Burleigh County Farms.

Articles under this head have been omitted for two weeks past because of a lack of time to devote to their preparation. Several other farms remain to be mentioned; and they will receive attention at an early day.

DON STEVENSON

is developing a very fine farming interest. He is located 14 miles south of Bismarck, on the Missouri river, and claims 160 acres. He has, near his house, a fine spring, which affords pure and never-failing water. He has upland and bottoms, prairie and timber—a farm adapted to any kind of agricultural operations, but specially adapted to stock growing, to which Mr. Stevenson purposes devoting his attention. As yet he has placed but little under cultivation, but this year produced 250 bushels of potatoes, a large amount of of garden truck, including cabbages, beets, etc. He keeps sixty cows and about fifty head of other stock. For butter he finds a ready market at 40 cents per pound the year round, and of course there is millions in its manufacture at that price. He devotes his personal attention to contracting, and keeps a large gang of men around him for that purpose, and several teams also, but when work in that line is ended, Mr. Stevenson purposes to stay with us, and is certainly building up a farming interest creditable alike to himself and the country.

JOHN QUINLAN

has a quarter section about two mile east of town on which he has eight acres under cultivation, producing this, year, 1,500 bushel of potatoes, 200 cabbages and other vegetables. Quinlan's claim is on the uplands and his crop averaged better than any of his neighbors.

WELCH AND BYRNE.

Thomas Welch and P. H. Byrne also have claims in the vicinity. From five acres under cultivation Byrnes realized 450 bushels of potatoes and 300 squashes. Welch had two acres under cultivation, but we did not learn the result.

THOMAS CANTWELL,

in the same vicinity, had two acres under cultivation, and realized 300 bushels of potatoes.

BOGUE AND MARTIN.

Horace P. Bogue and M. Martin had six acres under cultivation on a claim adjoining the townsite, raising about 400 bushels of potatoes, and a large amount of all kinds of vegetables, including cabbages, carrots, beets, onions, etc., and two loads of melons They cut one hundred tons of hay on the claim, and have laid plans for additional improvements next season.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND

had ten acres under cultivation on a claim also adjoining the townsite. He raised several hundred bushels of potatoes, three acres of corn, two of oats, and a large amount of other vegetables. Townsend's improvements, though small, have an appearance of comfort and thrift that is really refreshing.

ED. WOLF,

on an adjoining eighty, had seven acres under cultivation, including four acres of corn, two of potatoes, one half of an acre of peas, and the remainder in garden truck. All did well—as well as one could expect in any country.

THEODORE SCHENKENBERG

has one of the neatest "lay outs" for a farm in the country. He has a neat log house, grounds fenced, trees planted, etc. He has about seven acres under cultivation, and produced about three acres of corn and three acres of potatoes. The corn was in the shock when we visited his premises and bid fair to yield about 60 bushels to the acre. The potatoes yielded 175 bushels to the acre.

THE POST GARDEN.

The post garden at Fort Lincoln embraces fifteen acres. The ground was broken in 1874, and a light crop raised. This year was the first of thorough cultivation. It is divided into five lots, or tracts, and apportioned to the several companies. Company F, 7th Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Yates, produced on their three acres, 600 bushels of potatoes, 100 bushels of oats, 300 heads of cabbage, 18 bushels of onions, 75 bushels of turnips, 5 barrels of tomatos, and radishes, lettuce, etc., ets., in almost unlimited quantities.

CONCLUSION.

Land that will produce like this and without irrigation, certainly does not deserve the wholesale condemnation that has been put upon it by Gen Hazen and other writers. This season, in 1872 and in 1873, no farming experiments failed. Last year, through drouth and grasshoppers, the former following on the heels of the latter, almost all attempts to produce anything but potatoes failed; but three years out of four success has rewarded the efforts of our frontier farmers, and as the sod becomes subdued more favorable results may be confidently looked for.

Brooklyn is a good place to steer clear of. It has the small-pox, Moody and Sankey, and the Beecher Scandal all very badly just now. Talmage, too, is enhaling an extraordinary amount of wind, and also threatens to break out.

"Quails" Makes a Discovery—It is Not Banks.

Correspondence BISMARCK TRIBUNE:

CHICAGO, Nov. 23, 1875.—I arrived in this "village" last night, after a run of twenty-one hours on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. This is a good road and its employees attentive and courteous.

The meterological order of things seems to be reversed this season, for the farther east one travels on the same parallel, the warmer is the weather and snow less abundant. In this city there has scarcely been any snow at all, and the streets to-day are as dusty as they were in midsummer. Lake Michigan is entirely free from ice, and water cra't of all kinds are daily arriving and departing.

