, "I'm er goin' ter find whut I'll after, if it takes me till h—l freezes over."

Three years ago, according to Dan's story, information was brought to him that claim jumpers were making it hot for a young fellow in the northern part of Tower county and he started for the scene of the trouble, as he put it, "Spillin' fur er chance ter do up the squaw-faced land hoppers." The claim in question was in an uninhabited part of the country, and when he arrived he found it in possession of two well known

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who had driven the rightful owner off and were holding the fort with rifles and revolvers against the protests and threats of a weak-looking young fellow who had filed upon the land and at considerable expense built a comfortable shack upon it and was preparing to improve it by cultivating the soil. When Dan arrived, the young fellow was wandering around the claim sleeping on the prairie and endeavoring to make terms with the usurpers who only laughed at him.

Dan said he took "sort ov er shine to ther young feller on the start," and when he saw how the land lay he laid himself out to do up the jumpers at short order. They had heard of him and knew he was not to be trifled with, so when Dan walked over to the shack he was met at the door by Tom Wolf-land, the most desperate of the two men, who shoved a revolver under Dan's nose and told him if he didn't "vamoose" instanter he would shoot a hole through him. Dan wasn't built that way, and yanking out his revolver he fired at the jumper, who dropped with a hole through his right side. Wolfland's companion, seeing his partner go down, opened fire on Dan, who got a bullet through his left arm and had a furrow torn through his scalp, but the jumper got a bullet from Dan's revolver through the jaw, and signified his willingness to quit the claim if Dan would stop shooting. The wounded jumpers were loaded into a buckboard that was their property, and behind a pair of mules that they had brought to the claim with them, were set adrift and were never heard of by Dan or the man he had befriended thereafter.

The young fellow whose claim Dan had saved was exceedingly grateful and dressed the wounds of his benefactor with unusual skill. He told Dan that he hadn't money to pay him for his service then, but when he could raise the funds he would settle. He said his name was Daniel Furness and he came from Randolph county, near the head of Cheat river, West Virginia, where his mother lived. His father and two brothers had been killed while serving in the confederate army, and the support of his mother having fallen upon his shoulders he had come up into North Dakota with the intention of building a home for his mother and himself. There were a few hundred dollars left to the wife and son when his father went down under fire of

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and this money he left in a Wheeling bank to be used by his mother while he was establishing a home in the North.

This story told by Furness enlisted the sympathy of Dan at once, and their chance acquaintance grew into a sort of a brotherly attachment that lasted through the three years that Furness was busily engaged in cultivating his claim. With Dan's assistance he got along famously. He had proved up on his tree claim and a homestead, and besides had managed to purchase 320 acres, so that last spring found him in possession of 640 acres of splendid land. Big Dan had come to look upon Furness as a sort of a protege of his, and the people who had settled around the Furness claim dubbed them Big and Little Dan. They were almost inseparable companions, and a year ago, when Big Dan was stricken with fever, Furness nursed him so tenderly that he pulled through and came out all right.

"He was ez smart er young duck ez ever got rained on," said Dan, with a moisture in his eye. "I'll never forget him ez long ez I'm on top ov earth. I thought er darned more ov him than I did my own carcass."

Furness was making preparations to go East and return with his mother next spring to his Dakota possessions. He had bargained with Big Dan to look after the farm while he was absent, and he was to have started East Feb. 1. A week ago last Tuesday Furness went to Church's Ferry to make a purchase of provisions to carry Big Dan through the winter. He remained in Church's Ferry Tuesday night and started for home Wednesday noon. That afternoon a terrible blizzard came up and Furness must have become bewildered, for he did not reach home, but Big Dan thinking he had concluded to remain at the ferry until the blizzard was ended gave himself no uneasiness about his young friend. All day Thursday the gale blew and still Dan was confident that Furness had remained in town, but when Friday and Saturday passed and he did not return Dan began to fear that there was something wrong, and buckling on

his snowshoes he started across the prairie for the ferry. He had gone barely more than two miles from the house when a dark object lying on the prairie caught his eye, and going over to it he found the sleeve of a buffalo coat. He dug down into the snow and found the

#### BODY OF A MAN

lying on his face, as though he had fallen while struggling against the storm. Dan lifted the corpse out of the drift and turning it over looked into the rigid features of Furness.

The strange part of the story has not yet been told. His great heart stricken with grief, Dan lifted the form of Furness in his arms and carried it back to the shack, laying it on the bed. He was so unnerved by the terrible fate of his friend that for a day he could do nothing. When he at last pulled himself together he went about preparing for the remains of his friend for burial. In attempting to remove the clothing from the upper part of his body, much to his consternation, Dan laid bare the white bosom of a woman. He immediately drove to the house of a neighbor and notified the woman of his suspicions, which were afterwards verified. The remains were given a careful burial in the little cemetery at Church's Ferry.

Among the girl's effects, in her trunk, were found letters from her mother addressed to Cora, which was probably the right name of the masquerader. The only theory advanced for the woman concealing her sex is that she concluded she could thus protect herself against insult and indignity in the wild country to which she was going.

