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The Bismarck Tribune.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

The Jury in the Kasson libel suit disagreed.

M. C. Kerr is the Speaker of the Democratic House.

Work has commenced on the Sioux City and Pembina road.

W. M. Tweed has escaped. His six million suit was to have been commenced Monday.

Gen. Sherman reports the aggregate strength of the army to be 1,540 officers and 24,081 enlisted men.

Durfee, Peck & Dock Terry are building a new steamer for the upper Missouri river trade, to be called the C. K. Peck. It will cost \$30,000.

Judge Hill, of the United States Court for Miss., excludes all from juries who cannot read, write and compute interest, virtually ruling out the black population.

It seems to be difficult to find any one to take the Indian Commissionship. Toby declined, Hoffman declined, and now ex Gov. Ward, of New Jersey, declines.

The Vermillion Register says: Gen. Beadle has been appointed secretary of the commission to codify the laws of Dakota. A better appointment could not have been made.

The action of Chief Justice White, of Utah, in releasing Brigham Young from the obligations to pay alimony to Ann Eliza, is approved by Attorney General Pierpont, who is of the opinion that the grass-widow in question violated the United States statutes in marrying the Mormon chief, and she cannot, therefore, avail herself of her own wrong act and obtain alimony.

General Sherman once declared his religious creed to Miss Grundy thus: "I believe if people will act only half as well as they know how in this world, they will be all right in the next." The General says he is not a Catholic or a Protestant or a denominationalist of any kind. Mrs. Sherman is a Catholic, but she never allows that fact to make her forget that she is Gen. Sherman's wife.

THE TRI-WEEKLY.

A Fort Buford gentleman on receipt of the first copy of the Tri-Weekly Tribune wrote: "Of course you can count me a subscriber, and I heartily wish you success in the new enterprise. You certainly deserve great success, for you have, without doubt, done more than any other man would have done to furnish news to the scattered population of Northwestern Dakota."

The Tri-Weekly Tribune lacks nearly one hundred subscribers of the number it ought to have to make it pay bare expenses; but we shall publish it the full six months, and if those who are now on our books will stay with us, the Tri-Weekly will be made a permanent thing, and we shall reduce the subscription price to six dollars per year. We fully expect to continue the publication, for though there is loss on the Tri-Weekly, through its publication the Weekly is greatly improved, and we find it meets with only kind words on every hand. Bismarck, however, can and ought to do more toward sustaining it. The time is near at hand when the very appearance of the Tribune will do much toward building up the substantial interests of Bismarck.

The first step taken by the Democratic House savors but little of partisan bias. The Democrats have claimed that McEnery is the legal Governor of Louisiana, and that Kellogg, the administration recognized man, is an usurper; but the House admitted to a seat the member holding Kellogg's certificate, rejecting the one holding McEnery's. Here was a fine opportunity to slap the administration in the face, but the Democrats acted the part of statesmen and wisely refrained from reopening the Louisiana contest the first day of the session.

Messrs. Mercue and Cobell are developing a two and one half feet vein of coal on Shoukin Creek, fifteen miles south of Fort Benton.

ORGANIZATION CONGRESS.

M. C. KERR, OF INDIANA,
SPEAKER.

Gen's Sheridan, Hancock
and Terry

Detailed on the Babcock
Court.

THE METHODISTS DECLARE FOR
THIRD TERM.

Boss Tweed Escapes and his Jailor
Mourns.

Horrible Crime at Cleveland--
Terrible Explosion in an En-
glish Colliery--140 Lives
Lost.

Other Interesting Miscellaneous
News.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—The Democratic caucus Saturday was presided over by Lamar, of Mississippi. On the third ballot for speaker M. C. Kerr, of Indiana, had 90, Randall, of Pennsylvania, 68, and Cox 7. On motion of Mr. Randall the nomination of Mr. Kerr was made unanimous.

OTHER OFFICERS.

Geo. M. Adams, of Kentucky, was nominated for clerk. Jno. G. Thompson, of Ohio, sergeant at arms. T. Fitzgerald, Texas, door-keeper, Jas. Stewart, of Virginia, for postmaster, and Rev. J. L. Townsend, Episcopal, of Washington, for chaplain.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

The Republican caucus nominated Blaine, of Maine, for Speaker, and all of the old officers for their respective positions.

BABCOCK'S COURT.

