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VOL. II.

WHITE EARTH AGENCY, MINNESOTA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

NO. 22.

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THEO. H. BEAULIEU,
EDITOR AND MANAGER.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER,
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MY GARDEN.

I have twelve pretty garden beds
Where green things grow so low;
Where, soldier-like, the cabbage-heads
Are ranged in many a row;
Where radishes and sugar beets,
By peonies showers burst,
With pease and other garden sweets
Upon my vision burst.

I often pause and fondly muse
Upon these sprouts so gay;
But all the garden truck we use
I purchase at the store.

It's pleasant, in my slippers feet,
When smiles the rosy morn,
To linger at the garden seat,
And watch the bannered corn;
To note within the rustling tree
The merry piping wrens,
And from my egg-plants, blowing free,
To chase my neighbor's hens.

Then to the grocer, smiling gay,
I say in tones polite:
"Bring in two cans of pease, I pray,
And three of corn to-night!"

The air's as flower-sweet as wine
Through which the gold bees flash;
I love to linger on my spine
And watch the succotash.
I never work when I can play,
Or 'on when I can fork
Out twenty dolls, per moon to pay
The gentleman from Cork.

It is a garden for the eye
That every passer scans,
For my real garden I must buy
All ready-made in cans.

My garden is a spot serene:
Where blows the misted tea-rose,
And apples drop from bowers green
And dislocate my nose.
I love to watch the butterfly
Tiptoe on the flower-cup;
But when my garden bright I spy
On paper figured up—

And how I buy store beads and pease,
I have to shout: "Great Scott!
'Twould cost no more upon the seas
To run a pleasure yacht."
—K. K. Munkittrick, in Puck.

THE SENATOR'S STORY.

A Hasty Speech for
Dearly Paid.

"Well," said the Senator, as he selected
a fresh cigar and reached over for a match,
"you may not think it, but I came mighty
near being 'hung once.'"

The whole party stared. Any one less
likely to be accused of serious crime than
our host—a distinguished lawyer and State
Senator of California—it would have been
hard to imagine.

"How was that?" I asked.

"When I was a young chap I got my
sheepskin from Dartmouth, and as I had a
few dollars, I made my way out to this
State. I mined for awhile, and then went
to Sacramento, where I hung out my
shingle and waited for business. It was
literally a shingle, too, painted by myself.
I soon after met a girl, Polly Sinclair, the
daughter of Robert Sinclair, a builder.
There were not so many girls there then,
and Polly had plenty of fellows after her.
But somehow she took a shine to me, poor
as I was, and I was as much in love with
her as a man could be. Her people did not
like me, though, and naturally enough, too,
for I was only a poor, struggling lawyer,
and they thought Polly could do better.
Her brother was specially against me. Poor
Bob, perhaps I was to blame most in the
matter. Anyway, Polly and I had found
out that we cared for each other, and one
night, when we were walking together, we
met Bob. He began by calling me all the
names he could think of, and my temper
being none of the best, I got mad.

"Polly kept begging me not to quarrel,
and at last I turned away, leaving her with
him. As I left I said to him that we would
meet again, when I would make him ex-
plain his words.

"I was so excited that I could not go
home, and I walked along the road for I
should think, five miles from the town.
Then I turned and walked back, went to
my room, and, being tired out, went to
sleep.

"In the morning I was waked up by the
sheriff, and arrested for murdering Bob.
The poor fellow had been found in the
street with his head crushed in by a blow
from behind, and every thing he had with
him taken. There were a dozen witnesses
to what I had said to him and to the quarrel.
No one had seen me during the evening; my
boarding-house keeper had not seen me
come in, and altogether things looked
rather black for me. The only thing in my
favor, and that was little enough, was that
there was nothing of poor Bob's found in
my possession.

"Well, I was locked up in the old jail,
and to tell you the truth, I didn't see my
way out of the trouble. Every one in town
believed me to be guilty, and there was
some talk about lynching me out of hand.
When I say every one, I must make an ex-
ception. Polly, bless her, believed in me
still, although her father was one of the
bitterest, naturally enough.

"I had been in jail about ten days, when
one day the door of my cell opened, and
Bobby came in. How she managed to per-
suade Sheriff Hughes to let her see me, I do
not know, but she did somehow.

"I am not going to tell you what sort of
a meeting that was; I could not if I would.
Of course, I told her I was innocent of poor
Bob's death, and she sobbed out her belief
in me as I held her in my arms. At last she
whispered her plan to me. I was to escape,
and the dear girl shoved a file into my
pocket as she talked.

"No one, she said, in Stockton would
ever believe that I was innocent; and if I
did not run away I would be hung. As for
herself, she would try to prove my inno-
cence, and if she succeeded we would be
married. If not, then she would never
marry any one else. Naturally, I said I
would stand my trial, as I was innocent;
but when Polly pressed me as to how I was
to prove this, I did not know. She talked
and begged, and at last I consented. So, as
Sheriff Hughes came back, she had to leave
me.

