

ROBBING THE INDIANS.

We took occasion some time ago to comment somewhat severely upon the conduct of Indian Commissioner Smith in connection with his general management of Indian Affairs, and more especially as related to the treatment received at his hands by the Gros Ventre and Mandan tribes. Last week a statement was published to the effect that the Leech Lake Chippewa Indians of Minnesota were becoming obstreperous, and had committed sundry depredations against one A. H. Wilder, of St. Paul, who was engaged in cutting hay upon their reservation, and that the military was called upon for protection. An investigation of the affair brings to light one of the most barefaced steals and outrageous swindles ever perpetrated upon any tribe of Indians. This new outrage is in the shape of a contract between Smith in his official capacity and said A. H. Wilder, whereby the latter secures the stumpage on the Leech Lake reservation, within five miles of all drivable streams, for the nominal sum of \$1.15 per thousand feet. The stipulation is made that trees not 14 inches in diameter at 35 feet from the ground are not included, and so of course Mr. Wilder secures them for nothing. The contract is to continue for twenty years, and any damage done by the contractors by the Indians is to be deducted from the payments.

To the casual observer all this may appear fair enough, but let us look at it more minutely. These lands are secured to the Indians by treaty stipulation, and their ownership becomes perfect. The timber on the land belongs as much to the Indians as the land itself. The actual value of this stumpage, as is known by every one at all conversant with the fact, is at least three times the sum stipulated to be paid. The contract was made without consultation with or even the knowledge of the Indians, the parties most interested; and assurance is then given that should the owners resent this outrageous infringement of their rights and theft of their property, any damage they may do will be deducted from the pittance they are to be allowed.

The most barefaced part of this bargain, however, is contained in the clause which stipulates that Mr. Wilder shall not be obliged to cut or pay for under the terms of this contract unsound trees, nor for trees of less diameter at the top, twenty-five feet from the ground, than fourteen inches. The usual way of selling stumpage on pine lands is to place the topping distance above the ground 24 feet, and the diameter 14 inches. Thus it will be seen that the contractor is called upon to pay but for the very largest timber, and is left free to steal the rest; and we leave it for the reader to judge from past experience what the chances are of his so doing.

To sum the whole affair up in a few words, Mr. Smith, through the position which he occupies as guardian of the Indians, enters into a compact to rob his wards of at least two thirds the means on which they depend for bare subsistence. This is a broad statement but the facts sustain it, and further stamp it as one of the most iniquitous proceedings into which an officer of any government ever entered. These Indians are to-day pitiable objects. They are almost without clothing, and with nothing visible to support them through the long winter now near at hand. While they lie shivering in their bark houses and nakedness, Indian Commissioners and agents are living in abundance. Is it any wonder, then, that these unlearned savages brood over their wrongs until the hatchet is dug up and the war whoop is heard as the smoke of the settler's cabin ascends to the sky?

THE SITUATION.

The panic in Wall Street has nearly spent its force. It has been the greatest financial convulsion since the crash of 1857. Many well known banking houses in whom the public had almost unlimited confidence have been shaken into dissolution. Among those who have thus gone down to death since our last report is the firm of Henry Claws & Co. This house has stood second to none in the country for many years, and like Jay Cooke & Co. was deeply engaged in railroad enterprises. The firm was financial agent for the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Minnesota railroad.

Just what the ultimate effect of so many failures may be it is impossible at present to fortell. Business generally may feel the shock more or less. The failures have been almost without exception among dealers in stocks and bonds, and the money market is therefore not seriously affected. Commercial institutions and legitimate banking houses seem to have escaped the storm almost entirely. Money in the country is plenty, and unlike that which caused the crash of 1857, is based upon irrefragable credit. Railroad stocks generally are depressed and may temporarily suffer. In the case of the Northern Pacific delays in construction may occur, and progress be somewhat retarded; but in the end the road is certain to be completed. In the words of Jay Cooke, uttered but a few days before

his failure: "Nothing but the hand of Providence can permanently stay its progress." The rich valleys and mines of mineral wealth beyond us demand an outlet, and the demand will be met. The march of civilization is westward, and its impulse will not be stayed by the failure of a score of reckless stock gamblers.

EDITORIAL SPINNINGS.

Did anyone ever see a spotted dog the end of whose tail wasn't white? This is important.

On Friday, if nothing intervenes, the final reconstruction of the Medocs will be consummated. They hang.

"Sucker Flat," Cal., was slightly agitated one day last week by the accidental explosion of 470 kegs of powder.