The detail for the Babcock court of inquiry was made Saturday. Maj. Asa Bird Gardner, professor of law at West Point, is detailed for Judge Advocate. The court is directed to report first without expression of opinion. The District Attorney at St. Louis is instructed to aid in the military court, but not to stay proceedings in the civil courts against Babcock.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERSHIP.

Ex-Gov. Ward, of New Jersey, was tendered the Indian Bureau after the declination of Hoffman, but he also declines.

ORGANIZATION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The House of Representatives was organized yesterday by the election of the Democratic Caucus nominees.

ADMITTED.

Morey, of Louisiana, was admitted on Kellogg's certificate of election, Spencer, who holds McEnery's certificate, being rejected.

THE MESSAGE.

The President's message will be delivered at 10 o'clock to-day, and will be given to the press this afternoon.

BABCOCK'S COURT.

The detail for the Babcock Court of Inquiry is Generals Sheridan, Hancock and Terry, with Major Gardner, of West Point, Judge Advocate. The court meets at Chicago Thursday of this week.

BOSS TWEED ESCAPES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—Saturday afternoon the warden of Ludlow Street Jail allowed his assistant, Hogan, to take Wm. M. Tweed to visit his wife at the residence of his son-in-law, Douglas, on Madison Avenue. Remaining below while Tweed went up stairs, after about 15 minutes, becoming alarmed he sent Tweed's son to recall him, but the son returning said his father was not there which proved true. Tweed had escaped. Up to midnight no trace of him had been discovered. The sheriff offers a reward of \$10,000 for his capture. His trial in the six million dollar suit would have commenced to-day but for his escape.

THIRD TERM.

Boston, Dec. 7.—At a large meeting

in this city yesterday, of the Methodist Sabbath School Union and Tract Society, with local preachers, Bishop Haven urged the re-nomination of Gen. Grant for President. His views were adopted unanimously.

HORRIBLE CRIME.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 7.—William Arden, an Englishman, was killed by an express driver in this city this morning. His wife, step daughter and Mrs. Benton, a neighbor, who attempted to interfere, were also killed. The victims were horribly mutilated, the wife's head being cut off. The killing was done with an axe and hammer.

EXPLOSION.

LONDON, Dec. 7.—An explosion from fire damp in Swartha Colliery, Southern Berkshire, caused by careless blasting, occurred yesterday. One hundred and forty men and boys were killed.

BLACK HILLS.

A Party of Bismarckers Leave for the New Eldorado.

Last week a party of about thirty, headed by H. N. Ross, who made the first discovery of gold in the Black Hills, left Bismarck for the new Eldorado. They took six months' provisions with them, and fully expect to remain there unmolested until spring, and perhaps until Congress authorizes the occupation of the country. All were sober and industrious citizens, and among the number were not only experienced miners, but experienced mechanics, who can turn their hands to almost anything. The names of the parties so far as we could obtain them, are as follows: H. N. Ross, Oscar Brackett, Win. Boughton, Mike Smith, T. G. Jones, Cable, Burpher, Wm. Harvey, J. J. Sutherland, Theodore Shenkenberg, Geo. Anderson and partner, Nathan Brozier, John Kennedy, Henry Dion, Isadore Belanguet, John McClellan, Joseph Smith, H. Tousey, Geo. Catten, Frank Stone, Bacon, Robt Hams, Geo. W. Stone, Louis Courtnois and partner and others.

A WAR TALE.

A History of Love and Loyalty.

CHAPTER THE ONE.

It was night—the hub of it.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"And now, daughter, go to your reticery! Muchly as I love you, and zephyr-like as your frail body is to me, I tell you, nymph, thou shalt never marry Theophilus. He is poor. You are rich. The noble house of Squiggers shall never be dishonored by menial blood."

CHAPTER THE ONE-AND-TWO.

"Theophilus Honeybalm, go hence! How dare you, a hired man in the employ of your Mehitable's father, look upon my child to woo? Begone! You have no position. My nymph like child shall never wed and bear children to any man who is not noble."

CHAPTER THE AND-SO FOURTH.

"Come to the window, child!" It was June. "Why art so cast down, wasted beauty?" She had grown thin of meat. "I will find for thee a mate, sweet bird of song!" Mehitable sang a little while washing dishes.

"What ho, without!" Somebody was knocking on the door.

CHAPTER FIVE.