To-day I looked over the extensive establishment of the Chicago Evening Journal and was not a little surprised at its magnitude, the vast amount of capital invested, and the legion of employees necessary to carry on the work of the "art preservative" which they have undertaken. Chicago claims a population 375,000 souls, and how so many people are fed and clothed, to say nothing of the necessary cigars and whisky, is a mystery to your correspondent. The people, as a general thing, are well-dressed and have an air about them of jollity and comfortable independence. I frequently heard, before coming here, of the extreme lovelines of the fair daughters of the "Garden City." But if I were permitted to offer an opinion, I would say the very opposite is the fact, for those I saw on fashionable promenades to-day were rather masculine in appearance, and not "to the manor born." It may be, however, that I am not competent to judge in such matters, or that the chilling blasts from Lake Michigan prevented the *creme de la creme* from going abroad. Last night I met a lugubrious looking individual, who informed me he had been victimized about an hour before, to the tune of sixty dollars. A very gentlemanly individual accosted my informant, and said: "Captain Johnson, I am really delighted to see you." "My name is not Johnson. I am from Springfield; I am in the crockery business, and here is my card." The gentlemanly individual takes the card, politely excuses himself, and moves away. In a short time gentlemanly individual No. 2 accosts the victim, and calling him by his right name, talks crockery and all that sort of thing. Presents a card of a prominent firm in St. Louis and solicits correspondence. While the conversation is going on, up comes gentlemanly individual No. 4, who asks No. 2 for the amount due his firm. No. 2 says he hasn't the currency about him, but will pay him in gold (producing a large sack full of twenty dollar gold pieces), if he (No. 3) will allow the usual premium. No. 3 only requires the currency and will not pay the premium. In this dilemma my informant is asked if he has any currency about him. Yes; he has sixty dollars. Will he let gentlemanly individual No. 2 have the use of it for a few moments and accept three gold twenties in lieu thereof till he can go "down to the office." Of course my Springfield friend is willing to accommodate; the exchange is made and the currency is handed over to gentlemanly indidual No. 3. On the way to the office all parties in the drama get lost in the crowd, and "Springfield" after a time realizes the fact that there is something decomposed in Denmark. He examines the glittering ore and finds it not altogether a tinkling symbol—at least the very best of sounding brass. And so the world moves. Chicago excels in everything. Here are some of the very best men of the nation, while her thieves would deceive the very elect. Day after to morrow I take the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad. Will write again as I progress toward the rising sun. As ever, thine,

QUAILS.

Fort Rice Items.

Our Fort Rice Correspondent reports that amputation followed in the case of Denise, Co. M 7th Cavalry, who was accidentally shot through the left leg by Morris, of the same company, while out chicken hunting last week. The operation was performed by Dr. Taylor, Post Surgeon, who gained much credit for the skillful manner in which he performed the work.

Col. Benteen is reported to have been ordered to Standing Rock on a tour of observation, inspection or investigation involving an absence of a few days.

Col. Benteen has been making very thorough work at the Post since he took command. Many little irregularities have been checked and an extensive illicit whisky traffic broken up. Bismarck whisky peddlers will find the Rice guard house door wide open for entrance if found on the reservation plying their trade under Col. Benteen's administration.

The Traders' establishment is all right now; Major Pitts would have buried it if he could. He has learned one thing, however, never to poison his skunks, or if he does while under the house to leave a hole open so they can reach the river if they want to.

During the recent blizzard, or cold snap, or whatever you call it, the men appreciated their renovated and reconstructed quarters. There is no comparison for comfort between the old and new. Sergt. Tuebner who holds forth with the Commissary Department in one of the old style buildings is supposed to wish he was a whole troop of cavalry in which case he too, probably would enjoy a set of the reconstructed. Col. Scully, however, has improved, even, the commissary building immensely.

Col. Scully's war eagle, one of the real old stock, is being kept in fine condition feasting on rats, rabbit and chicken. The Colonel expects him to visit the Centennial next season. He takes much pride in him as he is of a rare species.

The Fort Rice minstrel troupe, whose organization the TRIBUNE mentioned last week, has put in a liberal amount of time at rehearsals and the boys have inflated currency that says they can do the best singing of any troupe on the Missouri River. They will visit Bismarck at an early day.

