

The Bismarck Tribune.

TIME CARD.

Table with arrival and departure times for trains, including No. 3 (passenger) and No. 4 (freight).

THE BANNER CITY

The artesian well has reached a depth of 490 feet. The passenger last night passed over the new bridge. Wine will flow to-morrow like butter from a hot liddle.

and transforms it into a howling wilderness for three or four hours. W. Griffin returned from the east Saturday evening and Monday a carload of hogs arrived consigned to his address.

Mr. A. D. Pratt, while engaged in repairing the large wheels at the slaughter house Tuesday night, met with a painful accident. It seems he was standing on a high round of a ladder, which suddenly fell over, leaving Mr. Pratt to the floor with great violence.

Some miserable crows entered the shack of the Hon. Dennis Hanniffin Monday night and took away a valise containing records and papers of no earthly use to anyone except Mr. Hanniffin.

The Billings Post, of the 14th, says: Col. Lounsbury, the talented editor of the Bismarck Tribune, has written one of the best articles on Billings that we have ever seen.

One of the neatest specimens of a letter head was turned out by the Tribune office Wednesday. It is in the hands of Mr. Williams, who is in charge of the printing.

Mike O'Shea, who for the past six years has been in the employ of the Tribune, went out to his ranch near Clarke yesterday to oversee the threshing of 200 acres of wheat and 120 acres of oats.

A representative of Warner & Foots, the Minneapolis map publishers, arrived in the city Wednesday. He is canvassing the territory for subscriptions to a large map of Dakota which this firm propose to issue during the winter.

County Treasurer Bell is suffering from a boil that has taken occasion to trespass on the seat of his anatomy. The track to the bridge has been straightened, making it the main line instead of the one extending to the river.

Engineer Crosby recently took the level of the artesian well, and found it just ninety-two feet above Main street. Denny Hanniffin predicts that the democratic county convention next Saturday will be of the Kilkenny cast kind.

Stock trains take precedence to passenger trains on the North Pacific, and last evening's passenger was consequently five hours late. Dr. Porter, who owns a couple of buildings on Third street, now rented to the school board, is having the roofs painted an aesthetic color.

Alex. McKenzie has purchased Helmsworth's interest in the Helmsworth & McLean addition to Mandan, paying therefor \$9,000. It seems to be a little too early for dances. The one at the Custer house, announced for Wednesday night didn't seem to be properly appreciated.

The occupation of the North Pacific transfer No. 1 is gone. It has been good service, but the bridge will serve the railroad company better. The lettering on the new elevator has been completed, and "Elevator A" looks the town in the face. Fauco, Thornton & Carey did the work.

Charley Kupitz, who did such a large business last year, still announces his ability to keep up with the times. His fish advertisement tells the story. Ed. Wescott and Dave Campbell are fitting up a restaurant in connection with their O. F. C. that will be neat, and they will make it attractive in other respects.

Married—Last evening, the 19th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, at Apple Creek, Fred A. Roberts, to Miss Annie Hodgins, Justice McDonald officiating. The outlook for to-morrow, weatherly speaking, is good. Lieut. Booth will be held responsible for any irregularities in that direction that may interfere with the bridge test.

"Sam'l of Posen" once remarked to a reliable customer: "Stockings are very fashionable now." So it may be said of carpets; they are fashionable now, and Eisenberg has them. Elevator A will be ready to receive wheat as soon as the machinery comes, which was ordered early last month from Fargo and promised within two weeks from receipt of order.

Bogus & Schreck, of the bon ton chop house, are refitting and refurnishing the private parlors in connection with their restaurant, and making them neat and cozy for the winter. Girls for housework are scarce. A fresh cargo arrives about once a month, but the matrimonial demand is greater than the supply. Dakota is a great country for girls as well as men.

Rev. Letts, of Gladstone, with several other gentlemen connected with the Ripon colony, passed through the city Friday, bound for Steele, where they are making arrangements to locate a large colony of settlers. Jerry Sullivan threshed his grain Friday. From 71 acres of oats he has machine measured 6,503 bushels, and from 53 acres of wheat, 1,263 bushels. The oats will weigh about 40 lbs. per bushel and the wheat 64.