"H-a-a-a-a-a!" spake in gentle tones the intruder. It was General Theophilus Honeybalm! "This h-e-e-e-e-e-e!" That's what Mehitable gave utterance to.

"Yes, 'tis he! I come! Stand back, old man! To the rear! Ten paces backward MARCH!"

Old Squiggers retrograded, 'cause Theophilus had a whang-striker in both hands, red with—rust.

"Now, old man"—so said the General—"I come to claim my bride; I am a B. G.—a Brig-Gen. Three long months have fled. I am now a great man. Seest thou this pile of gold? I have a million! I have houses and lands. I have position! I have honor. I wrote a puff for my General! I was given a nigger regiment. For fifty dollars' worth of bribes I bribed the telegraph to record my daring deeds. I came out for the brumette part of this Government! The President rewarded me. I am a General of Ethiopianos!"

Then whispered the sire:

"General, are you honest?"

"Are I honest? Do the world exist? I are. It do! Else I were not a General."

"Then take her. I am satisfied. The country is safe. My child, be happy!"

And he took her.

Thus ends a history of love and loyalty.—"Brick", Powers.

Standing Rock News.

From our regular Correspondent.

To correct a statement in a recent issue of the TRIBUNE, I will say that the building of the Post is not as far advanced as you have been led to believe; but one set of company barracks is completed, in which are three companies—A and D of the 6th, and E of the 17th infantry, all quartered. Commissary and Quartermaster store houses, hospital and laundress' quarters are also finished, as well as the Post bakery. The commanding officer's quarters are about completed, and Col. Poland will move in next week, when Roach will occupy his present rooms in the hospital until his own quarters are built. Two unfinished sets of officers' quarters will be completed about New Years. Capt. Badger and Lt. Walker, of the 9th infantry, each occupy a room in the Quartermaster and Commissary buildings. Joe Bush, our civilian sawyer, met with a mishap last week, losing the first two fingers of his right hand by the saw, while sawing lath. Our old friend Parkins is with us again, after a hasty trip to the city of brotherly love, relieving Mr. Bonafon, who returns in a few days to Fort Stevenson.

Notice to Subscribers.

The publication day of the Bismarck Weekly Tribune is changed to Wednesday, the better to accommodate the Buford mail. It will go to press Tuesday evening, and so reach the Rice, Standing Rock and eastern mails which leave Wednesday morning to better advantage. For lack of time to prepare the full sheet, we send our subscribers a single sheet this week, but the paper will hereafter appear a double sheet as before.

Attention is called to the notice of a grand Pool and Raffle for fifty turkeys at Major Walker's Friday afternoon. A heap of good eating, no little excitement and some fun is promised.

Lieut. Chance returning from a week's hunt was in the city Tuesday, and counting the deer he had killed, he found eleven of them. And it wasn't a very good week for hunting, either.

One hundred fine tinted or white bristol calling cards, nicely printed, can be obtained at the TRIBUNE office for one dollar. The tinted cards are the finest in the market, and of the most fashionable colors.

Company C, 7th Cavalry, have issued invitations for a Social Ball at the Cavalry Barracks, to come off Christmas eve.

Grand Pool and Raffle

For fifty Turkeys at St. Louis Billiard Hall Friday afternoon and evening, Dec. 10th.

The Bismarck Tri-Weekly Tribune made its first appearance Nov. 8th. The new paper is the same in size as the former weekly, while the weekly will hereafter be enlarged to double its old dimensions. The Tri-Weekly announces that it will be Republican in politics, which is a step forward from its hitherto independent position. It is not too much to say that the Tribune is an energetic paper, creditable alike to its owners and to Northern Dakota. It will do valuable work in building up our northern territory.—*Press and Dakotian*.

The first number of the Tri-Weekly Tribune came out on the 8th of this month. It deserves the support of the people of Bismarck. Col. Lounsbury, the editor, is an energetic, able news paper man and has made the Weekly Tribune one of the very best weekly papers in the northwest.—*Dakota Herald*.

A BRIDAL TOUR.

The Advantage in Taking Your Mother-in-Law Along.

There were three of them. One was a bride, the other a happy groom, with red ears and maiden whiskers, and the third was the bride's mother. They were at the Grand Trunk Depot yesterday morning to take the train West. The young man clasped his young wife's fat hand, rolled up his eyes, and they seemed happy, while the mother-in-law paraded up and down the sitting-room with lordly air and seemed well satisfied with her lot. Pretty soon the groom went out, and when he returned he threw five pop-corn balls and a big bar of peanut candy into the bride's lap, and handed the old lady another. She turned up her nose, rattled her spectacles, and thus addressed the young man with red ears:

"See here, Peter White, you are married to Sabintha, ain't you?"