Elsewhere will be found the decision in the townsite case. It is understood that those who elect to do so may now prove up at the United States Land Office on not to exceed two lots on which they have substantial improvements, paying the sum of ten dollars for each lot. Proof must be made at the land office as in pre-emption cases, and the fee paid goes to the government, not to the city. That portion of the 480 acres not occupied will be entered by the corporate authorities at $1.25 per acre and held by the city in trust for all its inhabitants, to be disposed of as the law directs. As applications for entry will now be entertained none need hesitate to take advantage of this provision of the law, under which they can gain and at once, a title direct from the government, if they so desire.

Mr. Hobart leaves on Monday for Standing Rock for his steam saw mill, which in a short time will be in full operation. It will be located near Souter's blacksmith shop, and will have double rotary saws, lath saw, and planer. Adjoining the saw mill there will be a turning lathe and furniture establishment, operated by other parties, power being furnished by the mill. A large amount of logs will be put in for the saw mill during the winter. Thus another industry is opened.

Our merchants are reminded that the Tri-Weekly TRIBUNE reaches at the military posts everybody who is able to take a paper, and is, therefore, a first class medium for advertising, especially for holiday goods. Holiday locals will be inserted at ten cents per line first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Tell the people what you have for the holidays, gentlemen.

Stop Thief!

Who is the newspaper fiend, and where does he hold forth, that gets away with our valuable exchanges. He who steals our New York, Washington and Chicago papers robs us of that which we can readily spare, but he who steals our St. Paul, Sioux City and Yankton exchanges robs us of that which may afford him pleasure, but makes the writer think of using cuss words as big as Pillsbury's majority in Minnesota.

A word said in the dark,
And hands pressed, for a token.
"Now, little maiden, mark
The word that you have spoken;
Be not your promise broken!"

My lips upon her cheek
Felt tears amid their kisses.
"Oh, pardon I bespeak—
If for my doubting this is:
Now all my doubting ceases!"

—*Scribner for October.*

Let the female angel cease to be agitated. Men will rave at the pinned-back skirts, but so they will and have at every other fashion. There was the kangaroo droop, the Grecian bend, the Tilton-skirts, the bell crinoline, the decollette bodice, the long stomacher—everything, way back to the ruffs of Queen Bess or the barrel hoops of Queen Anne, has been sneered at after the same manner. And yet, men have a sort of sneaking fancy for the dear little creatures after all.

In the Glass-Singiser contest, it seems the complaint of abandonment made by Glass was filed subsequent to the expiration of the five years, counting military service, from date of entry, settlment and cultivation, and, therefore, was dismissed on that ground and the land awarded to Singiser.

Chas. A. Galloway has opened a Billiard Parlor and Saloon on 4th St. putting in one of the best tables in use. He keeps first class goods, has a quiet place and tasty rooms and may reasonably expect a share of the patronage of his billiard playing and other friends.

The mail left Wednesday morning and will hereafter leave every Wednesday and Monday and arrive Thursdays and Saturdays. The stages are making regular trips and good time, and passengers who have come through speak in high terms of the line and of the accommodations to be had.

The telegraph line is all right again It was down two days.

Geo. W. Harmon, of Fort Lincoln crawled out of his hive yesterday and has been buzzing about Bismarck to day.

The Bismarck Weekly TRIBUNE and either Harper's Monthly, Weekly or Bazar will be furnished one year, postage paid, for $5 00.

Mr. Hildebrand, it seems, reconsidered his determination to go with his family to the Black Hills. Having sold out his family will return to Chicago

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Hereafter there will be regular service at the Presbyterian church every Sabbath, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. There will be no postponement on account of the weather, as the church is now comfortable.

The mail which arrives to-night should bring official notice in relation to the townsite matter. It will certainly bring a statement from Judge Flandreau, attorney for the corporate authorities, giving full details.

There is great grief among the lunch fiends of St. Paul. In a prominent saloon the following notice has been hung up: "Lunch will be ladled out to none who do not buy something." There is talk of an indignation meeting.

A. L. Bonnaffon, Jr., returned from Standing Rock yesterday and left for Stevenson to-day. He reports times lively at the agency, and everything moving on pleasantly and harmoniously. Mr. Bonnaffon goes to St. Paul next week.

The hunters seem to be meeting with good success, now-a days. N. J. Collins had killed 17 deer a week ago; Henry Ward had killed ten and Merry & Smith had left ten with Browning & Wringrose. They sell at from 7 to 8 cents by the carcass.

An Exquisite Story by Lamartine.

In the tribe of Negedher there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied:

"I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so:

"It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with him."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another might be really ill, and men would fear to help him."

