

# The Bismarck Tribune.

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## TELEGRAPHIC.

### A Financial Statement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—Checks were prepared at the treasury yesterday for \$716,605 and for \$34,000,214 to-day, for the redemption of bonds included in previous calls, and which have only just been presented for redemption. There are in all above \$21,000,000 in bonds still outstanding, but which have been called in, and on which interest has ceased. Some of these bonds should have been presented for redemption eleven years ago. Provision has been made for the redemption of all of them whenever presented, but judging from the lapse of time since interest has been paid on some of them, there are many bonds outstanding which will never be called on to redeem.

### Preparing to Entertain.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—The chamber of commerce held a special meeting this afternoon to decide on arrangements for participations in the courtesies tendered by Gov. Cornell to the French delegation and other visitors coming to this country to take part in the Yorktown celebration. Resolutions were adopted expressing the desire of the Chamber to participate in the welcome and courtesies to the French representatives and other foreign guests, and providing for the appointments of a committee to confer with the commissioners appointed by the Governor as to the manner in which the Chamber may most appropriately join in the proposed festivities.

### Benevolent Catholics.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 29.—The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union closed its thirtieth annual session here to-day. The following officers were elected: President, Hon. A. M. Kelly, Richmond, Va.; Vice-President, J. C. Sullivan, Zanesville, Ohio, and Chas. E. Frank, of West Minister, Indiana; Secretary, Martin Griffin, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Treasurer, Rev. James Henry, St. Louis. Favorable reports were received from the colonies of the union in Virginia, Kansas and Nebraska. Resolutions of sympathy for the family of President Garfield and the endorsement of the Irish land league agitation, were adopted.

### Fatal Collision.

AYLMER, Sept. 29.—An excursion train on the Air line to the exhibition grounds in London came into collision to-day with a freight train, at Orwell, two and one-half miles from this place. Five out of nine passenger coaches were completely wrecked and two passengers killed outright. Several are missing and supposed to be buried in the wreck. About twenty are seriously wounded, and a large number slightly. The dead are Willie Cook, of Aylmer Wansley and son, the driver and fireman of the excursion train and two young men names unknown.

### The Races.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—On the Coney Island course the one mile race was won by Hob Roy first, Witchcraft, second, Bernantine, third. Time 1:46 3/4. The mile and one-eighth race resulted as follows: Gov. Hampton, first, Mary Anderson, second, Haldon, third. Time, 1:58 1/4. The mile and a quarter race resulted: Bonsetter, first, King Nero, second, Manitou, third. Time, 2:15.

### Money Makes the Mare Go.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—It was given out to-day that the McCoalmonts of London, large holders of Reading stock had sent three millions of dollars worth of the Reading road to this country to be changed to stock for the purpose of voting at the January election in case such action were necessary to control rates and sustain the present board.

### A Double Murder.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Sept. 29.—At the magistrates court of Burke county, yesterday, Chas. J. Walker wounded Mike Smith, who then killed Walker, and Ed Palmer shot and instantly killed Arthur Smith. The difficulty grew out of a horse case.

### Another Tribute.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—On the occasion of his installation, Rev. James Flemming, Canon of York, concluded his sermon with a tribute of profuse sympathy at the death of the Christian soldier and citizen, President Garfield.

