

# The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 20

## TRIBUNE SPECIALS.

Comprising Important News Items Telegraphed to No Other Paper in the Northwest.

The Nominations for Cabinet Positions That will be Sent to the Senate Monday.

Windom's Return to the Senate Made Certain by the Action of the Republican Caucus.

### A Caucus Nomination.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune:

ST. PAUL, Oct. 20.—A senatorial caucus was held this evening, all the republicans of both houses with the exception of ten being present. Hon. C. B. Gould presented the name of Wm. Windom. Senator Pillsbury seconded the nomination. J. B. Sanborn presented the name of Lieut. Governor Gilman. A. C. Dunn was also nominated. The caucus then proceeded with an informal ballot with the following result: William Windom, 56; Charles L. Gilman, 28; A. C. Dunn, 12; W. D. Rice, 1; J. S. Pillsbury, 3; A. J. Edgerton, 3; H. Berger, 2; R. B. Langdon, 1. Whole number of votes 106. Necessary to a choice 54. Sen. R. B. Langdon then moved that William Windom be declared the nominee of the caucus by acclamation, which motion was carried with cheers.

### The Cabinet.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 20.—The Tribune's Washington special says the personnel of the new cabinet, which will probably be sent in Monday, is now pretty well known and will be about as follows: For secretary of state, Frederick T. Freylinghing; secretary of war, Robert Lincoln; secretary of the navy, Senator Sargeant; secretary of the treasury, Gov. Morgan, New York; secretary of the interior, ex-Senator Howe; Postmaster general, James for the present, and then Gen. Longstreet. Attorney general, Boutwell, of Massachusetts. Friends of Boutwell, Sargent and Howe, assert that they know positively that these three gentlemen will be in the cabinet.

### Don't Apply to North Dakota.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 18.—A gentleman who has been through the northwest reports to Dun & Co.'s agency that the unprecedented rains have done great damage to crops and the farmers are greatly delayed in their fall work and marketing. Grain, potatoes and oats are rotting in the field in many places. Much of the corn is sprouted in the shecks. The damage to the wheat is very great.

### A Dakota Railroad.

YANKTON, Oct. 18.—The Yankton & Le Mars railroad company was organized today by the election of the following officers: President, S. B. Coulson, vice president, C. E. Hudson; secretary, J. C. B. Harris; treasurer, G. A. Scoville; superintendent, J. L. Pennington. Immediate steps will be taken toward procuring the right of way, and if possible, grading will begin this fall.

### High Water.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 19.—A Warsaw, Ill., dispatch says: The levee broke at a place called Copper slough, four miles above here. The water is now four inches higher than the big rise of the spring, and much damage will result to crops, hay and perhaps stock.

### Unhappy Ireland.

DUBLIN, Oct. 19.—During the rioting last night a number of passengers in a train of cars attacked, were wounded. The police captured many prisoners. Sixty policemen are now disabled from injuries received in the recent riots.

### Commendable Action.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19.—Harvey, owner of the Randolph mills, was found criminally responsible for the loss of life in neglecting to furnish fire escapes. He has been committed to await the action of the district attorney.

### The Lyceum.

The most interesting meeting yet was that held last evening. There was a recitation by Geo. Jennings; duet by Dr. Bigelow and Mrs. Goff; reading by Mr. Faunce; singing by Francis Johnson, who was heartily encored; reading by Miss Whitney; singing by Miss Sadie

E. Reed, assisted by Miss Whitney; duet by Mrs. Goff and Mr. Logan; reading by Mrs. Bull; song by Chas. Lewis, which was well received; quartette, by Mrs. Goff, Dr. Bigelow, Mrs. Hawley and Mr. Logan. Appropriate remarks were made by Col. Wm. Thompson and A. D. Pratt. The society meets again on next Thursday evening, on which occasion the question which was to have been debated upon last evening, will be taken up.

### Long John's Advice.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]  
Long John Wentworth tells a story about his stopping at a hotel in New York one night, and being kept awake by a man pacing the floor in the room above. Occasionally he would hear a moan of anguish, and he went up there, like a good Samaritan, to see if he could not relieve the sufferer.

"My friend," said Long John, gazing sympathetically at the haggard face of the stranger, "what can I do for you? Are you ill?"

"No."  
"What ails you, then?"  
"I have a note for \$10,000 coming due to-morrow, and I haven't a nickle to pay it with."