Daher was silent for a moment, and then, springing from the horse, returned it to the owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

Freaks of Gladstone.

Among the many curious stories told of Mr. Gladstone, the following is the latest and most characteristic: About a fornight ago he went to a second-hand book-seller and bargained for the sale of his whole library, which was cleared accordingly, including books one would think nobody in his senses would dream of parting with—presentation copies, dedication copies, copies filled with his own manuscript notes (Maguire's "Irish in America" notably so,) and all the copies containing his own book-plate. The day after, down rushes his relative, Lord Wolverton, and says he must buy up all the books sold by Mr. Gladstone. Wonderful to tell, in an age so sordid, and of one of the craftiest of all crafts in buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest markets, the bookseller made nothing of his rare opportunity, but sold back again at the smallest trade commission. Lord Palmerston used to say that Mr. Gladstone would die either in a Roman Catholic monastery or in a mad house. At the recent sale of his china a bidder objected that one of the vases was cracked. "And so is the owner," said a bystander.

THE MINER'S LIFE

He was a lone'ly miner-man
Who in his cottage dwelt,
Or trod the narrow trail that ran
Along the miners belt.
At night and morn, with dinner pail
He back and forward strode,
Nor at the hour was known to fail
To take the rocky road.

A steady-going miner-man
He sat at night and thought,
And many a curious miner's plan
In infancy there he wrought,
As in his cabin all alone,
Before the dancing fire,
Full many a picture come and flown
Of what he might desire.

A lonesome, homeless miner-man,
Who cooked and washed and worked,
Perhaps his name was John or Dan;
No odds, he never shirked.
And why care what his name might be,
Who delved with pick and drill,
The time-book of the company
Had put him up as Bill.

Some said he was a heartless man,
Who didn't care at all
How matters end'd or began,
Outside his cabin wall,
But once I watched him at the store,
(Post office, it was, too,
The keeper as he passed the door,
Said' "Letter here for you."

He took the letter as he went
Walking away alone,
And soon I saw him most intent,
Sit reading on a stone,
And as he read the rolling tears
Came coursing down his face;
His heart had traveled back for years
To childhoods tender place.

Now when that miner raised his latch,
What sorrow entered there;
To bow his head beneath the thatch,
Bereaving it with care.
How weary sat he by the fire,
Too sad and fain to cook
His lonely meal, and then retire
Without a voice or look.

Oh, miner, you and I and all
Can never, if we would,
Shut up the heart, whate'er befall
Against the true and good.
So when the world looks worse and worse,
The farther off we roam,
But still have something that we nurse—
That love of mother's home.

BUSINESS.

Sunday night, when a young man drove out of Vicksburg several miles to pass the evening with the girl of his choice, he was met at the gate by the father, who at once proceeded to busines by saying:

"Cum to spark Louisa ,eh?"

The young man det silence answer the question.

"Expect it'll make a match?" continued the father.

Silence again, while the young man tied his horse. As he was ready to go in, the father blocked the way, braced up, and continued:

"See here, young man, let's have an understanding. If ye mean hitch 'tween now and Jinuary all right, but if ye don't I want ye to understand that candles is mighty high this fall and crops don't turn out wuth a cuss?"

As the young man got through the gate it is probable that he gave the father a direct and an agreeable answer. — *Vicksburgh Herald.*

HOW LITTLE ALICE DIED.

Not long ago Rev. Mr. Windsor, of Redwing, Minn., met with a painful loss in the burning of his little daughter Alice. Her breast, abdomen, legs, arms and hands were shockingly burned, and after a few hours she died. She was only about five years old and as she lingered between heaven and earth a little while, she asked her mother to lie on the bed with her, and when this request was granted she said, "Sing to me' I am Jesus' little lamb" As her stricken mother tried to press back the torrent of grief that welled up in her heart, and sang the words, the dear little sufferer made an effort, with her failing strength, to put one of her crisped arms around her neck. Afterwards, as death drew nearer, she requested her father to sing, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and seemed to be soothed by those grand old words.—*St. Paul Pioneer*

A MEAN SET.

Yesterday forenoon a very seedy chap jumped into the river foot of Third street, but was pulled out in three or four minutes none the worse for his bath. The crowd scattered, and after a few minutes, when he sat in the sun drying his clothes, a hackman asked:

"Don't you wish you hadn't?"

"This is no town, this isn't," replied the vagrant, elevating his nose. "I've jumped into the river at Toledo and had mor'n fifty men ask me to drink."—*Detroit Free Press.*

IMPERFECT PAGE