The Black Crook is raging in London. It costs a dollar and a half to see it; but you see a good deal of it for your money.

Does anyone know Jas. H. Caldwell? The inquiry comes from Robt. H. Caldwell, of Atlanta, Ga., who is anxious to know of his whereabouts.

The Charles Henry who presides over the split hoof department of this office says that the best luck he knows anything about is "chuck luck."

There has been a corner in whisky in Louisville, and the Springfield Republican attributes it to the return of the editor of the Louisville Courier Journal.

Beane and Puffenberg, conductor and engineer of the coal train which caused the fearful disaster near Lamont, have been indicted for murder by a Chicago grand jury.

"Drawing men catch at a straw."—Old Saw.

We have known men who were not drowning to catch at a straw—with a sherry cobbler at the other end.

Dr. Bisell, of the recently rescued Polaris crew, insists that Capt. Hall died of apoplexy. His last wish before death was that Buddington would continue the search for the North Pole.

If the river falls any more people traveling by steamer will suffer the inconvenience of being obliged to shut their state room windows on account of the dust raised by the paddle wheels.

Newspaper men in Kansas understand the science of nomenclature. The Lawrence Tribune refers to a brother editor as "the horse-headed old hood-roved devil of the Leavenworth Times."

A newspaper paragraph has been in circulation to the effect that Mrs. Livermore had broken one of her legs. That lady is out in a card with the statement that the story may be true, but if it is she doesn't know it.

Seventy vessels were destroyed in the Black Sea, near the Bosphorus, by a terrible storm, last week. The loss of life was appalling. At one point on the coast, 365 dead bodies have been brought to shore by the waves.

To-day, at 9 o'clock A. M., the last German soldier leaves French soil, and France is once again free. No other nation on the face of earth could have paid the immense war indemnity which France has in the same time, *viva la Republique!*

The ravages of the yellow fever in Shreveport is simply terrible. It may be partly appreciated by the statement that out of a total population of 5,000, nearly a thousand are now lying prostrate with the fell disease, and thirty to forty are dying daily.

If anybody doubts the success of the Yellowstone expedition, let them read Prof. Hayden's report. The expense will be cheerfully born by the tax-payers when they learn that the Professor discovered two hundred and twenty-seven different species of grasshoppers.

Here is a case of back pay new that we believe in; also the "front" pay—the latter is especially commendable. One of the "old-school" subscribers of the Kingston Journal was thirty-one years in arrears for his paper. Last week he called upon the editor and paid up "like a man," and, remarking that he might not be around very soon, he paid his subscription ten years ahead, and another for his mother twelve years ahead.

Samuel Wilkinson, Secretary of the Northern Pacific company, speaking of the future of Jay Cooke & Co., said "he had no doubt of the future of the road. It would be constructed. There were those supporting it who would not let the work be abandoned. The board of directors alone represented millions. The company had not a dollar of unpaid paper. Up to the present time not a note of theirs was ever seen in Wall street; not a bond was hypothecated by the company. Consequently it had no liabilities hanging over it that might desecrate without warning. Interest on the company's bonds was not due until the first of January next, and it would undoubtedly be met. That portion of the road already built was earning more than was anticipated from it. That portion of it running to the Red River country had already developed a fine carrying trade. He believed that the road would be hindered more by hostile Sioux than by financial revolution."

THE POLARIS CREW SAFE.

Their Arrival at Dundee, Scotland.

Thrilling Account of the Loss of the Ship and Adventures of the Crew.

A London telegram of yesterday announces the safe arrival at Dundee of Capt. Buddington and members of the Polaris expedition, who were picked up by the whaler Ravensaraig on the 26th of July.

The Polaris had been leaking badly before the 15th of October, 1872, and her situation ultimately became so alarming that it was deemed advisable to make preparations to abandon her. The determination to leave the ship was arrived at on the 15th of October, at which time they were in latitude 77. Some of the crew remained on board; others landed on the ice, and began to get stores, with the intention of taking everything they could need for a long time in the frozen regions. Between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, while the work was going on, a severe gale sprang up and snow began to fall with strong variable winds, and after untiring efforts the boats were got on the ice and a large supply of provisions taken out. Suddenly the hawsers by which the ship was made fast gave way and she snapped the other bearing its anchor from its lodgment in the ice. This was about midnight, and as the party started to go off a large piece from a floe with three men upon it, and as the Polaris drove past them, they cried out in an agony of terror, "What is to do?" Capt. Buddington shouted back that he could do nothing for them; they had a boat and provisions, and must shift for themselves as best they could. These three men were saved with the Tyson party. A few minutes later those on the Polaris saw a boat launched and manned by three men, making for the place where their comrades were stationed.