"Oh, pshaw," said Long John, "go to bed and let the other fellow do the walking."

### Crow Dog.

[Sioux City Journal.]  
Crow Dog, the killer of Spotted Tail, arrived in the city on yesterday morning's Pacific train in charge of Deputy Marshal Chas. A. Gray of Deadwood. Marshal John B. Raymond joined the party here, and together they went on to Yankton on the evening train. Crow Dog is not a particularly bad looking Sioux. It is understood that his case is to be up before the present term of court at Yankton, and that he will plead that he acted in self-defense.

### Who Can Excel It?

[Avant Courier.]  
We are reliably informed that Z. Sales recently discovered, near the upper end of West Gallatin Canyon, what promises to be a very valuable coal mine. The vein crops out prominently to the surface, is about eight feet thick, and is said to be remarkably solid and clear of earthy substances. If on development it justifies present expectations, the value of the discovery to Bozeman and Gallatin county can hardly be overestimated.

### Heartless Information.

[Duluth Tribune.]  
W. D. Smith would respectfully inform the citizens of Mandan and Fort Lincoln that he has just received an elegant new hearse.—Bismarck TRIBUNE.

This is a piece of heartless information Smith. Do you expect the aforesaid citizens are going to die right off just to use that internal hearse of yours?

### Neither Children or Dogs.

[Lowell Citizen.]  
Nowadays, when you see a husband and wife together in public, you make up your mind that there are neither children nor lap dogs in the family. If such were the case, the husband would be left with the children while the wife went out with the dog.

### N. P. Commissioners.

Gen. Anderson, chief engineer of the North Pacific railroad, went west to arrange for the reception of the United States commissioners who are to examine and report on 100 miles of road just completed in this report will depend its acceptance by the United States government, and the issuance of patents for land grants along the line of the completed road.

### Harmony in Colors.

Men don't know anything about harmony in colors. The other day a young man at a picnic at Vinegar Hill sat down in a cream-colored custard pie, with a pair of snuff-brown pantaloons. Everybody's taste was outraged. So was the pie.

### Two Reasons.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business; and the second is that they would have no mind to bring to it if they had. This kind of humanity is as common as three meals a day.

### A Baby Mine.

"Baby Mine," shouted Conductor McAllister yesterday as the train rolled up in front of Bly's coal mine. "I thought as much," said a young lady passenger, "I see eight in front of one house."

## STOPPED BY BUFFALO.

Yesterday's Train Brought to a Halt by Excited Bison.

The passengers on last evening's train from the Yellowstone had an experience exceedingly rare. When about two miles from Sentinel Butte, the dividing line between Montana and Dakota, a herd of sixteen buffalo were seen a short distance ahead, within easy rifle range. There were several soldiers on board with army rifles and numerous small revolvers were also pointed toward the excited bison. A perfect volley of lead was poured into the herd, but to no effect. They bounded away over the divide and were soon out of sight. The passengers had no sooner begun the discussion of what they had seen in years gone by, when a danger signal from the locomotive brought everyone to the lookout. A herd of twenty or thirty buffalo were making directly for the train, and fearing the engine would strike them and be thrown from the track, the air brakes were set and the train nearly brought to a standstill, while the buffalo crossed the track a few feet ahead. Every gun was again leveled. Such excitement cannot be described. Bullets flew in every direction, some striking the ground as near as ten feet from the train, others raising the dust a mile distant. The train moved on, slowly, and the volleys of lead continued to pour from the guns of the excited passengers. Finally the smoke cleared away and the buffalo could be seen about half a mile away trotting along as unconcerned as though they had never seen a railroad train. The disgusted passengers drew in their weapons and spent the rest of the day arguing as to the probable amount of lead that a buffalo will carry before he will weaken. Pictures of railroad trains passing through herds of buffalo are numerous, but the actual experience is one of which the passengers may feel proud. They were probably but straggling bands from the main herd which is forty or fifty miles north of the track. From Sentinel Butte east to Pleasant Valley (Dickinson) at least five hundred antelope were seen, which is but a daily occurrence. Verily, the North Pacific is the sportsman's paradise.

## GUITEAU'S PLEA.

What the Assassin Would Have Said in Court if He Could.