### Capt. Paul Boyton.

At 8 o'clock Wednesday evening he arrived here from Glendive, having made

the entire distance by water in ten days. Mr. Boyton left Glendive on the 17th inst, his little boat "Baby Mine," being richly decorated by the hands of a daughter of Col. Lewis Merrill. He ran, all that day, under severe difficulties on account of the low stage of water, and the numerous rapids and bends, and on several occasions was obliged to spar himself off the rocks. He found, much to his annoyance, that he could not possibly locate himself on the map, the banks being so high, the water so low, and the river making such extraordinary bends. Camped that night at seven o'clock, and built a fire alongside a cottonwood log, dried his clothing, and then retired. During the night he was awakened by a loud splashing in the water, and upon raising up found that a large elk was floundering around near him. He fired at the animal and wounded it, and hoping to catch it, followed it some distance. Upon his return he found, to his horror, that one of his paddles was burned, and this nearly 100 miles from anywhere. He had to lash up his paddle as best he could, and launched himself at 5 a. m., and the Baby got on a rock and upset. Mr. Boyton lost his bugle, headlight and thermometer in the upset. Ran all day without meeting a human being; saw large quantities of game, but refrained from shooting, and enjoyed himself by blowing his bugle and watching them scamper into the timber. Camped in the mud at 7 p. m., and passed a comfortable night. Started again at 5 a. m. on Monday, and at 7 o'clock in making a cut-off, snagged himself and tore his suit. Although not twenty yards from shore, the suit filled with water to his chin before he could get on terra firma. Here he built a fire, repaired his suit, and resumed his voyage. While rounding a point he looked up and perceived that an Indian had him covered with a rifle, and what he knew of Indian gibberish was brought into use at once. It consisted of the simple word "how," but he yelled it for all he was worth, and the Indian skipped. At 6 o'clock p. m. he arrived at Buford, where he was nicely received and entertained. Here he laid off until Tuesday, and upon his departure was presented with an excellent new paddle. Left Wednesday morning and continued on his trip all day and part of the night, carefully dodging snags. At 12 o'clock, midnight, ran across a small steamer and hailed her, but received no answer. Camped that night but was tormented by cayotes and wild geese to such an extent that he could not sleep. Toward morning he lit up the stove in the Baby and made some soup from extract of beef. Looked all the next day in vain for some one to tell him where he was. At 4 p. m. Thursday he met the steamer Eclipse, above Berthold 100 miles. Camped that night on the west side of the river. Got into the water next morning at 3 o'clock, and at 10 a. m. found that his suit was leaking, and went ashore for repairs. Re-entered the water at 11 a. m., and ran all day, striking a camp under a bluff. Left next morning at 4 o'clock, and soon ran across a trapper, who, upon seeing Boyton, ran back and got his rifle, and prepared for business. Boyton assumed a horizontal position and assured the trapper that he was human, whereupon the trapper remarked that he thought it was a bear on a log. At 11 a. m. met the steamer Rose Bud and he was informed that he was sixty-five miles above Berthold. At 8 p. m. ran across the steamer Black Hills, which was on a sand bar. He boarded her and was handsomely entertained. Sunday morning he left the steamer and reached Berthold at 3 p. m., where the citizens turned out en masse to welcome him. Here he fired a signal rocket, and the Indians set him down as bad medicine at once; but afterward they evidently considered him good medicine, for they stole all the trinkets he had in the Baby. Was the guest of W. B. Shaw's deputy over night, and left the next morning at daylight. Between Berthold and Stevenson he had a narrow escape from being shot by a young Indian, who was puzzled to know what sort of an animal it was, but the word "how" seemed to assure him that everything was as it should be, and he disappeared. At Stevenson Mr. Boyton was met by Lieut. Van Orsdale and taken to his residence, where he was highly entertained. Left Stevenson Tuesday morning with the determination to reach Bismarck without stoppage, but as the weather was very unpleasant he stepped at a wood rauche about three hours, and at 3 a. m. entered the water again, with a strong and cold wind in

his face. From his starting from the wood ranche until reaching the N. P. transfer at the levee, he never saw a human being. He went aboard the transfer and was handsomely entertained by the genial Capt. Wolfolk. Mr. Boyton will leave here at 2 p. m. to-day for his trip to St. Louis, which will be made in the same manner as the one from Glendive to this point.

### Garfield's Turning Point.

Mason's newly published life of Garfield says: His first contract for work was with his cousin, for whom he engaged to cut a hundred cords of wood for \$25. He was not 16 years of age. The wood overlooked Lake Erie, and the sight of the blue water, and the ships entering and leaving the port of Cleveland revived the longing for a seafaring life, which the reading of books of voyages and adventures had inspired. He resolved to become a sailor, and, as soon as his task was completed, he walked to Cleveland and went on board a schooner lying at the wharf. The crew were intoxicated, and the captain gave evidence of being a man of coarse nature and brutal passions. This damped his ardor, and the same day, meeting another cousin who owed a canalboat plying between Cleveland and Pittsburg, engaged himself as driver. Three months later he was carried home to his mother sick with malarial fever, and in a state of unconsciousness. This illness, and the five months of convalescence during which his mother nursed him back to health, proved a great turning point in his life. The opportunity for which she had prayed was given, and while with tender care she nursed him, she sought to plant in his mind higher aims in life than his boyish dream—ad pictured to him. The schoolmaster aided her in these endeavors, and as soon as James was sufficiently recovered he entered the seminary of Geauga, fourteen miles distant, as a student. His whole stock of money was \$17, but he rapidly acquired what proved of more value than money—a knowledge of latin, Greek and mathematics. There was an end to his idea of the sea, and his thirst for knowledge grew day by day. His means were very limited but during vacation he employed himself in teaching, and during harvest in farm work.

