THE STORM.

A Regular Old Time North Dakota Blizzard Set In Early Wednesday Evening of Last Week, and Lasted the Usual Three Days.

Early Wednesday evening, the wind began to blow hard direct from the north, and with about six inches of loose snow upon the ground, an old fashioned blizzard, such as we have not seen for years, was plainly visible. Everybody who were away from home lost no time in getting there, just as soon as possible, and our careful inquiry has failed to learn of a single failure to do so. All who were out, reached home safely.

For two or three days previous to the storm, it had snowed considerable, and only a good stiff breeze was needed to get it—and we got the breeze—likewise the storm. But the good feature about it was, that it came late in the evening when persons away from home, were returning and arrived there before the worst came. Thursday morning which by the way, was Thanksgiving, was awful; and it grew worse, until it was awfuler—and it kept it up until Friday night. The oldest pioneers frankly say they never saw anything like it. The roads were all blockaded and business at a standstill. The railroads could move no trains, until the storm abandoned and the hugh rotary snow plows could be got to work. Wheat jumped up four cents, first thing; and well it might; for if it had jumped twenty-four 'twould have been all the same to our poor farmers, and well the grain men knew it.

TIMES IN HOPE.

The usual Thanksgiving dinners were enjoyed, and everybody made sunshine at home, as best they could. Friday morning some few business men opened up their stores for business, but The Pioneer office was not among them. We live too far in the country to take chances. Saturday morning however, was beautiful. The wind had died, and mammoth drifts of snow were everywhere to be seen. Every business house on the north side of Steele avenue, was blocked by a hugh drift, 15 to 20 feet high and reaching up to the second story windows. Every door on that side of the buildings were blocked with the beautiful, and it was impossible to open them.

At an early hour, every man, and boy obtainable, with dozens of teams, were engaged drawing load after load of snow from the streets and sidewalks. Steele avenue was filled 15 feet deep throughout the business district, and progress was impossible, except on the south sidewalk, where the wind had kept it clean. Photographer Parkinson was busy all day taking snap shots here and there. No mails went out or came in until yesterday. We got our first train mail—by stage—Wednesday noon, since Wednesday of last week. Just a week.

No suffering has been reported either in town or neighborhood. The telegraph wires have been down all the time, and the telephone wires are under snow in many places, but have never refused to work; so our only communication with the outside world has been over the Union Telephone lines. The C. N. railway company has been making use of them, and dispatching their trains accordingly. About 3:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, the big rotary snow plow, propelled by two large mogul engines pulled into town and opened up the road. They went north Tuesday morning to Areta. Hundreds of curious people were congregated at the depot to see the wonderful machine do its work.

STORM NOTES:

Two freight trains carrying about 35 men, passengers included, were snowed in between Finley and Sharon for 36 hours, without food. Their coal supply was also getting short, and early Friday morning, they broke camp and started in all directions. Some walked into Hope—15 miles—while others started for their neighboring train, where they broke open a way car and ate cheese, crackers, sardines, etc., until help arrived, which it did, Saturday, about noon. Teams were dispatched from here loaded with coal and provisions. They managed to keep the two locomotives alive through the worst of the storm. The two trains were only one-half mile apart.

Tuesday evening previous to the storm, J. A. Day left town late, for home, but got off the road, and wandered around till he struck a hay stack. He unhitched his team and kept the horses and himself walking around the stack of hay all night, to keep from freezing. When morning came, he found it was his own hay, on his own farm, only one-half mile from his residence. He was none the worse for his experience, except the unpleasantness of the situation.

M. B. and C. S. Cassell, near Sherbrooke, lost 40 hogs, by suffication.

Mrs. Allen, The Pioneer man's better half, also mourns the loss of three old hens, that perished under the burden of 40 others, roosting on top of them, in the hen house.

Dr. Philip can tell the best story about carrying snow clear through the parlor, sitting room, dining room, hall and kitchen, in order to get his front door open.

Cashier Jimmy Brown never loses his temper, but he came near it, when he was compelled to call Arthur McLaughlin over to kick in a window in the coal house, so he could get out and shovel open the front door.

The strangest thing of all, happened not far from our house, when we overheard one lady kicking because the wind had blowed the snow all away from her south door, and she would consequently be compelled to walk air or eight feet, to get snow to melt, so she could wash.

A. M. McLaughlin is always having heaps of trouble, and this time it was no exception to the rule. He had forgot to lay aside a turkey for Thanksgiving, and through the worst of the storm, he pushed his way to Earl Pepper's for the festive fowl.

Two young ladies tell there experience like this: They awoke early Thanksgiving morning, and felt cold, so pulled the bed clothes all the tighter. Presently the good mother called to them up the stairway, to come down to breakfast. So of course, each argued with the other that she should get up first—and see how really cold it was. Finally out jumped one of them; her eyes hardly yet open; and landed in a snow bank four feet deep, along side of the bed. The snow had found its way through a small hole in the side of the wall. We will never tell who the unfortunate ladies are, but suffice us to say, that this is no lie; but a fact.

One of the north windows in the Odd Fellows' hall dropped down from the top, about three inches, and the hall was filled several feet deep with the beautiful white snow.

C. S. Moore had "moore" fun than anybody, catching those 200 hogs and little pigs. Mr. Moore has a large stove, and the snow blew into their house making it very uncomfortable. He ..... made different arrangements but to find out all about it—ask him.

There are many, many, other interesting items, no doubt, to tell you about, but these are all that have reached our ears. If you know of any good ones, tell us about them.