A special to the Pioneer gives the following as the statement which Guitau had prepared to read to the court if the judge had not headed him off:

If the court please, I wish to say that I have been terribly vilified by the press, and it has made some persons bitter and impulsive against me. On October 6 the New York Herald published seven columns from my autobiography, which I expect to publish in book form. Aside from the pertinent statements that I am a creature of the greatest vanity and that I crave notoriety, which are absolutely false, and similar unkind statements, I am indebted to the reporter and the Herald for giving me so fair a hearing immediately. I plead not guilty—not guilty to the indictment, and my defense is three fold:

First—Insanity, that it was God's act and not mine. The divine pressure on me to remove the president was so enormous that it destroyed my free agency, and therefore I am not legally responsible for my act.

Second—The president died from malpractice. About three weeks after he was shot, his physicians, after a careful examination, decided that he would recover. Two months after this official announcement he died. Therefore I say he was not fatally shot. If he had been well treated he would have recovered.

Third—The president died in New Jersey, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of this court. This malpractice and the president's death in New Jersey are special providences, and I am bound to avail myself of them on my trial, in justice to the Lord and myself.

I undertake to say that the Lord is managing my case with consummate ability and that he had a special object in allowing the president to die in New Jersey. His management of this case is worthy of Him as a Deity, and I have entire confidence in His disposition to protect me and send me forth to the world as a free and vindicated man. "He uttereth his voice," said the psalmist, "and the earth melted." This is the God I served when I sought to remove the president. The

Lord and the people do not seem to agree in this case. The people consider the removal of the president as an unbearable outrage, and me a dastardly assassin, and they prayed the Lord to spare the president. For nearly three months the Lord kept the president at the point of death and then allowed him to depart, thereby confirming my act. The mere fact of the president's death is nothing. All men have died and will die. Gen. Burnside died suddenly about the time the president died. The president and Gen. Burnside were both splendid men, and no one regrets their departure more than I. The president died from malpractice and Gen. Burnside from apoplexy. Both were special providences, and the people ought to quietly submit to the Lord in the matter. The president would not have died had not the Lord wished him to go. I have no conception of it as a murder or an assassination. I had no feeling of wrong doing when I sought to remove him, because it was God's act and not for the good of the American people. I plead not guilty to the indictment.

## An Obstinate Bride.

[Little Rock Gazette.]  
The other night a young man from northern Arkansas and a young lady from the southern part of the state, met at a hotel in this city and were married. After the ceremony the young man went out and sat in front of the hotel, while his wife went up to the room assigned as the bridal chamber.

"This thing of getting married is a lifetime business," he said, addressing a man who had just been divorced from his wife. "I reckon you have found it so," he added, turning to a single man. "Wall, I reckon I'll go up. Dinged if I don't sooner hate to go up than, too. But I never was afeared of a man, an' I don't see why I should be afeared of a woman."

He went up and rapped at the door. "Who is there?" demanded the girl. "It's me."  
"Who's me?"  
"Don't you recognize my talk, honey?"  
"No, I don't."  
"It's your own wide-awake and livin' husband. Let me in."

"Go away from that door; you shan't come in here. I ain't got acquainted with you yet."

"Say, let me in. Them fellers down stairs air laughin' at me. Open the door, fur I'm sleepy," and he yawned like a man waiting for a night train.

"Thought you said that you were wide awake?"

"I was while ago, but I'm powerful sleepy now. Say, ain't you goin' to open this door?"

"No, I ain't."

"Why did you marry me?"

"Cause I wanted to."

"Well, why don't you let me in?"

"Cause I don't want to."

"All right, old gal; I'll shell out fur home and leave you to pay the hotel bill. I never seed the woman that could pull the wool over my eyes."

The latch clicked and the door opened. The hotel bill had frightened her. "It won't do for a woman to buck agin me, lemmy tell you, fur I was raised at the cross roads an' went to mill early."

## Hard Year on Worms.

Old Uncle Mose went into Levi Schaumburg's store on Austin avenue, to buy a silk handkerchief, but was almost paralyzed on learning the price. Levi explained that the high price of silk goods was caused by some disease among the silk worms. "How much does yer ask for dis hea piece ob tape?" "Ten cents," was the reply. "Ten cents! Jewhilkins! se de tape has riz, too—I spose de cause ob dat em, because dar's sumfin de matter wid de tape wums. Dis seems to be gwine ter be a mighty tough year on wums, anyhow."