"I did not like the job, but still I worked
away with the file, and as the bars were
pretty poor stuff, I got one of them out. I
crawled through and reached the street,
and then made my way along it towards the
edge of the town. I was to strike out across
the plains, hiding in the day-time and trav-
eling at night only. I reached the open
country, and just about daylight lay down

to sleep in a hollow, between two ridges.
I could not sleep long, however, and after a
time I was lying there wide awake. I got
so nervous at last that I made up my mind
to go on, and started once more. I had not
been walking very long, and, as you may
suppose, I was taking advantage of every
bit of cover that I could get, when I saw a
long line of men riding over the plains to-
ward me. With them were any number of
dogs, for, although we had no bloodhounds
in those days, there were lots of dogs who
would bark at a stranger if they saw one.

"Gentlemen, my heart seemed to stand
still. Although I didn't want to escape at
first, now that I had, it seemed to me doubly
bitter to be retaken. I do not know how
to explain it to you, but the second capture
was far worse than the first. But what
could I do? There wasn't a tree for miles—
there was no broken ground nor rocks to
hide in. Nothing but that wide rolling
plain, and the line of men slowly riding to-
wards me. It made me feel sick.

"I took the only chance I had, and lay
down in a hollow place where they might
overlook me, and so I waited. I could hear
the shouts of the men as they came nearer,
hear the barking of the dogs, and I could do
nothing. I tell you I seemed to fairly
wilt with perspiration. At last they came
quite close. A dog saw me and began to
bark. I sprang to my feet, and as I did so
a man fired at me and shot me in the
shoulder, which is stiff yet. This man was
John Bogart, the deputy sheriff. Of course
there was no fight—I had nothing to fight
with. Sheriff Hughes came up, put me on
a horse, and back we went to town. This
time I had shackles fastened to my feet.
My case was worse than before, because
every one was now sure that I had killed
poor Bob. I tell you I paid dearly for that
hasty speech to him.

Naturally my capture soon became
known, and Polly, as she has told me since,
was nearly beside herself at the result.
She blamed herself for it all, especially as
every one told her that my running away
proved my guilt. The poor girl got sick
with anxiety and fear, and had to take to
her bed.

"Meantime, the time for my trial was
coming mighty near, and I do not believe
that a juryman could have been found in
Sacramento to say that I was not guilty. In
fact, any twelve men would have sen-
tenced me without hearing the evidence. My
shoulder bothered me not a little, too, and
Bogart, the jailer, used to tell me, with a
grim, I must get well in time for the 'cer-
emony,' as he called the hanging. Cheerful,
wasn't it?

"One evening, Polly, who was getting a
little stronger, was sitting on the porch of
her house, when she saw a man walking up
the street. She has always said she does
not know why she did it, but something
made her follow him. She just could not
help it. She did follow him down a by-lane
until he reached a hillock of sand just out-
side of the town. On the further side of this,
she saw him dig some things up which he
put into his pockets. Then, after filling in
the hole, he made his way back, passing
close to where the girl was crouching be-
hind a pile of rubbish, so close that she rec-
ognized him. She followed him again, and
saw him walk towards the jail. Reaching
that building, he went into a little house at
one side, and Polly crept softly up, and
looked through a crack between two of the
boards.

"What she saw was enough to make her
go to the sheriff's house as fast as she could
walk. Hughes had gone to bed, but Polly
insisted on his getting up, and talking to her.
When he heard her story, he put on his hat,
went out and got three men he knew, and
made his way with them to the house by the
jail. Here they walked in, and quietly
searched the room.

"I supposed you have guessed what they
found. All of poor Bob's things—his watch,
his money, a revolver with his name on it,
and his pipe, were hidden away under a
board in the floor under the bed. It was
while they were looking at the things that a
step was heard, and the door opened for a
second. Before they could jump, the man
had turned and run, only to fall into the
arms of stout Mike Cassidy, the guard
Hughes had left behind him, with orders to
let any one in, but no one out; and when
they hauled the man back into the room
where the light was, Hughes had the plea-
sure of looking at his own deputy and jail-
keeper, John Bogart.

"To make a long story short, Bogart was
the guilty man, and he took a more prom-
inent part in the 'ceremony' than he had an-
ticipated. As it afterwards turned out, he
had embezzled some money belonging to the
county, and hearing that Bob had several
thousand dollars with him which he was
taking home, he had stolen up behind him in
the street and crushed in his head with an
iron bar. He might not have done it had he
not heard of the quarrel between Bob and
myself. In the morning, when the body was
discovered, he had suggested that I was
the murderer, and, of course, the suggestion
was taken up. He confessed every thing
before he died.

"The next day Polly insisted on telling
me the news, and, naturally, she was al-
lowed to. I am not going to say any thing
about that meeting, but after we had been
together an hour Hughes came in, saying he
wanted to congratulate me, too. It was not
long before I was out on bail, and people
could not do enough for me. I got cases as
fast as I could take them, and it was not
long before I was as prosperous as I had
been poor before. As for Polly—why, if
you have done smoking, we can join her in
the parlor." —Alfred Balch, in N. Y. Ledger.