The new sidewalk on the opera house side of Third street has been laid, and as soon as the plank arrives, as ordered some time since, by Weaver & Co., the crossing to the postoffice and the Tribune will be put in. Mr. Corcoran regrets to state that his new dray was scarcely fit to take from the painter's hands Wednesday, but will get out on the street to-day or to-morrow, and do just what he says he will do in his card elsewhere.

Tritten & Schreck, the Third street harness makers, are doing a rushing business these days, and are sending out goods in every direction. Their establishment is full of fine harness yet, however, and they are constantly manufacturing. The Miles City Press says: "Jack Wasson, otherwise known as 'Buffalo Jack,' has just arrived from Fort Maginn. He is a well-known sportsman in the territory, and in the early history of Bismarck was a prominent political wire puller."

Work on the arch intended to form a prominent feature of the bridge celebration, Saturday, is progressing. It is built over the platform near the Sheridan hotel, and will be beautifully decorated with grain and vegetables such as only the banner county can produce. Work was resumed yesterday on the new Central block. The stone door and window sills were unloaded from the car, and to-day it is expected that the brick in the new kiln will be cooked enough to handle with gloves and work will be commenced on the walls to-morrow.

Districh Bros. have opened up in grand style. They start right in from the word go, and they propose to keep on going. They will furnish meats of all kinds, vegetables, preserves, etc., at the lowest figures, and will continue to advertise their business in a live daily paper. This is the time of year when surprise parties are popular, and the economical housewife finds her savings for the past three months swept away in purchasing for the grand affair.

Col. Lounsbury, of the Tribune, left Saturday morning for Detroit, Mich., to attend the annual meeting of the Western associated press. H. K. Pratt, St. Paul, J. C. Miller, Chicago, John Thevart, St. Paul, and Joe. H. Paris, Minneapolis, are heading at the Sheridan.

Errel, of the Pioneer, Mandan, was in the city Wednesday. He was distinctly understood that he was not over to study the transparencies. E. H. Van Antwerp, Yankton; E. S. McCarthy, Louisville, Ky.; and Chas. S. Nicholls, Beloit, Wis., were among Sunday's arrivals at the Sheridan.

Dennis Hanniffin has returned from his tour of the eastern part of the territory. Mr. Hanniffin is a recognized leader of the democratic party in Dakota. W. A. Wheeler, C. E. Mitchell, H. H. Harman, J. N. Casey, and Oscar Guakle, of Mandan, breathed with the righteous of the real and only metropolis, Wednesday.

Chief Engineer Morison, of the Bismarck bridge, returned from the end of the track Monday. He went with the James party which has gone on through to Bozeman. Mr. W. H. Starbuck, one of the directors of the North Pacific, accompanied by a party of New York friends, passed through the city last Monday in President Villard's private car.

Messrs. Haight & Little, the new law firm, returned from St. Paul Wednesday. Mr. Hanniffin is a recognized leader of the democratic party in Dakota. John A. Stoyell and daughter Minnie returned from Miles City Friday, court having adjourned. Stoyell was retained in several important cases and met with his usual success.

Capt. W. P. Rogers and family came up from Fort Lincoln. The family went east and the captain joined the bachelor's club, together with Lieut. English and Fred. Gerard, of Fort Lincoln. Director Starbuck, of the North Pacific, and his party, who passed through the city last Monday en route to the end of the track, returned to the city on Wednesday.

Ed. Hackett Wednesday sold the two lots where the Arcade garden is located for \$5,000 to a Mr. Mack, from Ohio. Mr. Mack being a man with a little foresight will invest in various other parts of the city. M. J. Lamont and wife and Geo. E. Nichols and wife of the headquarters, North Pacific, returned on Monday on their return from a trip to the end of the track. They were the guests of the Sheridan house.

Col. J. M. Bull is now stationed at Duluth receiving a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, and house rent, in addition. He hopes to be rotated to Bismarck in due time where he formed many warm attachments. L. H. Thayer, Westfield, Mass., H. H. Thayer, Minneapolis; F. O. Darling, New York; James Root, Chicago; C. W. Hutchinson, Jamestown; L. H. Miller, Chicago; J. McSlay, St. Paul, were at the Sheridan house.