Big Dan, after the funeral, started for West Virginia, for the purpose of finding his friend's mother and bringing her back to the home her daughter had prepared for her, if she chooses to come, and he swears he will stand by her as long as he is able to lift a hand if he finds her.

#### Water That Would Not Freeze.

Special to the Globe.

JAMESTOWN, Jan. 27.—Dakota is indeed a country of wonders, and the people of Jamestown think a great many of them are located in this region. Some time ago the young people of the city obtained permission from the city council to use water from the artesian well, for the purpose of flooding certain vacant lots for ice rinks, and the attempt was accordingly made a few days ago. Water was turned on and allowed to run for some time, but an unexpected difficulty was encountered. The artesian water is of a temperature of about 73 degrees Fahrenheit. Running from the well at that degree of warmth it soon melted the snow, of which there was an abundance, thawed the ground and ran off, furnishing the unusual spectacle of a failure to freeze water with the thermometer about a dozen points below zero. There is now considerable speculation as to what method will be undertaken to circumvent the difficulty, and the general opinion is that the young people will have to wait a cold day when the water will cool more readily.

#### War on the Gophers.

Special to the Globe.

JAMESTOWN, Jan. 27.—The bids for the 2,880 drachm bottles of strychnine, which the county commissioners advertised for, for the purpose of furnishing the farmers for use in the war of extermination against the gopher, were opened and the contract awarded to Churchill & Webster, of this city, who were the lowest bidders. The preparation will be ready for distribution about the 1st of March, when an organized and united effort will be inaugurated to rid the county of these little pests, which have been more disastrous to the crops of this vicinity than drouths and dry winds.

#### Arrested Again.

Special to the Globe.

BISMARCK, Dak., Jan. 27.—Last week Justice Lambert acquitted Messrs. Williamson and Rapelje, tried under a charge of assault and battery of Photographer D. F. Barry with a blacksnake whip. Barry then begun a civil action for damages, and to-day Williamson and Rapelje were arrested by order of Judge Francis and held in \$1,000 each to the March term of court. Barry sues for \$5,000.

#### FARGO NOTES.

Special to the Globe.

FARGO, Jan. 27.—Arrangements are being perfected for a base ball league the coming season, to comprise Fargo, Grand Forks, Winnipeg, St. Cloud, Brainerd and Duluth.

A committee of the Catholic society has been prospecting this week for a site for cathedral and Catholic bishop headquarters. The Sweatt grounds, which are the ones desired, are held at \$14,000, which is more than can be raised by the citizens as a bonus in the local option era.

The gentle horse whipping of the amiable young manager of the opera house by Miss Fenton, is disapproved generally in Fargo. The lady supposed the GLOBE account of the attempted suicide and its cause was inspired by Mr. Crenshaw. The statements, however, were not disputed. Crenshaw is following the company in the delusive hope that money can be extracted from Foote.

It is conceded that Judge McConnell was hasty in thinking he could turn over the contempt case to Judge Tripp. He could not afford to do that.

About all of the Fargo people who could spare or borrow the funds needful have gone down to the Carnival this week.

The hackmen say that they are now driving day and night, but complain that it is too cold to walk their horses up the long approach to the Moorhead bridge. A street car line is badly needed.

Two of the lady teachers in one of the rural districts of this county kept the children in all night during the blizzard, which is the only safe way.

Judge Guptill, who distinguished himself in New York by his glowing accounts of the Fargo Republican club, which he represented, held a meeting Thursday night, and he still constitutes the club.

#### GOT A BEE IN HIS BONNET.

There's a writer in a paper of the city of St. Paul.

Who's been cutting quite a caper ever since the early fall,

He's got rather badly smitten with the wish to write his name

As our delegate to congress on the flowing scroll of fame.

His name it is P—

I—E—R—C—E,

And he edits the Weekly Dakota P. P.

He thinks that Edwards is too stout, and Allen is too thin,

While Campbell's only good to shout, and Thomson has no tin;

That Gifford's had a double turn, and hasn't done a thing

But draw his monthly pay, and take his orders from the Ring,—

So Ex-Governor P.,

Of Jamestown, D. T.,

Thinks the best man you could choose for congress is ME.

I sometimes think it would be queer if we ourselves could see

The way that others see us, how astonished we should be,—

Though Gilbert may be capable of running the P. P.—

Yet Bismarck's quite a different place to Washington, D. C.

And yet we shall see

That the Pioneer P.

Will keep booming for Delegate Gilbert A. P.

Yet even if we granted that he had the common sense,

The people do not want a man who's always on the fence;

He reminds me of the candidate who said he wished to say,

"That if my principles don't suit, I'll change 'em right away."

Yet Ex-Governor P.,

Of Jamestown, D. T.,

Thinks the right man to elect to congress is ME.

He writes in Washington which were not held at all,

And telegrams from Bismarck which were written in St. Paul,

And when the GLOBE "scooped" all his news, we all remember well,

How he sent that famous telegram, beginning "Why the H—ll."

And yet Gilbert A. P.,

Of Jamestown, D. T.,

Thinks the best man you can choose for congress is ME.

—Lignite in Eddy County (Dak.) New Era.