### The Material of Vanderbilt's New Home.

[Troy Times.]  
Vanderbilt has been criticised because he went to Europe with Herter to order all the glassware, chandeliers, hangings, marble work and much of the furniture. Having made his money in America, he ought to spend it here, it has been said. The only art work done in this country for the house are the bronze railings around the house, and the bronze cresting around the roof. This work was done in nine months by a Philadelphia firm for \$42,000. It was offered to Mitchell & Vance, of New York, who declined it because it was stipulated that it should be done in three months. The chandeliers including one of solid silver weighing half a ton, for the hall room or picture gallery, are now being made by Barbedienne, of Paris. Vanderbilt has two of Herter's men scouring Europe for whatever may be unique in furniture. Cost is said to be of no importance whatever. "The more the house costs the better," Vanderbilt is said to have remarked to an old friend disposed to lecture him on the sin of extravagance. From careful estimates it is thought that the three houses on that one plot of ground will have cost when ready for house-warming about \$4,500,000—not one year's income of this same Billy Vanderbilt, who twenty-five years ago was hard pressed to pay taxes on his farm, and, perhaps, wondered why a poor man like him had ten children to support.

### A Minneapolis Mill.

A monster mill is to be built in Minneapolis, which will turn out five and a half barrels of flour per minute, 333 barrels an hour, 8,000 barrels per day, 2,400,000 barrels a year. It will require 10,000,000 bushels of wheat a year to supply it, and the value of its annual product will be at least \$14,000,000. It will make one-third of the present wheat crop of Minnesota into flour, and require an army of men to carry on the work growing out of its operations.

### Protection for Arthur.

The following proclamation, printed in black on white paper, with a heavy black border, was circulated in Washington on the night of the president's death: Fellow citizens: In the name of the now head-

less trunk of the republic, you are called upon to join in a minute's notice the holy alliance of vigilants in order to shield and guard until congress provide one the only life that stands at this hour under the constitution between order and anarchy. Let us see to it that peace be to the ashes of him now canonized in the hearts of his countrymen, that his sacred dust shall not be scattered to the four winds by factions or revolution. "God reigns and the government still lives." Address secretary of National Minute Men of America, 208 1/2 Thirteenth street.

### Capt. Paul Boyton's Lecture.

By invitation of the citizens of Bismarck, Capt. Paul Boyton last evening gave a thrilling narrative of his travels and adventures in his rubber life saving suit through Europe, Asia, South America and the United States, at the Bismarck Opera House. He described his adventures from the famous landing on the stormy coast of Ireland to his knight-hood by Mercedes, the beautiful young queen of Spain; his fight with sharks in the straits of Messina; roughing it in rubber on the rivers Rhine, Rhone, Po, Danube, Tagus, Tiber, Seine, Nile, Straits of Gibraltar, and the Gua del Quiver; the story of his struggle across the English Channel. He exhibited his celebrated little boat "Baby Mine," and showed the audience how he could camp out, build a raft, cook a meal, hunt and fish without leaving the water.

### Dawson Townsite.

J. W. Brundage, a property owner in Dawson, D. T., was in the city last evening, en route to Glendive and the N. P. extension, on a visit to Col. V. Beauséjour. Mr. Brundage speaks in glowing terms of the future of Dawson, and in conversation with him the following facts were gleaned: A new depot building 24x30 has just been completed, and is one of the best on the road. H. B. Philo's new store is finished, and well stocked with general merchandise. The finishing touches are being applied to the residence of J. A. Coulter, and the elegant and spacious residence of J. Dawson Thompson is about completed.

A large hotel will be erected this fall, where the traveling public will find excellent accommodations, and sportsmen will make their headquarters. A residence for Dr. W. J. Calvert will soon be commenced and three or four other dwellings will be constructed before the close of navigation, as Jack puts it.

Dawson is located about midway between Bismarck and Jamestown, is surrounded by a beautiful expanse of agricultural lands, with coteaus on the north and south, and there are several fine lakes in the county which abound in game of almost every description.

### The Preachers.

Pat Donan, in the Fargo Argus, says of the members of the Minnesota Methodist conference, now in that city:

Poor fellows. Zion's cavalry. A hard and thankless life, in many respects, is theirs. Shifting and changing, moved hither and thither so rapidly and so constantly, that their children never have a native place, but gypsy like hail from anywhere and everywhere along the roadside. Scanty salaries, seedy hats, slop-shop trousers worn slick and greasy with age and use. Old fashioned bonnets for their wives. Faded, turned up-side down and wrong-side-out, made-over dresses for their daughters. Jackets cobbled out of

DADDY'S OLD COAT, for their boys. Cramping, economizing, twisting, turning, saving the last meager remnant and scrap. Expending all the energies of mind and heart, throat, trachea, glottis, epiglottis, esophagus and larynx. Laboring morning, evening, noon and midnight. Warning the unrepenting. Exhorting the wavering. Cheering the drooping. Sprinkling, affusing or submerging the newly converted. Visiting those that mourn. Consoling the bereaved. Strengthening the dying. Always ready to

ENTERTAIN ANGELS UNAWARES, but generally finding their angels ungrateful mortals. Always prepared to sympathize with the sorrowing, to pray with the afflicted, to share their slender store with the needy, and to pat on the head and "God bless" any and every saub nosed, dirty faced little limp their infatuated mothers see fit to inflict upon their presence.

