

THE DECISION.

As stated Tuesday Mr. Hackett received a telegram from St. Paul saying that the townsite case was not decided. This called for another telegram from Mayor McLean to Judge Flandreau asking for further particulars, and this is the reply of the Judge:

ST. PAUL, Nov. 23, 1875.—John A. McLean, Mayor of Bismarck: Decision is in favor of corporate authorities, against all contestants.

CHAS. E. FLANDREAU.

This leaves no room for doubt as to whether the decision was made and leaves no room for cavil as to the character of that decision.

The people have gained their point; the people own the townsite and nothing now remains to finally and fully settle the question and place Bismarck on the high road to prosperity except to satisfy the pre-emptors to the end that no appeal may be taken and through appeal delay had.

Whether these people have any right or not, some of them, at least, are in a position to make trouble; to cause delays fatal to the best interests of every body, and care should be taken that they have no cause for complaint.

The Black Hills are liable to be thrown open through the action of Congress and Bismarck ought to be in position to take advantage of that traffic. Only through a settlement of the townsite troubles can she reap the full advantages.

It now seems certain that the Northern Pacific will be extended next season. Should this be the case a permanent town will be built at the crossing. Shall it be here, which is the most favorable site, or shall it be at some new point, thus wholly destroying investments that have already been made? A final settlement of the case this winter will preserve and enhance the value of these investments and benefit every body in any way connected with the contest, while a prolonged struggle will make of Bismarck a desert and drive to other points the advantages that we should reap, thus defeating all parties and benefitting none.

At the coming session of Congress the territory may be divided but without a settlement of our Bismarck troubles such division will be barren in fruits to Bismarck. Though located near the geographical centre of the proposed new territory and at a point that will rival in size and importance any other town on the Missouri we will not be in position to compete for the capital of the new territory without a settlement of this difficulty.

We have urged and endeavored to show the importance of a compromise with the several contestants but that is not all that is needed. Our corporate authorities should be sustained; sustained in the steps they have already taken through the advice of their attorney, one of the best lawyers and purest men in the land, and they should be sustained by the people in the further steps which it may be necessary to take. The bird is in the hand now and it must be caged.

So far, as a whole, the people have done nothing. The expenses of litigation, including attorney's fees, have been paid by a few public spirited citizens. The Mayor, John A. McLean, has done more than any other, and to him belongs much honor for the liberality, persistence, shrewdness, and integrity which has been tried, which he has

brought to bear in this matter. He never has held to extreme views or notions but always to practical ones, and it was through his negotiations that the Puget Sound people stepped aside and allowed the people to secure title in their own name and with the assistance of these people, who, if they gain title to a foot of the townsite, will gain it as all other occupants must gain it through the corporate authorities. As to the details of any arrangement made with the Puget Sound Company to secure their withdrawal we do not pretend to know, but we do know that every bona-fide occupant of lots will get the lots occupied by him for a nominal sum, say \$10, with perhaps an additional sum which should be assessed upon them to meet the expenses of litigation, and besides this a large fund will be created from the sale of the residue with which water works and public buildings may be erected. Of this much we are assured. This result is gained through the unflinching integrity of our corporate authorities, and through the advice of their attorneys, and we repeat they should be sustained in the steps they have already taken to win the victory and in the steps necessary to take to realize the full benefits.

It is time now for strife to cease and for all good citizens to unite for the public good.

Let us sustain the corporate authorities.

Let us foot the bills already incurred as a city, and as a city ought.

Let us do all that is within reason to satisfy Mr. Hackett and his associates, not stopping to scrutinize their claims too closely.

Let us pass receipts, bury the tomahawk and arise and sing, and go on our way to prosperity rejoicing.

THE INDIAN BUSINESS.

Jobbery in the purchase and distribution of Indian supplies is evidently near its end. President Grant has repeatedly urged that at least this branch of the business should be turned over to the War Department. Secretary Chandler made a record in the Senate in opposition to the present plan, and may therefore be counted on to recommend the change. Gen. Sherman is very decided in the expression of his conviction that there can be no peace with the Indians so long as impecunious politicians are permitted to plunder them, and recommends that at least the purchase and distribution of supplies should be made through the War Department. The Black Hills Commission makes a similar recommendation, and the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, Windom, in a recent interview with a Bismarck merchant, expressed a determination to urge this policy, though he had formerly opposed it.