Gen. Anderson's private car arrived from the west Wednesday morning. Finley Dunn was a passenger. Mr. Dunn has appointed Register Rea, of the land office, his agent at Bismarck. He expects to make large investments here. Phil Brady, who was killed at St. Louis by a falling safe, is a personal friend of L. P. Baker, of this city, and was the last man Mr. Baker met when bidding his St. Louis friends good-by on his recent visit to that city.

Phil Brady, who expects to become the next sheriff of Bismarck, Monday morning, and will leave for his home on Monday morning with his family. On his return he will stop off at Bismarck and visit his old time friends, of which he has many. W. H. Bratton, of Lewistown, Pa., who has been in Bismarck several days, left yesterday morning for his home. He has sold a few hundred dollars in town lots. On the letter he will realize one hundred per cent, on the former, with his family of six, next spring and thereafter he will reside.

B. D. Willcox, the North Pacific land agent at Bismarck, will leave in a few weeks for California, where he has extensive mining interests, and before his return will make a tour of Europe. He will be absent about five months. He will take with him large quantities of printed matter, and will boom the Bismarck bridge in Chicago. W. H. Bratton, of Lewistown, Pa., who has been in the city for the past week, has taken a claim near Sterling, and next spring will add to the population of Dakota his wife and five children. Mr. Bratton is a merchant and has a large family.

J. C. Miller, Chicago; J. S. Frey, Minneapolis; P. McHugh, St. Paul; W. H. Bingham, Loganport, Ind.; C. E. Martin and A. H. Hickey, New York; John Lamont, Mandan; W. S. Brown, Dunkirk, N. Y.; M. G. Sandst, Chicago; John W. Burnett, New York; Chas. Terrier and A. Scotch, Ypsilanti, Mich.; J. M. McCune and Mrs. E. McCune and two children, Columbus, O., were among the passengers on last evening's delayed train.

The Ypsilanti (Mich.) Commercial speaks as follows of the recent wedding of Mr. Ohas. J. Hunt, former clerk at Standing Rock and Miss Minnie Perkins, the charming daughter of Mr. Perkins, the former trader at that agency. On Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. N. B. Perkins, Miss Minnie Perkins was united in marriage to Mr. Charles J. Hunt, formerly of Ypsilanti, more recently of Dakota. At 8 o'clock the bridal party entered the room and took their position under an elaborate arch of flowers, when by the Rev. Mr. McLean the solemn service of the Episcopal church was read, uniting in the "Holy estate of Matrimony" the happy pair. The bride was very lovely in a dress of plain and bright satin, elegantly trimmed with diamonds and white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Hattie Jenness, wore pink tulle and natural flowers. In accordance with the wishes of the bride, the wedding was a very quiet one, and only the friends of the contracting parties being present. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant, among them a magnificent diamond ring, presented by the stockholders of the Oriana. After a month's tour in the east, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt will go to their future home at Oriana, Dakota.

The Democratic Committee. What has Dennis Hanniffin done that the democrats of this city should fail to recognize him as chairman of the democratic central committee? And what has the central committee done that it also should be disregarded, and its power wrenched from it? The committee, when the democracy foisted its tent and put away its war paint two years ago, was composed of the following gentlemen: Dennis Hanniffin, chairman; J. E. Dunn, Chas. Galloway, Alex. McKenzie, and D. W. Maratta. It is in the call for a democratic convention, published elsewhere, the names of but two of the committee appear. It doesn't seem as quite the proper paper for the democrats of Bismarck to send their leader, Mr. Hanniffin, down to the Mitchell territorial convention to do the hard work for them, and then totally disregard him in home affairs. The right is imposed in Mr. Hanniffin to call a meeting of the committee for the purpose of calling a convention, and such a meeting cannot properly or consistently be as a mass convention without the sanction of Mr. Hanniffin.

VANDERBILT DISSECTED.

