

REMINISCENCES OF MRS: FRANCES SEVERIN, BURLINGTON, COLO.

We came to Nebraska in 1872 and settled near Linwood, where my mother's cousin, Jacob Kriz, lived. My father's name was Frank Svoboda. The grasshoppers came that year, laid eggs and the pests lasted several years. If one has not experienced this visitation, one can have no idea of it, nor how soon all growing things vanish before it. All products were cheap, eggs five cents per dozen, butter also, and when wheat brought 50 cents per bushel, it seemed a great deal. In harvest the pay was fifty cents per day. My older sister and I went to Omaha, to find work as maids. My father did not have much money and did not know how much <sup>we</sup> he would need for the trip. When they were taking us across the Platte River, we lacked twenty cents of paying our fare. We did not know English, and the agent would not give us tickets, so the train left without us. We remembered that a certain Bohemian clerk lived in town so we asked him to lend us the money which he did. My sister was seventeen and I fourteen. We set out into an unknown world, not knowing the language and with no money. It may seem a small matter, but girls in a similar position some times come to a tragic end, if they fall into the hands of bad people. We came to Omaha on a freight train, which stopped at Tenth Street. I remembered that father had bought some provisions there and that the person of whom he bought them talked German. We tried that language on him and he told us that he will call a Bohemian girl. She came and took us with her to a hotel and in a week we got work. I thought that girl was a perfect angel. I worked in Omaha five years, going home for harvest to help my people. Then I worked in a smaller town and in 1879 married Alois Severin who had a harness shop in Schuyler. The year 1880 was dry the crop outlook was bad and grasshoppers plenty. Another harness



maker came to town so we moved to Stanton where in 1881 we were visited by a tornado. After nine years we moved to a farm near Clarkson. My husband began to suffer from Asthma, so we went west, first to Billings, Montana, then we settled on a homestead here in Colorado . My husband was cured of asthma, but shortly after that fell ill of cancer and died.