The influential press of the country is almost unanimous for such a change, and representative men on every hand demand it.

Thus, the tendency of public sentiment is shown, and Congress may be expected to take early and decisive action in the matter.

The North Platte Republican, expressing sentiments heretofore urged in the TRIBUNE, well says:

If we are to have a peace with the Indians which will be lasting, it must come through a policy which shall deal with each individual of the tribes just as a white man would be dealt with. If he offends the peace, he must be punished with certainty and dispatch. The Indians have been dealt with in a loose-happy-go-lucky way long enough to satisfy any candid man, that they need a more rigorous, and we may say, honest and fair treatment.

There are many reasons why the War Department is better qualified to deal with the Indians than the Department of the Interior. Not to mention the fact that the War Department has the power to enforce a speedy compliance with its demands, the officers of the army have a greater degree of official honor and integrity, than have the majority of our civil officers. Their position is for life. They are not liable to

lose their positions, with every change of public sentiment. Their advancement depends more upon their faithfulness to duty than upon smartness and trickery: consequently, there is not the temptation among military men to get all they can while they have the opportunity, fearing that in a year or two they shall be displaced by others.

The West demands that Indian affairs be placed in the hands of the military. Believing that to be the first step toward a policy that will be fair and honest to the Indians, and which shall give to the white settler an assurance of peace and security.

The San Juan mining interests of the Yankton parties seems to be panning out handsomely. Ore from the lode owned by McIntyre, Staley and others assays \$36,208.65 to the ton—very nearly pure silver, and the richest in the world. They have struck a bonanza sure.

Parties are constantly going to and returning from the Black Hills by the southern outlet while no disposition to molest them is manifested. A gentleman recently arrived at Cheyenne with One Hundred Dollars in gold taken out by the rudest possible means for mining.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBOURS.

(Continued From Page 3.)

"Well, Mary," she called in her usual cheerful tone, "come and look at my flowers."

But Mary came not, although Eva perceived her with her back turned in the pantry.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter?" said Eva, following her there, and seeing her crying. "Why, you dear soul, what has happened? Are you sick?"

"Your Aunt Maria has been here."

"Oh, the horrors, Mary. Poor Aunt Maria! you mustn't mind a word she says. Don't worry, now—don't—you know Aunt Maria is always saying things to us girls, but we don't mind it, and you mustn't; we know she means well, and we just let it pass for what it's worth."

"Yes; you are young ladies, and I am only a poor woman, and it comes hard on me. She's been round looking into every crack and corner, and picked up those old cabbage-leaves, and talked to me about keeping a cellar that would give you all a fever—it's too bad. You know, yesterday, I hurried and cut up that cabbage to help make out the dinner when those gentlemen came in and we had only the cold mutton, and I was going to clear them away this very morning."

"I know it, Mary; and you do the impossible for us all twenty times a day, if you did drop cabbage-leaves once; and Aunt Maria has no business to be poking about my house, and prying into our management; but, you see, Mary, she's my aunt, and I can't quarrel with her. I'm sorry, but we must just bear it as well as we can—now promise not to mind it—for my sake."

"Well, for your sake, Miss Eva," said Mary, wiping her eyes.

"You know we all think you are a perfect jewel, Mary, and couldn't get along a minute without you. As to Aunt Maria, she's old, and set in her way, and the best way is not to mind her."

And Mary was consoled, and went on her way with courage, and with about as much charity for Mrs. Wouvermans as an average good Christian under equal provocation.

Eva went on singing and making up her vases, and carried them into the parlor, and was absorbed in managing their respective positions, when Aunt Maria came down from her tour in the chambers.

"Seems to me, Eva, that your hired girl's room is furnished up for a princess," she began, after the morning greetings had been exchanged.

"What, Mary's? Well, Mary has a great deal of neatness and taste, and always took particular pride in her room when she lived at mama's, and so I have arranged hers with special care. Harry got her those pictures of the Madonna and the infant Jesus, and I gave the *benitier* for holy water over her bed. We matted the floor nicely, and I made that toilet table, and draped her looking glass out of an old muslin dress of mine. The pleasure Mary takes in it all makes it really worth while to gratify her."