The Great Railroad King Gently Ripped Up the Back. Perhaps never in the whole course of his life has William H. Vanderbilt been the recipient of such a viriolic shower-bath as that prepared for him by Rufus Hatch in a recent article for the New York Hour. Taking for his text the utterance attributed to Mr. Vanderbilt in a late Chicago interview—"The public be damned!"—Mr. Hatch says:

The man of whom his father, "the old Commodore," once said, "William always was a fool," has been interviewed in Chicago. We all know that, as a rule, people speak lightly and distrustfully of newspaper interviews. They pretend to say that the interviewer is untruthful, and that he is over-dramatizing the proceedings. But if this Chicago interview proves anything it proves that Commodore Vanderbilt knew what he was talking about. The talk with "Sweet William" took place on Sunday. It was "the day of rest" and he took the opportunity to dash off to the rear of the city, and to spend a few days with some friends, and under the influence of "the sacred Sabbath calm" he decided, before he got beyond the range of the telegraph and the printing press, to leave his benediction with the world. So he mildly turned, and looking over his shoulder, said, "The public be damned!"

The reporter said William only used the phrase once. But it echoes with brutal insolence from behind every fence he uttered. Now, the inquiry must arise in every man's mind, who is it that is to be damned? The answer is apparent; that everything is to be damned which opposes, or in fact, does not favor, the interests of the Vanderbilt. But who is this man who so defiantly huris his anathema maranatha from his half-paralyzed tongue, as if to blight the land with a curse? His father said he "always was a fool." When that father was dying, death had a sharper pang to him because he was leaving his vast estate of \$100,000,000 to the control of a son who "always was a fool." After the old man died, the son, who, though "he always was a fool," now "damns the public," brought his father's body into court every day, and his own sister. She only sought to gain for herself and brother a small share of the vast mine of wealth that had fallen to William, sooner than relinquish a few millions of it, he waged a fearful struggle. Every day he was assailed by lawyers, doctors, quacks, bootleggers, detectives, black-mailers, and vengeful enemies. The autopsy was a terrible one. The "experts" cut up and exposed the old man morally, physically, intellectually, and socially. The show private confession, "sweet William" never faltered. Day after day he sat in court, and heard with stolid face this ripping open of the secrets of his father's weakness, vice, and delusions. A man who would expose, deforming, a father in a robe of rags would not acquit about "the public." So he "damns" them, plainly.

I once asked a traveling companion on the Pennsylvania railroad what he thought of "sweet William," and whether he had any brains. "Oh, yes; he has got brains," he answered, "his head is full of them, but they are soft, they slip around inside the shell; they are a sort of bilge-water brains." They must have been "slopping around" in Chicago, for a man could never talk so recklessly as he does.

Mr. Vanderbilt takes the position that he has the same right to run his railways, on selfish, unscrupulous principles, as the private merchant has. He forgets that his rights come from the people when he says "The people be damned!" He forgets that he is a public servant—not the public's master! Six years ago the nation stood in a row of shame, and in New York the National Guard was put under arms, and hurried all over the state to protect what this man calls "my roads." The state was saddled with a vast indebtedness, and that expense. It was paid by the public that he "damns." Afterwards he gave to the twenty or thirty thousand employees of the New York Central road \$100,000. It was to be distributed among them as a reward for their loyalty. A pitiful offer, for a man who had given them \$100,000 a year as a water-bearer and as brakeman on the Harlem train that filed at tunnel with double the regular pay a few days ago. Possibly that water-bearer-brakeman, at \$16 a month, spends a large part of his money in "riotous living."

Vanderbilt has a weakness, evidently, for cheap things. He likes to use a telegraph operator, a sign-man, a watch-tender, or a brakeman as cheaply as possible. To make them still cheaper, he doubles the work on them. He sets out to buy a politician, and he gets a cheap one. He has had so much experience in bribery that he knows about it, and he is a politician. In his western journey he is attended by three or four friends and a secretary. This same secretary was once the private secretary and sycophant of William A. Pittsburg, the "Boss," who, when the people discovered him neck-deep in crime, gave them the defiant query, "What are you going to do about it?" Those eight words aroused public indignation against Tweed, and did much to hasten his downfall. "The public be damned!" are four words—more defiant even than Tweed's eight. Tweed died in prison. Vanderbilt is not dead yet, but "Whom the gods seek to destroy they first make mad." They must surely be seeking the life of the operator, the sign-man, the watch-tender, the brakeman, the water-bearer, William H. Vanderbilt.

The Boy of the Period. Jimmie Mason, a resident on a farm near South Cottonwood, doesn't come to town very often, so when he was here he struck a good many of the boys, went through the saloons, shooting-galleries, and generally "took in the sights." He went home and was met at the front door by his dad. "Hello, James, my boy; so you're home at last!" "Well, I should smile," said Jimmie, biting off a chew of the nasty weed. "What kind of a time did you have?" said his father, eying him. "Had a boss time. Made two dandy mashes; get left on one; just in time to collar the last one; she was kind of chumpy and toot."