What an Engine Consumes.
It will perhaps interest some readers to
know how much fuel a locomotive burns.
This, of course, depends upon the quality of
fuel, work done, speed and character of the
road. On freight trains an average con-
sumption may be taken at about 1 to 1 1/2
pounds of coal consumed per car per mile.
With passenger trains, the cars of which
are heavier and the speed higher, the coal
consumption is greater. A freight train of
30 cars at a speed of 30 miles per hour
would therefore burn from 900 to 1,350
pounds of coal per hour.

An Imaginative Story.
The heroine of a story now running in a
Southern paper is made to say: "I will do
the washing this time, mother, for it is the
greatest of delights to me." This is a wide
departure from the realistic in fiction; in
fact, it reaches the pinnacle of the ideal at a
bound. As the work of the imagination the
story will take high rank.

PAST FINDING OUT.

The Ways of a Woman Armed with an
Umbrella or Parasol.
Among the things enumerated by Solom-
on as past finding out should have been
included the way of a woman with an um-
brella; and he who observantly walks the
streets in these days, when every member
of the softer sex carries a sunshade, will
feel that the author of Ecclesiastes missed a
golden opportunity in not being able to add
this item to the list of things too wonderful
for him.

The woman with an umbrella, in the first
place, says a writer in the Boston Courier,
assumes that the sidewalk is laid down for
her, sole and especial use. With certain
authority potentes the umbrella is a sign of
authority in virtue of which all beholders
are expected to understand that it is their
duty to make way and give the road to the
exclusive use of the high and mighty lord
of the umbrella. In virtue of some subtle
inflection the moment a woman takes in her
hand a sunshade and walks abroad, all the
oriental significance of that insignia
seems to impress itself upon her soul,
and the goes forth to take possession
of the streets that have become
hers by right. Unfortunately she lacks
the guards which are provided to en-
force respect to the unfurled umbrella
of the potentates she imitates, and she is,
therefore, obliged to do her own fighting.

But with what a glorious and effective zeal
she does it! How men who venture rashly
to come in her way are swept aside, their
hats knocked in the dust, their eyes
prodded, their faces scratched by the points
with which the circumference of the parasol
bristles. How women who presume to
display like signs of rank are hustled,
banged and frowned upon, and with what
rancor rival sunshades clash together. The
amount of vim a woman can put into the
where she gives to the sunshade of another
woman goes far to redeem the charge of
weakness and physical inferiority.

The result of the triumphal progress of
women with a sun-umbrella is disastrous.
Her path is strewn with wrecks. Bias-
pheming men pursue their hats along the
pavements; women whose headgear has
been disarranged or whose rival umbrellas
have been slit or hustled, boil with rage as
they look for victims upon whom they may
in turn wreak similar indignities. Every-
where indignation, wrath, devastation and
general demoralization testify to the com-
pleteness of the work and the might of the
woman with the umbrella.

The Label Projectiles.
Some time ago experiments were made in
France on the effect of Lebel projectiles
upon human bodies, which were obtained
from mortuaries and hospitals. Drs. Chau-
vel and Nimion now announce that the fu-
ture warfare with the Lebel rifle surgeons
will not be perplexed by having to extract
balls from wounded soldiers. These pro-
jectiles pass through the body, bones and
all, even when fired at a distance of from
1,980 to 2,300 yards.

New Wood-Hardening Process.
The recently invented process," says
Iron, "by which wood is made to take on
some of the special characteristics of metal
has been turned to practical account in Ger-
many. By this process the surface becomes
so hard and smooth as to be susceptible of a
'high polish, and may be treated with a
varnish of either glass or porcelain, the
appearance of the wood being then in every
respect that of polished metal, having, in
fact, the semblance of a polished mirror,
but with this peculiar and advantageous
difference, namely, that, unlike metal, it is
unaffected by moisture. To reach this re-
sult the wood is steeped in a bath of caustic
alkali for two or three days together, ac-
cording to its degree of permeability, at a
temperature of between 105 and 197 degrees
Fahrenheit. It is then placed in a second
bath of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which
a concentrated solution of sulphur is added
after some twenty-four or thirty-six hours.
The third bath is one of acetate of lead, at a
temperature of from 95 to 120 degrees
Fahrenheit, and in this latter the wood is
allowed to remain from thirty to fifty hours.
After being subjected to a thorough drying
it is in a condition for being polished with
lead, tin or zinc, as may be desired, finish-
ing the process with a varnish, when the
wood apparently becomes a piece of shining,
polished metal."

To Write a Dialect Story.
Take a number of sheets of new white
paper and write a story on them. Any
story will do. Get your double-barreled
shot-gun and load it with fine bird-shot.
In your story up against the side of the
gun, stand off about twenty feet, aim care-
fully, and let both barrels drive. If you
find that there haven't been sufficient
vowels knocked out, repeat the operation.

THE GREAT

Reservation,

AND

MIKK RIVER VAL'VEY

OF MONTANA

THE MINNEAPOLIS

TRIBUNE

TRIBUNE