"Why, of course."

"And I have a right to feel an interest in you?"

"Of course."

"And we are now on your bridal tour, ain't we?"

"Yes."
"Well, now, you've been squandering money all along, Peter. You took a hack; you bought oysters; you bought a jick knife; and you've just thrown money away. I feel that it is my duty to tell you to hold up before you take a fool of yourself!"

"Whose money is this?" he asked, growing very red in the face.

"It is your's, and what is your's is Sabintha's, and it is my duty as her mother to speak out when I see you fooling your money away."

"I guess I can take care of my money!" he retorted.

"Perhaps you can, Peter White, but there are those in your family who can't."

He struggled with his feelings as the bride shook her head at him and then asked:

"Did I marry you?"

"No, Sir, you didn't, you little bow-legged apology for a man, but I have a right to speak for my daughter."

"You can speak all you want to, but I want you to understand that I can manage my own affairs, and that I don't care for your advice."

"Peter White!" she slowly responded, waving the peanut candy close to his nose, "I see we've got to have a fuss, and we might as well have it now!"

"Ma! ma!" whispered the bride, pulling at the old lady's shawl.

"You needn't ma me, Sabintha! This Peter White has deceived us both about his temper, and I'm going to tell him just what I think of him! He commenced this fuss and we'll see who'll end it!"

"You mind your own business and I'll attend to mine!" growled Peter.

"Oh! you hump-backed hypocrite!" she hissed, jabbing at his eye with the peanut bar.

"Only a month ago you called me 'Mother Hull,' and was going to give me the best room in the new house!"

"You'll never have a room in a house of mine!" he exclaimed.

"And I don't want one, you red-eared hypocrite!"

"Don't, Peter—don't, ma!" sobbed the bride.

"It's my duty, Sabintha; it's your mother's—!"

"Don't cry, Sabby," he interrupted; "don't mind what she says!"

"Try to set my daughter up agin me, will you?" hissed the old lady, as she brought the peanut-bar down on his nose.

"Oh! ma!" yelled the bride.

"You old wretch!" hissed Peter, as he clawed at her.

"None of the Whites will ever run over me!" exclaimed the mother-in-law, as she got hold of his shirt-collar and hauled him around.

"I'll knock your old—"

"You can't knock nothing!" she interrupted, backing him against the table.

"Ma! Oh-h-h! ma!" howled Sabintha.

The dozen other passengers in the room who had been interested and amused listeners, here interrupted, and Peter was released from the old lady's grasp, his collar having been torn off and his cheek scratched.

"I expected this, and prepared for it!" panted the mother-in-law, as she leaned against the wall. "This doesn't end it, by any means! This bridal tour will come to a stop to-morrow, and then we'll see whether I've got any business to speak up for Sabintha or not!"

As the train moved away the old lady wore a grim smile, Sabintha was weeping and Peter was struggling with another paper collar.—*Droit Free Press*.

AN E. H. JAMES.

Miggs insisted upon trying if one of the blocks in the Kimball house pavement were as long as himself, but Jones, who was trying to get him home, remonstrated:

"Oh, come along, old boy, what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Did you read zer papers 'is mornin'?"

"Yes, I did," replied Jones.

"Read all 'bout zat (hic) earsequake at Memvis, eh?"

"Yes, but it wasn't much."

"Wuzn't, eh? (hic) 'member zat zyclone 'at came 'long 'ere las 'zpring?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"Well, zat zyclone came by Memvis (hic) an' zat earsequake be 'ere 'fore 'ere (hic) know it—'ere zat? An' I'm 'on 'lay down 'fore it comes, 'cause (hic) er don't ketch 'is chile bucken' gainst o earsequake—(hic) 'ere zat?"

Just then Miggs's foot struck the corner of a step and he rolled down a cellar stairs.

"Are you hurt?" cried Jones.

"Re yer hurt yourself—(hic) yer arned fool? Didn't I tell yer zat earsequake wuz a comin', eh? 'E hadn't got own 'ere s'quick I'd bin shook (hic) all er pieces, see!"

And he laid down and went to sleep.

IMPERFECT PAGE