"I never get servants," said Mrs. Wouvermans, briefly. "Depend on it, Eva, when you've lived as long as I have, you'll find it isn't the way. It makes them presumptuous and exacting. Why, at first, when I blundered into Mary's room, I thought it must be yours—it had such an air."

"Well, as to the air, it's mostly due to Mary's perfect neatness and carefulness. I'm sorry to say you wouldn't always find my room so trimly arranged as hers, for I am a sad hand to throw things about when I am in a hurry. I love order, but I like somebody else to keep it."

"I'm afraid," said Aunt Maria, returning with persistence to her subject, "that you are beginning wrong with Mary, and you'll have trouble in the end. Now, I saw she had white sugar in the kitchen sugar-bowl, and there was the tea-caddy for her to go to. It's abominable to have servants feel that they must use such tea as we do."

"Oh, well, aunty, you know Mary has been in the family so long, I don't feel as if she were a servant; she seems like a friend, and I treat her like one. I believe Mary really loves us."

"It don't do to mix sentiment and business," said Aunt Maria, with sententious emphasis. "I never do. I don't want my servants to love me—that is not what I have them for. I want them to do my work, and take their wages. They understand that there are to be no favors—everything is specifically set down in the bargain I make with them; their work is all marked out. I never talk with them, or encourage them to talk to me, and that is the way we get along."

"Dear me, Aunt Maria, that may be all very well for such an energetic, capable housekeeper as you are, who always knows exactly how to manage, but such a poor little thing as I am can't set up on that way. Now, I think it's a great mercy and favor to have a trained girl that knows more about how to get on than I do, and that is fond of me. Why, I know rich people that would be only too glad to give Mary double what we give, just to have somebody to depend on."

"But, Eva, child, you're beginning wrong—you ought not to leave things to Mary as you do. You ought to attend to everything yourself. I always do."

"But you see, aunty, the case is very different with you and me. You are so very capable and smart, and know so exactly how everything ought to be done, you can make your own terms with everybody. And, now I think of it, how lucky that you came in! I want you to give me your judgment as to two or three pieces of linen that I've just had sent in. You know, aunty, I am such a perfect ignoramus about these matters."

And Eva tripped up stairs, congratulating herself on turning the subject, and putting her aunt's busy advising faculties to some harmless and inoffensive use. So, when she came down with her two pieces of linen, Aunt Maria tested and pulled them this way and that, in the approved style of a domestic expert, and gave judgment at last with an authoritative air.

"This is the best, Eva—you see it has a round thread, and very little dressing."

"And why is the round thread the best, aunty?"

"Oh, because it always is—everybody knows that, child; all good judges will tell you to buy the round threaded linen, that's perfectly well understood."

Eva did not pursue the inquiry farther, and we must all confess that Mrs. Wouvermans's reply was about as satisfactory as those one gets to most philosophical inquiries as to why and wherefore. If our reader doubts that, let him listen to the course of modern arguments on some of the most profound problems; so far as can be seen, they consist of infections of Aunt Maria's style of statement—as, "Oh, of course everybody knows that, now;" or, negatively, "Oh, nobody believes that, nowadays." Surely, a mode of argument which very wise persons apply fearlessly to subjects like death, judgment and eternity, may answer for a piece of linen.

"Oh, by-the-way, Eva, I see you have cards there for Mrs. Wat Sydney's receptions this winter," said Aunt Maria, turning her attention to the card plate. "They are going to be very brilliant, I'm told. They say nothing like her new house is to be seen in this country."

"Yes," said Miss Eva, "Sophie has been down here urging me to come up and see her rooms, and says they depend on me for their receptions, and I'm going up some day to lunch with her, in a quiet way; but Harry and I have about made up our minds that we sha'n't go to parties. You know, aunty, we are going in for economy, and this sort of thing costs so much."

"But, bless your soul, child, what is money for?" said Aunt Maria, innocently. "If you have any thing, you ought to improve your advantages of getting on in society. It's important to Harry in his profession to be seen and heard of, and to push his way among the notables, and, with due care and thought and economy, a person with your air and style, and your taste, can appear as well as anybody. I came down here, among other things, to look over your dresses, and see what can be done with them."