## Ringmaster or President.

It has been said that a small boy is a man in a roundabout way, and that children are sent into the world to teach us how lovely angels are; but when a man finds himself pated to the seat of the chair by a piece of spruce gum he never thinks of this. Still, in later years, as a man sees pictures of the past in the rising smoke clouds of his cigar, he thinks of the period of his life when he would rather have been a ringmaster in a circus than president of the United States.

## Might Betray.

An Irish lady was so much on her guard against betraying her national accent that she is reported to have spoken of the "creature of Vesuvius," fearing that the "crater" would betray her origin.

## THE BENTON.

A Tribune Correspondent Sends in a Report in Advance of the Arrival.

Incidents of the Trip and the Unusually Large Passenger List—Personal Mention.

An Attack by Indians at the Mouth of the Musselshell—A Season's Record.

News From Up River.

Editor Tribune:

STEAMER BENTON, one hundred miles above Bismarck, October 17, 1881.—We waived you a kind adieu on the 10th inst. on an up stream voyage and with a handsome cargo, as usual, made a successful and speedy run to within fifteen miles of Little Muddy, where we met and exchanged trips with the steamer Butte, Captain Johnson on the roof, and are now coming back to you—the daisy Benton walking the waters like a thing of life, with one of the most handsome passenger lists that have passed down the old Muddy in many a day ago. A glance in her tasty saloon reminds one of some beautiful flower garden, filled with rare exotics—all breathing forth fragrance and loveliness rivaling even the sweet scented "gates of Araby." In a word her cabin is just one bouquet of beauty. Among others we note Miss Fannie Hopkins, an accomplished brunette of St. Louis; also Mrs. Edgar and daughter, Miss Anna McKinney, W. R. Prye, Paschat Carr, all of the same place, and all of whom, as one party, came up on the Red Cloud, and have been "doing" the far west. Again there are Daniel Samples and wife, T. J. Meade, S. P. Cowan, B. W. Goodrich, George Hopkins, D. F. Barry, Lieut. O'Brien, of the second cavalry, with a detachment of six men and five prisoners, all en route to Fort Snelling, where it hath been "ordered and decreed" that the said prisoners, for the heinous crime of desertion, be confined for the term of two years at hard labor. Again, we have Martin Revels and Kruse, Rufus Payne of Benton, who visits the states and the land of his birth for the first time in twenty seven years. A stranger, indeed, he will be amid ten thousand strangers. He leads Rip Van Winkle by seven years. Then there are E. Bougher, W. H. Murphy, E. E. Whitcomb, F. Mc. Donough, F. H. Young, J. P. Walker, J. C. Martin, P. J. Dewitt, Jno. Mendell, Col. D. G. Culy, the cultivated trader from off the Butte, bound for Leavenworth. Nor must we fail to note Mr. Florence Mahoney, one of the oldest landmarks along the "turbid tide," who goes to Kansas soon to return to the land of his adoption. Robt. C. Matthews is at Little Muddy with 3,000 bushels of the finest oats we have seen. Pity 'tis that Dakota and Montana have not tens of thousands of just such men as "Bob" Matthews. Have met with two blinding snow storms and contended with winds of no ordinary character. In some respects found the channel more clearly defined than on our last trip, yet in many instances found the water both treacherous and miserably deceptive. What the future may have rolled up in its scroll for the dandy Benton we are to-night, in ignorance of. Her race for the season of 1881, is well nigh complete. The curtain must soon be rung down, leaving a splendid record for work well done, of services faithfully performed. A record of the fastest down stream time between Benton and your loveliest "village of the plain," that has ever been accomplished, as well as for the largest and handsomest passenger list and cargoes of freight. She wears the horns and floats the "penant blue" as the flag ship of the line. Capt. John M. Gilham is her accomplished commander, with the ever urbane Joe Kennedy in the office, the old veteran Milt Pickering and his modest associate, Harry Dawson, who handles the throttle, Charlie Dietz, the generalissimo of the fore-castle and Hugh Lee, the attentive steward, while the celebrated French Cook, Harry Skinner, skins the culinary department. At the mouth of the Musselshell, a few days since a body of "Crees" braves assaulted, with intent to kill, several "shacks." Lieut. Floyd is on the war path, and information hath it, that the "Crees" are fleeing to the Canadian border. Such are the Nations Wars!