In a short time storm and darkness shut out everything from their view. The feeling of the men can be imagined, with half their crew left to perish, as they supposed, in the desert of ice and snow. The ship drifted away helpless, until at last she brought up at Life Boat Cove. The prospect looked now gloomy enough. There was some doubt of the prospect of their remaining on the Polaris. She still leaked fearfully and in her damaged condition Capt. Buddington had no hope of getting any further south with her. It was, therefore, determined to beach her, but the question was how could it be done. The wind being favorable the opening of the pack was effected by three Eskimauz who discovered the wrecked ship, and agreed, for a few presents, to convey provisions over the ice from the vessel.

They gave still more valuable aid by supplying skins for clothing.

Through the long, dreary winter the men kept up their spirits remarkably well. The snow fell heavily, but served to protect their frail habitation, and made it more comfortable. Everything was so complete that no visit to the ship was necessary before January 27th, when they went for a supply of wood and fresh water, which they obtained in abundance by melting ice.

Toward the end of the winter it was suggested that some means should be agreed upon to extricate the party from their perilous position. The provisions were gradually diminishing, and the fuel, of which only six tons had been obtained from the ship, was nearly exhausted. The Polaris was still available for materials, and it was now proposed to build a sledge, as suggested by Chester, showed that the lining of the cabin could be used and was accordingly stripped off during the spring months, with the thermometer 23 degrees below zero, and after, in a blinding drift, the building of boats went on.

The situation grew daily more discouraging, but work was never relaxed, and the courage of the men never failed. Advancing steadily they were ready to depart by the end of June, and determined to push southward. Just at this moment, when all was in readiness, they were alarmed by the appearance of scurvy. Happily, however, the attack proved slight, and a plentiful supply of walrus liver which they obtained from the Eskimauz, enabled them to avert the disease. When the boats were launched they leaked a good deal, but the men were determined to trust them and stowing aboard all their remaining provisions and ammunition they said farewell to Life-Boat Cove.

After enduring many privations and encountering perils from which their escape seemed almost miraculous, they succeeded at last, by great exertion, in getting through and reaching Cape Harry, a few miles below Clarissa rocks. No serious accident occurred and on the 21st of June both boats reached Cape York in safety. Here they were again close beset with ice. On the 23d their troubles came to an end. A whaler was descried a few miles off and the whole boat was at once in a turmoil of excitement. A great fear seemed to take possession of them all at once, that the ship might get away before they could make themselves seen, and they put forth every effort to push through the ice with the least possible delay. The vessel proved to be the Ravensaraig, of Dundee, Capt. Allan. She soon saw their signal, and Capt. Allen sent his crew to their assistance and took them on board, their effects and one of their boats, the other being left behind.

Capt. Allen treated them, they all say, in the kindest and most generous manner. Subsequently, in order that whaling operations might not be interfered with, Allen shipped some of the Polaris crew on the Arctic.

Captain Hall was regarded as peculiarly adapted for the great enterprise

under his charge, and all lament his untimely end.

As to the statement that the ship might have added the party on the ice, it was impossible. After the Polaris broke adrift, every effort was made to learn the whereabouts of those left behind, but it was of no avail.

NORTHWEST.

DAKOTA.

Sioux Falls is to have a public school house.

Sioux Falls has 425 inhabitants—big and little.

Red River, Dakota, wheat averages 25 bushels to the acre.

The rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed maidens of Springfield, eat onions.

The Republican says the thermometer stood 114 in the shade at Vermillion, on the 11th.

The gross earnings of the Dakota Southern during August were \$20,000.

A bridge is to be built across the James River at a point 16 miles north of Yankton.

Cressner & Vinal succeeded Daily, Cressner & Co., in the management of the St. Charles Hotel at Yankton.

The Fort Sully telegraph office has been discontinued. There is but two offices above Springfield now—at Yankton Agency and Fort Randall.

Fourteen thousand and six hundred bushels of wheat were shipped from Vermillion, via the Dakota Southern, for the week ending Sept. 7.

MONTANA.

From the Montanian, Sept. 4.

A prospecting party consisting of Ike Irish, John Reed and Peter Hartwick, outfitted here on Tuesday, and have started to prospect the head of Wind River. Their route lies through the Teton Basin, and the objective point is about 200 miles distant from Virginia.