"Really, aunty, is it possible now, when I thought we were being so prudent?"

"Well, there's your wood fire, for instance; very cheerful, I admit, but it's a downright piece of extravagance. I know that the very richest and most elegant people, that have everything they can think of, have fallen back on the fancy of having open wood fires in their parlors, just for a sort of ornament to their rooms, but you don't really need it—your furnace keeps you warm enough."

"But, aunty, it looks so bright and cheerful, and Harry is so fond of it! We only have it evenings, when he comes home tired, and he says the very sight of it rests him."

"There you go, now, Eva—with wood at fifteen dollars a cord!—going in for a mere luxury just because it pleases your fancy, and you can't go into society because it's so expensive. Eva, child, that's just like you. And there are twenty other little things that I see about here," said Aunt Maria, glancing round, "pretty enough, but each costs a little. There, for instance, those cut flowers in the vases cost something."

"But, aunty, I got them of a poor little man just setting up a green house, and Harry and I have made up our minds that it's our duty to patronize him. I'm going up to Sophie's to get her to take flowers for her parties of him."

"It's well enough to get Sophie to do it, but you oughtn't to afford it," said Aunt Maria; "nor need you buy a new matting and pictures for your servant's room."

"Oh, aunty, mattings are so cheap; and those pictures didn't cost much, and they make Mary so happy!"

"Oh, she'd be happy enough any way. You ought to look out a little for yourself, child."

"Well, I do. Now, just look at the expense of going to parties. To begin with, it annihilates all your dresses, at one fell swoop. If I make up my mind, for instance, not to go to parties this winter, I have dresses enough and pretty enough for all my occasions. The minute I decide I must go, I have nothing, absolutely nothing to wear. There must be an immediate outlay. A hundred dollars would be a small estimate for all the additions necessary to make me appear with credit. Even if I take my old dresses as the foundation, and use my unparalleled good taste, there are trimmings, and dressmaker's bills, and gloves, and slippers, and fifty things; and then a carriage for the evening, at five dollars a night, and all for what? What does anybody get at a great buzzing party, to pay for this? Then, Harry has to use all his time, and all his nerves, and all his strength on his work. He is driven hard all the time with writing, making up the paper, and overseeing at the office. And you know parties don't begin till near ten o'clock, and if he is out till twelve he doesn't rest well, nor I either—it's just so much taken out of our lives—and we don't either of us enjoy it. Now, why should we put out our wood fire that we do enjoy, and scrimp in our flowers, and scrimp in our home comforts, and in our servant's comforts, just to get what we don't want after all?"

"Oh, well, I suppose you are like other new married folks, you want to play Darby and Joan in your chimney-corner," said Aunt Maria; "but, for all that, I think there are duties to society. One cannot go out of the world, you know; it don't do, Eva."

"I don't know about that," said Eva. "We are going to try it."

"What! living without society?"

"Oh, as to that, we shall see our friends other ways. I can see Sophie a great deal better in a quiet morning-call than an evening reception; for the fact is, whoever else you see at a party you don't see your hostess—she hasn't a word for you. Then, I'm going to have an evening here."

"You an evening?"

"Yes; why not? See if I don't, and we'll have good times, too."

"Why, who do you propose to invite?"

"Oh, all our folks, and Bolton and Jim Fellows; then there are a good many intelligent men that write for the magazine, and besides, our acquaintances on this street."

"In this street? Why, there isn't a creature here," said Aunt Maria.

"Yes, there are those old ladies across the way."

"What! old Miss Dorcas Vanderheyden and that Mrs. Benthusen? Well, they belong to an ancient New York family, to be sure; but, they are old as Methusalem."

"So much the better, aunty. Old things, you know, are all the rage just now; and then there's my little quaker neighbor."

"Why, how odd! They are nice enough, I suppose, and well enough to have for neighbors; but he's nothing but a watchmaker. He actually works for Tiffany!"

"Yes; but he is a very modest, intelligent young man, and very well informed on certain subjects. Harry says he has learned a great deal from him."

"Well, well, child, I suppose you must take your own way," said Aunt Maria.

"I suppose we must," said Eva, shak-