All, to save a few dozen dwarfed and shrunken infinitesimal nineteenth-century souls. Souls of governors and congressmen, LEGISLATORS AND OTHER GREAT SINNERS. Souls of scoundrelly politicians, unscrupulous tradesmen and miserly grovelers, of flash necktied snobs and of Fashion's frivolous, paint-bedizzened, gewgaw-sporting butterflys. Souls around which the hide of a Red river mosquito would bob like the shirt of Tom Thumb's baby. Souls that, put up at auction would not bring three second-hand postage stamps in any enlightened market. Souls that Beelzebub would have to put on forty-mule-power microscopic spectacles to find.

### HAVE A CHEW.

Some of the Tricks of the Tobacco Trade—Slippery Elm, Rag Weed, Etc., as Adulterants.

[Boston Herald.]

An average plug tobacco manufacturing establishment works about 200 hands. The tobacco is sorted into four grades, from which are produced as many as seventy-five different brands, the pencil of the artist and the skill of the photographer being liberally brought into requisition for ornamental designs to catch the toothless old man as well as the precocious boy. While the government requires every package to bear the stencil mark of the manufacturer, it would be supposed that none but straight goods would be put up; but it is with tobacco as with whisky—always a fair demand for the stuff, be it ever so vile. Licorice, oils, molasses, glucose and similar sweets are liberally used by some manufacturers, and, while it is certainly a cheat, it is as well a harmless one. For example: On August 29, Virginia plug was quoted at 4@4 1/2 cents. Government tax added 16 cents yet the manufactured product was quoted as low as 17 cents. Evidently the work-up of these plugs had the tobacco chewer by the lug.

But in fine cut tobacco and cigars is where the greatest deception is practiced. A western manufacturer says that there is no end to the adulteration of fine cut goods. Machinery has been so improved that, as he says, with one pound of tobacco liquor obtained by boiling down stems and refuse leaf, one pound of rag weed and one pound of slippery elm bark, \$5 worth of fine cut chewing tobacco can be produced. The suggestion of slippery elm bark was a new one, and the inquiry was pursued farther. He said it was nicely shaved and mixed with tobacco; that it had a pleasant, sweet taste, held the tobacco together and made the "quid" last a long time. This bark costs about 4 cents a pound, and when a third of it is made to replace tobacco that costs as high as 75 cents a pound, one can easily see the enormous profits resulting. A gentleman who knows says that nearly all the slippery elm trees in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan have been denuded of their bark, yet a leading wholesale druggist affirms that 50,000 pounds of slippery elm bark would, for the legitimate druggist and medicinal trade, glut the entire market of the United States.

In cigars, cheroots, cigarettes and smoking tobacco is probably where the public gets robbed the worst. The cunning devices are so many that even good judges are imposed upon. It used to be a boast among gentlemen that they could always select a fine brand of cigars, and of course they smoked no other. The other day an old smoker, whose devotion to the weed cost him five dollars every week, admitted that he couldn't tell Havana filled from Connecticut filled. The dishonest article, however, is the product of the big manufacturers, for the small country manufacturer cannot afford the machinery, nor conceal the lotions and decoctions that are brought into requisition by his wealthier competitor. It is quite safe to assume that about the purest—no not the purest, for if there is one thing impure, it is tobacco—the honestest cigar is the hand-made cigar of the local manufacturer.

### Ticklers.

A horse dealer was asked if an animal he offered for sale was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he often passes many nights by himself in the stable."

He who begins with a child and carries him shiftfully through the first fifteen years of his life, does the greatest thing that is ever done for him.

Grace—"I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?" Charlotte—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

"I smell sumfin a burning," remarked an aged negro, who sat at the camp fire toasting his extremities. "Gosh!" he added a moment later, with a loud yell, "its dis niggah's own fut!"

If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck he cannot hurt you, says a western paper. To be perfectly safe, it would be well to let the hired man do the grasping.

"I say, Clem," cried two disputing darkies' appealing for decision to a sable umpire; "which word is right—dizactly or dezactly?" The sable umpire reflected a moment, and then, with a look of wisdom, said: "I can't tell, perzactly."

IMPERFECT PAGE