Mr. N. P. Rodgers and Capt. N. L. Turner are in town from Havana. The former brings in 48 ounces of bullion which was taken out of 780 pounds of Eberhardt Rock.

We are informed by Mr. Henry Machin of Rochester gulch, that this long deserted quartz camp is turning out far beyond expectation. The Courtwright mill is running constantly and making good clean-ups. Mr. Machin is working a ledge and raising good ore. Meagher & Oaks have lately discovered a new ledge that is fabulously rich, paying in a mortar as high as \$2 per pound. The mill will soon be on ore from the new ledge, and a big yield is expected. How & Valentine are also working a ledge that is turning out some very rich ore. There are about 25 miners in camp, and all are in high spirits, and at work.

The shaft on the Eschelman ledge, the property of Henry Eschelman, is down 95 feet, showing a three foot body of solid ore. Ore from the bottom of this shaft has melted as high as \$600 per ton, and the mine is doubtless the richest silver discovery in the Territory.

PACIFIC SLOPE ITEMS.

The Pinto notion of heaven is that it is a vast watermelon patch, fenced in with muskmellons.

A disease similar in nature to the epilepsy has broken out in Inyo county, Cal., and is destroying many horses.

Work on the Walla Walla and Columbia River Railroad is being vigorously pressed. Two miles of track have been laid, but it seems doubtful if the road will be completed in time to move this season's crop.

Desmond, the San Francisco hatter, was up at Virginia city the other day, and while there concluded he would go down into the Belcher mine. The shaft is about 1,700 feet deep, and when the cage began to descend with the usual rapidity, Desmond fell upon his knees and commenced saying his prayers in Irish.

A man and a woman were traveling on foot in Nevada a short time ago, and when a few miles from Austin the woman gave birth to a child, which the man killed as though it had been a puppy. He was arrested, and when in jail attempted suicide. It is thought he is father of the mother and grandfather of his own child. In other words, the woman is his daughter and himself the father of his child he killed.

AN ANGLEAR EPISTLE.

Isaak Walton has Appeared to Us.

Sir: There is one advantage amid the many that have been communicated to induce emigration to Dakota, which I think has hitherto escaped notice. I mean the supply of noble fish to be found in the waters of the Missouri. Perhaps few of your Eastern readers may be aware that the celebrated white sturgeon, so highly prized by the ancient Roman Epicures as to sell for its weight in gold, is a native of the Missouri, and possesses the fine delicacy so charmed Lucullus.

The Missouri white sturgeon, if properly cooked, is beyond doubt the most delicious fish that swims. It possesses a peculiar delicacy of flavor, which neither salmon or mountain trout can lay claim to. I have caught them of all sizes, from five pounds to forty, some times with a hand line, merely baited with piece of fish; but the best bait is a live minnow, which should be used the same as in trolling for bass, with a light sinker. Besides the white sturgeon, there is also the red, which is greatly inferior; there is also a fine fish variously called Montana and Dakota, jack salmon, wall eyed pike, &c., which is fully equal if not superior in flavor to the pike in Eastern rivers. It is a game fish, and will readily rise to a fly, and is easily caught trolling with a spoon. It rarely exceeds ten pounds in weight.

In addition to these fish, there are several varieties of cat fish, one of which is by anglers preferred to all others. I mean the blue, or channel cat fish, which is a fine flared fish, and has not the strong oil taste of the yellow, or weed cat fish. This fish makes a first class chowder.

There are also the buffalo, red horse, sucker, chub and a species of eel, which is repulsive in appearance but very good to eat. These are about all the varieties that I know of, and I think that I have mentioned enough to induce some of the Eastern anglers to come here who

sometimes spend a day in trying to inveigle a minnow on their hook, and call half a dozen of these Lilliputians a good day's fishing!

The soft-shell turtle or terrapin is plentiful, both in the Missouri and in the creeks which flow into it, and makes a soup which is decidedly not mock turtle. PISCATOR.

PRIZE FIGHT.

Allen and McCool in the Ring—Seven Rounds Fought—McCool Terribly Beaten—They Shake Hands and Return to St. Louis.

THE PRELIMINARIES.