"My goodness! you don't say so!" said the old man, looking toward a big apple tree. "Yes; I slung more taffy than you could get on slick. Why, you dizzy old wretch, she's plumb gone on me."

"You surprise me," said Jimmie's father. "And what else did you do?" "Gave 'em two balls and rolled out on scratches; went broke on two kings and an ace; flibustered on the dark horse; swung the clubs; diced for the brew, and stood off the hotel bill. Do you tumble?"

"Tumble? Oh, yes. I'm a tumbler." "Well, I took in the show—paralyzed the girls, you know—kind of struck 'em dumb; then was going to shove some of the queer, but quitted."

"Did you put rosin on your back before you came home?" inquired the old man, as he broke a big branch of a tree and carelessly trimmed it. "Ah, cheese it! You're giving me taffy! Rosin on my back! Ain't you getting kind of fresh? Go and sit on ice."

This was enough, for James Mason, Sr., made one reach, gathered part of a coat, an hat and several locks of hair, and then an uninterrupted wad of lightning played across the junior, intermingled with cries from the boy and such expressions as, "Oh! I'm a whole city full of saloons, beer gardens, horse races and shows, when I'm started!" from the old man, and when he got through James crawled to the ditch and sat down, while the old man remarked, as he sat on a log, "You'll be going to town and getting esthetic next."—Salt Lake Tribune.

First Train Over the Missouri. It was originally intended not to cross anything on the Bismarck bridge until the test and formal opening for traffic of the 21st, but there being such an accumulation of cars in the Bismarck yards and such a cry for empty stock cars at the front that Chief Engineer Morison yielded to the appeals of Agent Davidson and Wednesday afternoon engine No. 68 with twenty-five empties crossed the new bridge over the Missouri, being the first train to cross. Twenty-two half-loaded cars were brought back from the other side. Master Mechanic Rossiter with Fireman George Brown ran the engine, and was accompanied on the trip by Mr. Morison, John Davidson, Mr. Crosby, Mr. Lederle, Mrs. Crosby, Miss Wilkie and Miss Davidson. There was a great jubilee under the whistles of the various engines at the bridge, and the transfer boat, whose glory by this department was cast in the shade, chimed in a most melancholy howl. The engine occupied only twenty-five minutes in running from Bismarck to Mandan, and made the round trip in an hour and a half, some time being spent at Mandan. The train ran across the bridge at good speed, and not even a jar was perceptible. No further business will be done on the bridge until the opening Saturday.

Return of an Old Settler. J. C. Simmons, of Little Falls, Minn., one of the old timers of '73 in Bismarck, came in last evening for the first time since his departure years ago. Mr. Simmons owns a very valuable claim just north of town, which he proved up on in 1873. He came up to see his old friends and see the formal opening of the Bismarck bridge. Mr. Simmons will scarcely know the town and he has already engaged Van Etten to pilot him about. When he went away Van Etten's claim was out in the country; now it is surrounded on two sides by city lots and houses.

A Disappointment. Next time when the Bismarck elevator company want anything in the foundry line they will probably go to Moorhead after it, as the machinery for elevator "A," promised by the Fargo concern a month ago, has failed to put in an appearance yet, except so far as the bill is concerned.

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BISMARCK BUSINESS CARDS. GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. J. B. McPherson, Post No. 3, G. A. R., meets at Masonic Hall the first Wednesday in each month. All comrades visiting Bismarck will be cordially welcomed. E. M. FULLER, Adjutant. Wm. A. BENTLEY, Commander.

R. A. M. Missouri Chapter No. 6. Stated convocations at Masonic Hall on second and fourth Mondays of each month. J. G. MILLER, Sec. A. V. BIGELOW, H. P. GOLDEN RULE ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F. Meets 2d and 4th Friday of each month. Wm. Von Kuster, Sec. Val. Scher, E. C. P. MANDAN LODGE, NO. 12, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock of each week. JOHN G. TRITTEN, N. G. Wm. Von Kuster, Secretary.

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