St. Louis, Sept. 23.—The steamer Continental left at 3:30 a. m. with nearly 2,000 people on board, and steamed up the river. When six miles up McCool was taken on board and same distance beyond Allen was taken on board also. Both were immediately put to roost in staterooms by their friends. About 12 o'clock the steamer reached Chautau Island, about 14 miles above St. Louis, and nearly opposite Mitchell's Station, on the Chicago and Alton railroad, where the boat landed. A ring was set. Allen entered the ring first, and was followed at once by McCool. After some delay seconds were chosen, Arthur Chambers and Patsy Sheppard acting for Allen, and Tom Kelly and D. Trux for McCool. The umpires were Mike Gangley for Allen, and Jas. Brownell for McCool. Jack Loory was chosen referee. Allen's colors were white and blue; McCool's green. Allen won the toss for corners and chose the southwest corner. Both men were in splendid condition.

THE FIGHTING.

At 2:35 p. m. the fight began. First round—Both men walked promptly to the scratch, and after a little sparring, Allen landed a blow on McCool's left eye, following it with one on the forehead, Mike returning on Allen's ribs. Furious exchanges ensued, Allen punching McCool severely about the face, and finally brought him down amid cries of "foul" it being claimed that he struck McCool after he had dropped. The foul was not allowed, but the first blood was allowed for Allen.

Second round—Allen with his left striking McCool a terrific blow on the breast which he followed with two fierce left-handers on Mike's cheek, cutting two gashes, one under the right eye. Both fought to close and some good short arm fighting, Mike following Allen round, the but keeping away from his blows. Another rally and McCool forced Allen to his corner. Terrific exchanges and Allen dropped to avoid blows.

Third round—McCool came up bleeding badly from the face, and right eye. Closing after receiving a few rapid blows, McCool rushed on Allen and struck him heavily on the ribs. Allen returned one in the cheek, two on the mouth. McCool again rushed at Allen but the latter avoided his blows and got in one on the nose and two more on the mouth, McCool returning on the ribs. Both again fought to a close and Allen again dropped. As the men were carried to the corners it was quite evident that Allen was master of the situation. He had not a scratch while McCool was bleeding profusely.

Fourth round—Allen led off and planted a terrific blow on Mike's cheek. Sharp exchanges followed and Allen fought McCool to the ropes and knocked him down with a fearful left hander on the jugular. [First knock down for Allen.]

Fifth round—Allen forced the fighting and planted repeated blows on McCool's face, slashing right and left till he was a mass of bleeding and battered flesh. Finally he dropped to avoid a blow.

Sixth round—Allen led off with his left and got in a terrible blow on McCool's mouth. The rest of the round was a repetition of the 5th, Mike's face receiving terrible punishment. Allen's body began to show McCool's pounding.

Seventh round—McCool presented a horrible appearance and seemed scarcely able to hold up his hands. His left eye was closed, and he had a terrible cut under his right eye. The round was gone through with, Allen refraining from hitting his opponent further.

The fight had now lasted nineteen minutes, and when time was called for the eighth round, Tom Kelley threw up a white handkerchief in token of his principal's defeat. McCool and Allen shook hands, and the party returned to the city.

A Female Savior.

A female savior and her apostles are creating a prodigious sensation in the southern part of the Russian Empire. The Russian papers say that the leader of these women, whose name is Anastasia Gabarczew, claims to have performed a number of miracles, having made the blind see and the lame walk. A vision first revealed to her that she was the daughter of God, selected to suffer for the redemption of her sex in the same way as Christ suffered for that of the other. Immediately after the revelation she gave up eating meat and drinking brandy, and prepared herself for her mission. The Holy Ghost then possessed her and gave her the power to work wonders with a mere word. She pretends to be able to resurrect even the dead by simply touching them, and so strong is the belief of the ignorant masses in this new prophetess, that the prison to which she has been consigned by the authorities has become a place of pilgrimage for thousands. The sick are brought from distant localities to receive the assistance of the inspired woman, and the keeper receives large bribes for permission to see her. Every day new stories her extraordinary powers are circulated far and wide.

A farmer went into his field one day, and found his men "lying off" under a tree, when they should have been at work. Taking a silver dollar from his pocket, he exclaimed: "I will give this to the laziest man among you." All, save one, jumped up and claimed the prize. "That fellow has won it," said the farmer, pointing to the man still sitting on the ground, and he stepped up to hand him the dollar. "Won't you please put it in my pocket?" was the thanks he received.

Among the national post offices are the following queer names: Ti To, To To, Wh Not, Pipe Stem, Stony Man, Sal Soda, Shickshiny, Snowshoes, Overall, Lookout, Last Chance, Backbone, Marrow Bones, Jarred Horse, Tally Ho, Tired Creek, Whoop Up, and Starvation Point.

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